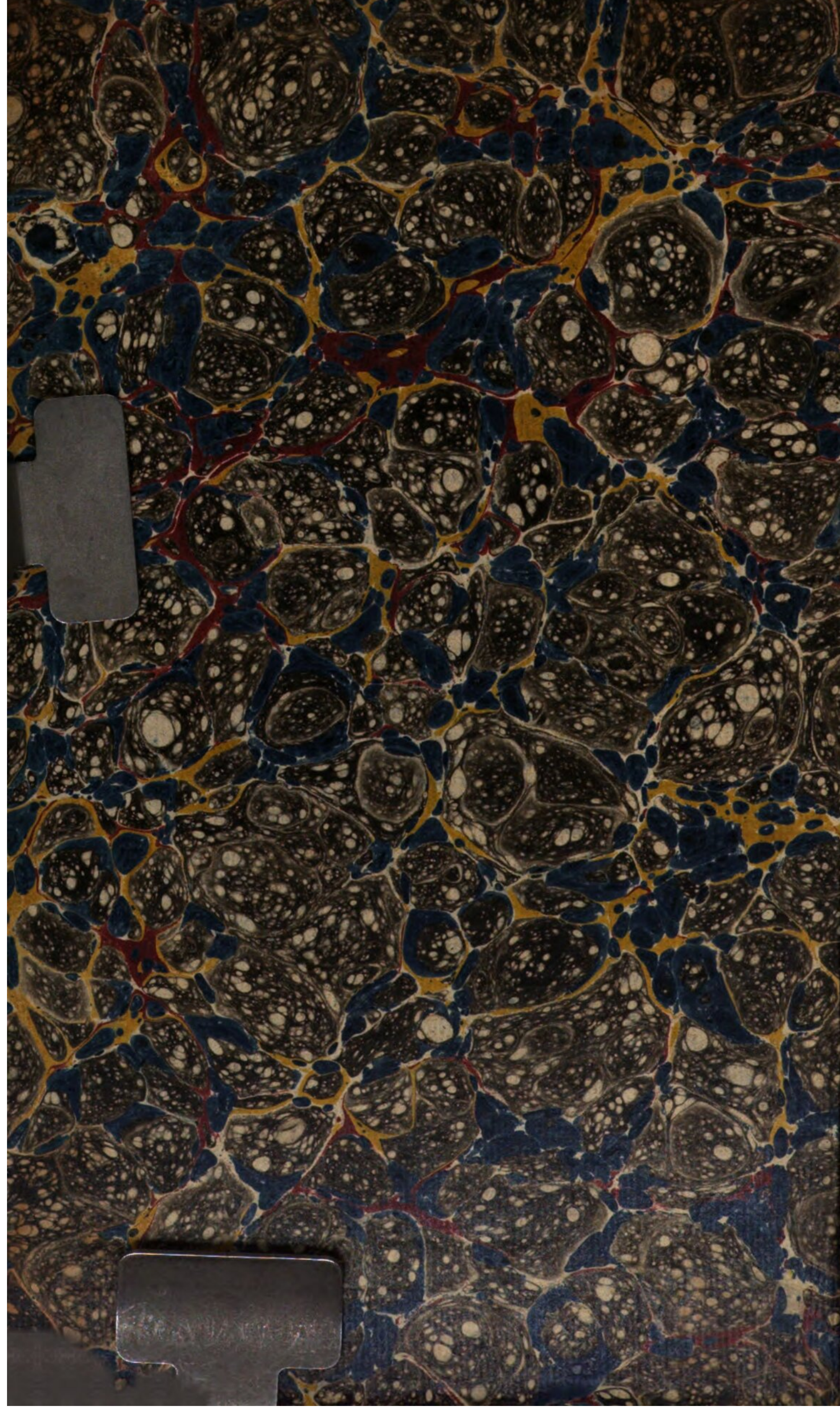








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THE
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PASTORALS,
ESSAY ON CRITICISM,
ELEGY ON AN UNFORTUNATE LADY,
RAPE OF THE LOCK,
ELOISA TO ABELARD,
ESSAY ON MAN,

DUNCIAD,
ODES,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

U. C. U. C.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Yet peace—new music floats on Æther's wings;
Say, is it Harmony herself who sings?
No! while enraptur'd Sylphs the song inspire,
'Tis POPE who sweetly wakes the silver lyre,
To melting notes, more musically clear
Than Ariel whisper'd in Belinda's ear.
Too soon he quits them for a sharper tone;
See him, though form'd to fill the epic throne
Decline the sceptre of that wide domain,
To bear a licitor's rod in satire's train,
And, shrouded in a mist of moral spleen,
Behold him close the visionary scene.

HAYLEY'S ESSAY ON EPIC POETRY, EPISTLE III.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

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OF
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Containing

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ODES
EPICUREAN
EPITAPH
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PASTORALS
ESSAY ON CRITICISM
ESSAY ON AN UNFORTUNATE LADY
SARF OF THE LOCK
PROMPT TO REPLY
ESSAY ON MAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Author.
LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall.
1719.

Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall.

1719.

THE LIFE OF POPE.

THE life and writings of POPE, "the great Poet of Reason," and "the Prince of Rhyme," have exhausted the copiousness of Ruffhead, and received every possible illustration from the candid and well informed criticism of Spence, the elegant and classical taste of Dr. Warton, and the acute precision of Dr. Johnson.

The facts stated, in the present account, are chiefly taken from the narratives of Ruffhead, and Dr. Johnson, whose copiousness and accuracy leave little to be corrected or supplied.

Ruffhead's information was collected from original manuscripts, communicated by Warburton, and Dr. Johnson's intelligence from Spence's MS. collections, communicated by the Duke of Newcastle.

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 22, 1688. His father, Alexander Pope, was a linen-draper in the Strand, of a good family in Oxfordshire, and a distant relation of the Earl of Downe. His mother, Editha Turner, was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of Charles I. and the eldest, on the discomfiture of the royalists, going abroad, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what remained of the family estate, after sequestrations and forfeiture. Both parents were Papists.

About the time of the Revolution, his father quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, worth about 20,000*l.* which he put into a chest, and spent as he wanted it; for, being a Papist, he could not purchase land, and he made a point of conscience not to lend it to the new government; so that when Pope came to the inheritance, great part of the money was expended.

He was, from his birth, of a very delicate constitution, but is said to have shown remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness "the little nightingale."

He was taught to read very early by an aunt, and when he was seven or eight years old, discovered an eager desire for information and improvement. He first learned to write by copying printed books, which he executed with great neatness and accuracy; though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

At eight years old he was placed in Hampshire, under Taverner, a Romish priest, who taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He met with "Ogilby's Homer," and "Sandys's Ovid," which he read with a delight that showed the bent of his genius. Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise; but of Sandys he declared in his notes to the *Iliad*, that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations.

He was sent from Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, to a private school at Twyford near Winchester, where he continued a year; from this school he was sent to another at Hyde Park Corner, being then about ten years of age.

In the two last schools he considered himself as having made very little progress, of which he was so sensible, that among his earliest pieces, there is a satire on his master at Twyford; yet, under those masters, he translated more than a fourth part of "Ovid's Metamorphoses."

While he was at the school at Hyde Park Corner, he was frequently carried to the play house, and was so captivated with the drama, that he turned the chief transactions of the "*Iliad*" into a kind of play, composed of a number of speeches from Ogilby's translation, connected with verses of his own.

He prevailed upon his school-fellows to take part in this play, and upon his master's gardener, to act the part of *Ajax*.

At twelve years old, he was called by his father to Binfield, and there he had for a few months the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of "Tully's Offices," which, after having translated "Ovid," he might certainly do without great advances in learning.

Hitherto, then, he must have known little more than what he learned during one year under Taverner; and from this time, till twenty, he became his own preceptor; and gained what other knowledge he had by reading the classics, especially the poets, to whom he applied with great assiduity and delight.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performance, by many revivals, after which, when he was satisfied, he would say, "These are good rhymes."

In perusing the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded a friend to conduct him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

"Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?"

The earliest of his productions is the *Ode on Solitude*, written when he was twelve, in which there is nothing remarkable.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. He soon learned to read *Homer* in the original, as he himself records in one of his imitations of *Horace*.

Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

As he read the classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the *Thebaid* of Statius, which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He translated likewise the *Epistle of Sappho to Phaon*, and *Dryope and Pomona*, from Ovid, which he afterwards printed.

He was also tempted, by "Dryden's Fables," to try his skill in reviving and imitating Chaucer's *January* and *May*, and the *Prologue of the Wife of Bath*, which he put into modern English.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written about this time, the poem upon *Silence*, in imitation of Rochester's "Nothing." He had now formed his versification, assisted by the rich melody of Dryden; and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original.

When he was fifteen, having made a considerable progress in the learned languages, he went to London to learn the French and Italian, which, by diligent application, he soon acquired.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, *Alexander* an epic poem in four books, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was."

The subject of the comedy is not known, but the tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Most of his puerile productions were afterwards destroyed. The epic poem was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. Some of its extravagancies are produced in the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, signed *Anonymous*.

About this time, it is related, that he translated *Tully on Old Age*; and that, besides his books of poetry and criticism, he read "Temple's Essays," and "Locke on Human Understanding."

Books were not the only means through which he acquired information. He early procured the acquaintance of men of talents and literature, and improved himself by conversation.

At sixteen, he acquired the friendship of Sir William Trumball, a statesman of sixty, who had been in the highest offices at home and abroad.

From that age, the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his *Pastorals*, which were for some time handed about among poets, and critics, and at last printed in Tonson's "Miscellany," 1709, in the same volume with the "Pastorals" of Philips.

He had by this time become acquainted with Garth, Steele, Gay, Addison, Congreve, Granville, Halifax, Somers, Walsh, Wycherly, Cromwell, and other wits. He lost the friendship of Wycherly, by correcting his bad poetry, and of Cromwell, by correcting his bad taste.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers; for his letters were given by Cromwell to Mrs. Thomas, and she, many years afterwards, sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his miscellanies.

Walsh was one of his first encouragers. He received an advice from him, which seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, hitherto neglected by the English poets, and therefore an untrodden path to fame.

He had now declared himself a poet, and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's Coffee-house, where the wits of that time used to assemble.

Soon after the *Pastorals*, appeared the *Essay on Criticism*, which procured him, as it deserved, a

very high character. It was praised by Addison, attacked by Dennis, and commented by Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connection as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, intended by the author. It has been translated into French by Hamilton, by Robotham, and by Resael. It has also been translated into Latin verse by several writers; particularly by Smart, and Dr. Kirkpatrick, the author of a poem called "The Sea-Piece," which, though it is little known, has many very fine passages.

About the same time, he wrote the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, which he undertook at the desire of Steele.

In the "Spectator" was published the *Messiah*, which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticism.

The *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, was probably written about the time when his *Essay on Criticism* was published. Who the lady was, has not been ascertained. According to Ruffhead, she was a woman of high rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle; she was in love with a young gentleman of an inferior condition. The uncle disapproved of her attachment, and proposed another person as a match. Finding she was determined to abide by her own choice, he sent her abroad. Deprived of every opportunity of conversing or corresponding with her lover, she became desperate, and procured a sword, which she directed to her heart.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. li. p. 314, it is asserted, that the lady's name was *Witbinbury*; that she was in love with Pope, and would have married him; that her guardian, though she was deformed in her person, looked upon such a match as beneath her, and sent her to a convent, where she put an end to her life. How far this account is true, cannot be known. Pope certainly, from the *Elegy*, and the concluding lines of the *Eloisa*, appears to have been very deeply affected by her fate. Dr. Johnson has censured her conduct with unreasonable severity. Hasty and culpable she was undoubtedly; but it ought to be considered, that no person ever has, or can be happy against violent inclinations, with constancy to a forced partner for life. To those on whom love has made a deep impression, nothing but its object can give happiness or peace of mind; considerations, indeed, that weigh little with the family pride of parents. It is evident that an indulgence of passion may be attended with happiness, but that the disappointment of it cannot.

In 1712, he produced *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, in imitation of the verses of *Adrian*, and the fragment of *Sappho*, by the advice of Steele. It strongly resembles an ode of Flatman, of whom he was probably a reader, as he certainly was of Crashaw, Carew, Quarles, and Herbert.

He contributed to the *Spectator*, Nos. 404, 408, and 409, and some other papers.

In 1712, he published *The Rape of the Lock*, in its present form. It was occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This trifling cause produced a serious quarrel between the two families. Mr. Caryl, Secretary to King James's Queen, and author of the comedy of "Sir Solomon Single," and of several translations in "Dryden's Miscellanies," solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation, by a ludicrous poem. The first sketch was written in less than a fortnight, and published in 1711, in two cantos, without his name. It was received so well, that he enlarged it by the addition of the machinery of the *Sylphs*, and extended it into five cantos. At its first appearance, Addison declared it was "*merum sal*," a delicious little thing, and gave him no encouragement to retouch it. This was imputed to jealousy in Addison, but contains no proof that he was actuated by any bad passion. Pope fortunately did not follow Addison's advice; his attempt was justified by success.

When the *Guardian* was begun, he contributed the paper concerning the little club, under the name of *Dick Ditch*, a letter signed *Gnatbo*, a description of the *Gardens of Alcinous*, and a very severe ironical criticism on "Philips's Pastorals," in which he pretends to praise Philips, but with great art takes the superiority to himself.

About this time, he published *The Temple of Fame*, written two years before; which, as Steele observes, has a thousand beauties.

In 1713, he published *Windsor Forest*, of which part was written at sixteen, and the latter was added afterwards. It is dedicated to Lansdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories.

When the tragedy of "Cato" made its appearance, he introduced it by a solemn and sublime prologue; and when Dennis published his "Remarks," undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to

revenge Addison by *A Narrative of the Madness of John Dennis*. Addison expressed no approbation of the ridicule of Pope against Dennis, and perhaps did not think he deserved much by his officiousness.

Two other pamphlets, published about this time against *Edmund Curll*, a bookseller, who lived by the publication and sale of productions on which respectable men of the profession would have no interest, are ascribed to Pope, and printed in "Pope and Swift's Miscellanies." Curll was concerned in many libellous pieces, both against individuals and the state; but it cannot be denied that English literature owes him considerable obligations.

About this time, he wrote the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*; in consequence, as Savage told Dr. Johnson, of his perusal of Prior's "Nutbrown Maid," which it not only excels, but every composition of the same kind.

He had a strong inclination to unite the Art of Painting with that of Poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas, to whom, about this time, he addressed an encomiastic *Epistle*, with "Dryden's translation of Fresnoy."

A picture of Betterton, copied by Pope from Kneller, was in the possession of the late Earl of Mansfield, and is said to be still at Caenwood.

After Betterton's death, he published, under his name, a version into modern English, of Chaucer's prologues, and one of his tales, which were believed by Fenton to have been the performance of Pope himself.

In 1713, when he was in his twenty-fifth year, he circulated proposals for publishing his translation of the *Iliad*, with notes, by subscription, in 6 vols. 4to, for six guineas.

The proposals were very favourably received; and the leading men, political and literary, of both parties, were busy to recommend his undertaking, and to promote his interest; but the Tories, in general, encouraged the subscription much more than the Whigs.

To him the hands of jarring faction join,
To heap their tribute on his *Homer's* shrine. HAYLEY.

His contract with Lintot the bookseller was very advantageous. It was agreed that he should receive 200 l. for the copy-right of each volume, and that Lintot should supply the copies to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, at his own expence.

The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies for which subscriptions were given, were six hundred and fifty-four; but only six hundred and sixty were printed. For those copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings, without deduction.

At first he found himself embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded his progress; but practice increased his facility of versification, and in a short time he represents himself as dispatching regularly fifty lines a-day.

It is not very likely, as Dr. Johnson observes, that he overflowed with Greek; but Latin translations were always at hand, and from them he could obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty. He had the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessus, the French Homers of La Valterie, and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman he had very frequent consultations; and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which, indeed, he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Broome, in the preface to his "Poems," declares himself the commentator, "in part upon the *Iliad*;" and it appears from Fenton's letter, preserved in the Museum, that Broome was at first engaged in consulting *Eustathius*, of whose work there was then no Latin version; but that after a time, he desisted. Another Cambridge man was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him. Broome then offered his service a second time, and was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence.

Parnell contributed the *Life of Homer*, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years, he completed the English *Iliad*, with notes, which is allowed to be the best version of poetry that ever was written; and its publication must, therefore, be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning. Halifax expected the dedication of his

version; but he passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe it to Congreve. While the translation was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, Secretary of State, nobly offered to procure him a pension, which he thought proper to decline.

Proud of the frank reward his talents find,
And nobly conscious of no venal mind;
With the just world his fair account he clears,
And owns no debt to princes or to peers.

HAYLEY.

The original manuscript of the *Iliad*, written upon envelopes of letters, and accidental fragments of paper, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallet, and is now, by the solicitation of the late Dr. Maty, repositied in the Museum.

The first volume of the *Iliad* was published in 1715, and a version of the first book by Tickell, was published the same year, which Pope suspected was really written by Addison, with an intention to injure his character and interest.

In an advertisement prefixed by Tickell, he professes to have no "other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's *Iliad*, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of the *Odyssey*, wherein he had already made some progress."

Whether that was, or was not his motive, there is no evidence that Addison caused it to be published from envy and malice, as has been asserted, to injure Pope. Addison's opposition to Pope, at that time, could do him no particular injury; for his subscription was full, and his contract with his bookseller completed; and if he had been actuated by jealousy, it is not probable he would have spoken so highly of Pope's *Iliad* in the "Freeholder" of May 7, 1716.

Pope, whose disposition is acknowledged to have been irritable, was hurt beyond measure at this translation; and it is probable that the character of *Atticus* was written in the heat of his resentment on this occasion, as he expressed the very same sentiments to Mr. Craggs, in his letter of July 15, 1715. But it does not appear, as Ruffhead asserts, that there was any open breach between Addison and Pope upon this occasion, and Pope expressly tells Craggs there was none.

Addison, therefore, unless better proof can be given, must be acquitted of this odious charge, which seems to have been founded on some misapprehension in Pope; who, however excusable he may be thought in writing the character of *Atticus* in the first transports of poetical indignation, cannot be justified in suppressing it till after the death of Addison, and then permitting its publication; and at length, at the distance of eighteen years, transmitting it to posterity ingrafted in his *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

The inferior tribe of writers endeavoured to depreciate the *Iliad*. Dennis attacked it with his usual bitterness and scurrility; and among others, Duckett and Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured it in a piece called "Homerides;"

In 1715, he prevailed on his father, it is said, to sell the estate at Binfield, and purchased the lease of the house at Twickenham, so much celebrated for his residence in it. How his father could have saleable property in land, being a Papist, does not appear.

Here he planted the vines, and the quincunx, which he has celebrated in his poems; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he dignified it with the title of a grotto; the decoration of which was the favourite amusement of his declining years.

In 1717, he collected his former works into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a preface, written with great spriteliness and elegance.

In this year his father died suddenly, in his 75th year, having passed twenty-nine years in retirement. He is not known but by the character which his son has given him in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

In 1720, he was infected with the general contagion; but on the first fall of the South Sea Stock, was cured. He sold out just in time to save himself from loss.

The next year, he published the select poems of his friend Parnell, with an elegant poetical dedication to the Earl of Oxford.

In 1721, he gave to the world his edition of *Shakspeare*, in 6 vols. 4to.; for which Tonson demanded a subscription of six guineas, and was successful in disposing of most of the copies. This undertaking, to which he was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve

shillings, is not reckoned to have contributed much to his reputation. Dr. Johnson observes, he did many things wrong, and left many things undone.

Theobald, first in his "Shakspeare Restored," and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory; from which time he became an enemy to editors, commentators, and verbal critics.

About this time, he published proposals for a translation of the *Odyssey*, in 5 vols. 4to. for five guineas, and was assisted by Fenton, and Broome; who, as Ruffhead relates, had already begun the work. He translated only twelve books himself, his associates the rest. The account of the several shares, subjoined at the conclusion, is now known not to be true. The first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth books were translated by Fenton; the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third books, by Broome; but he revised their versions. Broome wrote the notes, for which he was not over liberally rewarded. The agreement with Lintot was the same as for the *Iliad*, except that he was to receive but one hundred pounds for each volume.

The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and the copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profit, when he had paid Fenton 300 l. and Broome 600 l. was still very considerable.

Spence wrote a criticism on the English *Odyssey*, which was esteemed impartial, judicious, and candid. Pope was pleased with it, and sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, compiled memorials of his conversation, and obtained, by his influence, very valuable preferments in the church.

In 1723, he appeared before the Lords at the trial of Bishop Atterbury, to give an account of his domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. He had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His letters to Atterbury, both before and after his misfortune, are full of esteem, gratitude, and tenderness. He often visited him in the Tower. At their last interview, Atterbury presented him with a Bible. Whatever might be Atterbury's political principles and views, he certainly possessed a highly cultivated understanding, an elegant taste, and a feeling heart.

In 1726, Voltaire having visited England, was introduced to Pope, and wrote him a letter of consolation, on his being overturned in passing a river, in the night, in Bolingbroke's coach, with the windows closed, from which the postillion snatched him, when he was in danger of being drowned, by breaking the glass; the fragments of which cut two of his fingers, in such a manner that he lost their use.

In 1727, Swift visited England, and joined with Pope in publishing three volumes of *Miscellanies*. Pope contributed the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, *Stradling versus Styles*, *Virgilius Restauratus*, the *Basset Table*, and the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, designed as a part of the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, a satire projected in conjunction with Arbuthnot and Swift, *On the Abuses of Human Learning*, in the manner of Cervantes.

The year following, he published the *Dunciad*, one of his greatest and most elaborate performances; the history of which is very minutely related by himself, in a dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex, in the name of Savage.

Pope appears by this narrative to have been the aggressor; for nobody can believe that the letters in the *Art of Sinking in Poetry* were placed at random. If his intention had been to expose to ridicule and contempt, calumniators either of himself or of others, he ought to have confined himself to such libellers. If his design was to discourage bad writers from giving their productions to the world, he should have satirized persons of that description only. Theobald, Eusden, Blackmore, Philips, De Foe, Bentley, Hill, Welsted, and Cibber, were not such writers as deserved to be ridiculed; they were not generally slanderous, and had not calumniated him in particular. There is much reason to believe that he composed the *Dunciad*, partly to be revenged on those who had abused him, and partly to display his own superiority. He degraded himself by bestowing on scribbling calumniators, even the notice of resentment; to display superiority was totally unnecessary, where there could be no competition.

In the subsequent editions, he thought fit to omit the name of Hill, who expostulated with him in a manner superior to all mean solicitation, and obliged him to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologise. He also omitted the name of Burnet, and substituted *cordial friendship*

in the room of *pious passion*, which was understood by Duckett to convey a scandalous aspersions, and added a solemn disavowal of his malignant meaning.

The *Dunciad* is addressed to Swift; of the notes, part were written by Arbuthnot; and an apologetical letter was prefixed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.

In 1731, he published an *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, on Taste*: in which he severely criticises the house, furniture, garden, and entertainments of *Timon*, who was supposed to mean the Duke of Chandos, to whom he had been obliged. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, who accepted of his excuse, without believing his professions.

The next year he lost his friend Gay; who was a most amiable man, and loved by Pope with great tenderness.

The following year deprived him of his mother, who lived to the age of ninety-three; and did not die unlamented. His filial piety, Dr. Johnson observes, was, in the highest degree, amiable, and exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of his poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame; and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has among its soothing and quiet comforts few things better to bestow than such a son.

About this time, Curll published the surreptitious copy of *Letters between Pope and his Friends*; which were clandestinely conveyed to him for publication, as is believed, by Pope's direction, that he might decently and defensively publish them himself. The messenger was Worssdale the painter.

From the perusal of his *Letters*, Mr. Allen conceived the desire of being acquainted with him. When Pope told him his purpose of asserting his property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost. This, however, Pope did not accept; but, in time, with success, solicited a subscription for a quarto volume, which appeared in 1737.

In 1733, he published the first epistle of his *Essay on Man*, without his name, which, being favourably received, the *second* and *third Epistles* were published; and being now generally suspected of writing them, at last, in 1734, he avowed the *fourth*, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the conclusion, it is acknowledged, that the doctrine of the *Essay* was received from Bolingbroke, to whom it is inscribed, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, as having advanced principles contrary to his own; and of which he did not perceive the consequences. However that may be, it is manifest that the pleasure of the taste and fancy, from the perusal of the *Essay*, is much greater than the information or conviction of the understanding.

The fame of the *Essay on Man* was very great; it was translated into French prose, and afterwards, by Resnel, into verse. The translations were read by Croufaz, a professor in Switzerland. He believed that the positions of Pope were intended to represent the whole course of things as a chain of fatality, and made remarks on the *Essay*, tending to establish the free agency of man.

The celebrated Warburton undertook the defence of Pope, against the imputation of fatalism in "the Republic of Letters." Warburton, in his exculpatory comment, showed very great ingenuity, but is not generally reckoned to have completely removed the objections.

From this time, Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, who had before favoured his adversaries, and amply rewarded his kindness and zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate.

He was now received with attention, not only by the nobility, but by the Prince of Wales, who honoured him with his friendship, and dined at his house. It is said that Queen Caroline expressed an intention of visiting him at Twickenham, but it was never accomplished.

In 1733, he published the *Epistle to Lord Batbursi, on the Use of Riches*; in which he draws the celebrated character of Kyril the *Man of Rags*.

In 1734, he inscribed to Lord Cobham his *Characters of Men*, in which he endeavours to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *Ruling Passion*; but with so little skill, that in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

He added, soon after, an *Epistle on the Characters of Women*; supposed to have been addressed to

Martha Blount, to whom, during the greatest part of his life, he had been very much attached. The character of the Duchess of Marlborough, under the name of *Atossa*, was afterwards inserted, with no great honour to his gratitude.

Between 1730 and 1740, he published, from time to time, his *Imitations of Horace*, generally with his name, which modernize ancient ideas and characters, more successfully than any which had before appeared.

His *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, was published in January 1735, about a month before the death of his friend. It is to be regretted, Dr. Johnson observes, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge, by a bright and active imagination; a scholar, with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who in the crowd of life retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this epistle, Pope vindicates himself from censures, and, with dignity rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect. In the character of *Sporus* he ridicules Lord Hervey, who had written an invective against him. Whether he or Pope made the first attack, perhaps cannot now be easily known.

In 1738, he published two satirical dialogues, named from the year of their appearance. In the first he degraded himself, by descending to party politics. In the second he attacked several private characters, which had nearly exposed him to the resentment of the legislature.

The *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus* were published about this time, extending to the first book of a work, projected by the *Scriblerus Club*; the production, probably of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope. Besides its general resemblance to "*Don Quixote*," there will be found in it particular imitations of "*The History of Mr. Ouffle*."

In 1740, he published a collection of Latin poems, written by Italians, in 2 vols. 12mo. including the former collection made by Atterbury, but injuriously omitting his preface.

He published likewise about this time, a revival in smoother numbers, of *Donne's Satires*, which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewsbury, and the Earl of Oxford.

In 1742, he added, at Warburton's request, another book to the *Dunciad*.

In the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, as in the *Dunciad*, he had attacked Cibber with great severity. Cibber, who well knew the irritability of Pope, and confident that he could give him pain, wrote a spirited pamphlet, containing several stories, tending to make him ridiculous. The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope, he imputes to his ridicule of the exploded scene of the mummy and the crocodile in *The Three Hours after Marriage*, supposed to be the joint production of Gay, Pope, and Arbuthnot. Pope enraged, published a new edition of the *Dunciad*, in which he degraded Theobald, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. By transferring the same ridicule from one to another, he destroyed its efficacy. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem, by giving to Cibber the old books, the cold pedantry, and sluggish pertinacity of Theobald. Cibber repaid the *Dunciad* with another pamphlet, which, though he pretended to disregard, really gave him great uneasiness.

From this time, finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he wrote nothing new, but satisfied himself with revising his former works, in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whose hints, in the warmth of gratitude, he followed with all the blindness of infatuated affection.

He laid aside his epic poem, on the ridiculous fiction of the arrival of *Brutus*, the Trojan, in Britain; which he had begun in blank verse. The plan is exhibited by Ruffhead; but though the MS. was before him, he has given no specimen.

In 1743, he began to consider himself as approaching to his end. He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, his literary friends were almost continually with him, and endeavoured to alleviate his pain. His favourite, Martha Blount, is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay. Of this, however, he does not seem to have been sensible, as he left her the greater part of his property.

In May 1744, his death was approaching; on the 6th he was all day delirious. He afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think. He received the Sacrament from a Romish priest; and expressed undoubted confidence of a future state. He died on the evening of the 30th day of May, 1744, in perfect tranquillity; having, a few days before, entered the 57th year of his age. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him, by his friend Warburton.

By his will, made in the end of 1743, he appointed Lord Bathurst, Lord Marchmont, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Arbuthnot, his executors, and left the care of his papers to Lord Bolingbroke; and failing him, to Lord Marchmont; and to Warburton, the property of all his works, on which he had written, or should write commentaries, except those of which the property had been sold. To his noble friends he left his pictures, and statues, with some of his favourite books; with other legacies to his other friends, and to his favourite domestics; and the residue of his fortune, to Martha Blount, for her life, and then to be divided among his relations.

The contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions with 150 l., brought some reproach on his memory. Martha Blount had been invited with Pope to Mr. Allen's house at Prior Park. Having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, he left her behind him. In his absence, she signified an inclination to go to the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot; but he, being at that time Mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a place of worship, to which, as a magistrate, he was at least restrained from giving a sanction, and might be required to suppress; and therefore desired to be excused.

Mrs. Blount resented this refusal, and told Pope of it at his return; and so infected him with her rage, that they both left the house abruptly. She parted from Mr. Allen in a state of irreconcilable dislike, and refused any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to him. Pope complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Mr. Allen accepted the legacy which he gave to the hospital at Bath.

He lost the favour of Bolingbroke, by a kind of posthumous offence. He had been desired by Bolingbroke to procure the impression of a very few copies of the "Patriot King;" and he assured him that no more copies had been printed than were allowed; but after his death the printer resigned a complete edition of 1500 copies, to the right owner, which Pope had ordered him to print, and to retain in secret. Bolingbroke delivered the whole impression to the flames, and employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to expose the breach of trust to the public, with all its aggravations. Warburton undertook not indeed to vindicate the action, but to extenuate it by an apology. To this apology an answer was written, in "A letter to the most impudent man living."

His works were published in 9 vols. 8vo. 1751, with a commentary and notes by Warburton. Another edition appeared in 5 vols. 4to. 1769, with an account of his life, and observations on his writings, by Owen Ruffhead, Esq. An edition with notes, has been lately announced by Mr. Wakefield, the learned author of the "Silva Critica" and another by Dr. Warton, the elegant author of the "Essays on the Genius and writings of Pope," in 2 vols. 8vo. 1762, and 1782: A work abounding with information, learning and just principles of taste.

The person of Pope was diminutive and misshapen. In the "Guardian," he compares himself to a spider, and is said to have been protuberant behind and before. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was sweet and animated, and his eye remarkably intelligent and piercing. One side was contracted. He wore a fur doublet under a shirt of coarse linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvass, being scarce able to hold himself erect till they were laced. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean. The feebleness of his frame made him sickly and impatient. Both these causes made him a troublesome guest in the families which he visited. He was perpetually sending the servants on frivolous errands, but took care to compensate their trouble by pecuniary rewards. He expected that every thing should give way to

his ease or humour. When he wanted to sleep, he nodded in company, and once slumbered at his own table, while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. In familiar or convivial conversation he was not distinguished by vivacity. In his eating, he was both dainty and voracious; and when he had eaten too much, if a dram had been offered to him, he pretended to be angry, but did not forbear to drink it. It does not appear that he was addicted to wine. His impatience and irritability often led him into little quarrels, that would make him leave the houses of his friends abruptly. At Lord Oxford's he frequently met Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or other quitted the house. At home he was chiefly distinguished for his frugality. It is said that when he had two guests in his house, he would only set a single pint of wine on the table. He sometimes gave a splendid entertainment; and on those occasions showed taste, and magnificence. Of his fortune, which was very honourably obtained, he was proud. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it. He assisted Doddsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop, and contributed twenty pounds a-year to the subscription for Savage; and bestowed considerable sums on charity. He was a faithful and constant friend; and notwithstanding the little defects of his constitutional temper, was beloved by them during his life, and remembered with the most tender affection after his death. His resentment was too easily excited, and his revenge carried to too great a length. The provocation he received by no means justified, in many cases, the severe satire of the *Dunciad*. His malignity to Philips, whom he had at first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley contemptible, no good reason can be given. He was sometimes wanton in his attacks, before Chandos, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Hill, mean in his retreat. Though, on the whole, a man of integrity, he frequently used artifices that bordered on dissimulation. Those, however, seem to have resulted more from the idea of superiority, than of imposing upon others. Even that gratification was a weakness in the character of Pope. Artifice and cunning require very little ability. A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring. He was endowed with a fertile invention, and brilliant wit. To assist these powers, he had great strength and exactness of memory, which readily supplied the understanding with abundance of materials. Those gifts he improved by indefatigable industry, and acquired a great compass of knowledge, completely digested.

Thus endowed with the means of acquisition, he superadded the most effectual and agreeable modes of communication. His language is clear, forcible and elegant, enriched with figures, that at once illustrate, adorn, and impress. He considered poetry as the business of his life, and however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last. He used always the same fabric of verse. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had in his mind a systematical arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call.

On the general character and effect of his poems, it is the less necessary to enlarge, as little remains to be added to the distinct examination of his excellent biographer, Dr. Johnson, and the masterly criticism of Dr. Warton.

In his *Pastorals*, Dr. Warton observes, there is not to be found a single instance of a rural image that is new. The ideas of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are indeed exhibited in language equally mellifluous and pure, but the descriptions and sentiments are trite, and common. A mixture of British and Grecian ideas may justly be deemed a blemish. An Englishman speaks of "celestial Venus, and Idalia's Groves, of Diana and Cynthius." They exhibit, however, a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent, nor has since had an imitation.

The design of *Windfor Forest* is evidently derived from Denham's "Cooper's Hill," with some at-

tention to Waller's poem on "The Park;" but Pope cannot be denied to excel his masters in variety, and elegance, and the art of interchanging description, narrative, and morality.

Of the *Temple of Fame*, every part is splendid; there is great luxuriance of ornaments. The original vision of Chaucer is much improved; the imagery is properly selected, and learnedly displayed; yet, with all this comprehension of excellence, it never obtained much notice, and is seldom quoted or mentioned, with either praise or blame.

That the *Messiah* excells the "Pollio" of Virgil, is no great praise, if it is considered from what sublime original the improvements are derived. Sometimes indeed the simple grandeur of *Isaiab* is diminished by florid epithets, and injudicious prettinesses.

The *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, as it came from the heart, is very tender and pathetic; nor has Pope produced any poem in which the sense predominates more over the diction.

Of the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, it is sufficient praise, that it is only inferior to the inimitable "Alexander's Feast" of Dryden. The general effect is very pleasing, and often striking.

Of the *Essay on Criticism*, Dr. Johnson observes, that if he had written nothing else, it would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition, selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression.

The *Rape of the Lock* is universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions. The means employed are, vigorous thought, brilliant fancy, poignant wit, forcible satire, and refined humour, most agreeably interwoven and diversified. The machinery is an ingenious expansion of that in Shakspeare's "Tempest," and the Rosicrucian dialogue of the Comte de Gabalis.

The epistle of *Eloisa to Abelard* is replete with poetical fire, passionate language, picturesque imagery, and pathetic exclamation, which strike the imagination with a captivating horror.

"Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise."

It has certainly a charm hardly to be equalled; for who can read it without experiencing the alternate impulse of desire, pity, or rage; and lastly, the freezing languor of irrecoverable despair.

"This epistle," says Dr. Warton, "is one of the most highly finished, and certainly the most interesting of the pieces of Pope; and, together with the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, is the only instance of the pathetic he has given us."

The translation of *Homer* is a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. Such a version, the most perfect knowledge of the Greek and English languages could not have produced. It is not the work of a scholar or versifier merely; it is the performance of a poet. The diction and versification must vindicate to themselves a very considerable share of the merit of this masterly work. "Pope searched the pages of Dryden," says Dr. Johnson, "for happy combinations of poetic diction; but it will not be denied that he added much to what he found. He cultivated the language with so much diligence and art, that he has left in his *Homer* a treasure of poetical elegances to posterity. His version may be said to have tuned the English tongue; for since its appearance, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a series of lines, so elaborately corrected, and so sweetly modulated, took possession of the public ear; the vulgar was enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the translation."

It has been objected by some, that it is not Homeric; that it exhibits no resemblance of the original and characteristic manner of the Father of Poetry, as it wants his awful simplicity, his artless grandeur, his unaffected majesty. This cannot be totally denied. Homer doubtless owes to his translator many Ovidian graces, not strictly suitable to his character; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expence of dignity. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation; he knew that it was necessary to colour the images, and paint the sentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but lost some of his sublimity.

As a work of wit and ingenious satire, the *Dunciad* has few equals. The hint is confessedly taken from Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe;" but the plan is so enlarged and diversified, as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords, perhaps, the best specimen that has yet appeared of personal satire, ludicrously pompous. Without approving of the petulance and malignity of the design, the vigour of intellect, and the fertility of fancy which it displays, are equally admirable.

"The beauties of this poem," says Dr. Johnson, "are well known; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages; such as the formation and dissolution of *Moore*, the account of the *Traveller*, the misfortune of the *Florist*, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph."

The *Essay on Man*, is a didactic poem written on metaphysical ideas, which he did not perfectly comprehend. His intentions were evidently good, to show men that the existence of imperfection and evil is not inconsistent with the wisdom and goodness of God. Many of the facts are true, many of the observations are just, but do not tend to establish the truth of the proposed system. The adaptation of human senses, passions, and reason, to their ends, the co-operation of the principles of self-love and benevolence, in producing happiness, the uncertainty of physical good, that man's supreme felicity consists in moral good, that we are very weak in comparison to our Creator, are all positions which are undoubtedly true, but do not prove that *partial evil is universal good; that whatever is, is right*. Pope, like Addison, had considered man chiefly in active life. When he exhibits him in action, his exhibition is natural, beautiful, and just; but when he analyses his principles of thought, and of action, he is not always so successful. Voltaire ridiculed Pope's favourite position in his *Candide*. The consequences which *Candide's* application of the principle to various cases produces, are certainly such as Pope never intended, yet it must be acknowledged he did not sufficiently guard against his interpretation.

"This essay," says Dr. Johnson, "is certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. It affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never were penury of knowledge, and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised, or recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity, sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment, by overpowering pleasure."

"This is true of many paragraphs; yet if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of composition before a rigid critic, I should not select the *Essay on Man*: for it contains more lines unsuccessfully laboured, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other works."

The *Characters of Men and Women*, are the product of diligent speculation upon life and manners, and show a thorough knowledge of the human mind, engaged in action, and modified by the manners of the times.

"I recommend," says Dr. Johnson, "a comparison of his *Characters of Women*, with Boileau's satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicacity female nature is investigated, and female excellence selected. The *Characters of Men*, however, are written with more, if not with deeper thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The *Gem*, and the *Flower*, will not easily be equalled. In the women's part are some defects; the character of *Atossa*, is not so neatly finished as that of *Clodio*; and some of the female characters may be found, perhaps, more frequently among men."

Of his *Epistle to Lord Batburst*, the most valuable passage is, perhaps, the eulogy on *Good Sense*; and of the *Epistle to Lord Burlington*, the end of *Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*. Of the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the vindication of his own character. The meanest passage is the satire upon *Sporus*. The allusion to his mother is exquisitely beautiful and interesting. His translations from *Ovid* are rendered with faithfulness and elegance. The epistle from *Sappho to Phaon* breathe such passionate and pathetic sentiments as are worthy of the exquisite sensibility of the amorous *Sappho*; and the versification is in point of melody next to that of the *Pastorals*.

On his *Epitaphs*, the minute criticism of Dr. Johnson, printed in the "Visitor," is acute, and well enforced; but his examination is too rigorous, and the general opinion is much more favourable.

His *Imitations of Horace*, display a great portion of wit, as well as argument. He has the humour, and almost the ease of Horace, with more wit, and falls little short of the severity of Juvenal. In his *Letters* he is seen as connected with the other contemporary wits, and suffers no disgrace in the comparison. Those of Arbuthnot are written with ease and a beautiful simplicity. Swift's

also are unaffected. Several of Bolingbroke's and Atterbury's are masterly. There is something more studied and artificial in Pope's productions than the rest. His letters to ladies are full of affectation.

"Pope may be said," says Dr. Johnson, "to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift perhaps like a man who remembered that he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen, as they rise into his mind."

The compositions of Pope are perhaps a greater accession to English literature, than those of any other poet of our nation, except Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. Of those poets who rank in the highest class after them, Dryden is generally allowed to be the first; but his claim to that distinction is at least rendered doubtful by the pretensions of Pope, who learned his poetry from Dryden, and whose character perhaps may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

To regulate the scale, by which the comparative merit of poetical pretensions is to be estimated, is one of the most difficult undertakings of criticism. Something of this kind, however, is attempted by Dr. Johnson in his parallel between Dryden and Pope, of which it is scarcely hyperbolical to affirm, that it is every way worthy of its subject, and such as perhaps the pen of Dr. Johnson only could have written.

"Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts, and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel; and therefore always endeavoured to do his best. He did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader; and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. For this reason, he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered, and reconsidered them. It will seldom be found that he altered, without adding clearness, elegance and vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

"In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by a comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

"Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessors. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

"Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more, for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by some domestic necessity; he composed without consideration and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it; Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight."

The subject of this truly excellent parallel has been controverted by Mr. Weston and Miss Seward, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1790. Both parties have shown much critical ingenuity in maintaining the pretensions of their favourite poet. To give any adequate idea of the controversy, would much exceed the limits of this preface. Mr. Weston, with justice, censures the poetry of Pope, as too exquisitely polished, too uniformly musical, and as glutting the ear with unvaried sweetness. Judging perhaps by principles, rather than perception, he seems to think studied discords, varied pauses, triplets, expletives, and Alexandrines, essential to rhyme, because they have been used by Dryden. But the poetry of Pope, though perhaps less impregnated with enthusiasm, less enriched with classical knowledge, less illumined by vivid imagination, and less diversified by variety of cadence, is certainly more elaborately correct, more regularly harmonious, more delicately polished, and more systematically dignified, than that of Dryden.

He has even ventured to assert, that Pope was not a poet, but only an elegant versifier. When he affirms that the author of the *Rape of the Lock*, of the *Dunciad*, of *Eloisa to Abelard*, and of the *English Iliad*, was not a poet, he must mean something by the term different from the general acceptance.

"If Pope be not a poet," says Dr. Johnson, "where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition, will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope, will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will no more be disputed. Had he given the world only his version, the name of poet must have been allowed him; if the writer of the *Iliad* were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator, without requiring any other evidence of genius."

A parallel, upon a more extensive scale, is given by Dr. Warton, in which the poetical qualifications of Pope are as candidly examined, as they are judiciously discriminated.

"Of Pope's works, the largest portion is of the didactic, moral, and satyric kind; and consequently not of the most poetic species of poetry: whence it is manifest, that good sense and judgment were his characteristic excellencies, rather than fancy and invention; not that the author of the *Rape of the Lock* and *Eloisa* can be thought to want imagination, but because his imagination was not his predominant talent; because he indulged it not, and because he gave not so many proofs of this talent as of the other. This turn of mind led him to admire French models; he studied Boileau attentively, formed himself upon him, as Milton formed himself upon the Grecian and Italian sons of fancy. He gradually became one of the most correct, even, and exact poets that ever wrote, polishing his pieces with a care and assiduity that no business or avocation ever interrupted; so that if he does not frequently ravish and transport his reader, yet he does not disgust him with unexpected inequalities and absurd improprieties. Whatever poetical enthusiasm he actually possessed, he withheld and stifled. The perusal of him affects not our minds with such strong emotions as we feel from Homer and Milton; so that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads them. Hence he is a writer fit for universal perusal, adapted to all ages and stations, for the old and for the young, the man of business and the scholar. He who would think "Palamon and Arcite," "The Tempest," or "Comus," childish and romantic, might relish Pope. Surely it is no narrow and niggardly encomium to say, that he is the great poet of reason, the first of ethical authors in verse.

Where then shall we, with justice, be authorised to place our admired Pope? Not assuredly in the same rank with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton; however justly we may applaud the *Eloisa* and *Rape of the Lock*; but, considering the correctness, elegance, and utility of his works, the weight of sentiment, and the knowledge of man they contain, we may venture to assign him a place next to Milton, and just above Dryden. Yet, to bring our minds steadily to make this decision, we must forget for a moment the divine "Music Ode" of Dryden, and may perhaps then be compelled to confess, that though Dryden be the greater genius, yet Pope is the better artist.

"The preference here given to Pope above other Modern English Poets, it must be remembered, is founded on the excellencies of his works in general, and taken all together; for there are parts and passages in other modern authors, in Young and in Thomson for instance, equal to any of Pope; and he has written nothing in a strain so truly sublime as the "Bard of Gray."

WORKS OF POPE.

EXTRACT FROM DR. WARBURTON'S ADVERTISEMENT

To the Ottawa Edition of Mr. POPE's Works, 1751.

MR. POPE, in his last illness, amused himself, amidst the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete edition of his writings; and, with his usual delicacy, was even solicitous to prevent any share of the offence they might occasion, from falling on the friend whom he had engaged to give them to the public.

In discharge of this trust, the public has here a complete edition of his works, executed in such a manner, as, I am persuaded, would have been to his satisfaction.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the superiority of this edition above all the preceding; so far as Mr. Pope himself was concerned. What the editor hath done, the reader must collect for himself.

The first volume, and the original poems in the second, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the author himself, even to the very preface; which, with several additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the editor a little before his death. The Juvenile Translations, in the other part of the second volume, it was never his intention to bring into this edition of his works, on account of the levity of some, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any: but these being the property of other men, the editor had it not in his power to follow the author's intention.

The third volume, all but the Essay on Man (which, together with the Essay on Criticism, the author, a little before his death, had corrected and published in quarto, as a specimen of his projected edition), was printed by him in his last illness (but never published) in the manner it is now given. The disposition of the Epistle on the Characters of Men is quite altered; that on the Characters of Women, much enlarged; and the Epistles on Riches and Taste, corrected and improved. To these advantages of the third volume, must be added a great number of fine Verses, taken from the au-

thor's manuscript copies of these poems, communicated by him for this purpose to the editor. These, when he first published the poems to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reasons, to omit. Some from the manuscript copy of the Essay on Man, which tended to discredit fate, and to recommend the moral government of God, had, by the editor's advice, been restored to their places in the last edition of that poem. The rest, together with others of the like sort, from his manuscript copy of the other Ethic Epistles, are here inserted at the bottom of the page, under the title of Variations.

The fourth volume contains the Satires, with their prologue, the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, and epilogue, the two poems, intitled M DCC XXXVIII. The prologue and epilogue are here given with the like advantages as the Ethic Epistles in the foregoing volume; that is to say, with the variations, or additional verses, from the author's manuscripts. The epilogue to the satires is likewise enriched with many and large notes, now first printed from the author's own manuscript.

The fifth volume contains a correcter and completer edition of the Dunciad than hath been hitherto published; of which, at present, I have only this farther to add, that it was at my request he laid the plan of a fourth book. I often told him, it was a pity so fine a poem should remain disgraced by the meanness of its subject, the most insignificant of all dunces, bad rhymers, and malevolent cavillers; that he ought to raise and enoble it, by pointing his satire against the most pernicious of all, minute philosophers and freethinkers. I imagined too, it was for the interest of religion, to have it known that so great a genius had a due abhorrence of these pests of virtue and society. He came readily into my opinion; but, at the same time, told me it would create him many enemies: he was not mistaken; for though the terror of his

pen kept them for some time in respect, yet on his death they rose with unrestrained fury, in numerous coffee-house tales, and Grub-street libels. The plan of this admirable satire was artfully contrived to shew, that the follies and defects of a fashionable education naturally led to, and necessarily ended in, freethinking; with design to point out the only remedy adequate to so fatal an evil. It was to advance the same ends of virtue and religion, that the editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his moral writings that might be suspected of having the least glance towards fate, or naturalism; and to add what was proper to convince the world, that he was warmly on the side of moral government, and a revealed will: and it would be injustice to his memory, not to declare that he embraced these occasions with the most unfeigned pleasure.

The sixth volume consists of Mr. Pope's Miscellaneous Pieces, in verse and prose†. Among the verse several fine poems make now their first appearance in his works: and of the prose, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquisitely so, will be found in this edition.

† The prose is not within the plan of this edition.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth volumes, consist entirely of his Letters; the more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of familiar epistles. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of several new pieces. Yet excepting a short explanatory letter to Col. M. and the letters to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to shew the editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this edition). excepting these, I say, the rest are all published from the author's own printed, though not published, copies, delivered to the editor.

On the whole, the advantages of this edition, above the preceding, are these: That it is the first complete collection which has ever been made of his original writings; that all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the public with his last corrections and improvements; that a great number of his verses are here first printed from the manuscript copies of his principal poems of later date; that many new notes of the author's are here added to his poems; and, lastly, that several pieces, both in prose and verse, make now their first appearance before the public.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN those more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A muse sincere, that never flattery knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found,
Art strengthening nature, sense improv'd by sound.
Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound,
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
With proper thoughts, and lively images;
Such as by nature to the ancients shewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Although disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some, in a polish'd style, write pastoral:
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
Like some fair shepherdess, the Sylvan muse
Should wear those flowers her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought;
So, with becoming art, the players dress
In ficks the shepherd, and the shepherdess;
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
Your rural muse appears to justify
The long-lost graces of simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense
With virgin charms, and native excellence:
Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;

For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem.

Live, and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whose muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight:
So larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL! sacred bard! a muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shewn,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant forest we receive
More lasting glories than the east can give.

Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were:
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shews
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her watery plains;
The juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the muse's glass.
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and opening glades,
And give us harmony as well as shades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove; but you
Can paint the grove, and add the music too.

A ij

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in every line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom;
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.
Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields
inspire!

Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren to my rhyme,
Here on the western beach attempt to chime,
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye gods, from these Atlantic shores,
And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bowers;
Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walk convey,
And on her flowery banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green,
Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the muses to the sylvan seat;
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store,
And made that music which was noise before.
There, with illustrious bards, I spent my days,
Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise:
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode.
The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd,
That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.
Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise and wander through the field or plain;
Led by thy muse, from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thundering gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the fluttering pheasant lie!
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the generous courser by;
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales; and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid flight pursue the flying horse.
Oh, could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale?
The soft complaint shall over time prevail;
The tale be told when shades forsake her shore,
The nymph be sung when she can flow no more.

Nor shall the song, old Thames! forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons more
Than all their shouts for victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name;
From various springs divided waters glide,
In different colours roll a different tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the isle;
A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAP.

TO MR. POPE,

By the Right Honourable

ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

THE muse, of every heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is public, though not proud.
Widely extensive is the poet's aim,
And in each verse he draws a bill on fame.
For none have wit (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raise a patron or a friend;
But whatso'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themselves foresee.
Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating poems of the age;
Nor by injurious scruples think it fit,
To hide their judgments who applaud your wit:
But let their pens to yours the heralds prove,
Who strive for you, as Greece for Homer strove;
Whilst he who best your poetry asserts,
Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.
Me panegyric verse does not inspire,
Who never well can praise what I admire,
Nor in those lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counsel in your ear:
Go on, to gain applauses by desert;
Inform the head, whilst you dissolve the heart;
Inflame the soldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the sage:
Allure, with tender verse, the female race;
And give their darling passion, courtly grace:
Describe the forest still in rural strains,
With vernal sweets fresh-breathing from the plains:
Your tales be easy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the poet in that part display;
Nor let the critic there his skill unfold,
For Boccace thus and Chaucer tales have told:
Soothe, as you only can, each different taste,
And for the future charm us in the past.
Then, should the verse of every artful hand
Before your numbers eminently stand;
In you no vanity could thence be shewn,
Unless, since short in beauty of your own,
Some envious scribbler might in spite declare,
That for comparison you plac'd them there.
But envy could not against you succeed:
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Censure or praise must from ourselves proceed.

TO MR. POPE,

BY MISS JUD. COWPER, AFTERWARDS MRS. MADAN.

O POPE ! by what commanding wondrous art
 Dost thou each passion to each breast impart ?
 Our beating hearts with sprightly measures move,
 Or melt us with a tale of hapless love !
 Th' elated mind's impetuous starts control,
 Or gently sooth to peace the troubled soul !
 Graces till now that singly met our view,
 And singly charm'd, unite at once in you :
 A style polite, from affectation free,
 Virgil's correctness, Homer's majesty !
 Soft Waller's ease, with Milton's vigour wrought,
 And Spenser's bold luxuriance of thought.
 In each bright page, strength, beauty, genius shine,
 While nervous judgment guides each flowing line.
 No borrow'd tinsel glitters o'er these lays,
 And to the mind a false delight conveys :
 Throughout the whole with blended power is found,
 The weight of sense, and elegance of sound :
 A lavish fancy, wit, and force, and fire,
 Graces each motion of th' immortal lyre.
 The matchless strains our ravish'd senses charm :
 How great the thought ! the images how warm !
 How beautifully just the turns appear !
 The language how majestically clear !
 With energy divine each period swells,
 And all the bard th' inspiring God reveals.
 Lost in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn,
 Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn ;
 Where his rich waves fair Windsor's towers sur-
 round,
 And bounteous rush amid poetic ground.
 O Windsor ! sacred to thy blissful seats,
 Thy sylvan shades, the muses' lov'd retreats ;
 Thy rising hills, low vales, and waving woods,
 Thy sunny glades, and celebrated floods !
 But chief Lodona's silver tides, that flow
 Cold and unfullied as the mountain snow ;
 Whose virgin name no time nor change can hide,
 Though ev'n her spotless waves should cease to
 glide :
 In mighty Pope's immortalizing strains,
 Still shall she grace and range the verdant plains ;
 By him selected for the muses' theme, [stream.
 Still shine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid
 Go on, and, with thy rare resistless art,
 Rule each emotion of the various heart ;
 The spring and test of verse unrival'd reign,
 And the full honours of thy youth maintain ;
 Soothe, with thy wonted ease and power divine,
 Our souls, and our degenerate tastes refine ;
 In judgment o'er our favourite follies sit,
 And soften Wisdom's harsh reproofs to wit.
 Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
 And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand ;
 His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
 In thee rise worthy of their sacred source ;
 His spirit heighten'd, yet his sense entire,
 As gold runs purer from the trying fire.
 O, for a muse like thine, while I rehearse
 Th' immortal beauties of thy various verse !

Now light as air th' enlivening numbers move,
 Soft as the downy plumes of fabled love,
 Gay as the streaks that stain the gaudy bow,
 Smooth as Meander's crystal mirrors flow.

But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
 Joins the fleet couriers to the whirling car ;
 When the warm hero, with celestial might,
 Augments the terror of the raging fight,
 From his fierce eyes refulgent lightnings stream
 (As Sol emerging darts a golden gleam) ;
 In rough hoarse verse we see th' embattled foes ;
 In each loud strain the fiery onset glows ;
 With strength redoubled here Achilles shines,
 And all the battle thunders in thy lines.

So the bright magic of the painter's hand
 Can cities, streams, tall towers, and far-stretch'd
 plains, command ;
 Here spreading woods embrown the beauteous
 scene,

Therethe wide landscape smiles with livelier green ;
 The floating glass reflects the distant sky,
 And o'er the whole the glancing sun-beams fly ;
 Buds open, and disclose the inmost shade ;
 The ripen'd harvest crowns the level glade.
 But when the artist does a work design,
 Where bolder rage informs each breathing line ;
 When the stretch'd cloth a rougher stroke receives,
 And Cæsar awful in the canvas lives ;
 When art like lavish nature's self supplies,
 Grace to the limbs, and spirit to the eyes ;
 When ev'n the passions of the mind are seen,
 And the soul speaks in the exalted mien ;
 When all is just, and regular, and great,
 We own the mighty Master's skill, as boundless as
 complete.

LORD MIDDLESEX TO MR. POPE,

On reading Mr. Addison's Account of the English Poets.

Is all who e'er invok'd the tuneful Nine,
 In Addison's majestic numbers shine,
 Why then should Pope, ye bards, ye critics, tell,
 Remain unsung, who sings himself so well ?
 Hear then, great bard, who can alike inspire
 With Waller's softness, or with Milton's fire ;
 Whilst I, the meanest of the muses throng,
 To thy just praises tune th' adventurous song.

How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
 When gods and mortals, mix'd, sustain the fight !
 Like Milton then, though in more polish'd strains,
 Thy chariots rattle o'er the smoking plains.
 What though archangel 'gainst archangel arms,
 And highest Heaven resounds with dire alarms !
 Doth not the reader with like dread survey
 The wounded gods repuls'd with foul dismay ?

But when some fair one guides your softer verse,
 Her charms, her godlike features, to rehearse ;
 See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
 And Waller's thoughts in smoother numbers charm !

When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
 Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
 Give o'er, great bard, your fruitless toil give o'er,
 For still king Tibbald scribbles as before ;

Poor Shakspeare suffers by his pen each day,
While Grub-street alleys own his lawful sway.

Now turn, my muse, thy quick, poetic eyes,
And view gay scenes and opening prospects rise.
Hark! how his rustic numbers charm around,
While groves to groves, and hills to hills resound!
The listening beasts stand fearless as he sings,
And birds attentive close their useless wings.
The swains and satyrs trip it o'er the plain,
And think old Spenser is reviv'd again.

But when once more the godlike man begun
In words smooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,
Ravish'd they gaze, and struck with wonder say,
Sure Spenser's self ne'er sung so sweet a lay:
Sure once again Eliza glads the isle,

That the kind muses thus propitious smile—
Why gaze ye thus? Why all this wonder, swains?—
'Tis Pope that sings, and Carolina reigns.

But hold, my muse! whose awkward verse betrays
Thy want of skill, nor shews the poet's praise;
Cease then, and leave some fitter bard to tell
How Pope in every strain can write, in every
strain excel.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

He comes, he comes! bid every bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God.

But hark! what shouts, what gathering crowds
rejoice!

Unstain'd their praise by any venial voice,
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes, or needy flatterers sue.
And see the chief! before him laurels borne;
Trophies from undeserving temples torn:
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves; and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The Graces these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The Pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou
choose,

What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine,

(From the proud epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
Go to the good and just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance
flies,

"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE,

BY MR. HARTE.

To move the springs of nature as we please;
To think with spirit, but to write with ease;
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art;
For this the Grecian soar'd in epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heavenly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines,
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides;
Some fairer image of perfection given
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heaven.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust;
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays:
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage;
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness join;
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows;
Soft without weakness, without labour fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness, and care!

How blest the man that from the world removes,
To joys that Merdaunt*, or his Pope, approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er;
Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life:

* Earl of Peterborough.

Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
 To live by reason, and to write by thee !
 Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace :
 All are not born the glory of their race :
 Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
 And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
 The muse, who now this early homage pays,
 First learn'd from thee to animate her lays :
 A muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
 Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd ;
 Unbias'd or to censure or commend,
 Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend ;
 Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
 And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE TRIUMVIRATE OF POETS,

BY MRS. TOLLET.

BRITAIN with Greece and Rome contended long
 For lofty genius and poetic song,
 Till this Augustan age with Three was blest,
 To fix the prize, and finish the contest.
 In Addison, immortal Virgil reigns ;
 So pure his numbers, so refin'd his strains ;
 Of nature full, with more impetuous heat,
 In Prior Horace shines, sublimely great.
 Thy country, Homer ! we dispute no more,
 For Pope has fix'd it to his native shore.

A iiiij

P R E F A C E.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve of whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as, on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore, I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations; for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets, in general, seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For, as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic: for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

* In the former editions it was thus—"For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation."—But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season, when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a prince, or a beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense), his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: if he

has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius, as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author: I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so; for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They con-

stantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration: A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients; and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and *vice versa* a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe, no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to re-

commend any miscellanies, or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense; a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it to be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may be then considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion: That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended: That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10. 1716.

VARIATIONS in the Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER page 9. c. 1. l. 27. it followed thus: For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view, at first, the public had never been troubled either

with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: "*Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet).*" It is a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are "*amicæ omnium horarum;*" and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world, as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience, have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and, as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides, that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 9. c. 2. l. 26. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces: That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies: And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleasing the critics.

PASTORALS

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius.

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.*

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem; and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ; and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of Poetry was probably Pastoral†. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other

rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both‡; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity§, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we could copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as

* Written at sixteen years of age.

† Fontenelle's Discourse on Pastorals.

‡ Heinsius in Theocr.

§ Rapin, de Carm. Past. p. 2.

far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short*, and the periods concise: yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these compositions natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered†. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: for what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries‡. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety§. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers|| and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in

his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective; for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to*. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as his piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil†: not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the tetralectic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful;

* *Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d' Arist. p. 2. Rev. xxvii.*

† *Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.*

‡ *Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.*

§ *See the forementioned Preface*

|| *ŒPISTAL. Idyl. x. and ΛΑΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.*

* *Rapin, Refl. on Arist. part ii. Refl. xxvi.—*
Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

† *Dedication to Virg. Ecl.*

since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: That, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

PASTORALS.

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL, OR DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing ;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

Youth at, too wise for pride, too good for
power,

Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost ! 10
O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the
muse,

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair : 20
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day !
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year ?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow ;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow,
I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 34. The first reading was,
And his own image from the bank surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year ;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing ;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the
ground ;
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays !
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love ! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes ; 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes ! 60

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling
vines.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.
Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise ;
But if I conquer, and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties
yield;
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves.
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping
flowers;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing. 70

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, &c.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flowery wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties shew:
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:
To heaven arising then her notes convey,
For heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

Ver. 69. These verses were thus at first:

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor waisted brooks the thirsty flowers supply;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But, blest'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the
year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous tree that sacred monarch bears;
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields: 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so
well!

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers;
The turf with rular dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets a-
round. 100

For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the pleiads fruitful showers descend.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
And trees with twining branches shade your head.

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL, OR ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first
edition.

A faithful swain, whom love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;

Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion shew,

VARIATIONS.

Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Through verdant forests, and through flowery
meads.

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
And Amyrillis fill'd the vocal grove.

The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept O Garth, the muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death: 40
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
O! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song. 50
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equall'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
I shun, &c.

Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again,
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly
bowers;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70

Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the muses, and resound your praise!

Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above. 80
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmur'ing brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flock remove;
Ye gods and is there no relief for love!
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heaven shall bear,
And listening wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written; but the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity, which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

Ver. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL, OR HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love;
And Delia's name and Dori's fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit
warms! 10

Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains
groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey,
As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores; 20
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade every blossom, wither ever tree,
Die every flower, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song, 40
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,

Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?

She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away! [mir'd;
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves ad-
Rehearse, ye muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain;
Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies; 60
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep? 80
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?

VARIATION.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.
With him through Libya's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thirsis' heart.

What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move !
 And is there magic but what dwells in love ?
 Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forfake mankind, and all the world—but love !
 I know thee, Love ! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
 Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlinds, and in thunder born !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
 Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day !
 One leap from yonder cliffs shall end my pains ;
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !
 Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of
 night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade. 100

W I N T E R.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL, OR DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing ;
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
 Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise !

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the listening Dyrades to the plain ?
 Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin ; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, " Ye shepherds, sing around my grave !"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring ;
 Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd ;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone :
 " Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
 " Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more."

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay :
 See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day ! 30
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie !
 With her they flourish'd and with her they die.
 Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore ?
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more !

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood ;
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their
 own ; 40

In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies ;
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more !

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
 Nor morning odours from the flowers arise ;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath ; 50
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store ;
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more !

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone ;
 Behold, the clouds have " put their mourning on."

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
 Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
 No more the streams their wonder shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds, and trees, and floods, her death de-
 plore,

Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wondering mounts on
 high

Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
 Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
 Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
 Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains;

In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees 80
 To thee bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flowers their odours
 give,

Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew;
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90
 Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye Sylvan crew;
 Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
 Thy honour, name, and praise, shall never end.

NOTE.

Ver. 89. &c.] These four last lines allude to the
 several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the se-
 veral scenes of them particularised before in each.

B ij

M E S S I A H.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line for line; but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of Pastoral Poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the fylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun!
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies: 10

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.]

Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua mancant sceleris vestigia nostri,

* Isai. xi. ver. 1.

Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye † Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

IMITATIONS.

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras,—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

“ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of
“ Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down
“ from high heaven. By means of thee, whate-
“ ver relics of our crimes remain, shall be wiped
“ away, and free the world from perpetual fears.
“ He shall govern the earth in peace, with the vir-
“ tues of his Father.”

† Cb. xiv. ver. 8.

‡ Cb. xxv. ver. 4.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail,
Returning * Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See † lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the ‡ way! a God, a God appears! 30

IMITATIONS.

Isaiah, Ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold a Virgin
shall conceive and bear a Son—Chap. ix. ver.
6, 7. Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son
is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase
of his government, and of his peace, there shall
be no end: Upon the throne of David, and up-
on his kingdom, to order and to establish it,
with judgment and with justice, for ever and
ever."
Ver. 23. See nature hastes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv.
ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandes fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without
being tilled, produce her early offerings; wind-
ing ivy, mixed with Baccar, and Colocassia with
smiling Acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth
pleasing flowers about thee."

Isaiah, Ch. xxxi. ver. 1. "The wilderness and
the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert
shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Ch. lx.
ver. 13. "The glory of Lebanon shall come un-
to thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box
together, to beautify the place of thy sanctu-
ary."

Ver. 29. Hark! a glad voice, &c.
Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere, ô magnos, (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara deum seboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—

Ecl. ver. 62.

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbuta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

"O come and receive the mighty honours: the
time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the
Góds! O great increase of Jove! The unculti-
vated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars;

* Ch. ix. ver. 7. † Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.
‡ Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye vallies, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks: ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient hards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The * dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In † adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ‡ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air; 50
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd § father of the future age.
No more shall ¶ nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more: 60
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ¶ Son
shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren †† deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

IMITATIONS.

"the very rocks sing in verse; the very shrubs
cry out, A God, a God!"

Isaiah, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him
that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the
way of the Lord! make straight in the desert
a high-way for our God! Every valley shall be
exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be
made low, and the crooked shall be made
straight, and the rough places plain." Ch. iv.
ver. 23. "Break forth into singing, ye mountains;
O forest, and every tree therein, for the Lord
hath redeemed Israel."

Ver. 67. The swain in barren deserts] Virg.
Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavesceat campus aristâ,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva:
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

* Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.
† Ch. xxv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xl. ver. 11.
§ Ch. ix. ver. 6. ¶ Ch. ii. ver. 4.
¶ Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22.
†† Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear. 70
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy * valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The † lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless ‡ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80

IMITATIONS.

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd
ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild
"brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey
"like dew."

Isaiah, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground
"shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs
"of water: In the habitations where dragons
"lay, shall be grafs, and reeds and rushes." Ch.
lv. ver. 13. "Instead of the thorn shall come up
"the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come
"up the myrtle-tree."

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg.
Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

*Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.—*

"The goats shall bear to the fold their udders
"distended with milk; nor shall the herds be
"afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall
"die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."

Isaiah, Ch. xi. ver. 6, &c. "The wolf shall
"dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie
"down with the kid, and the calf and the young
"lion and the fatling together; and a little child
"shall lead them. And the lion shall eat straw like
"the ox. And the sucking child shall play on
"the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall
"put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."

* *Cb. xli. ver. 19. Cb. lv. ver. 13.*

† *Cb. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. ‡ Cb. lxxv. ver. 25.*

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently
play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long † race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
See barbarous ‡ nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of § Sabeen springs,
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising || sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn; 100
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ¶ seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 85. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Sa-
lem, rise!] The thoughts of Isaiah, which com-
pose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully
elevated, and much above those general exclama-
tions of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his
Pollio.

*Magnis ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.*

The reader needs only to turn to the passages
of Isaiah, here cited.

* *Cb. lx. ver. 1.*

† *Cb. lx. ver. 4.*

‡ *Cb. lx. ver. 3.*

§ *Cb. lx. ver. 6.*

|| *Cb. lx. ver. 19. 20.*

¶ *Cb. li. ver. 6. Cb. liv. ver. 10.*

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

" Non injussa cano : Te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
" Te Nemus omne canet : Nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
" Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen."

VIRG.

THIS poem was written at two different times : the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the pastorals : the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

THE forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, Sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O muses, bring!
What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song;
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 3, &c. Originally thus:

Chaste goddesses of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me through arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring
glades,
Unlock your springs—

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise, [corn,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Nor proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 25. Originally thus:

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While through fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours
breathe,
Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves). 50

What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.

What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?

Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled,
But, while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began, 61
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:

Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.

The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious
swains,

From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;

The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;

O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,

And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,

Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,

And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,

The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave

A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.
From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
(For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man).

Ver. 57, &c.

No wonder savages or subjects slain—
But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus; but the word Savages
is not properly applied to beasts, but to men;
which occasioned the alteration.

Ver. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.
The Author thought this an error, wolves not
being common in England at the time of the Con-
queror.

Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears 91
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your
blood,

And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds; 100
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:

Secure the trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.

Thus (if small things we may with great compare)

When Albion sends her eager sons to war,

Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,

Near and more near, the closing lines invest,

Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,

And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant

springs,

And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:

Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,

Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

Ah! what avail his glossy varying dies,

His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,

The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,

His painted wings, and breast that flames with

gold?

Nor yet when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,

The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
Still spread, fair liberty: thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the
springs.

Ver. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasure yields.

Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first edition:
Pleas'd, in the general's sight, the host lie down
Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard
flies, 2

To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo):
 With slaughtering guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwings feels the leaden death;
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed, 140
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
 And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the Sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening
 hound. 150

Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
 And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
 Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
 Hang o'er their courser's heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
 Whose care, like her's, protects the Sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless
 grove;

Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 126.

O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

Ver. 129,

The fowler lifts his level'd tube on high.

Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be
 known,

But by the crescent and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
 It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When through the clouds he drives the trembling
 doves;

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
 vain;

" Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy
 " train, 200

" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 " My native shades!—there weep and murmur
 " there!"

She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The watery landskip of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green;
 Through the fair scene roll flow the lingering
 streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush unto the
 Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
 Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays.
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly gods: 230
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,

His sovereign favours, and his country loves :
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires ;

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields ;
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers :
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
Or wandering thoughtful on the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wife and good, 250

T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end ;
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home !
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus and Trumbull thus retir'd.

Ye sacred nine ! that all my soul possesses,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions blest, 260
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens ;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where the muses sport on Cooper's Hill
(On Coopers Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
flow) :

I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove :
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like poets venerable made : 270

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
tongue.

O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led !

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 233. It stood thus in the MS.
And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,
But doubly happy, if the muse inspires !
Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please ;
But far more blest, whose study joins with ease.

Ver. 267. It stood thus in the MS.
Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
And hear your music echoing through the grove ;
With transport visit each inspiring shade,
By godlike poets venerable made.

His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley
strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung 280

But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
Are these reviv'd ? or is it Granville sings !
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the muses to their ancient seats ;
To paint anew the flowery Sylvan scenes,
To crown the forest with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor
bore,

What king first breath'd upon her winding
shore, 300

Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age ;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield :
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast behind him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 275.

What sighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal shore !
His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

Ver. 290. her silver star.] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these :

My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains ;
Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
Enough for me that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the Sylvan strains.

Ver. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When brass decays, when trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mouldering into dust drops the proud stone.

WINDSOR FOREST.

Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And bleaded lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone); 320
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed!
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old
have bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At length great Anna said, "Let discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold;

Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
Who swell with tributary urns his flood!
First the fam'd authors of this ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame: 340

The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:

The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 321. Originally thus in the MS.
Oh fact accurs'd! oh sacrilegious brood,
Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn, what tears has Albion shed:
Gods what new wounds, &c.

Ver. 327. Thus in the MS.
Till Anna rose, and bade the furies cease;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was peace.

Between verse 330 and 331, originally stood these lines:

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambient light appear'd;
With sparkling flames heaven's glowing concave
shone,
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
He saw, and gently rose above the stream;
His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his towery front was drest,
The tributes of the distant east and west.

Then bow'd, and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heaven itself the seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360

These now no more shall be the muses' themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train:
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.

No more my sons shall die with British blood,
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain; 370
The shady empire shall retain no trace

Of war or blood, but in the Sylvan chace;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.

Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! 380

There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
woods,

And half thy forests rush into thy floods;
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day:
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails, 390

Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide; 400

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 363. Originally thus in the MS.
Let Venice boast her towers amidst the main,
Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain:
Here not a town, but spacious realm shall have
A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

Ver. 385, &c. were originally thus in the MS.
Now shall our fleets the bloody cross display
To the rich regions of the rising day,
Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy seas, &c.

Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire,
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh, stretch thy reign, fair peace! from shore to shore,
 Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
 Peru once more a race of kings behold, 411
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barbarous discord dwell:
 Gigantic pride, pale terror, gloomy care,
 And mad ambition, shall attend her there:
 There purple vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:

There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
 There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd
 lays

Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of opening fate to light:
 My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
 Where peace descending bids her olive spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days, 431
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the listening swains
 First in these fields I sung the Sylvan strains.

ODES.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

i.

DESCEND, ye nine ! descend, and sing ;
The breathing instruments inspire ;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre !
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain ;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound :
While, in more lengthen'd notes and flow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow,
Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats ;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

ii.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds ;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

iii.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms !
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.

Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms :
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms !

iv.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poets led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts !
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire.
See, shady forms advance !
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance !
The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes, uncurl'd, hang listening round their
heads.

v.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers ;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers ;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades ;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer;
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Though fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders
 Rolling in mæanders
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals
 cries—

Ah, see, he dies!

Yet, ev'n in death Eurydice he sung;
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heaven.

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Altered from Shakspeare by the Duke of Buckingham; at whose desire these two Choruses were composed, to supply as many, wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal fates taught;
 Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood
 Unspotted long with human blood.
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the muses shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh, heaven-born sisters! source of art!
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
 Who lead fair virtue's train along,
 Mortal truth and mystic song!
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?

Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore;
 See arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods, what justice rules the ball!
 Freedom and arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh, curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in every state!

Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, tyrant love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast!
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But entering learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproveth.
Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which nature has impress'd?
Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and generous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust;
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wandering, self-consuming fire.

But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of every social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary fire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure;
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about Twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie,

O D E.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.

Si quid neristi rectius istis

Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

HORACE.

CONTENTS OF THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION. That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1.

That a true Taste is as rare to be found as a true Genius, ver. 9 to 18.

That most men are born with some Taste, but spoiled by false Education, ver. 19 to 25.

The multitude of Critics and causes of them, ver. 26 to 45.

That we are to study our own Taste, and know the limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.

Nature the best guide of judgment, ver. 68 to 87. Improved by Art and Rules, which are but methodized Nature, ver. 88.

Rules derived from the Practice of the Ancient Poets, ver. 98 to 110.

That therefore the Ancients are necessary to be studied by a Critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138.

Of Licences, and the use of them by the Ancients, ver. 140 to 180.

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Causes hindring a true Judgment. 1. Pride, ver. 208. 2. Imperfect Learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver.

233 to 288. Critics in Wit, Language, Verification, only, 288, 305, 339, &c. 4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire, ver. 384. 5. Partiality—too much love to a Sect,—to the Ancients or Moderns, ver. 394. 6. Prejudice or Prevention, ver. 408. 7. Singularity, ver. 424. 8. Inconstancy, ver. 430. 9. Party Spirit, ver. 452, &c. 10. Envy, ver. 466. Against Envy, and in praise of Good-nature, ver. 508, &c. When Severity is chiefly to be used by Critics, ver. 526, &c.

PART III. Ver. 568, &c.

Rules for the Conduct of Manners in a Critic. 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modesty, ver. 556. Good-breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity and Freedom of Advice, ver. 578. 2. When one's Counsel is to be restrained, ver. 584. Character of an incorrigible Poet, ver. 600; and of an impertinent Critic, ver. 610, &c. Character of a good Critic, ver. 629. The History of Criticism, and Characters of the best Critics: Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. Of the Decay of Criticism, and its Revival. Erasmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roscommon, &c. ver. 725. Conclusion.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10

In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20
Nature affords at least a glimmering light; [right,
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac'd;
So by false learning is good sense defac'd: }
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
Or with a rivals, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since
omitted by the Author:

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong:
Tutors, like virtuosos, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new:
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

Ver. 30, 31. In the first edition thus:
Those hate as rivals all that write; and others
But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.

Ver. 32. "All fools," in the first edition: "All
such," in edition, 1717; since restored.

VOL. VIII.

Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile; 41
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.

One science only will one genius fit; 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature; and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art,
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without shew, and without pomp presides,
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use; 80
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each others aid, like man and wife.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 63. Ed. 1. But ev'n in those, &c.

Ver. 74.

That art is best, which most resembles her;
Which still presides, yet never does appear.

Ver. 76.—the secret soul.

Ver. 80.

There are whom Heaven has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.

C

'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodis'd:
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd 90
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules endites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she shew'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod:
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great example given,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heaven.
 The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire.

Then criticism the muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,
 Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.

So modern 'pothecaries taught the art
 By doctors bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away. [steer,

You then whose judgment the right course would
 Know well each Ancient's proper character:
 His fable, subject, scope in every page; 120
 Religion, country, genius of his age:
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight
 Read them by day, and meditate by night;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 90. Ed. 1. Nature, like monarchy, &c.

Ver. 92.

First learned Greece just precepts did endite,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flight.

Ver. 97.

From great examples useful rules were given.

After ver. 104, this line is omitted:

Set up themselves, and drove a separate trade.

Ver. 116. Ed. 1. These lost, &c.

Ver. 117. And these explain'd, &c.

Ver. 123. Ed. 1. You may confound, but, &c.

Ver. 123. Cavil you may, but never criticise.

The Author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
 Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame:
 The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprofan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind,

Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,

And trace the muses upward to their spring;
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless
 mind

A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd, 131

Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
 But when t' examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line. }

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature, is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.

Music resembles poetry; in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach, }
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. }
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their
 end),

Some lucky license answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.

Thus Pegasus, a safer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing through the judgment,
 gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes, }
 Which out of nature's common order rise, }
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend. 160
 But though the ancients thus their rules invade
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have
 made);

Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end:
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The critic else proceeds without remorse.
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 126.

Thence form your judgment, thence your notions
 bring.

Ver. 130.

When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.
 Ver. 130. Ed. 1. When first great Maro, &c.

Ver. 136.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, he check'd the bold design;
 And did his work to rules as strict confine.

Ver. 145. Ed. 1. And which a master's hand, &c.

After ver. 158. the first edition reads,
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad;
 And though the ancients, &c.

And what are now ver. 159, 160, followed ver. 151.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay sometimes seem to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180
 Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all-involving age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
 In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
 And fill the general chorus of mankind.
 Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights,
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own:
 Of all the causes which conspire to blind, 201
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing voice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend—and every foe.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing!
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, 220

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 178. Ed. 1.

Oft hide his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.

Ver. 184. Ed. 1.

Destructive war, and all-devouring age.

Ver. 186. Ed. 1.

Hear, in all tongues applauding Pæans ring!

Ver. 197. Ed. 1. That with weak wings, &c.

Ver. 219.

Fir'd with the charms fair science does impart,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of art.

Ver. 223. But more advanc'd, survey, &c.

While, from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way; 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
 A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the
 mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O
 Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length ap-
 pear;
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.
 Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors must the less commit: 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
 Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
 A certain bard encountering on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 225.

So pleas'd at first the towering alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
 The lessening vales, and seems to tread the skies!

Ver. 259.

As men of breeding, oft the men of wit.

Ver. 265.

They talk of principles, but parts they prize.

Ver. 270.

As e'er could Dennis of the laws o' th' stage.

Concluding all were desperate fots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our, author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice :
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not ?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.

Yes, or we must renounce the stagirite. 280

"Not so, by heaven! (he answers in a rage)

"Knights, 'squires, and steeds, must enter on the
"stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine, 289

And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;

One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace

The naked nature, and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover every part,

And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;

For works may have more wit than does them
good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,

And value books, as women men, for dress:

Their praise is still—the style is excellent:

The sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,

Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;

The face of nature we no more survey,

All glares alike, without distinction gay:

But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,

Clears and improves what'er it shines upon;

It gilds all objects, but it alters none. }

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd, 320

Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:

For different styles with different subjects sort,

As several garbs, with country, town, and court.

Some by old words to farge have made pretence,

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 272. Ed. 1. That durst, &c.

Ver. 298. Ed. 1.

What oft was thought, but ne'er before express'd.

Ver. 320. Ed. 1.

A vile conceit in pompous style express'd.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,

These sparks with aukward vanity display

What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330 }

And but so mimic ancient wits at best,

As apes our grandfathers in their doublets dress'd.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;

Alike fantastic, if too new or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;

And smooth or rough, with them, is right or
wrong: [spire,

In the bright muse though thousand charms con-

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire; 340

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,

Not mend their minds; as some to church repair, }

Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These, equal syllables alone require,

Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;

While expletives their feeble aid do join,

And ten slow words oft creep in one dull line:

While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes; 349

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"

In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"

The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"

Then at the last and only couplet fraught

With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length

along. [know

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and

What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;

And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360

Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness

join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,

As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,

The sound must seem an echo to the sense:

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,

The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to

throw, 370

The line too labours, and the words move flow:

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,

Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the

main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,

And bid alternate passions fall and rise:

While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove

Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,

Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 338. Ed. 1.

And smooth or rough, with such, &c.

Ver. 363. 364. These lines are added.

Ver. 368. But when loud billows, &c.

Perfians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move; 390
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists
descry,

Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize:
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord,
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines, 420
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right. 431
A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 394. Ed. 1. Some the French writers, &c.
Ver. 413. Ed. 1. Nor praise nor damn, &c.
Ver. 428. So Schismatics the dull, &c.

Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read: 441
Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their
turn?

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe, 450
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last. 461
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams dis-
plays.

It draws up vapours which obscure its rays; 471
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first, true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years;
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost, 480
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 448.
The rhyming clowns that gladdened Shakspear's age,
No more with crambo entertain the stage.
Who now in anagrams their patron praise,
Or sing their mistress in acrostic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation safe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to
laugh.

Ver. 485. Ed. 1. Some fair idea, &c.

When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live; 491
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings;
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy; 501
The most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,

Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards, who could excel, 510
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
'To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise?
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
'To err, is human; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
'Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 490. Ed. I. When mellowing time does, &c.

Ver. 492. The treacherous colours in few years decay.

Ver. 495. Repays not half that envy, &c.

Ver. 498.

Like some fair flower that in the spring does rise.

Ver. 500.

What is this wit that does our cares employ?

Ver. 502.

The more his trouble as the more admir'd;
Where wanted, scorn'd; and envy'd where ac-
quir'd;

Maintain'd with pains, but forfeited with ease, &c.

Ver. 508. Ed. I. Too much does wit, &c.

Ver. 514. Now those that reach, &c.

Ver. 519. And each, &c.

Ver. 521. Are mortals urg'd by sacred, &c.

But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large in-
crease:

When love was all in easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair fat panting at a courtier's play, 540
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where heaven's free subjects might their rights
dispute,

Left God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show;
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know. 561
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past, 570
And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense below'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 547. The Author has here omitted the
two following lines; as containing a national re-
flection, which in his stricter judgment he could
not but disapprove on any people whatever.:

Then first the Belgians morals were extoll'd;
We their religion had, and they our gold.

Ver. 562. 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning
join.

Ver. 564. That not alone what to your judgment's
due.

Ver. 569. That if once wrong, &c.

Ver. 575. And things ne'er know, &c.

Ver. 576. Without good-breeding truth is not
approv'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust. 581
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take:
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull!
Such, without wit, are poets when they please.
As without learning they can take degrees. 591
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no
more

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write? 599
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have: and yet 'tis
true,

There are as mad, abandon'd critics too. 611
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales:
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 586. And stares tremendous, &c.] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay, and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person.

Ver. 597. And charitably let dull fools be vain.
Ver. 600.

Still humming on, their old dull course they keep.

NOTE.

Ver. 619. Garth did not write, &c.] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend, 620
Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets
mend?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes: }
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide. 630

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right; [sincere;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred,
Modestly bold, and humanely severe:

Who to a friend his faults can freely show.
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind; 640
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew:
The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 623. Between this and ver. 624.
In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly;
These know no manners but of poetry:
They'll stop a hungry chaplain in his grace,
To treat of unities of time and place.

Ver. 624. Nay run to altars, &c.
Ver. 634. Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right.

Between ver. 646 and 649, I found the following lines, since suppressed by the author:
That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
He, when all nature was subdued before,
Like his great pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay.
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
Poets, &c.

After ver. 648. the first edition reads,
Not only nature did his laws obey,
But fancy's boundless empire own'd his sway.

Ver. 655. Does, like a friend, &c.

Ver. 655, 656. These lines are not in Ed. 1.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ, [fire ;
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our critics take a contrary extreme, 661
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd : 670
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
And is himself that great sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rouse alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.

With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good : 690

A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

VARIATIONS.

• Ver. 668.

The scholar's learning, and the courtier's ease.

Ver. 673, &c.

Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

The muses sure Longinus did inspire,
And bless'd their critic with a poet's fire.

An ardent judge, that zealous, &c.

Ver. 689. All was believ'd, but nothing understood.

Between ver. 690 and 691. the Author omitted these two :

Vain wits and critics were no more allow'd,
When none but saints had license to be proud.

But see ! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd
bays ;

Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head. 700

Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive ;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

Immortal Vida ! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow :

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame !

But soon, by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd ;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France :

The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys ;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd ;

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720

Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
" Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood ;

To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.

Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend ; 730

To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;

The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive,

This praise at least a grateful muse may give :

The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender

wing,

(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,

But in low numbers short excursions tries :

Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
view,

The learn'd reflect on what before they knew. 740

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;

Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;

Averse alike, to flatter or offend ;

Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 723, 724. These lines are not in Ed. 1.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROIC-COMICAL POEM,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.

"Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
"Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis."

MART.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you; yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem: For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Ga-*

balis, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes, or dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable; for they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing—this verse to Caryl, muse! is due:
 This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
 If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
 A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle belle reject a lord? 10
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
 And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest: 20
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught; 30

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. It was in the first editions:
 And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
 And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Ver. 13, &c. stood thus in the first edition:
 Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
 And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than
 they;

Shock just had given himself the rousing shake,
 And nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take;
 Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the
 ground,
 And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

Ver. 19. Belinda still, &c.] All the verses from
 hence to the end of this canto were added after-
 wards.

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
 flowers;

Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below,
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
 What though no credit doubting wits may give?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40

Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky:
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air.
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when women's transient breath is
 fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead.
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of ombre, after death survive,
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name, 60
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver pride sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
 For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shape they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treacherous friends, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,

For life predestin'd to the gnomes embrace. 80

These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd :

Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,

While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,

And in soft sounds, your Grace salutes their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,

Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,

Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,

And little hearts to flutter at a beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,

The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,

Through all the giddy circle they pursue,

And old impertinence expel by new,

What tender maid but must a victim fall

To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?

With varying vanities, from every part,

They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart ; 100

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-

knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals levity may call ;

Oh, blind to truth ! the sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,

A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,

In the clear mirror of thy ruling star

I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,

Ere to the main this morning sun descend ; 110

But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where :

Warn'd by the sylph, oh pious maid, beware !

This to disclose is all thy guardian can ;

Beware of all, but most beware of man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,

Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue,

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,

Thy eyes first open'd on a billet doux ;

Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,

But all the vision vanish'd from thy head, 120

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,

With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;

Th' inferior priestess, at her altar side,

Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here

The various offerings of the world appear ; 130

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,

And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoise here and elephant unite,

Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,

Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;

The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face :
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care ;
These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
shone,

But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide ;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung be-
hind 20

In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springs we the birds betray ;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks ad-
mir'd ;

He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a lovers toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and every power ador'd ;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves. 40

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 4. Launch'd on the bosom] From hence
the poem continues, in the first edition to ver. 46.
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air ;
all after, to the end of this canto, being additional.

With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending wo sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shroud aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd; 70
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand and thus begun:

Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wondering orbs on high,

Or roll the planets through the boundless sky; 80
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintery main,
Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow. 100

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirits's care;

Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has deem'd that Shock must fall. 110

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale. 120

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130

Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers, [towers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. Close by those meads,] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court; 10
 In various talk th' instructive hours they pass.
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of the British queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
 At every word a reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With sighing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
 Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in
 peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to
 come.
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine, 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore:
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
 Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary wiskers and a forked beard;
 And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a
 flower,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-coloured troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
 The skilful nymph reviews her force with
 care:
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
 were.
 Now move to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the 50
 board.
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,
 In various talk the cheerful hours they pass,
 Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

Ver. 24. And the long labours of the toilet
 cease.] All that follows of the game at Ombre,
 was added since the first edition, till ver. 105,
 which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.

Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'er-
 threw,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride: 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head.
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his
 face,
 And his refulgent Queen with powers combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
 The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
 Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's face forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the general fate,
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
 Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100
 O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
 For lo! the board with cups and spoons is
 crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking
 tide: 110

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 103. Sudden the board, &c.] From hence
 the first edition continues to ver. 134.

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wife,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
 near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex
 wide,
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
 Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
 last!

Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie! 160
 Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
 (The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 134. In the first edition it was thus:
 As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
 First he expands the glittering forfex wide
 T' enclose the Lock; then joins it to divide:
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever and for ever. Ver. 154.
 All that is between was added afterwards.

While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live! 170
 What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should
 feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her mantau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair. 10
 For, that sad moment, when the sylphs with-
 drew,

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of spleen.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded east is all the wind that blows. 20
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in
 place,
 But differing far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
 noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. For, that sad moment, &c.] All the
 lines from hence to the 94th verse, describe the
 house of Spleen, and are not in the first edition;
 instead of them followed only these:
 While her rack'd soul repose and peace requires,
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires;
 and continued at the 94th verse of this Canto.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside.
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the power—Hail, wayward
queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysterick, or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or chang'd complexions at a losing game; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or compos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costly lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
'That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddess with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his
prayer. 80

A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to
day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent,

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and
cry'd,

(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! re-
ply'd)

Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around? 100
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!

Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow?
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs!
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
devil?"

"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must
be civil!"

"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prythee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his
box. 130

It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honour shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

For ever curst be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.

Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
 Oh, had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home! 160
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tottering china shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these flighted hairs!
 My hand shall rend, what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
 But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.
 Say, why are not beauties prais'd and honour'd
 most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
 beaux?
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small pox, or chac'd old age away; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares pro-
 duce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing to use?
 To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 7. Then grave Clarissa, &c.] A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
 What then remains, but well our power to use;
 And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
 fail,

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.
 So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack; [crack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
 Heroes and heroines shouts confus'dly rise, 41
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapon in their hands are found;
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
 So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
 Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
 Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
 way, 51

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
 Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
 Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and winking perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
 "O cruel nymph! a living death I bear," 60
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain;
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the mens wits against the lady's hair
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdued: 80

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 37. To arms, to arms!] From hence the first edition goes to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the poem.

Ver. 53. Triumphant Umbriel] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock, she cries; and all around,
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with
pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in vain: 110
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound;

The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light. 130
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 131. The Sylphs behold] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the poem.

P O E M S.

E L E G Y

To the memory of an Unfortunate Lady.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,

And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,

And separate from their kindred dregs below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,

Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,

Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,

These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,

Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,

And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates;

There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,

(While the long funerals blacken all the way)

Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,

And curſt with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,

The gaze of ſouls, and pageant of a day!

So periſh all, whoſe breſt ne'er learn'd to glow

For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh, ever injur'd ſhade!)

Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful
bier:

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,

By strangers honour'd, and by stranger's mourn'd!

What though no friends in fable weeds appear;

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,

And bear about the mockery of woe

To midnight dances, and the public show?

What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,

Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:

There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,

There the first roses of the year shall blow;

While angels with their silver wings o'erſhade

The ground now ſacred by thy relics made.

So, peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,

What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot;

A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,

Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays;

Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,

And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,

Life's idle buſineſs at one gasp be o'er,

The muſe forgot, and thou believ'd no more!

P R O L O G U E

to

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And ſets to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she sub-
dued;

Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

Prodigious this! the frail-one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The play may pass—but that strange creature,
Shore,

I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners:
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with
sinners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living,
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his
life?

Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye.
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe,
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms sur-
prise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

D ij

The harp and how would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.

The muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame:
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd!
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centr'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:

For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn:
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep:
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At least to feign was never hard to you!)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing
blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:

A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give, and take :
Then fiercer joys : I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I;
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again :
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent
grove ;

As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'er-
grown,

Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay ;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return :
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I :
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below ;
A flowery Lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the Sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood :
She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !
" Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
" There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
" Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
" There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
" Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :
" But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
" Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
" Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps be-
low !"

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove ;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love !
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires ;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below !
And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood pro-
fane !

On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be plac'd below.
" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
" Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ;
" What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee ;
" The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
By why, alas, relentless youth, ah, why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O, far more faithless, and more hard than they ?
Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd ;
This breast, which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;
Where the loves play'd, and where the muses dwell ?
Alas ! the muses now no more inspire,
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre ;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling
string :

My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)
Return, fair youth, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song :
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires ;
But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires ?
Gods ! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers, move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air !
Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
If you return—ah, why these long delays ?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O, launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain !
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O, launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales !
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?)
If not from Phaon, I must hope for ease,
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas !
To raging seas unprov'd I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love !

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Argument.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth cen-
tury ; they were two of the most distinguished
persons of their age in learning and beauty, but
for nothing more famous than for their unfor-
tunate passion. After a long course of calamities,
they retired each to a several convent, and con-
secrated the remainder of their days to religion.
It was many years after this separation, that a
letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained
the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands

of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round con-
tains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers, nor fasts, its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor, for nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid; [spires,
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indos to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue:
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips its
part,

And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;
Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe:
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye.

Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care!
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited heaven;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets
crown'd,

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the
hills,

The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in
vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not weaken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh, come! oh, teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you!
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing:
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O, curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy
creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the seas, e'er winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies; [tears;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O, grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!"
"Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, though now a fainting maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
"Ev'n superstition loses every fear;
"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see!

It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O, death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance ecstatic may the pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee
round,

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O, may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannahs rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene of some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of exercises, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried by his early bent to poetry to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies, by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The Imitations of English Authors, which follow, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

The poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream*, *Flower*, and the *Leaf*, &c. of the latter.

The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

IN that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and
 skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. II, &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.
Though beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow,
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen;
There towery cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd,
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
The wonderous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past;
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;

IMITATIONS.

Now valeis, and now forestes,
And now unneth great bestes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the see.

Ver. 27. High on a rock of ice, &c.] Chaucer's
third book of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock,
Higher standeth none in Spayne—
What manner stone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glass,
But that it shone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niste redily;
But at the last espied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of ice, and not of stele.

Ver. 31. Inscriptions here, &c.]

Though saw I all the hill y-grave
With famous folkes names sele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Their names by, for out of drede
They weren almost off-thawen so,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men said what may ever last?

Ver. 41. Nor was the work impair'd, &c.]

Though gan I in myne barte cast,

For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy, than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel;
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last; 50
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of
days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale fens, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield: 80
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!

IMITATIONS.

That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with stormes beate.

Ver. 45. Yet part no injuries, &c.]

For on that other side I sey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As fresh as men had written hem there
That self day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure;
But well I wiste what it made;
It was conserved with the shade
(All the writing that I fye)
Of the castle that stoode on high,
And stood eke in so cold a place,
That heat might it not deface.

Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend, 90
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace, 110
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in chains of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride. 120
There huge Colossus rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood.
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name. 130
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd: 140
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 132. The walls in lustre, &c.]

It shone lighter than a glass,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of time was found.
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms. 150
High on a throne with trophies charg'd I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought: 160
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these 170
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hollow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of fame they stand, 180
Hold the chief honours, and the same command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne,
Father of verse: in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. Six pompous columns, &c.]

From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.
Upon a pillere saw I stonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the sect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Josephus the old, &c.

Upon an iron pillere strong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholosan that hight Stace,
That bear of Thebes up the name, &c.

Ver. 182.

Full wonder high on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus, &c.

The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did every part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd.
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
 With patient touches of unwearied art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged fire :
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 Arms and the man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
 flight :

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings,
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
 The champions in distorted postures threat ; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;
 Pleas'd with Alceæus' manly rage t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
 The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace ;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 196, &c.

There saw I stand on a pillere
 That was of tinned iron cleere,
 The Latin poet Virgilye,
 That hath bore up of a great while
 The fame of pious Æneas :

And next him on a pillere was
 Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
 That hath sown wondrous wide
 The great god of love's fame—

Tho' saw I on a pillere by
 Of iron wrought full sternly,
 The great poet Dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bore up then
 As hye as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee.

And next him on a pillere stode
 Of sulphure, like as he were wode,
 Dan Claudian, so the for to tell,
 That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star and great Augustus here.
 The doves that round the infant poet spread 230
 Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 State fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrte ;
 His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
 And various animals his sides surround ;
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :
 Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
 And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great ;
 The vivid emeralds there revive the eye, 250

The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her statue of a cubit's height ;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.

With her, the Temple every moment grew,
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long aisles extend.

Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
 A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful nine 270

(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string,
 With time's first birth began the heavenly lays.
 And last, eternal, through the length of days.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 259. Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.

Methought that she was so lite,
 That the length of a cubite
 Was longer than she seem'd be ;
 But thus soone in a while she,
 Her selfe tho' wonderly straight,
 That with her feet she the earth right,
 And with her head she touchyd heaven—

Ver. 270. Beneath, in order rang'd, &c.]

I heard about her throne y-sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty muse, she
 That cleped is Calliope,
 And her seven sisters eke—

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall :
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were
heard ; 280

In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddesses bend ;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same ;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd ;
Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddesses thus prefer their prayer.
Long have we sought t' instruct and please man-
kind, 300

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne :
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The goddesses heard, and bade the muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise :
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around ;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ; 310
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread ;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 276. Around these wonders, &c.]
I heard a noise approachen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out-flying,
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me,
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entering into th' hall,
A right great company withal ;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, &c.—

Ver. 294. Some she disgrac'd, &c.]
And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warn'd well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair—
Right as her sister dame Fortune
Is wont to serve in commune.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddesses, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days 330
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful tramp of slander sounds ;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour
wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 318. The good and just, &c.]
Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hyc,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden : We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved fame right-fully,
— And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.
I grant, quoth she, for now we list
That your good works shall be wist.
And yet ye shall have better loos,
Right in despite of all, your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a basket full of roses.—

Ver. 328, 338. Behold another crowd, &c.—
From the black trumpet's rusty, &c.]
Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye
Of good folke—
What did this Eolus, but he
Took out his trump of brass,
That fouler than the devil was :
And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's sounne
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende—&c.

For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood.
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
'Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd; 351
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360
Would die unheard-of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath; 370
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n listening angels lean from heaven to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery
dress'd:

Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;

Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name, 389
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies. [prest

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What you (she cry'd), unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and even fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could
fix, 410

Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some power un-
known [the throne.
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 356. Then came the smallest, &c.]

I saw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they besoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And said, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne such renowne;
For they for contemplacyone,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.

What, quoth she, and he ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye despite to have my name?
Nay ye shall lien everichone:
Blow thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring these folks works by rote,
That all the world may of it heare;
And he gan blow their loos so cleare,

IMITATIONS.

In his golden clarioune,
Through the world went the sonne,
All so kindly, and eke so soft,
That ther fame was blown aloft.

Ver. 406. Last, those who boast of mighty, &c.]

Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, &c.

Ver. 418. This having heard and seen. &c.]

The scene here changes from the Temple of Fame,
to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho saw I stonde in a valey,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made so wonderly I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought!
And evermo as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That never more it still stent—
And eke this house hath of entrees,
As many as leaves are on trees

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open every way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings ad-
 vance, 440
 Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
 Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighbouring air a soft impression make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above;
 Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.
 There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

IMITATIONS.

In summer, when they ben grene;
 And in the roof yet men may see
 A thousand hoels and well mo
 To letten the soune out-go;
 And by day in every tide,
 Ben all the doors open wide,
 And by night each one unshet;
 No porter is there one to let,
 No manner tydings in to pace:
 Ne never rest is in that place.
 Ver. 448. There various news I heard, &c.]
 Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
 Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
 Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
 Of love and hate, accord and strife,
 Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
 Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
 Of divers transmutations,
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of dred, of jealousy,
 Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
 Of good, or bad government,
 Of fire, and of divers accident.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
 Astrologers, that future fates foreflew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
 And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands:
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in every face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it added something new, 470
 And all who heard it made enlargements too,
 In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew,
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 Newstravell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gathering force the quickening flames ad-
 vance;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
 When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they
 flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below,
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
 the sky.
 There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way; 490

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 458. Above, below, without, within, &c.]
 But such a grete congregation
 Of folke as I saw roame about,
 Some within, and some without,
 Was never seen, ne shall be est—
 And every wight that I saw there
 Rowned everich in others ear
 A new tyding privily,
 Or else he told it openly
 Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
 That is betide to-night now?
 No, quoth he, tell me what?
 And then he told him this and that, &c.
 —Thus north and south
 Went every tyding from mouth to mouth,
 And that encreasing evermo,
 As fire is wont to quicken and go
 From a sparkle sprong amiss,
 Till all the citee brent up is.
 Ver. 489. There, at one passage, &c.]
 And sometime I saw there at once,
 A leising and a sad sooth saw
 That gonnen at adventure draw
 Out of a window forth to pace—
 And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
 Shall have one of these two, but bothe, &c.

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame!
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor; 510
All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice:
Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame; 520
Then, teach me, heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wife and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace;

Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
Whether pure holiness inspir'd him forth to wed,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will).
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heaven to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day: [mains,
Though fortune change, his constant spouse re-
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wife these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in paradise unblest'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews shew,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;

But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be).

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke);
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, and hastening to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious heaven has open'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But, since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss:
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost, for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life;
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heaven's consent and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part.
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as
snow,

The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd;
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wife,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

VOL. VIII

First to the knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone):
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves experience dwells with years!
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wife man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
As still I hold your own advice the best.

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.

This, Sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man!
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness, and grave impotence.

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away;
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear!
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what ye list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
But at these years, to venture on the fair;
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vigorous of us all.

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And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.

'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the knight replies,

Most worthy kinsman, saith you're mighty wife!
We, Sirs, are fools, and must resign the cause
To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo say?

I say, quoth he, by heaven the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ;
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possesst,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
While fancy pictur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shews the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame.
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue blest;
And one had grace that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But every charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heaven, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a comfort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wife;
Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly
born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heaven above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,

Those endless joys were ill-exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair.
One that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve those questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply,
The old have interest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state the bridegroom and the bride,
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the tremb-
ling string,

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial
train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on every knight,
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;

Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day :
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded blooming age.

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king :
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May !
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride :
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night
Restless he sat, invoking every power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.

With odorous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain ;
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd ;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest :
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loth'd the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light ;
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests ; and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd. [drefs,

The foe once gone, our knight prepar'd t' un-
So keen he was, and eager to possess :
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give ;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,

The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems me not to say ;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night ;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright. }
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundely :
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ;
For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast :
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell ;
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May ;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride ;
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung ; they feasted in the hall ;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord.
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent ;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May :
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view !
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the powers divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May ?

On her soft couch uneasily she lay :
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell :
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed ;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selected influence from above ;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame ;
Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love !
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd :
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale : Some sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of human kind :
Our knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those :
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence :
His house was stately, his retinue gay ;
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place :
A place to tire the rumbling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance ;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around, }
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd :
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue :
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
 For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
 To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and business to retreat;
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
 "Solus cum sola," with his sprightly May:
 For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But, ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
 How short a space our worldly joys endure!
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
 But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
 This rich, this amorous venerable knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
 His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
 For, oh, 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous Squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain:
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what could thy eyes avail,
 Though they could see as far as ships can sail?
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes;
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
 She took the wards in wax before the fire,
 And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
 Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
 What slight is that, which love will not explore?
 And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
 Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;
 It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
 Our reverend knight was urg'd to amorous play;
 He rais'd his spouse ere Matin bell was rung,
 And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
 Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
 Hear how the doves with pensive notes com-
 plain,

And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:

The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
 The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
 Fair without spot, whose every charming part
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
 Come, and in mutual pleasure let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
 To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
 Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
 And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
 So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
 Art far the dearest solace of my life;
 And rather would I choose, by Heaven above,
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
 Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
 When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
 Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
 Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
 Each other loss with patience I can bear,
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
 Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
 And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love:
 Make your own terms, and e'er to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
 And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them my own unequal age,
 From thy dear side I have no power to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms?
 He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she
 cry'd):

Heaven knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you;
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,
 My dearest honour, will to death defend.
 To you in holy church I gave my hand,
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
 Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear.

First, may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
 And let me hence to hell alive descend;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race:
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
 I lothe a whore, and startle at the name.

But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to suspect :
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ?
These doubts and fears of female constancy !
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh :
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly
show,

And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place ;
The knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heavenly progress through the twins had run ;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ;
He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride. }
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, }
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword }
bound, [ground.

That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain ;
While, on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man :
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun ;
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !
For sagely hast thou said : Of all mankind,
One only just and righteous hope to find :
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the king, who knew your wickedness :
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all.
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see :
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case),
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now, by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And in the very act restore his sight ;
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the queen, indeed ?
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age !
Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place ;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear ;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one ;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are :
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death ;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we ?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone }
Who only is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst ; shall women then be weigh'd
By every word, that Solomon has said ?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts ;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.

Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater ;
Whose reign, indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;
David, the monarch after heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak ;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the king) dear madam, be not
wroth :

I yield it up ; but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a king, said he,
And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)—I am a queen :
Her answer she shall have, I undertake ;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list ; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the knight our story turns again ;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay :
This was his song ; " Oh kind and constant be,
" Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew :
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.

She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good gods! she
cry'd,

What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side!
Of for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of heaven's immortal Queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!

Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
And must I languish then, she said, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering
knight

Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd;
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my lord? the trembling dame re-
ply'd;

I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the
knight):

So Heaven preserve the sight it has restor'd;
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may
hell

As surely seize thee, as I saw too well!

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal powers it seem'd too plain—

By all those powers, some frenzy seiz'd your
mind

(Reply'd the dame): are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).

The knight was touch'd, and in his looks ap-
pear'd

Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By heaven, I swore but what I thought I saw.

Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she
cry'd)

On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.

But, till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,

And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.

So, just recovering from the shades of night,

Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden
light,

Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
[your sight:]

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;

Heaven knows how seldom things are what they
seem!

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find

'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:

Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,

None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,

With well-dissembled virtue in her face.

He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,

Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:

Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual
vows,

A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,

Let all wise husbands hence example take;

And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,

To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH,

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

BEMOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.

In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;

Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

"Increase and multiply," was heaven's command,

And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their fires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."

More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.

I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in heaven, I may have many yet,
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:

'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.

Full many a faint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a-God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was
mine,

The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with showers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can: [eyes,
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his
And call your maids to witness how he lies,

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil
And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic;
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take;
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and favourite
maid;

And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies.
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-mor-
row.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, and locks and spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you
care
How merrily soever others fare?

Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.

'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but finge her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To shew her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable fires.
I told them, thus you say, and thus you do,
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.

I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours.
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors;

And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.

If once my husband's aim was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need:

Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!

Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.

With empty hands no taffels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,

And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold,

Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die.

For not one word in man's arrears am I.

To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table.

But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:

"Billy, my dear, how sleepily you look!"

"Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;

"Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek!"

"Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,

"Well should you practise, who so well can teach,

"'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,

"But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.

"Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,

"Who puts a period to domestic strife.

"One of us two must rule, and one obey;

"And since in man right reason bears the sway,

"Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way."

"The wives of all my family have rul'd

"Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd."

"Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan; lone,

"What! would you have me to yourself a part!"

"Why take me, love! take all and every part!"

"Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.

"Would I vouchsafe to tell what nature gave,

"You little think what custom I could have,

"But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame; [blame."

"What means my dear—indeed—you are to

Thus with my first three lords I pass my life;

A very woman, and a very wife.

What sums from these old spouses I could raise,

Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.

Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,

Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.

In country dances still I bore the bell,

And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.

To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,

Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut brown bowl;

Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,

And warm the swelling veins to seats of love:

For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,

A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail

Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,

As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast

On all the joys of youth and beauty past,

To find in pleasures I have had my part,

Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.

This wicked world was once my dear delight;

Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!

The flour consum'd the best that now I can,

Is e'n to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;

He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;

But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,

Not with my body, in a filthy way:

But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;

And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,

As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry

With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.

His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,

For here on earth I was his purgatory.

Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,

He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.

How sore I gall'd him, only heaven could know,

And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.

He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,

With other gossips, from Jerusalem;

And now lies buried underneath a rood,

Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:

A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd

Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,

Or where inshrind the great Darius lay;

But cost on graves is merely thrown away.

The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;

So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;

(Kind heaven afford him everlasting rest!)

Full hearty was his love, and I can show

The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;

Yet, with a knock, my heart he could have won,

While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.

How quaint an appetite in women reigns!

Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains;

Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Allison.
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband pish'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town);
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade,
The stations duly and the vigils kept:
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
The waisting moths ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields,
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew
him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown.
All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we pass;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wonderful gift to quench a flame.
A conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!

Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will:
Nay once, by heaven, he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a Rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as becom'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands;
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's cap, and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And so do numbers more, I boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning
bred)

A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies), were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole: and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's loves;
And many more than sure the church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and saints lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man.
But could we women write as scholars can, [ness,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wicked-
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets e'er Mercury can rise.

Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now).

It chanc'd my husband, on a winters night,
Read in his book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse, and all his race, to woe.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And husband-bull—oh, monstrous! fie for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;

How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh,
where?

For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be. [prove,

Then how two wives their lords' destruction
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have
slain,

And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd,
and frown'd:

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd),
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, my mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life;
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heaven on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

THE FIRST BOOK OF
STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.

THE ARGUMENT.

ŒDIPUS King of Thebes, having by mistake slain
his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta,

put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to
his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglect-
ed by them, he makes his prayer to the fury
Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers.
They agree at last to reign singly, each a year
by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteo-
cles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares
his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and
Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt
Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus
King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect;
and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades,
to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteo-
cles, and provoke him to break the agreement.
Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes
by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives
at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who
had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother.
Adrastus entertains them, having received an
oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be
married to a boar and a lion, which he under-
stands to be meant of these strangers, by whom
the hides of those beasts were worn, and who
arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast
in honour of that god. The rise of this solemn-
ity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus
and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcæbus. He
inquires, and is made acquainted with their de-
scend and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and
the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

[The translator hopes he need not apologise for his
choice of this piece, which was made almost in
his childhood; but, finding the version better
than he expected, he gave it some correction a
few years afterwards.]

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the muse inspires.
O, goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Angenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
The fire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O, muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous
blood;

Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;

Or long before, with early valour, strove
In youthful arms to assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latin name!
O, bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the stars contract their heavenly
space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose:
Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But, while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul;
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he
strook,

While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:
Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, fable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I, though blind, be-
hold:

Tisiphone, that oft has heard my prayer,
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,

When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight:
O, hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou mightst inspire!
My sons their old unhappy fire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove?
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which those dire hands from my slain father tore:
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief
frame,

They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes untied sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning, or descending star. [flight,
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and, sickening at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he
bore.

Now from beneath Malca's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, labouring with strong charms, she shoots
from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth
there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.

From every blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and
death.

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by fates and furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round;
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities send the sound. }
Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.

Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd, }
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast. }
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent Desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided power.

As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay;
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold.
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;

For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spite
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain
What woes attend this inauspicious reign!
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty masters yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must }
fear?

These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ev'n fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow?
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus, on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate;
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this com-
And now th' almighty father of the gods [mands,
Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day, [sea. }
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and

Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
 The majesty of heaven superior shone;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
 Next a long order of inferior powers
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
 And those that give the wandering winds to blow:
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
 Heaven seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day.
 The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still creation listened while he spoke;
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight.
 And each irrevocable word is fate.

How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
 Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
 This weary arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;
 Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires,
 For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
 And heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd.
 For this, my brother of the watery reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main:
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend:
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
 And the long series of succeeding woe?
 How oft the furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
 Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood?
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
 And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?

Ere I recount the sins of these profane, }
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again.
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
 The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
 Through violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh! Oedipus, just heaven alarms,
 And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line:

Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.

He said; and thus the queen of heaven re-
 turn'd

(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd):
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Though there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;
 Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may
 prove—

Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
 Yet, since thou wilt thy sister queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
 No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke, }
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
 But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
 For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from whence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wandering stream, and through the briny }
 tides

Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace the mighty name;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please? and canst thou
 love

Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove;
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
 Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as
 those.

Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen express'd
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply:

'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear }
 The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare }
 Against a nation thy peculiar care :
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend ;
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
 Their work, and reverence our superior will.
 For, by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the thunderer),
 'Tis fix'd ; th' irrevocable doom of Jove ;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
 Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air ;
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,
 Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
 Expects its passage to the farther strand :
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign :
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate :
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate.

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,
 Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
 Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ;
 Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
 Now springs aloft, and towers th' ethereal height ;
 Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
 (His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian
 groves, [light,
 While future realms his wandering thoughts de-
 His daily vision, and his dream by night ;
 Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
 With transport views the airy rule his own,
 And swells on an imaginary throne.
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
 And live out all in one triumphant day.
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend }
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend, }
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
 And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound.
 And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
 Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.

Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
 Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs !
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
 And hears the murmurs of the different shores :
 Passes the straight that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew ;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd : sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending through the silent air,
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of
 night ;

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
 Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
 At once the roaring skies with rushing sound
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground.
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky ;
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold north congeals to haily showers.
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
 Now smokes with showers the misty mountain
 ground,

And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
 And Erisinus rolls a deluge on :
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams a-
 way :

Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne :
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban bears the bursting sky,
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the watery war,
 That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept, herds and hinds, and houses to the main.
 Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread ;
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet,
 with fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
 When clouds conceal Boöte's golden wain,
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Not trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps ;
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas and skies,
 While thunder roars, and lightning round him
 flies.

Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,
 Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd ;

With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of
prey.

Till he beheld, where from Lerissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light :
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies ;
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Profymna's grove and temple rise :
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way ;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumber seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days.
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line :
Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate !
But who can pierce into the depths of fate ?)
Had sung—" Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
" A yellow lion, and a bristly boar."

This long resolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ;
This, great Amphiaras, lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heaven,
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
To Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court ;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs ;
Such one employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread :
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood ;
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guided godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every vein.
To heaven he lifts his hands, erect his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night :

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign,
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train ;
You who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day ;
O thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of fate !
Be preſent ſtill, oh goddeſs ! in our aid ;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay.

The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos ! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus : I confeſs the gods !

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch
pray'd ;

Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd :
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former ſacrifice.

The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads ;
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light ;
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne ;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt ;
Around at awful diſtance wait the reſt.

And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd ;
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When, from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright ;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face :
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's reverend features reſt.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars :
Still as he riſes in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight ;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze ;
And the ſwift bounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.

This golden bowl with generous juice was
crown'd,

The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground :
By turns on each celeftial power they call ;
With Phœbus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands
drec'd,

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.

Then thus the king: Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But, sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter blest'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, e'er ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumber on his infant eyes.
Yet even in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breasts, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the
ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But generous rage the bold Chorcæbus warms,
Chorcæbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.

These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descri'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side,
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorcæbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse en-
gage,

And weary all the wild efforts of rage,
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.

But, fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save:
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy fight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial heaven relieves;
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;

For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
'The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering god th' unwilling youth
retir'd.

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the king)
What name you bear, from what high race you
spring?

The noble Tydeus stands confess'd and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes;
Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!

Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies:—Ah why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n those who dwell where furs at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands;
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day.
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or, pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by labouring gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending wo;
Vol. VIII.

When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair,
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegya's doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields, to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book IX.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies:
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a watery Lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son;
And I myself the same rash act had done,
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan powers ador'd :
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground :
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And, as she struggles, only moves above ;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below :
 Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
 To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate.
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with
 shade.

Behold Andraemon and th' unhappy fire
 Appear, and for their Dryope inquire ;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind ;
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
 From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs com-
 plains :

If to the wretched any faith be given,
 I swear by all th' unpitying powers of heaven,
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led :
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey !
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree ; and say, with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies :
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
 Nor touch the fatal flowers ; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !
 If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
 The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
 Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
 I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :

Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ;
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;
 Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book IV.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;
 Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
 None taught the trees a noble race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;
 'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives ;
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
 How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
 To pass the fences, and surprise the fair !
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears :
 And first a reaper from the field appears,
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade :
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers,
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gathering what the bounteous years allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears ;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
 With all the marks of reverend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs ;
 Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes ;
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The god in this decrepit form array'd
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd,
 And " Happy you ! " (he this address'd the maid)

" Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-
shine,

" As other gardens are excell'd by thine !"

Then kiss'd the fair : (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow ;)
Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread ;
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet his tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah,auteous maid ! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue !
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as
you ?

Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in
vain,

A thousand sylvan demigods and gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love.

(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.

For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ;
Like you, contented with his native groves ;

6

Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.

Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruit are due,
(A pleasant offering when 'tis made by you)
He values these ; but yet (alas !) complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.

Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;
You, only you, can move the god's desire :
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire !
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind :
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs.

This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He strait assum'd his native form again,
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design ;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face !
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

F ij

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

I.—CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat fans secrecie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland :
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then, there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowfes hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
" But ho ! our nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho ! quoth another, Cozen John ;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This filly clerk full low doth lout :
They asken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Mifs."
But, as he glozeth with speeches foote,
The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote :
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.
" Te-he, cry'd ladies ; Clerke nought spake :
Mifs star'd ; and gray Ducke cryeth quake.
" O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter
" Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter ?
" Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
" Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

II.—SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN every town where Thamys rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low ;
Where ever and anon, the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat, soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall :
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;

And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding est between ;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbour-
hood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarfer-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries ;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her, full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bafe
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never
cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace ;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice, before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to
tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by every collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull dog's at the stall :
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call :
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the
wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch ;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown ;
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grofs, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch.
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;

Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's
towerly pride.

III.—WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
Well might, alas ! that threaten'd vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heavenly when an angel plays :
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Left heavenly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees ; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he :
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

*On a FAN of the Author's design, in which was painted
the story of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the motto,
AURA VENI.*

COME, gentle air ! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the sacred shade ;
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo, the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play !
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound ;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove ;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives, [gives ;
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.—COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my muse the flowery treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful spring :
Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews ;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light,
And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow ;
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transform'd, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows ;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join ;

Exceed their promise in their ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shielded from the piercing day :
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream ;
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes :
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise :
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day :
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our doom is drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a phaeton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears :
Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire
To set, like him, Heaven too on fire.

V.—E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

SILENCE ! coeval with eternity,
Thou wert, ere nature's self began to be ;
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.
II. [earth,
Thine was the sway, ere heaven was form'd, or
Ere fruitful thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant
forth.

III.
Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd, [kind
And fram'd the clamorous race of busy human.

IV. [low,
The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was
Till wrangling science taught it noise and show,
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.
But rebel wit deserts thee oft in vain ;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.
Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good
The only honour of the wishing dame; [name,
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of [fancie.

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now
are free,
How church and state should be oblig'd to thee!
At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou
be!

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there; submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's
cause: [laws.
Then pompous silence reigns, and stills the noisy

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.—E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a magpye hight,

Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas Si Signior, 'twas Yaw Mynheer,
'Twas S' il vous plaist, Monsieur.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.—DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing,
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince:
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole—the close of all.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church wardens about pews;
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propos'd to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature, and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: The other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or, more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress), will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

EPISTLE I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

Of man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfection of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c. to the end.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die),
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan: [shoot;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
Through worlds unnumber'd, though the God be known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples every star,
May tell why heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade? 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long),
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principle alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man re-
strains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 64.
Now wears a garland an Egyptian god.
After ver. 68, the following lines in the first
edition.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?

Then say not man's imperfect, heaven in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought: 70
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book
of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
know:

Or who could suffer being here below? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
soar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; 110
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against providence;

VARIATIONS.

The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began ten thousand years ago.
After ver. 88, in the MS. —
No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.
Ver. 93, in the first folio and quarto.
What bliss above he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bliss below.
After ver. 108, in the first edition.
But does he say the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd;
Himself alone high heaven's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingross not heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' eternal cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for
" mine:

" For me kind nature wakes her genial power;
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
" Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
" My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies." 140
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests
sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty cause
" Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
" Th' exceptions few; some change since all be-
" gan:

" And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less? 150
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heaven's design,
Why then a Borgio, or a Catiline? [forms,
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man-
kind? 160

From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life. 170
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will
he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more;

Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper powers assign'd; 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
 Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find),
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
 No powers of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear,
 Why has not man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
 Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonise at every pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
 If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that heaven had left him still
 The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
 Who finds not providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine, 221
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier!
 For ever separate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and reflection how allied;
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—ah, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul; [same;
 That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame; 270
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood; 291
 All partial evil, universal good.
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, *whatever is, is right.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 238, Ed. 1st.
 Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.
 After ver. 282, in the MS.
 Reason, to think of God, when she pretends,
 Begins a censor, an adorer ends.

EPISTLE II.

*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself,
as an Individual.*

THE ARGUMENT.

I. THE business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties, ver. 1. to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19. &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53. &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67. &c. Their end the same, ver. 81. &c. III. The passions, and their use, ver. 93. to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132. to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165. &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason, ver. 202. to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273. &c.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where science
guides.

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. Ed. 1st.

The only science of mankind is man.

After ver. 18, in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear
In vain we sigh, heaven made us as we are.

Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts; 50
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;

VARIATIONS.

As wisely sure a modest ape might aim
To be like man, whose faculties and frame
He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
An angel thing we neither knew nor see.
Observe now near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how risible of face!
It must be so—why else have I the sense
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So pug might plead, and call his gods unkind
Till set on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reasoning thing! assume the doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyself, &c.

Ver. 21. Edit. 4th and 5th.

Show by what rules the wandering planets stray,
Correct old time, and teach the sun his way.

Ver. 35, Ed. 1st.

Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
Who mark'd their points, to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies.
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise. 70
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.

Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good. [call;

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, though born to fight.
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86, in the MS.

Of good and evil gods what frightened fools,
Of good and evil reason puzzled schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught—

After. ver. 108, in the MS.

A tedious voyage! where how useless lies
The compass, if no powerful gusts arise!

After ver. 112, in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite:
The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind; 120
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame; 130
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more four.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some favourite still obey: 150
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 170
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' eternal art, educating good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage flocks inserted learn to bear;

The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd.
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice, 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north; at York, 'tis on the Tweed;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194, in the MS.

How oft with passion, virtue points her charms!
Then shines the hero, then the patriot warms.
Pelus' great son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none?
But virtues opposite to make agree,
That, reason! is thy task, and worthy thee,
Hard task, cries Bibulus, and reason weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marquis, or a pique.
Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
A debt to reason, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong, have mortals suffer'd more?
E—— for his prince, or * * for his whore?
Whose self-denials nature most controul?
His, who would save a sixpence, or his soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his sin,
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
What we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.
After ver. 220, in the first edition followed these:
A cheat! a whore! who starts not at the name,
In all the inns of court or Drury-lane?

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where,
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal; [whole.
But heaven's great view, is one, and that the
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice: 240
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views,
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse. 270

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 226, in the MS.

The colonel swears the agent is a dog;
The scrivener vows th' attorney is a rogue.
Against the thief th' attorney loud inveighs,
For whose ten pounds the country twenty pays.
The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state;
And dying, mourns small villains hang'd by great

Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite;
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And heads and prayer-books are the toys of age: 280
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
 Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
 Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by pride:
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain; 290
 Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 Those able to measure others wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
 'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet *God is wise*.

EPISTLE III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
 to Society.*

- I. THE whole universe one system of society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far society carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, ver. 166. and in the forms of society, ver. 176. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 196. Origin of monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal government, ver. 212.—VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, ver. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

HERE then we rest; "the universal cause
 "Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. I. In several edit. in 4to.

Learn, dulness, learn! "The universal cause," &c.

After ver. 46, in the former editions,
 What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
 All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
 As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right;
 But as to man, mistook the matter quite.

In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
 Combining all below, and all above.

See plastic nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend, 10
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life endued,
 Press to one centre still, the general good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again:

All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
 Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
 One all extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
 All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn: 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings!

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?

Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?

Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, See all things for my use!"

"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all,

Grant that the powerful still the weak controul;
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole: 50
 Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,

And helps another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?

Admires the jay the insects gilded wings?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?

Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
 For some his interest prompts him to provide,

For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride, 60
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,

And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er ! 70
To each unthinking being, heaven a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
To man imparts it ; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle ! that heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them
best ;

To bliss alike by that direction tend, 81
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;
While still too wide or short is human wit ; 90
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.

This too serves always, reason never long :
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are now in ours !
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food ? 100
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
Who calls the council, states the certain day ?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets it proper bounds : 110
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness :
So from the first, ETERNAL ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the
deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds,
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 84. in the MS.

While man, with opening views of various ways,
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays ;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race. 130

A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love :
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those :
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man, 141
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly
trod ;

The state of nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man. 150
Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold un-
dress'd,

Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art !
To copy instinct then was reason's part : 170
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—
" Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets
" yield ;
" Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of social union find,
" And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :
" Here subterranean works and cities see ; 181
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each small people's genius, policies,
" The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;

"How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 "And anarchy without confusion know;
 "And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 "Their separate cells and properties maintain.
 "Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 "Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate. 190
 "In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 "Entangle justice in her net of law,
 "And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 "Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 "Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 "Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
 "And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 "Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
 Cities were built, societies were made: 200
 Here rose one little state; another near [fear.
 Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow;
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
 When love was liberty, and nature law.
 Thus states were form'd; the name of king un-
 known,

Till common interest plac'd the sway in one. 210
 'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
 A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patri-
 arch sat,
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:
 On him, their second providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground. 222
 Till dropping, sickening, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
 One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197, in the first editions,
 Who for those arts they learn'd of brutes before,
 As kings shall crown them, or as gods adore.

Ver. 201. Here rose one little state, &c.] In the
 MS. thus:

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common
 spot;
 And love was nature's dictate; murder, not.
 For want alone each animal contends;
 Tigers with tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
 Plain nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
 She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
 No treasure then for rapine to invade,
 What need to fight for sun-shine or for shade?
 And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
 When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple reason never sought but one: 230
 Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
 To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
 Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
 For nature knew no right divine in men,
 No ill could fear in God; and understood
 A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran;
 That was but love of God, and this of man. 240
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
 done,

Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
 That proud exception to all nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
 Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
 She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's
 sound,

When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
 the ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To power unseen, and mightier far than they:
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
 Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide; 260
 And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
 With heaven's own thunders shook the world be-
 low,

And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just, and through
 unjust,

To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust: 270

The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain:

All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
 Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral, nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:

Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true, 291
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest; 300
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. 310
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run.
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to
Happiness.*

THE ARGUMENT.

I. FALSE notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ver. 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c. VI. That external goods are not the

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proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: Instanced in riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men, possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 307. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal
sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed; if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine? 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our
toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,

'Tis no where to be found, or every where:

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with
thee. [blind:]

Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less,
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive: 30
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws,"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. Oh happiness, &c.] in the MS. thus:
Oh happiness, to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full de-
fire;
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour, and we die.

G



There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind : 40
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd :
 Who most to shun of hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
 Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law ; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
 More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness :
 But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend : 60
 Heaven breathes through every member of the
 whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But fortune's gifts if each alike possess.
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
 But heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in hope, and these in
 fear : 70

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
 tence. 80

But Health consists with temperance alone ;
 And Peace, oh virtue ! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain ;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 52, in the MS.

Say not, " Heaven's here profuse, there poorly
 " saves,

" And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves "
 You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
 'Twas for the thousand Heaven has made that one.

After ver. 66, in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay :
 The rest mad fortune gives or takes away.
 All other bliss by accident's debarr'd ;
 But virtue's, in the instant, a reward ;
 In hardest trials operates the best,
 And more is relish'd as the more distress.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, [right ?
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or
 Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
 Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains : 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
 Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust ! 100
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
 Say, was it virtue, more though heaven ne'er
 gave,

Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,

Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire ?

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death ?

Or why so long (in life if long can be)

Lent heaven a parent to the poor and me ? 110

What makes all physical or moral ill ?

There deviates nature, and here wanders will,

God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,

Or partial ill is universal good,

Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,

Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of heaven complain

That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous son is ill at ease

When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120

Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal
 Cause

Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws ?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,

Forget to thunder, and recal her fires ?

On air or sea new motions be impress,

Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,

Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall ? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)

Contents us not, A better shall we have ?

A kingdom of the just then let it be :

But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care ;

But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?

One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit sell ;

Another deems him instrument of hell ;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 92, in the MS.

Let sober moralists correct their speech,

No bad man's happy ; he is great, or rich.

After ver. 116, in the MS.

Of every evil, since the world began,

The real source is not in God, but man.

If Calvin feel heaven's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
 What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
 And which more blest? who chain'd his country,
 say,
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
 "But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is
 fed."
 What then? Is the reward of virtue bread? 150
 That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 "No—shall the good want health, the good want
 "power?"
 Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
 "Why bounded power? why private? why no
 "king?" 160
 Nay, why external for internal given?
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give;
 Immense the power, immense were the demand;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
 What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six, 170
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind. 180
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142, in some editions,
 Give each a system, all must be at strife;
 What different systems for a man and wife!
 The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and
 therefore struck out of the text.
 After ver. 172, in the MS.
 Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
 Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
 Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd.
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and
 "cowl."
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. 200
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.
 Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with
 strings,
 That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood 210
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. [lies:
 Look next on greatness; say where greatness
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise:
 All fly flow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
 What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's un-
 known,
 The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. Boast the pure blood, &c.] In the
 MS. thus:
 The richest blood, right-honourably old,
 Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
 May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
 Without one dash of usher or of priest:
 Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
 As Christ Church once all colleges beside.
 G ij

All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave; 250
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260
 'Tis but to know how little can be known!
 To see all others faults, and feel our own:
 Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge:
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
 How much of other each is sure to cost; 271
 How much for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they
 fall?

To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife, 280
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story, learn to scorn them all,
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete!
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray, 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

O! wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and evening to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
 Know then this truth (enough for man to
 know)

"Virtue alone is happiness below." 310
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears: 320
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's blest;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heaven could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
 know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331
 But looks through nature, up to nature's God;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense de-
 sign,

Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in love of God, and love of man. 340
 For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find),
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316, in the MS.
 Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
 And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
 'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
 With patience this, with moderation that;
 And raise his base on that one solid joy,
 Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from whole to parts : but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next ; and next all human race ;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind ; 370
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come, then, my friend ! my genius ! come along ;
Oh, master of the poet, and the song !

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 373. Come then, my friend ! &c.] In the MS. thus :

And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
While heaven-ward now her mounting wing she
feels,
Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John ! keep her course in sight,
Confinè her fury, and assist her flight ?

And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ? 390
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light ;
Shew'd erring pride, *Whatever is, is right* ;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
That true self-love and social are the same ;
That virtue only makes our bliss below ;
And all our knowledge is, *Ourselves to know*.

VARIATIONS.

Ver 397. That virtue only, &c] In the MS. thus ;
That just to find a God is all we can,
And all the study of mankind is man,

G iiij

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

It may be proper to observe, that some passages, in the preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards fate and naturalism, the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety: That the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this Paraphrase.

DR. WARBURTON.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

" Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
" Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
" Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
" Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
" Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
" Extenuantis eas consultò." HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in four books.

The first of which, the author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

The second was to have consisted of the same number : 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against a misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The third book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society; between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting relation, and closest connection; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

The fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the author's favourite work,

which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the "disjecta membra Poetæ," that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The first, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the three following; so that

The second book was to take up again the first and second epistles of the first book, and treats of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning), may be found in the fourth book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The third book, in like manner, was to re-assume the subject of the third epistle of the first, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an Epic Poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The fourth and last book was to pursue the subject of the fourth epistle of the first, and treats of ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following epistles were detached portions: the two first, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.

DR. WARBURTON.
G iiij

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will but be notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70. &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 158. to ver. 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance

Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guests.

There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less; 20
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make, [take.
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not
Oft, in the passion's wild rotation tost, 40
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.

As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense sublides and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others, so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light),
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find:
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:

Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves, for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave.

Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in picquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made (say, Montagne, or more sage Char-
ron!)

Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star? 90
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show, 101
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind: 110
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man; 119
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat. 130

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former editions.
Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat.

Ver. 129. in the former editions:
Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
Cæsar himself would tell you he was beat.

Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wife, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every
thing. 140

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the foil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonder strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. 150
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
A Quaker? fly: A Presbyterian? sour:
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour. }

Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun, 160
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature? Habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By action? those uncertainty divides!
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range: 170
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humour turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion: There, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:

VARIATIONS.

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk
Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his Com-
mentaries of this war, and does not tell you he was
beat. As Cæsar too afforded an instance of both
cases, it was thought better to make him the single
example.

Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores:
 Enough if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
 His passion still, to covet general praise;
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
 A tyrant to the wise his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
 If second qualities for first they take.

When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
 In this the lust, in that the avarice,
 Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.

That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd like him, by chastity, at praise.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.

In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in business to the last;
 As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out, 230
 As sober Laneſborow dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest:
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
 "Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul! 240
 "Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 208.

Nature well known, no miracles remain.
 Altered, as above, for very obvious reasons.

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

"No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
 "Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
 "dead— 250

"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind, [sir,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
 "If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir!"

"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
 And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."

Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir! what all?
 "Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."

The manor, Sir?—"The manor! hold, he
 cry'd. 260

"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:

Such in those moments as in all the past,

"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your
 last.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the Characters of Women.

THERE is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more
 highly finished than this epistle: Yet its suc-
 cess was in no proportion to the pains he took
 in composing it. Something he chanced to drop
 in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its
 first publication, may perhaps account for the
 small attention given to it. He said that no
 one character in it was drawn from the life. The
 public believed him on his word, and expressed
 little curiosity about a satire, in which there was
 nothing personal.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,

"Most women have no characters at all."

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,

And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true!

Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan. 10

Let then the fair one beautifully cry,

In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,

Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,

With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it.

If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours, and the ground prepare!

Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;

Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it 19
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend; 29
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilla, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees 39
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, shew,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim;
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres;
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk; 70
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. What has not fir'd, &c.] In the MS.
In whose mad brain the mix'd ideas roll,
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's foul.

As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Haut-gout, and the tip of taste, 80
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedè, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live," 90
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wife wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a prayer,
Or her, who laughs at hell, (but like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such
place!"

Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears, 110
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratify'd, except her rage,
So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependant? worse.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 122, in the MS.
Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
 Last night her lord was all that's good and great;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of followers! without one distress
 Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
 Atossa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
 Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. 150

Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
 Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
 For how should equal colours do the knack?
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
 "Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
 "With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 "Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a
 heart. 160

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
 But never, never, reach'd one generous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair. 170
 Forbid it, heaven, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.
 Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which heaven has varnish'd out, and made a
 queen:

The same for ever! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells.
 None see what parts of nature it conceals: 190
 Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 148, in the MS.

This death decides; nor lets the blessing fall
 On any one she hates, but on them all.
 Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
 If any part should wander to the poor.

If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling;
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
 To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
 Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail),
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
 A woman's seen in private life alone: 200
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
 That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind;
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway. 210

That, nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
 Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
 But every woman is at heart a rake:
 Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
 But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens:
 Power all their end, but beauty all the means: 220
 In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
 As hard a science to the fair as great!
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
 Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue, 230
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost:
 At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
 As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
 So these their merry, miserable night; 240
 Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 198, in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife;
 I cannot prove it on her for my life:
 And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
 Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
 Thus while immortal Cibber only sings [kings,
 (As Clarke and Hoadly preach) for queens and
 The nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
 May, if the love and merit verse, have mine.

Ver. 207, in the first edition:

In several men we several passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind.

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ; 249
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine !
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
ring,

Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing ;
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day :
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ; 260
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest.
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools :
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces—You. 280

Be this a woman's fame ! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer ;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

Of the Use of Riches.

THE ARGUMENT.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of
the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c.
The point discussed, whether the invention of

money has been more commodious or pernicious
to mankind. ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either
to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford
happiness, scarcely necessities, ver. 89 to 160.
That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an
end or purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures
about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121
to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect
to riches, can only be accounted for by the order
of Providence, which works the general good
out of extremes, and brings all to its great end
by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How
a miser acts upon principles which appear to
him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does
the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true
use of riches, ver. 219. The man of Ross, ver.
250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous,
in two examples ; both miserable in life and in
death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam,
ver. 339 to the end.

THIS epistle was written after a violent outcry
against our Author, on a supposition that he had
ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his
wrong taste. He justified himself upon that ar-
ticle in a letter to the Earl of Burlington ; at
the end of which are these words : " I have
" learnt that there are some who would rather
" be wicked than ridiculous : and therefore it
" may be safer to attack vices than follies. I
" will therefore leave my betters in the quiet
" possession of their idols, their groves, and their
" high-places ; and change my subject from their
" pride to their meanness, from their vanities
" to their miseries ; and as the only certain way
" to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and
" not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may
" probably in my next, make use of real names
" instead of fictitious ones."

P. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me ?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Hea-
ven :

And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground : 10
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival too, its fire, the sun,
Then careful Heaven supply'd twoforts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has
past,

We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of th' elect ;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil. 20
B. What nature wants, commodious gold be-
flows ;

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
 'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
 What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
 Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
 But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend. 30
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
 In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 "Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
 Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly! 40
 Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.
 Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, encumber'd villainy! 50
 Could France or Rome divert our brave de-
 signs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
 What could they more than knights and 'squires
 confound,
 Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would
 spoil!
 "Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
 "Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:
 "A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
 Poor avarice one torment more would find;
 Nor could profusion squander all in kind. 60
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet:
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
 Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and
 hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
 His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.
 To White's be carry'd as to ancient games,
 Fair courfers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear him six whores, and make his lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 50, in the MS.
 To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
 Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine,

Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? *B.* Say? Why take it, Gold
 and all.

P. What riches give us, let us then inquire?
 Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat,
 clothes, and fire. 80

Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
 To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?
 Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
 With all th' embroidery plaister'd at thy tail? 90
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
 But thousands die, without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
 To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
 T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their
 part;
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
 heart: 100

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
 That every man in want is knave or fool:
 "God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
 "The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
 But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
 Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
 Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
 The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides. 110
B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
 Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they
 foresee,

Some revelation hid from you and me.
 Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
 What made directors cheat in South-Sea year?
 To live on venison when it sold dear.
 Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
 Phryne foresees a general excise. 120
 Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
 Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
 And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
 Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
 And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
 To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
 But nobler scenes, Maria's dreams unfold,
 Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold. 130

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. Since then, &c.] In the former Ed.
 Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
 Come take it, as we find it, gold and all.

Congenial souls; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Austrian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's
hate?

A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length corruption, like a general flood,
" (So long by watchful ministers withstood)
" Shall deluge all; and avarice, creeping on,
" Spread like a low-borne mist, and blot the sun;
" Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
" Peerefs and butler there alike the box. 140
" And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
" And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain sunk in lucre's fordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's
" arms!" [brain,

'Twas no court badge, great scrivener, fir'd thy
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

"All this is madness," cries a sober sage: 151
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
"The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Lefs mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each pas-
sion sends,

"And different men directs to different ends.
"Extremes in nature equal good produce, 161
"Extremes in man concur to general use."

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot? 180
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and fallads blest'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round: 190
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:

Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need:
But what to follow, is a task indeed), 200
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat, 209
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a Pope:
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with æconomy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty
given,

And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven; 230
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heats, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
cheats.

Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a siddler, flatterer, or buffoon! 240

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218, in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
In lavish Curio blaz'd a while and dy'd;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And shewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226, in the MS.

*The secret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still miss'd by vice, and scarce by virtue hit,
By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit,

Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet a while may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross!
Rise, honest muse; and sing the Man of Rofs: 250
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise!
"The Man of Rofs," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Rofs divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Rofs relieves, 269
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Bl'k'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity!

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess—five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze! 281
Ye little flats! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been. 290
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250, in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.

The register inrolls him with his poor,
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung, 300
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king. 310
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!

No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like
me!"

As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?"
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, reason, which of these are worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blest'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! even deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—*B.* Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; 340
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's: [sure,
Constant at church, and Change; his gains were
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqu'd such faintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old: 350

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 337. In the former editions.

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a tale?—A tale—it follows thus.

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds
sweep

The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay, 361
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
"Whereonce I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side, 370
Till all the dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing now is wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life) 381
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies: 390
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p--x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown; 400
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Of the Use of Riches.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste, ver. 15.
VOL. VIII.

That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is, to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97. and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer; and, lastly, in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169, &c. [recurring to what is laid down in the first Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of great men, ver. 177, &c. and finally the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191, to the end.

The extremes of avarice and profusion being treated of in the foregoing epistle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, just as the Epistle on the Characters of Women is to that of the Knowledge and Characters of Men. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compass.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats;
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more 11
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted:
Only to show, how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

H

See! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide : 20
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall
take,

And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old Theatric state,
Turn arts of triumph to a garden gate; 30
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot; 50
In all, let nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale; 60
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow. 70

Without it, proud Versailles thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22, in the MS.

Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law?

Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.

Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet; 80
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of
light;

A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus
stray'd,

Or fate delighted in the thickening shade, 90
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
Foe to the Dyrads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews:
The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown a-
way!"

So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught.
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground, 110
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120
With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet— 129
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes [thighs,
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound,

Lo some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer;
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite. 150

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-coloured serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there. 160
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God blebs the
King.

In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread, 170
The labourer bears: What his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone but sanctifies expence,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense. 180

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants blebs their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind.
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the god ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main; 200

Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And all obedient rivers through the land;
These honours, peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.

THIS was originally written in the year 1715, when
Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of
Medals; it was some time before he was Secre-
tary of State; but not published till Mr. Tick-
ell's edition of his works; at which time the
verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem,
were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of
avarice and profusion; and the fourth took up
one particular branch of the latter, namely, the
vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality,
and was therefore a corollary to the third; so
this treats of one circumstance of that vanity,
as it appears in the common collectors of old
coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead;
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, [toil'd:
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they! 10
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found in vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust: 20
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name;
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.

This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage: 50
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?

In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic bras:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine:
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend; 70
"Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muse he lov'd."

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Advertisement to the first Publication of this Epistle.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of verses to the imitator of Horace, and of an epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true: but I have, for the most part, spared their names; and they may escape being laughed at, if they please. I would have some of them to know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can
hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me;
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain 21
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20, in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do something in his sempstress' praise—

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life ! (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song),
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove ?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love ? 30
A dire dilemma ? either way I'm sped ;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I ?
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie :
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace ;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility ; I read

With honest anguish, and an aching head ;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years"

Nine years cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes e'er he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends :

"The piece, you think, is incorrect ? why take it ;
"I'm all submission ; what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : "You know his grace ;

"I want a patron ; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him ? Curll invites to dine,

"He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me ! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger sues,

"A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "furies, death and rage !"

If I approve, "commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath ! I'll
"print it,

"And shame the fools—your interest, Sir, with
Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks :

At last he whispers, "Do ; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring.
(Midas, a sacred person and a king), 70

His very minister, who spy'd them first,

Some say his queen), was forc'd to speak, or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face ?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29, in the 1st Ed.

Dear doctor, tell me, is not this a curse ?

Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse ?

Ver. 33, in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,

To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.

Ver. 60, in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends,

A. Good friend, forbear ! you deal in dangerous things ;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings ;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing ? if they bite and kick ?
Out with it, Dunciad ! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass : 80
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie ?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel ? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus ! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack :
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler ? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew : 90

Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines :

Whom have I hurt ? has poet yet, or peer,

Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer ?

And has not Colly still his lord, and whore ?

His butchers Henley, his Free-masons Moor ?

Does not one table Bavius still admit ? 99

Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit ? [send,

Still Sappho—A. Hold : for God's sake—you'll of-

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend :

I too could write, and I am twice as tall ; [all.

But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,

It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent :

Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110

One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,

And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe !"

There are, who to my person pay their court :

I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,

Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir ! you have an eye."—

Go on, obliging creature, make me see

All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me. 120

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,

"Just so immortal Maro held his head ;"

And when I die, be sure you let me know

Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown

Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own ?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111, in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe :

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe !"

Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave ;

Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

After ver. 124, in the MS.

But, friend, this shape, which you and Curll * admire,

Came not from Ammon's son, but from my fire † ;

* Curll set up his head for a sign.

† His father was crooked.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd : 130
The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot : thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.
But why then publish ? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsb, would tell me I could write ;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays ;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head. 140
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before),
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd !
Happier their author, when by these belov'd !
From these the world will judge of men and
books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
Soft were my numbers : who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense ?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill ;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret ;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madæss made them print,
I wag'd no war with bedlam or the mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;
If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flasting Bentley down to piddling Tibalds :
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
The things we know are neither rich nor rare, 171
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180

VARIATIONS.

And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my mother, not the muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* His mother was much afflicted with headaches.

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines
a-year ;

He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
All these, my modest satire bad translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. 190
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
chafe !

And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such : but were there one whose fire
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 200
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
I sought no homage from the race that write ;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight : 220
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long) [song:
No more than thou, great George ! a birth-day
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill ;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 208, in the MS.
Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.
Alluding to Mr. Pope's and Tickell's translation
of the first book of the Iliad.

His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head),
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat; 240
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days, [praise,
He paid some bards with port, and some with
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose
quill!

May every Bavius have his Bufo still! 250

So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay:
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh, let me live my own, and die so too! 261
(To live and die is all I have to do:)

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease, [please:
And see what friends, and read what books I
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.

I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?

Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?

"I found him close with Swift—indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."

"'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"

And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes. 280

Poor, guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out: 290

That sop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:

Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;

Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:

Who to the Dean and silver Bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there; 300

Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of
filk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys, 310

Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,

And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,

Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,

Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
And he himself one vile antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,

Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd, 330
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 234, in the MS.
To bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
And snuff'd their incense like a gracious God.

After ver. 270, in the MS. [still:
Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flattery liv'd no fool.

After ver. 282, in the MS.
P. What if I sing Augustus great and good?
A. You did so lately, was it understood?

VARIATIONS.

Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling Dennis or a Norfolk hound;
With George and Frederic roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and Caroline rehearse.

P. No—the high task to lift up kings to gods,
Leave to court sermons, and to birth-day odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurel'd Cibber and great Arnauld shine.

Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise.
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song:
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;
 The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:
 For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state: 361
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail.
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
 This dreaded fat'rist Dennis will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moor.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
 To please his mistress one aspers'd his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 368, in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
 And lik'd that dangerous thing, a female wit;
 Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
 He writ no libels, but my lady did:
 Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
 Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame.

Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—*A.* What, fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,

And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his
 age.

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie,
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolmen's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise; 400
 Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;
 His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy
 than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender office long engage.
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my
 friend,
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen!
A. Whether that blessings be deny'd or given,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 405, in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say!
 Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.
 And if it live, it lives but to commend
 The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
 Or head, an author; critic, yet polite,
 And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF HORACE IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified, at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State: neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous, nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

“Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.”

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
(a) There are, to whom my satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
(b) The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day,

HORATIUS.—TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

(a) SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et
ultra [quid
Legem tendere opus; (b) sine nervis altera, quic-
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum

Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
(c) I come to counsell learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. (d) I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,

(e) And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write. [life.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:

Mille die versus deduci posse. (c) Trebati,
Quid faciam? praeferibe.

T. (d) Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquit

Omni no versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non

Optimum erat: (c) verum nequeo dormire,

(f) Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; "Probatum est."
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes,
(g) Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's
praise,

(b) You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What? like Sir (i) Richard, rumbling, rough,
and fierce,

With arms and George and Brunswick crowd the
verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thun-
der?

Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. (k) Then all your muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. (l) Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their laureate twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays,
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. (m) Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.

(n) Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

P. A hundred smart in Fimon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score. [deny

P. (o) Each mortal has his pleasure: none
Scarfsdale his bottle, Darty his ham pie!
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see

The doubling lustres dance as fast as she; [ther,

(p) F— loves the senate, Hockleyhole his bro-
Like in all else, as one egg to another.

T. (f) Ter uncti

Transfuso Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

(g) Aut si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
Cæsar's invicti res dicere, (b) multa laborum
Præmia laturus.

H. Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: (i) neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

T. (k) Attamen et justum poteras et scribere
fortem,

Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum res ipsa feret: (l) nisi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsar's aurem:
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. (m) Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurræ, Nomentanumve nepotem?

(n) Cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus,
et odit.

H. (o) Quid faciam? saltat Milonius ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

(p) Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,

(q) I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montange:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass, my muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next;
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
(r) Verseman or proseman, term me what you
will,

Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

(s) Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;

(t) I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.

(u) Save but our army: and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

(v) Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's
more:

But touch me, and no minister so sore.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

(x) Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

(y) Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Pugnis, quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia (g) me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, nostram melioris utroque.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam,
Ducurrens alio, neque si bene; quo sit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis. sequor hunc, (r) Lucanus an Appulus,
anceps:

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta] (s) sed hic stylus haud petet
ultra

Quemquam animantem, et, me veluti custodiet
ensis

Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,

(t) Tutus ab intestis latronibus? (u) O pater et
rex

Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat (v) cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commoritur, (melius non tangere, clamo)
(x) Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

(y) Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum:
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes;

(z) Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.

(a) So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

(b) Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
Whether old-age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:
In durance, exile, bedlam, or the mint,

(c) Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. (d) Alas, young man! your days can ne'er
be long,

In flower of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!

P. (e) What? arm'd for virtue when I point
the pen,

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could laureate Dryden Pimp and Friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not (f) strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.

(z) Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
Monstratum? (a) Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dento petit
bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

(b) Ne longum faciam: seu metranquilla senectus
Epectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;
(c) Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

T. (d) O puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

H. (e) Quid? cum est Lucilus ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
(f) Detrahare et pellem, nitidus qua quisque
per ora

Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Laelius, aut qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;

(g) To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur, or commend,
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
(b) There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my
vines;

Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

(i) Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state!
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—

(k) What faith my council, learned in the laws?

F. (l) Your plea is good; but still I say, be-
ware

Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
(m) Consult the statute, "quart." I think, it is,
"Edwardi sext." or "prim. et quint. Eliz."
See libels, satires—here you have it—read.

P. (n) Libels and satires lawless things indeed!
But brave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed?

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
(o) In such a case the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

Scilicet (g) Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus Amicis.
(b) Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remo-
rant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
(i) Cum magnis vixisse invita satebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido:

(k) nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,
Dissentis.

T. (l) Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum incitiae legum:

"(m) Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,
jus est
"Judiciumque."

H. Esto, si quis (n) mala: sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatur Caesare. si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse.
T. (o) Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

BOOK II. SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

(a) WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;
(b) (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk (c) before we dine.
(d) Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
(e) But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

(f) Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
(g) Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

(h) Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.

SATIRA II.

(a) QUAE virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(b) (Nec meus hic sermo: sed qua praecepit Ofe-
lus,
Rusticus, (c) abnormis Sapiens, crassaque Minerva)
Discite, (d) non inter lances mensasque nitentes;
Cum stupet infans acies fulgoribus, et cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
(e) Verum hic impransum mecum disquirite. Cur
hoc?

Dicam, si potero, male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus iudex. (f) Leporum sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum graecari) seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:
Cum labor extulerit fastidia; fectus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem: nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. (g) foris est promus, et atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quid parum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quaere
Sedando. pinguem vitii albumque neque ostrea,
Nec carus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

(h) Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum?
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num ves-
ceris ista,

Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor
idem?

Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.

Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto

(i) Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
(k) Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
Oh blast it, (l) south winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tit'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
(m) Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
(n) The robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till beccaficos fold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
(o) Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

(p) 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not fordid; though not splendid, clean.

(q) Avidien, or his wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a (r) dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots:

(s) One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

Captus hiet? pontefne inter jaëtatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? (i) laudas, insane, trilibrem [est.
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta neceffe
Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiffe lupos? quia scilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

(k) Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At
vos, [quamquam

(l) Praesentes Austri, coquite horum opsonia;
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus
Atque acidas mavult inulas. (m) necdum omnis
abacta

Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni praeconis erat accipensere mensa [bant?
Infamis. quid? tum rhombus minus aequora ale-

(n) Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. ergo
(o) Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos,
Parebit parvi docilis Romana juvenus.

(p) Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris. (q) Avidienus,
(r) Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,
Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;
(s) Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et

But on some (t) lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd),
At such a feast, (u) old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls too generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

(x) He knows to live, who keeps the middle
state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor (y) stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like (z) Nævius, every error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

(b) Now hear what blessings temperance can
bring:

(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)

(c) First Health: the stomach cramm'd from every
dish,

A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft (d) the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

(e) How pale, each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!

What life in all that ample body, say?

What heavenly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines

To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines. [mind

(f) On morning wings how active springs the
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!

How easy every labour it pursues!

How coming to the poet every muse!

(g) Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme;

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

(t) Festos albatos celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
Caulibus instillat, (u) veteris non parvus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupo, hac canis,
aiunt,

(x) Mundus erit, qua non offendat fœdibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miser. (y) Hic neque
fœvis

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit: nec sic ut simplex (z) Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque
magnum. [secum

(b) Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque
Afferat. (c) In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,
Quæ simplex olim (d) tibi sederit. at simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita, (e) Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Coena defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

(f) Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.

(g) Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere
quondam;

Ill health some just indulgence may engage;

And more the sickness of long life, old age;

(b) For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?

(i) Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You sup-
pose,

Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;

More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could
come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

(k) Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,

(l) That sweetest music to an honest ear;

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,

The world's good word is better than a song)

Who has not learn'd, (m) fresh surgeon and ham

Are no rewards for want, and infamy: [pye

When luxury has lick'd up all my pelf,

Curs'd be thy (n) neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,

Think how posterity will treat thy name;

And (o) buy a rope, that future times may tell

Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. [need

(p) "Right, cries his lordship, for a rogue in
"To have a taste, is insolence indeed:

"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,

"My wealth unwieldy, (q) and my heap too great."

Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,

And shine that superfluity away.

Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

Shall half the (r) new-built churches round thee
fall?

Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique

Accedent anni. et tractari mollius ætas

Imbecilla volet. (b) Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,

Quam puer et validus præsumis, molliorem; seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

(i) Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non
quia nasus [hospes

Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod

Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

Integram edax dominus consumeret (k) hos uti-

nam inter

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset. [aurem

(l) Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior

Occupet humanum? grandes rhombi, patinæque

Grande ferunt una (m) cum damno dedecus. adde

(n) Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,

Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

(o) As, laquei pretium.

(p) Jure, inquit, Trausius istis

Jugatur verbis: ego vœtigalia magna,

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. (q) Ergo,

Quod superat, non est melius quo infumere possis?

Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare

(r) Templâ ruunt antiqui Deum? cur improbe,
carao

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M^o's was, but not at five per cent.

(s) Who thinks that fortune cannot change
her mind,

Prepare a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And (t) who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

(u) Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his
thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought:

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the man.

In South-Sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The lord of thousands, than if now (v) excis'd;

In forest planted by a father's hand,

Than in five acres now of rental land.

Content with little I can piddle here

On (x) broccoli and mutton, round the year;

But (y) ancient friends (though poor, or out of
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. [play])

'Tis true, no (z) turbots dignify my boards,

But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

To Hounslow Heath I point, and Bansted Down,

Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my
own:

(a) From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall;

And grapes, long-lingering on my only wall,

And figs from standard and espalier join;

The devil is in you if you cannot dine:

Then (b) cheerful healths (your mistress shall have
place);

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:

Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

(s) O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne

(t) Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui

Pluribus affuerit mentem corpusque superbum;

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

(u) Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego par-
vus Ofellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc (v) accisis. Videas, metato in agello,

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profecta

Quidquam, praeter (x) olus fumosae cum pede
pernae. [pes,

Ac mihi seu (y) longum post tempus venerat hos-

Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem

Vicinus; bene erat, non (z) piscibus urbe petitis,

Sed pullo atque hoedo: tum (a) pensilis uva se-
cundas

Et nux ornabat mensas, eum duplici ficu.

Post hoc ludas erat (b) cuppa potare magistra:

Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.

Sacviam atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcus,
aut vos,

My life's amusement's have been just the same,
Before, and after (c) standing armies came.

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;

I'll hire another's; is not that my own, [ing gate

And yours, my friends? through whose free open-

None comes too early, none departs too late;

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest).

"Pray heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;

"I wish to God this house had been your own:

"Pity! to build, without a son or wife;

"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life,"

Well; if the use be mine, can it concern one,

Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

What's (d) property? dear Swift! you see it alter

From you to me, from me to (e) Peter Walter;

Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;

Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;

Or in pure (f) equity (the case not clear)

The Chancery takes your rent for twenty year:

At best, it falls to some (g) ungracious son, [own."

Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my

(b) Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,

Become the portion of a booby lord;

And Hemfley, once proud Buckingham's delight,

Slides to a scrivener, or a city knight.

(i) Let lands and houses have what lords they will,

Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

O pueri, nituistis, ut huc (c) novus incola venit?

Nam (d) propriae telluris herum natura neque illum

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;

Illum aut (e) nequities aut (f) vafri inscitia juris,

Postremum expellet certe (g) vivacior heres.

(b) Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli

Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. (i) quocirca vivite fortes,

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,

Matures my present, and shall bound my last!

Why (b) will you break the sabbath of my days?

Now sick alike of envy and of praise.

Public too long, ah let me hide my age!

See modest (c) Cibber now has left the stage:

Our generals now, (d) retir'd to their estates,

Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,

In life's cool evening satiate of applause, [cause.

Nor (e) fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,

(b) Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,

Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

Non eadem est aetas, non mens. (c) Veianius, armis

(d) Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;

Ne populum (e) extrema toties exoret ardua.

(*f*) A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
(*T*'is reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your (*g*) muse take
"breath,

"And never gallop Pegasus to death;
"Let stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's
"horse." [toy,

Farewell then (*b*) verse, and love, and every
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What (*i*) right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:

To lay this (*k*) harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what (*l*) doctors I apply:
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the (*m*) storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montague now, or now with
Locke:

Sometimes a (*n*) patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, (*o*) and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my (*p*) native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide. [day,

(*q*) Long, as to him who works for debt, the
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So flow th' (*r*) unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That (*s*) task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

(*f*) Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet
aurem;

Solve (*g*) senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

Nunc itaque et (*b*) versus, et caetera ludicra pono:
Quid (*i*) verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et
omnis in hoc sum: [sim.

(*k*) Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere pos-
Ac ne forte roges, (*l*) quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

(*m*) Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
Nunc agilis fio, et merfor (*n*) civilibus undis,
Virtutis verae custos, (*o*) rigidusque satelles
Nunc in Aristippi (*p*) furtim praecepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.

(*q*) Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; di-
esque

Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda (*r*) fluunt ingrataque tempora,
quae spem [quod

Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter (*s*) id,
Aequae pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aequae,
Aequae neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

(*t*) Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some (*u*) comfort, not to be a fool.

(*v*) Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite:
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to (*x*) go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy (*y*) blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are worlds, and spells, which can
controul

(*z*) Between the fits this fever of the soul:
Know, there are rhymes, which (*a*) fresh and
fresh apply'd

Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be (*b*) furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
(*c*) Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch (*d*) bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

(*e*) 'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom, to the fool no more.
But to the world no (*f*) bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And (*g*) ease thy heart of all that it admires?

(*h*) Here Wisdom calls: (*i*) "Seek virtue first, be
"bold!

"As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."

(*t*) Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam (*u*) soler-
que elementis: [ceus;

(*v*) Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lyn-
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.

Est quadam prodire (*x*) tenus, si non datur ultra.

(*y*) Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et (*z*) magnam morbi deponere partem. [te
Laudis amore tumes? sunt (*a*) certa piacula, quae
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

(*b*) Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, (*c*) amator;
Nemo (*d*) adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

(*e*) Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae (*f*) maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per (*g*) mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per
ignes:

Ne cures (*h*) ea, quae stulte miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?

Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugna
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?

"(*i*) Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.

There, London's voice, (k) "Get money, money still!

"And then let virtue follow, if she will."

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From (l) low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose (m) quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Bernard in (n) spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Four-score thousand pounds?

A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a (o) cit with all thy worth;
But Bug and D^l, their Honours, and so forth,
Yet every (p) child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy (q) screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compar'd to this, a minister's an ass.

(r) And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at (s) Cressy or Poitiers!
(t) Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but
"great,

"With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
"Get place and wealth, if possible with grace:
"If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
For what? to have a (u) box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.

Or (v) he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness }
through: } [too?

And, (x) while he bids thee, sets th' example }
If (y) such a doctrine, in St. James's air, }
Should chance to make the well-drest rabble stare; }
In honest S^z take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the (z) Palace than the Park:

"(k) O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum
"est; [ab imo

"Virtus post nummos:" haec (l) Janus summus
Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
(m) Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Est (n) animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fi-
desque;

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia defunt.
(o) Plebs eris. (p) at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic (q) murus aeneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

(r) Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus (s) Curiis et decantata Camillis?

(t) Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, "Rem facias;
rem,

"Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut (u) propius spectes lacrymosa poemata pupi!
An, (v) qui fortunae te respondere superbae
Liberum et erectum, (x) praesens, hortatur et
aptat?

(y) Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget,
cur

Non, ut (z) porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem:

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Faith, I shall give the answer (r) Reynard gave:

"I cannot like, dread sire, your royal cave;

"Because I see, by all the tracks about,

"Full many a beast goes in, but none comes out."

Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave:

Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
The (b) people are a many-headed beast:

Can they direct what measures to pursue,

Who know themselves so little what to do?

Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,

Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:

Their (c) country's wealth our mightier miser's
drain,

Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;

The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;

Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;

Some (d) with fat bucks on childless dotards
fawn;

Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;

While with the silent growth of ten per cent,

In dirt and darkness, (e) hundreds sink content.

Of all these ways, if each (f) pursues his own,

Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:

But show me one who has it in his power

To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job (g) sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,

"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich
"hill."

(b) Up starts a palace, lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,

The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsey, or that (i) Devil within

Which guides all those who know not what
they mean,

But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;

"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,

"For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in
"town."

At amorous Flavio is the (k) stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

(l) The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a
quarter,

For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit;

Olim quod (a) vulpes aegroto cauta leoni

Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent

Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

(b) Bellua multorum est capitum. nam quid se-
quar aut quem? [qui

Pars hominum gessit (c) conducere publica: sunt

(d) Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:

(e) Multis occulto crescit res senore. (f) verum

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Idem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

(g) Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis praelucet amoenis,

Si dixit dives; (h) lacus et mare sentit amorem

Festinantis heri: cui si (i) vitiosa libido

Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta Teanum

Tolletis, fabri. (k) lectus genialis in aula est?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibae vita:

(l) Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

Did ever (*m*) Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the (*n*) poor—The poor have the
same itch;

They change their (*o*) weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japper, to their shoes;
Discharge their garrats, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They (*p*) hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.

(*q*) You laugh, half-beau, half-sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when (*r*) no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt
lin'd,

Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One (*s*) ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I (*t*) plant, root up; I build, and then confound:
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
(*u*) You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor (*v*) once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!

Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my (*x*) guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine, whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune blest;
Rich (*y*) ev'n when plunder'd, (*z*) honour'd while
oppress'd; [power;

Lov'd (*c*) without youth, and follow'd without
At home, though exil'd; (*b*) free though in the tow-
er;

In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,
Just (*e*) less than Jove, and (*d*) much above a king,
Nay, half in heaven—(*e*) except (what's mighty
odd)

A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god!

(*m*) Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid (*n*) pauper? ride: mutat (*o*) coenacula, lectos,
Balnea, (*p*) tonfores; conducto navigio aequo
Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremus.

(*q*) Si curatis inaequali tonfore capillos
Occurro; rides. si forte subucula pexae
Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga dissidet impar;
Rides. quid, (*r*) mea cum pugnat sententia secum;
Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
(*s*) Aestuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto;
(*t*) Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
(*u*) Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,
Nec (*v*) medici credis, nec curatoris egere
A praetore dati; rerum (*x*) tutela mearum
Cum sis, et prave seclum stomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.

Ad summam, sapiens uno (*e*) minor est Jove, (*y*)
dives,

(*b*) Liber, (*z*) honoratus, (*a*) pulcher, (*d*) rex de-
nique regum;

Praecipue sanus, (*e*) nisi cum pituita molesta est.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Not to admire, is all the art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of
speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

(*b*) This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view (*c*) this dreadful all without a fear.

Admire we then what (*d*) earth's low entrails
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold; [hold.
All the mad trade of (*e*) fools and slaves for gold?
Or (*f*) popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say, with what (*g*) eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the (*b*) pleasure that from these can
spring,

The fear to want them is as weak a thing;
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we (*i*) joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
For (*k*) virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

(*l*) Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on (*m*) Parian charms with learned eyes,
Be struck with bright (*n*) brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

(*b*) Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui (*c*) formidine nulla
Imbuti spectent. (*d*) quid censes, munera terrae?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas (*e*) ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, (*f*) plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, (*g*) quo sensu credis et ore?

(*b*) Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem
Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus;
Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:

(*i*) Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad
rem,

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,
Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?

(*k*) Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

(*l*) I nunc, argentum et marmor (*m*) vetus, aera-
que et artes

Suspice: cum gemmis (*n*) Tyrios mirare colores;

If not so pleas'd, at (o) council board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From (p) morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For (q) fame, for riches, for a noble wife? [spir'd
Shall (r) one whom nature, learning, birth con-
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to wit and worth
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet (s) time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, (t) with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
(u) Where Murray (long enough his country's
pride)

Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

(v) Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the
stone,

Will any mortal let himself alone?

See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover,
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd, when'er they please.
Would ye be (x) blest? despise low joys, low }
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains; [gains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains. }

(y) But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and
stones?

Fly (z) then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:

(a) Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te (o) mille loquentem:
Gnavus (p) mane forum, et vespertinus pete tec-
tum;

(q) Ne plus frumenti dotilibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)
(r) Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
(s) Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas
Defodiet condetque nitentia. (t) cum bene notum;
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;
Ire tamen restat, Numa (u) quo devenit et Ancus.

(v) Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quare fugam morbi. (x) vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omittis.
Hoc age deliciis.

(y) virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? (z) cave ne portus occupet alter;
Ne Cibyrica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
(a) Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, por-
ro et

Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score,
Will gain a (b) wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such (c) friends—as cannot fail to last.
A (d) man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me, many a (e) German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse)
His wealth brave (f) Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
(g) Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.

(b) If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest,

(i) But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then (k) hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom (l) to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who (m) rules in Cornwall, or who rules in
Berks:

“ This may be troublesome, is near the chair:

“ That makes three members, this can choose a
mayor.”

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him, (n) son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and (o) laugh at your own jest. }

Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet (b) uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et (c) a-
micos,

Et genus, et formam, regina (d) Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela; Venusque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris (e) Capadocum Rex:
Ne fueris hic tu. (f) chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,
Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot
habebo

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
(g) Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus. (b) ergo,
Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

(i) Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,
(k) Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum
Qui fodiet latus, et (l) cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: (m) Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille
Velina:

Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, importunus ebur: (n) Frater, Pater,
adde:

Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque (o) facetus adopta.

Or if your life be one continued treat,
If (*p*) to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So (*q*) Ruffel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we (*r*) every decency confound;
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo,
(*s*) K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew;
From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our (*t*) country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with (*u*) Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
(*v*) Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts, if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Si (*p*) bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: camus
Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut (*q*) olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venebula, servos,
Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emtum mulus aprum. (*r*) crudi, tumidique la-
vemur,

Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
Digni; (*s*) remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;
Cui potior (*t*) patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

(*u*) Si, Mimnermusuticenses, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

(*v*) Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Advertisement.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments pass'd in his epistle to Augustus, seem'd so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into have two mistakes; one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he

not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: "Admonebat praetores, ne paterebatur nomen suum obsoleverit," &c. The other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly, against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans, that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were, in many respects, useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend, for his fame with posterity.

We may farther learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! (*a*) sustain

The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend;
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
(*b*) How shall the muse, from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

(*c*) Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more (*d*) sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
(*e*) Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find!
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Cum tot (*a*) sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in (*b*) publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

(*c*) Romulus, et liber pater, et cum Castore
Pollux,

Post ingentia facta, (*d*) Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;

(*e*) Ploravere suis non respondere favorem,
Speratum meritis, diram qui contudit Hydram,

All human virtue to its latest breath,
 (f) Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
 The great Alcides, every labour past,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last.
 (g) Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray,
 Each star of meaner merit fades away!
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.
 To thee, the world its present homage pays,
 The harvest early, (b) but mature the praise:
 Great friend of liberty! in kings a name:
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd,
 (i) As heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
 Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
 (k) None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
 Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd
 Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest:
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.
 (l) Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 (m) He swears the muses met him at the Devil.
 Though justly (n) Greece her eldest son admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our fires?
 In every public virtue we excel;
 We build, we plant, (o) we sing, we dance as well;
 And (p) learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
 If (q) time improve our wits as well as wine,
 Say at what age a poet grows divine?

Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit (f) invidiam supremo sine domari,
 (g) Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes
 Infra se positus: extinctus amabitur idem.
 (b) Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
 (i) Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
 (k) Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
 Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
 Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
 Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Aestimatur; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:
 (l) Scilicet fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,
 Vel Gabii vel cum rigidis aquata Sabinis,
 Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
 (m) Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.
 Si, quia (n) Graiorum sunt antiquissima quaeque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
 Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
 Nil intra est oleum, nil extra est in nuce duri.
 Venimus ad summum fortunae: pingimus, atque
 (o) Psallimus, et (p) luctamur Achivis doctius undique.
 Si (q) meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
 Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
 Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
 Viles atque novos? excludat iurgia finis.

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise
 When British bards begin to immortalize?
 "Who lasts a (r) century can have no flaw;
 "I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
 Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him (s) ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once,
 At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
 "We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 "By (t) courtesy of England, he may do."
 Then, by the rule that made the (u) horse-tail
 bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt (v) down ancients like a heap of snow:
 While you, to measure merits, look in (x) Stowe,
 And, estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a garland only on a (y) bier.
 (z) Shakspeare (whom you and every play-
 house bill
 style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew immortal in his own despite.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
 (a) The life to come, in every poet's creed.
 Who now reads (b) Cowley? if he pleases yet,
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
 Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
 But still (c) I love the language of his heart.
 "Yet surely, (d) surely, these were famous men!
 "What boy but hears the saying of old Ben?
 "In all (e) debates where critics bear a part,
 "Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
 "Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
 "How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
 "er writ;
 "How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow;
 "But, for the passions, Southerne sure and Rowe.

Est vetus atque probus, (r) centum qui perficit
 annos.
 Quid? qui deperit minor uno mense vel anno,
 Inter quos referendus erit? (s) veteresne poetas,
 An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur (t) honeste,
 Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.
 Utor permissio, caudaeque pilos ut (u) equinae
 Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et idem
 unum;
 Dum cadat elusus ratione (v) ruentis acervi,
 Qui redivit in (x) fastos, et virtutem aestimat annis,
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod (y) Libitina sacra vit.
 (z) Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
 Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
 Quo (a) promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.
 (b) Naevius in manibus non est; at (c) mentibus
 haeret [poema.
 Pene recens: (d) adeo sanctum est vetus omne
 Ambigitur (e) quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
 Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:
 Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro:
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
 Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:

"These, (*f*) only these, support the crowded stage,
"From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; (*g*) the people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

To (*b*) Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;

Why then, I say, the public is a fool.

But let them own, that greater faults than we

They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the (*i*) obsolete,

And Sydney's verse halts ill on (*k*) Roman feet:

Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,

Now serpent-like, in (*l*) prose he sweeps the
ground,

In quibbles, angel and archangel join,

And God the Father turns a school-divine.

(*m*) Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like (*n*) flashing Bentley with his desperate hook,
Or damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he (*o*) read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,

(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)

One simile, that (*p*) solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines,

Or (*q*) lengthen'd thought that gleams through
many a page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

(*r*) I lose my patience, and I own it too,

When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new;

While, if our elders break all reason's laws,

These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

(*s*) On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,

If I but ask if any weed can grow;

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,

Which (*t*) Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro [poetas
Spectat Roma potens; (*f*) habet hos numeratque
Ad nostrum tempus, Livi scriptoris ab aevo.

(*g*) Interdum vulgus rectem videt: est ubi peccat.

Si (*b*) veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

Si quaedam nimis (*i*) antique, si pleraque (*k*) dure

Dicere credit eos, (*l*) ignave multa fatetur;

Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.

(*m*) Non equidem insector, celendaque carmina Livi
Esse reor, memini quae (*n*) plagosum (*o*) mihi parvo
Orbium dictare;

sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:

Inter quae (*p*) verbum emicuit si forte decorum,

Si (*q*) versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;

Injuste totum ducit venditque poema. [crasse

(*r*) Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia

Compositum, illepidè putetur, sed quia nuper;

Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

(*s*) Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet

Attac

Fabula, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem

Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner,

Quae (*t*) gravis Aesopus, quae doctus Roscius egit.

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)

How will our fathers rise up in a rage,

And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!

You'd think (*u*) no fools disgrac'd the former
reign,

Did not some grave examples yet remain,

Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,

And, having once been wrong, will be so still.

He, who to seem more deep than you or I,

Extols old bards, (*v*) or Merlin's prophecy,

Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,

And, to debase the sons, exalts the fires.

(*x*) Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow

What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read

By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

(*y*) In days of ease, when now the weary sword

Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;

In every taste of foreign courts improv'd,

"All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."

Then peers grew proud (*z*) in horsemanship t'
excel,

Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;

The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,

And every flowery courtier writ romance.

Then (*a*) marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,

And yielding metal flow'd to human form:

Lely on (*b*) animated canvas stole

The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.

No wonder then, when all was love and sport,

The willing muses were debauch'd at court:

On (*c*) each enervate string they taught the note

To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But (*d*) Britain, changeful as a child at play,

Now calls in princes, and now turns away.

Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;

Now all for pleasure, now for church or state;

Now for prerogative, and now for laws;

Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

Vel quia nil (*u*) rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, du-
cunt;

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Jam (*v*) Saliare Numae carmen qui laudat, et illud,

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;

Ingeniis non ille favet plaudique sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

(*x*) Quod si tam Graecis novitas invisâ fuisset,
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid ha-
beret,

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

(*y*) Ut primum positis nugari Graccia bellis

Coequit, et in vitium fortuna labiet aequa;

Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit (*z*) equorum:

(*a*) Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;

Suspendit (*b*) picta vultum mentemque tabella;

Nun (*c*) tibicinibus, nunc est gavisâ tragoedis:

(*d*) Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

(*e*) Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To (*f*) worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good (*g*) security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one (*b*) poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
E, who so oft renounce the muses, (*i*) lie,
Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;
When sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.

(*k*) He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Ev'n (*l*) Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But (*m*) those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, (*n*) reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state:
Sometimes the silly benefits mankind;
And rarely (*o*) avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his (*p*) plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
(*q*) Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To (*r*) cheat a friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his (*s*) diet.

(*e*) *Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos (*f*) nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
(*g*) Majores audire, minori dicere, per quae
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.*

*Mutavit mentem populus levis, (*b*) et calet uno
Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
Fronde comas vineti coenant, et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior (*i*) Parthis mendacior; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamus et chartas et scrinia posco.*

(*k*) *Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum
aegro* [est,

*Non audet, nisi qui didicet, dare: quod medicorum
Promittunt (*l*) medici: tractant fabrilis fabri:
(*m*) Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.*

(*n*) *Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis (*o*) avarus
Non temere est animus: (*p*) versus amat, hoc stu-*

*dget unum;
Detrimenda, (*q*) fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
Non (*r*) fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Paup' ille? vivit siliquis, et pane secundo (*s*);*

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (*t*) though no soldier) useful to the state.
(*u*) What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king:
Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains;
He, (*w*) from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Wretch'd to (*x*) relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And (*y*) stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The (*z*) boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion (*b*) touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down (*c*) Pope and
Turk.

The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng.
And (*d*) heaven is won by violence of song.

Our (*e*) rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:

(*t*) *Militiae quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
(*u*) Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:
Torquet (*w*) ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus
aurem;*

*Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;
Recte facta refert; (*y*) orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; (*x*) inopem solatur et aegrum.
Castis cum (*z*) pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde (*b*) preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, et praesentia nomina sentit;
Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, (*c*) metuenda pericula pellit;
Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
(*d*) Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine Manes.*

(*e*) *Agricolae prisci, sortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo*

The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care :
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul :
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And (f) taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and (g) nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind ;
Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm. [bound,
At length, by wholesome (h) dread of statutes
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
Most warp'd to (i) flattery's side ; but some, more
nice,

Preferv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

(k) We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's
charms ;

Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms ;
Bain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and (l) numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join }
The varying verse, the full resounding line, }
The long majestic march, and energy divine. }
Though still some traces of our (m) rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation (n) breath'd from civil war.
Exact (o) Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the (p) tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway shone :

Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum locis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus, et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
(f) Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit ;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter : (g) donec jam saevus apertam
In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax, doluere cruento
Denti lacesciti : fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi : (h) quin etiam lex
Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quem-

quam
Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad (i) bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

(k) Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit (l) numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere : sed in longum tamen aevum
Manserunt, hodieque manent, (m) vestigia ruris.
Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis ;
Et post (n) Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit,
Quid (o) Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile
ferrent :

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset :
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer :
Nam (p) spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet :

But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And (q) fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The (r) humbler muse of comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less (s).
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :
Tell me if (t) Congreve's fools are fools indeed ?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ !
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
The stage how loosely (u) does Astraea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed !
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey (v) eat with vast applause !
But fill their (x) purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.

O you ! whom (y) vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high !
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
(z) Farewell the stage ! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

(a) There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit ;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crew'd :
Who, (b) to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, (c) the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords !
Ever the taste of mobs, but now (d) of lords ;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

Sed (q) turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.

Creditur, ex (r) medio quia arcessit, habere.
Sudoris minimum ; sed habet Comoedia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. (s) aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto (t) partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi :
Quantus sit Dossennus (v) edacibus in parasitis ;
Quam non (u) astricto percurrat pulpita focco.
Gessit enim (x) nummum in loculos demittere :
post hoc

Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam (y) ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit : (z) valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
(a) Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poe-
tam

Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocili, stolidique, et (b) depugnare parati
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut (c) ursum aut pugiles : his nam plebecula
gaudet.

Verum (d) equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure
voluptas

Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures aulaca premuntur in horas ;

The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot, (s) and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With (f) laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or (g) elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless (b) poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its (i) throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on (k) Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's (l) petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the (m) lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
“But has he spoken?” Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
(a) Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he (o) who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Dum fugiunt (e) equitum turmae, peditumque ca-
tervae:
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;
Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
(f) Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
Sive (g) elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi praebentem minio spectacula plura:
Scriptores autem (b) narrare putaret asello
Fabellam surdo. nam quae (i) pervincere voces
Evalueret sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
(k) Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuf-
cum.
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
(l) Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus (m) oblitus
actor
Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
(n) Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusam,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne:
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta; (o) meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athe-
nis.

(p) But not this part of the poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the great:
Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their
spring?

How shall we fill a (q) library with wit,
When Merliu's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?

My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:

We (r) poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

The (s) season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.

Then too we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A (t) single verse, we quarrel with a friend;

Repeat (u) unask'd; (v) lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;

But most, when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;

And (x) from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the crown;

Or, dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,

Be call'd to court, to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau, and Racine.

Yet (y) think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah, think, what poet best may make them known?

Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the (z) laureat's weighty place.

(a) Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

(p) Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere ma-
lunt,

Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi, [num
Cura impende brevem: si (q) manus Apolline dig-

Vis complere libris; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

(r) Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poe-
tae,

(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
(s) Solicito damus, aut fesso: cum laedimur, (t)

unum

Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:
Cum loca jam (u) recitata revolvimus irrevocati:

Cum (v) lamentamur non apparere labores
Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo: [que

Cum (x) speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul at-
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro

Arceffas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
Sed tamen est (y) operae pretium cognoscere, quales

Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, (z) indigno non committenda poetae.

(a) Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis

Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt

Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema

Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emis,

And (*b*) great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd
Quarles;

Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No lord's anointed, but a (*c*) Russian bear."

Not with such (*d*) majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your (*e*) arms, your actions, your repose to sing;
What (*f*) seas you travers'd, and what fields you
fought!

Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How (*g*) barbarous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the
sword!

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
(*b*) Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world
in sleep;

Till earth's extremes your meditation own,
And (*i*) Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But (*k*) verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains:
The zeal of (*l*) fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say (*m*) I bite.
A vile (*n*) encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

Edicto vetuit, ne quis se præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
Fortis (*b*) Alexandri vultum simulantia. quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;
(*c*) Boeotum in crasso jurares ære natum.

[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ;]

Nec magis expressi (*d*) vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum.
Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, (*e*) quam res componere
gestas,

Terrarumque (*f*) situs et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et (*g*) barbara regna, tuisque
Auspiciis totum (*h*) confecta duella per orbem,
Claustaque (*b*) custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et (*i*) formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque
parvum

(*k*) Carmen majestas recipit tua; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem (*l*) stulte, quem diligit, urget;
Præcipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.
Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis (*m*) deridet, quam quod probat et vene-
ratur. [ficto]

Nil moror (*n*) officium, quod me gravat: ac neque

If true, a (*o*) woful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he (*p*) blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, settle, writ of kings)
(*q*) Clothe spice, like trunks, or fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

In (*o*) pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec præve factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne (*p*) rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum scriptore meo capsa porrectus aperta,
(*q*) Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

BOOK II. EPISTLE II.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

DEAR Col'nel, Coham's and your country's
friend!

You love a verse, take such as I can send.

(*b*) A Frenchman comes, presents you with his
boy,

Bows, and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois;
"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how
"curl'd!

"My only son; I'd have him see the world:

"His French is pure; his voice too—you shall
"hear.

"Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a-year.

"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

"Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please:

"A perfect genius at an opera song—

"To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;

"His whole ambition was to serve a lord:

"But, Sir to you, with what would I not part?

"Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's
"heart.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,

(*b*) Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et

"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;

"Verna ministeriis ad natus aptus heriles;

"Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti

"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

"Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.

"Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo

"Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.

"Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in aere.

"Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere
"a me [(fit

"Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut

"In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:

"Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædit."

" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 " And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry :
 " The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 " (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal."

(c) If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad ?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit :
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash, away,
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

(d) Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
 I told you when I went, I could not write ;
 You said the same ; and are you discontent
 With laws, to which you gave your own assent ?
 Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time !
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

(e) In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, to a doit,
 This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
 " Prodigious well !" his great commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next, pleas'd his excellence a town to batter
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter) ;
 " Go on, my friend, (he cry'd) see yonder walls !
 " Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls !
 " More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave ?
 " D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot ?
 " Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
 (f) Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

(c) Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.
 Prudens emisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex.
 Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

(d) Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
 Talibus officiis prope mancum ; ne mea saevus
 Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
 Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
 Si tamen attentas ? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

(e) Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
 Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ac assem
 Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupo, et sibi et
 hosti

Iratu pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
 Praesidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
 Semme munito, et multarum divite rerum.
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
 Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.
 Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere praetor
 Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem [tem :
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere men-
 1, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat : i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum praemia : quid stas ?
 Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, " Ibit,
 " Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit."
 (f) Romae nutui mihi contigit atque doceri,

Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad :
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell ;
 And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd, [vail'd.
 While mighty William's thundering arm pre-
 For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ;
 And me, the muses help'd to undergo it ;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) hence I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.

(g) Years following years, steal something
 every day,

At last they steal us from ourselves away ;
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend :
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
 If every wheel of that unweary'd mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still ?

(b) But after all, what would you have me do ?
 When out of twenty I can please not two ;
 When this heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.
 Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineus detests.

(i) But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme : can London be the place ?

Iratu Graius quantum nocuisset Achilles.
 Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae :
 Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
 Atque inter sylvas academi quaerere verum.
 Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,
 Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
 Unde simul primum me demisere Philippi,
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
 Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
 Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,
 Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutae,
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus ?

(g) Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes ;
 Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum ;
 Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis ?

(b) Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amanti-
 que.

Carminē tu gaudes : hic delectatur iambis ;
 Ille Bioncis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
 Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato. [alter :
 Quid dem ? quid non dem ? renuis quod tu, jubet
 Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

(i) Praeter caetera me Romae ne poemata cen-
 se

Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and
friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:

A poet begs me I will hear him read:

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—

At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square—

Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—

There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one—

"Oh but a wit can study in the streets,

"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."

Not quite so well however as one ought;

A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;

And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,

God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,

Two Aldermen dispute it with an ass?

And peers give way, exalted as they are,

Ev'n to their own s-r-v—nce in a car?

(k) Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd,

Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,

To ease and silence, every muse's son:

Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,

Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's Court.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd
before?

(l) The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm re-
treat,

To books and study gives seven years complete,

See, strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,

He walks, an object new beneath the sun!

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:

So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,

Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!

Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?

Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. "Verum

*"Purae sunt platea, nihil ut meditantibus ob-
stet."*

Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tigrum:

Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustri:

Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.

(k) *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*

*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit
urbes,*

Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?

(l) *Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athe-
nas,*

Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque

Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit

*Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego re-
rum*

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?

And here, while town, and court, and city roars;
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?

Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?

(m) The temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law!

With equal talents, these congenial souls,

One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the
rolls;

Each had a gravity would make you split,

And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.

'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your elo-
quence," [sense.]

"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's

(n) Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,

Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the

Nine,

Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.

Lord! how we strut through Merlin's cave, to see

No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease

Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we
please.

"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,

"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you!

"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,

"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."

Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace

This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite

To court applause by printing what I write:

But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough

To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

(o) In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,

They treat themselves with most profound respect;

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,

Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:

(m) *Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:*

Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.

Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?

(n) *Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile visu,*

Caelatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-

spectemus vacuum Romanis vatibus aedem:

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et procul audi,

Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Caedimar, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem;

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?

Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus:

Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,

Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:

Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,

Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

(o) *Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina:
verum*

Gaudet scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,

Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.

At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:

But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
(*p*) In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold, expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For use will father what's begot by sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue! }
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
"As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
(*q*) If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd in primo Georgii (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the house was up, delighted fate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a passy fell;
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short,
they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
My friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

Audebit quaecunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae:
(*p*) Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quae prisca memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas;
Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus:
Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Laudentis speciem dabit, torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
(*q*) Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
In vacuo laetus scissor plausorque theatro:
Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto

(*r*) Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my
fate:
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonise my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
(*s*) Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart. [crave,
(*t*) If, when the more you drink, the more you
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
(*u*) When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a peer with honour, truth, and grace;
Look in that breast, most dirty Dean! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach,
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.
(*v*) If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.

More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem? posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo laeso non insanire lagenae:
Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque relictus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.
(*r*) Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;
(*s*) Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed verae numerosque modosque ediscere vitae.
Quocirca mecum loquor haec, tacitusque recordor:
(*t*) Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
(*u*) Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Di donarint, ille decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem?
At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent,
Si capidum timidumque minus te: nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris, te si quis avarior uno.
(*v*) Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et
aere est,

Delightful *Abs-court*, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :
 All (x) *Worldly's* hens, nay, partridge, fold to town,
 His venison too, a guinea makes your own :
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;
 Now, or long since, what difference will be found ?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

(y) *Heathcote* himself, and such large-acred men,
 Lords of fat *E'sham*, or of *Lincoln-fen*,
 Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat ;
 Buy every pullet they afford to eat.

Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the devil o'erlooks from *Lincoln-town*.
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a perpetuity should stand :

Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power
 (z) Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
 Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou
 have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase)
 Alas, my *Bathurst*! what will they avail?
 Join *Cotswood's* hills to *Saperton's* fair dale,
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable Death shall level all,

And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

(a) Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of *Persian dye*,

*Quaedam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et villicus Orbî,
 Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturus,
 Te dominum sentit.*

(x) *das nummos; accipis uvam,
 Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo isto
 Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
 Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum.
 Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?*

(y) *Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
 Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
 Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus ad sita certis
 Limitibus dicina refigit jurgia: tanquam*

(z) *Sit proprium cuiquam, puncto quod mobilis
 horae, [prema,*

*Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte su-
 Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.*

*Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et haeres
 Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:
 Quid vici profunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
 Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus
 Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?*

(a) *Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla,
 tabellas,*

*Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,
 Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.*

There are who have not—and thank heaven there
 are,

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

(b) Talk what you will of taste, my friend,
 you'll find

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
 The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
 Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on, in court and parliament;
 One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like *Oglethorpe*, from pole to pole:
 Is known alone to that Directing Power,
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
 That God of Nature, who, within us still,
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual; his great end the same.

(c) Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.

My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place:

But sure no statute in his favour says,

How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:

I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
 Divided between carelessness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;

Another, not to heed to treasure more:

Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,

And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.

(f) What is 't to me (a passenger God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?

The ship itself may make a better figure;

But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger:

I neither strut with every favouring breath,

Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.

In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd

Behind the foremost, and before the last.

(b) *Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
 Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
 Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
 Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:*

*Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
 Naturae Deus humane, mortalis in unum—*

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

(c) *Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet,
 acervo*

Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet haeres,

Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti

Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.

*Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sum-
 tum.*

Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;

Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,

Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim. [utrum

(f) *Pauperies immunda domus procul absit: ego,*

Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus et idem.

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:

Non tamen adversus aetatem ducimus Austris,

(g) "But why all this of avarice? I have none."
 I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
 But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
 Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
 With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
 Despise the known, nor trouble at th' unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
 Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end;
 Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
 Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

(g) Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam simul isto

Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
 Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
 Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
 When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

(b) Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
 Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
 Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,
 Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides?
 Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
 Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta?

Quid te extrema levat spinis de pluribus una?

(b) Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lufisti fatis, edifti fatis, atque bibifti:
 Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
 Rideat, et pulset lasciva decantius aetas.

THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

" Quid vetat et nosmet Lucilli scripta legentes
" Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
" Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
" Mollius?" HOR.]

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, nor abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' excise and army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows
But that the cure is starving, all allow. [how
Yet like the papist's, is the poet's state.

Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:

Sense, past through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave im-
pudence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this per cent., and that per year?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or line-twigs, for rich widows hearts;
Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the pleas and bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
More rough than forty Germans when they
scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.

'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
 If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
 What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
 And what a solemn face, if he denies!
 Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only suretiship that brought them there.
 His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
 For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to every lord in every thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly **
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to Janssen punts at White's,
 Or city heir in mortgage melts away;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires*:
 No commentator can more sily pass
 Over a learn'd, unintelligible place:
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out [doubt.
 Those words that would against them clear the
 So Luther thought the pater-noster long,
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.
 The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire. [yore
 Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
 Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hec-
 toms;
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and sulsome bachanals;
 And all mankind might that just mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
 These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
 But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
 Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor fly informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason, or the law.

VOL. VIII.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
 I've had my purgatory here betimes,
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
 The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
 With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;
 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
 Yet went to court!—the devil would have it so.
 But, as the fool that in reforming days
 Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they }
 Who live at court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster, than on Afric's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon.
 One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
 And the wise justice starting from his chair
 Cry, By your priesthood tell me what you are?
 Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
 Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare,
 was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd:
 So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
 This thing has travell'd, and speaks language
 too,
 And knows what's fit for every state to do;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd,
 I talkers I've learn'd to bear; Morteux I knew,
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budget too.
 The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of
 tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gunson's lungs,
 The whole artillery of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar;
 These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 K

With royal favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ———'s your name.
What speech esteem you most? "The king's,"
said I.

But the best words?—O Sir, the dictionary."
You miss my aim! I mean the most acute
And perfect speaker?—"Onflow, past dispute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for closer style,
"But Hoadly for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay troth th' apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus, others talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood.

"Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made:
"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
"Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
"The king would smile on you—at least the
"queen."

Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, "Nunquam minus solus."
And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high stretch'd lutestring, and replies:
"Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
"To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
Then, happy man who shows the tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family;
He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all Harries, all our Edwards talk;
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread.
"Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
"And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
"How elegant your Frenchman!" Mine, d'ye
mean?

I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean,
"Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
"Your only wearing is your paduasoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies. [shows,
Mere household trash: of birthnights, balls, and
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
what

A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of lothsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels every man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall headlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject stay'd and wife
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me;
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lye
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense;

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a livery'd lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh fun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who show a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets: such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
See! where the British youth, engag'd no
more,

At Fig's at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a king!" the flatterer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fool's-coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states: they beg but better dress,
And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:

"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to
"hit!"

And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much
"wit."

Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.

'Twould burst even Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools?
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole:
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest!
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papiests seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries arm! whose very looks an oath:
The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than them all:
Each man an askapart, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heaven's artillery, bold di-
vine!

From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains; but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN 1738.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit,
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal!
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
"Tory;
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice; 11
Bubo observes, he last'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.
His fly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between 21
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for power; 30
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 2, in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.
F. Correct: 'tis what no genius can admit.
Besides, you grow too moral for a wt.

Would he oblige me! let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with scripture still you may be
free;

A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle, or wig; 40
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
"His prince, that writes in verse, and has his
"ear?"

Why answer, Lyttleton; and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again 60
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,
That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then, 71
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.

O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn, 80

And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All part's perform'd, and all her children blest!
So—satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name, every fool and knave
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare 91
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.

Silent and soft, as saints remov'd to heaven,
All ties dissolv'd, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king! [port,
There, where no passion, pride, or shame trans-
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's dis-
grace [place:
Once break their rest, or stir them from their
But pass the sense of human miseries, 101
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast
their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three sovereign's dy'd, could scarce be
next,

Considering what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings; 110
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?

Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A favourite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie? [skill?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesmen's
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will? 120
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things?)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man;
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!

But shall a printer, weary of his life, [wise?
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin. 130

Let modest Foster, if he will, excell
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine,—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111, in some editions:
Who starves a mother—

Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more,
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale virtue carted in her stead. 150
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son! [claim,
Hear her black trumpet through the land pro-
That *Not to be corrupted is the shame.* 160
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but villany." 170
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;

And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle every line,

In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine!

Vice with such giant-strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;

Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.

Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the
dice?

Come on then, satire! general, unconfin'd,

Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind.

Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!

Ye tradesmen, vile in army, court, or hall!

Ye reverend Atheists. *F.* Scandal! name them,
Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt, 20

I never nam'd; the town's inquiring yet,

The poisoning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't!

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!

The bribing statesman—*F.* Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—*F.* There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires, 30
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F. A dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down proud satire! though a realm be
spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you, (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better, ministers; or, if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years
ago:

Who now that obsolete example fears?

Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears. 58

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desperate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Esther's peaceful grove
(Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love)
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my craggs anew!

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert: 70
Secker is decent; Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson given;
To Berkley, every virtue under heaven.

But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Sommers once, and Halifax, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great; 79
Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their generous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the tower!

How can I Pultney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit:
Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field:
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own? 89
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with
their train;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say: No follower, but a friend.

Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays:
I follow virtue; where she shines, I praise;
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Rofs, or my Lord Mayor.
Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not
grave) 100

Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man, I beat about;
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground: 110
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No power the muse's friendship can command;
No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line; 120
O let my country's friend illumine mine! [no sin,
—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith the thought's
I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow? |

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave, 130
And Lyttelton a dark, designing knave;
St. John has ever been a mighty fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him; do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine,
What? shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay, 141
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt

Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day, 150
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest;
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's th' affront
to you?

Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Ur P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend 160
[In power a servant, out of power a friend]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole house did afterwards the same. }
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply; 171

As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin;
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the house. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does flattery mine:
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear my father—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be
yours. 200

Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;

VARIATIONS.

Ver, 185, in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave: }
So impudent, I own myself no knave: }
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands deny'd,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Reverend I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star. 231

Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's
shrine:

Her priestless muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and * * wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Houghs unsully'd mitre shine, 240
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let envy howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flattery sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.

F. Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

After ver. 227, in the MS.

Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal touch and papal toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, Jane the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!

“The dog-days are no more the case.”
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.

My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
“Pray take them, Sir—Enough's a feast:
“Eat some, and pocket up the rest”——
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
“No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.”
Thus foo's with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wife man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion and a free;

But if you'd have me always near——
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer fun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weazel once made shift to sink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cry'd, “You 'scape not so,
“Lean as you came, Sir, you must go.”

Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-Sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My bread, and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd——just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
“Harley, the nation's great support——”
But you may read it, I stop short.

THE LATTER PART OF SATIRE VI*.

O charming noons! and nights divine!
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,
 My friends above, my folks below,
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And even the very dogs at ease!
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the houses:
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn:
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends,
 For their own worth, or our own ends?
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what, the very best of all?
 Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely "à propos":
 Name a town life, and in a trice
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord
 A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, "coûte qui coûte."
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean);
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He eat himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat."
 "But lord, my friend, this savage scene!"
 "For God's sake, come, and live with men:
 Consider mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I:
 Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)"
 The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they came, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late).
 Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might show it;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with the silver all the walls;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:

* See the first part in Swift's Poems.

But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkin's white, the carpet red:
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat, "tête à tête."
 Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,
 "Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!"
 "That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
 Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain?
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
 "I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
 To eat so much—but all's so good.
 I have a thousand thanks to give—
 My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
 "A rat, a rat! clap to the door!"—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice!
 (It was by providence they think,
 For your damn'd stucco has no chink).
 "An't please your honour, quoth the peasant,
 This same desert is not so pleasant:
 Give me again my hollow tree,
 A crust of bread, and liberty!"

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
 Ah, sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
 Mother too fierce of dear desires!
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To number five dire direct your doves,
 There spread round Murray all your bloom-
 ing loves;
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With every sprightly, every decent part;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 Then shall thy form the marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
 His house, embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves, and young desires;
 There, every grace and muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;

There youths and nymphs in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still-believing, still renew'd desire;
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
 Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
 Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 Or softly glide by the canal,
 Now shown by Cyathia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
 Which sounds the silver Thames along,
 Taught on the wings of truth to fly
 Above the reach of vulgar song;
 Though daring Milton fits sublime,
 In Spenser native muses play;
 Nor yet shall Waller yield to mine,
 Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—
 Sages and chiefs long since had birth
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
 Then rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
 And those, new heavens and systems fram'd.
 Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
 They had no poet, and they died:
 In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
 They had no poet, and are dead.

MISCELLANIES.

On receiving from the Right Honourable
THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY,
A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian queen
 Descend in all her sober charms;
 " And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
 " Take at this hand celestial arms.

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
 " This golden lance shall guard desert,
 " And if a vice dares keep the field,
 " This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
 Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;
 And dipp'd them in the fable well,
 The fount of fame or infamy.

" What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
 " A standish, steel and golden pen!
 " It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
 " I gave it you to write again.

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
 " You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
 " Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
 " L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as smooth again on glass,
 " And run, on ivory, so glib,
 " As not to stick at fool or ass,
 " Nor stop at flattery or fib.

" Athenian queen! and sober charms!
 " I tell you, fool, there's nothing in't:
 " 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
 " In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
 " That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
 " I'll list you in the harmless roll
 " Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

EPISTLE
 TO
ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,
 AND
EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
 Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
 Oh, just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
 Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
 Dear to the muse! to Harley dear—in vain!
 For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
 For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great;
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
 And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
 Recal those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
 Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,
 The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
 The muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
 'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
 When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
 Ev' if now, she shades thy evening-walk with bays
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);

Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

Secretary of State in the Year 1720.

A soul as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide;
Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows:
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery: }
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE

TO MR. JERVAS,

*With MR. DRYDEN'S Translation of FRESNOY'S
Art of Painting.*

[This epistle, and the two following, were written
some years before the rest, and originally printed
in 1717.]

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvass call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading with, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and
light.

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!

How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to com-
mend?

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy
wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's
air,

Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years!
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint en-
gage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that every season fears,
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh, lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not con-
strains;

And finish'd more through happiness than pains!
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE
TO MISS BLOUNT,
WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
And all the writer lives in every line:
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share;
His time, the muse, the witty and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest,
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before:
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some mortal let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex are by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all these petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accurs'd,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward
part;

She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;

Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brightest eyes in France inspir'd his muse;
The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

TO THE SAME.

On her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.

Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack:
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—no words!
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the
stable,

Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are
coarse,

And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recal the fancy'd scene,
See coronations rise on every green;

* *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

Before you pass th' imaginary fights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headaches, or the want of rhyme),

Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you.
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look four, and hum a tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE,

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE basset-table spread, the tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph; the tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once-ador'd Alpheu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listen-
ing fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;
One, one bad deal, three Septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare;
The knave of clubs thrice lost: Oh! who could
guess

This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very à propos,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd:
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards, ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.

See, on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case;
Jove, Jove himself does on the scissars shine;
The metal and the workmanship divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine!
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance, I took the queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
The knave was Sonica, which I had chose;
And the next pull, my Septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed those spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing, when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her fallow cheeks enlivening red:
I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
And by my interest, Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore,
When Winnal tally'd, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd!
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent
rank;

Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast;
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows!

Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
 With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
 He loves—I whisper to myself, he loves!
 Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
 I lose my memory of my former fears;
 My panting heart confesses all his charms,
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
 For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play,
 Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
 But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
 To Basset's heavenly joys, and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a beau;
 Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
 Their several graces in my Sharper meet;
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
 I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
 The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side:
 The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
 Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
 Two travellers found an oyster in their way;
 Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong;
 While scale in hand dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
 There take (says Justice) take you each a shell.
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;
 'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION

OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
 'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows,
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good-nature;
 Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
 That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length the labour ends,
 And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
 Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE,

*To a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit, in 1732, when
 he was Old, Blind, and in great Distress, a little be-
 fore his Death.*

As when that hero, who in each campaign
 Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
 Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
 Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every foe:
 Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
 But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
 Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
 A common soldier, but who clubb'd his mite?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
 Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
 Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns,
 A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
 Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
 Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there's a senior, who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA,

BY POPE AND MALLET.

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic night,
 Fair, o'er the western world, renew'd its light,
 With arts arising, Sophonisba rose:
 The tragic muse, returning, wept her woes.
 With her th' Italian scene first learn'd to glow;
 And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
 Her charms the Gallic muses next inspir'd:
 Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fir'd.
 What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
 Britain, by juster title, makes her own.

When freedom is the cause, 'tis her's to fight;
 And her's, when freedom is the theme, to write.
 For this a British author bids again
 The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.
 Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame:
 She asks, what bosom has not felt the same:
 Asks of the British youth—Is silence there?
 She dares to ask it of the British fair.
 To-night, our home-spun author would be true,
 At once, to nature, history, and you.
 Well pleas'd to give our neighbours due applause,
 He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.
 Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
 'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.
 If France excel him in one freeborn thought,
 The man, as well as poet, is in fault.
 Nature, informer of the poet's art,
 Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
 Thou art his guide; each passion, every line,
 Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
 Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,
 Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First fought a poet's fortune in the town,
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steel.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford;
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word;
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
 And with a borrow'd play out-did poor Crown.
 There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a title,
 But has the wit to make the most of little:
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits, his foes, but fools his friends.
 So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
 Aukward and supple, each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her simplicity:
 In a translated suit, then tries the town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own:
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan.
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore, are we
 Deceiv'd by shows and forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
 Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
 E'er since our grandame's evil;
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
 The blockhead is a slow-worm;
 The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
 Is aptly term'd a glow-worm:

The fops are painted butterflies,
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a worm they take their rise,
 And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
 Thus worms suit all conditions.
 Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
 And death watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
 By all their winding play;
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou couldst make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free;
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
 Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 Ev'n Burton's wits to worms shall turn,
 Who maggots were before.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions;
 Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly neding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gorr'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamant chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypresses, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ON HIS GROTTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

Composed of Marble, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent
wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach: but awful! lo! th' Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through March-
mont's soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

VOL. VIII.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Ou, be thou blest with all that heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a
friend!

Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
Is that a birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year. 10

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year.
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstacy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

VARIATION.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.
And oh, since death must that fair frame destroy,
Die, by some sudden ecstacy of joy;
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp a sigh of love.

TO MR THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin, but poetry.
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms show his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I.
IN beauty, or wit
No mortal as yet

L

To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Left flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

THE FOURTH EPISTLE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

A Modern Imitation.

SAY, * St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
"Or shoots he folly as it flies?
"Or catches manners as they rise?"
Or, urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' self is scarce a name.
† To you (th' all-envy'd gift of heaven)
Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
‡ What could a tender mother's care
Wish better, to her favourite heir,

Ad Albium Tibullum.

* *Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?*

† *Di tibi formam*

Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

‡ *Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fieri posset quæ sentiat, et cui*

Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?

* Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black despair;
Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
† That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injur'd country due.

In spite of fears, of mercy spight,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS,

A handsome woman with a fine voice, but very covetous and proud ||.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus
along;
But such is thy avarice; and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet
have died.

EPIGRAM

ON ONE WHO MADE LONG EPITAPHS §.

FRIEND, for your epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

*On his painting for me the Statues of Apollo, Venus,
and Hercules.*

WHAT god, what genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted these?

*Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
non deficiente crumena?*

* *Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras.*

† *Omne crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.*

*Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.*

|| *This epigram is inscribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music.*

§ *Dr. Robert Friend, Head Master of Westminster School.*

'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as
Love,
And strong as Hercules.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll tease:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B—— and rough C——, adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H——k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one muse of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y—r's sold for fifty pound,
And B——ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight?—
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Sollicitous for others ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For fallads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

A DIALOGUE.

Pope. SINCE my old friend is grown so great,
As to be Minister of State,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

Craggs. Alas! if I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

EPIGRAM.

*Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his
Royal Highness.*

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

EPIGRAM.

Occasioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you sent, are the Muses and Gra-
ces; [your faces.
You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in

ON AN OLD GATE

ERECTED IN CHISWICK GARDENS.

O Gate, how cam'st thou here?
Gate. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone:
Burlington brought me hither.
1742.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,

But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

On his lying in the same Bed which Wilmot the celebrated Earl of Rochester slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyll, July 9th. 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyll, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie.
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet sloop to bless a child or wife;

And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

VERSES TO MR. C.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE,

London, October 22.

Few words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here:
Some morning walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

If in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host;

For three whole days you here may rest,
From office, business, news, and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

EPI T A P H S.

" His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani

" Munere!"

VIRG.

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

In the Church of Witbyam in Suffex.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of sops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease.
Blest peer! his great forefathers every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patrons still, or poets, deck the line.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who, having resigned his place, died in his Retirement at Easthamsted, in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free:
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny; [mov'd,
Such, this man was: who now, from earth re-
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak,
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS.

Regi Magnæ Britanniae a Secretis
et Consiliis sanctionibus,
Principis pariter ac populi amor et deliciae,
vixit titulis et invidia major
annos, heu paucos, xxxv.
Ob. Feb. xvi. M.DCC.XX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

L ij

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY relicks, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust :
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes,
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest !
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

VARIATION.

It is as follows on the monument in the Abbey
 erected to Rowe and his daughter.
 Thy relicks, Rowe ! to this sad shrine we trust,
 And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust,
 Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
 For never heart felt passion more sincere ;
 To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
 For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest ;
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !
 And blest, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
 Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
 To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life ;
 The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
 With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
 That holds their ashes and expects her own.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense :
 No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind ;
 So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refin'd ;
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd ;
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

VII.

*On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY,
 and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the
 LORD DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dor-
 setshire, 1727.*

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth ;
 Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great.
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might
 hear :

Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
 Go, live ! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, blest maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a stone, a verse receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give !

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a master taught,
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought ;
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crown'd with princes honours, poets lays,
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works ; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind !
 Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
 Oh born to arms ! O worth in youth approv'd !
 O soft humanity, in age belov'd :
 For thee, the hardy veteran drops a tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
 Withers, Adieu ! yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age ;
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Eastbamsted, in Berks, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, Here lies an honest man :
 A poet, blest beyond the poets fate, [great ;
 Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace,
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
 From nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he
 dy'd.

XI.

ON MR. GAY.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Firm'd to delight at once and last the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

ANOTHER.

Well then! poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honest Jack:
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cælum:

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature, and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, let Newton be! and all was light.

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms,
immediately after she arrived in France to see
him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

Yes, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart,
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth, one care, one wish beside!
Yes—Save my country, Heaven,
—He said, and dy'd.

XIV.

ON EDMOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd:
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WEST-
MINSTER-ABBEY.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep!
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

Under this marble, or under this fill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin,
What they said, or may say of the mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

XVI.

LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH *.

Here lies Lord Coningsby—be civil;
The rest God knows—so does the Devil.

XVII.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. Pope.

Respect to Dryden, Sheffield justly pay'd,
And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade:
But whence this barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages, humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

* This Epitaph, originally written on *Picus Mirandula*, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift.

LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE
FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me, I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted paper,

(for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles (a), and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem, is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against

paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But omitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so; since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate, he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration, and of his contempt, are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too

(a) Which we have done in a list printed in the Appendix.

"much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations(b). But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him, he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he

(b) *Essay on Criticism in French verse*, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Robotton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. *Rape of the Lock*, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris 1728; and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His *Essays and Dissertations on Homer*, several times translated into French. *Essay on Man*, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silbout, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of fashion(c). A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) "Vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam."

I am your most humble servant,

ST. JAMES'S, } WILLIAM CLELAND(d).
Dec. 22. 1728. }

(c) As Mr. Wycherly, at the time the town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsb, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: others only in epitaphs.

(d) This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England: in which, having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible (though without any other assistance of fortune), he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

DENNIS' REMARKS

ON PRINCE ARTHUR.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER OF MR. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the

town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mift, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A Satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exertions on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which, if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith, (a) he was educated at home; another (b) that he was

(a) *Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets*, vol. ii. in his *Life*. (b) *Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Crit.*

bred at St. Omer's, by Jesuits; a third (c) not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford! a fourth (d) that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith (e) he was kept by his father on purpose; a second (f), that he was an itinerant priest; a third (g), that he was a parson; one (h) calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another (i), a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one (k) supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another (l), a husbandman; another (m), a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon (n): "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his *Essay on Criticism*, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

(c) *Dunciad dissected*, p. 4. (d) *Guardian*, No. 48.

(e) *Jacob's Lives*, &c. vol. ii.

(f) *Dunciad dissected*, p. 4. (g) *Farmer P. and his son*.

(h) *Dunciad dissected*. (i) *Characters of the Times*, p. 45.

(k) *Female Dunciad*, p. ult. (l) *Dunciad dissected*.

(m) *Rome, Paraphrase on the ivth of Genesis*, printed 1729.

(n) *Character of Mr. P. and his Writings*, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10.

Curll, in his *Key to the Dunciad* (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though, in the subsequent editions of his key, he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the

Curliad, p. 4. and 8), that it was written by Dennis only.

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place: "What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence; and who, being poked by the former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably (o)."

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new, which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery (p)."

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED.

Who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth: (q) "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON,

"(r) The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the

(o) *Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.*

(p) *Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.*

(q) *Preface to his Poems, p. 18. 53.*

(r) *Spectator, No. 253.*

"most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt illusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire."

"Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind! The Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

"(s) That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Dispensary (t),

DR. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Clarendon, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candor if they approve of this."

Of the epistle to Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloisa in opposition to it: but forgot innocence and virtue; if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In

(s) *Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.*

(t) *Printed 1728, p. 12.*

which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens by the the Thames: "All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma* (u),

O Abelard? ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A filken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *Iliad*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, Knight,

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation (v)."

That ready writer

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extolls it (x), "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I should not admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could to lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiments in his *Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation* (printed in *Mist's Journal*, March 30, 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this translation of the *Iliad* was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; inasmuch that he employed a younger muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

(u) *Alma*, Cant. 2.

(v) In his *Essays*, vol. I. printed for E. Curll.

(x) *Censor*, vol. II. n. 33.

MR. ADDISON'S FREEHOLDER, N^o 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's *Virgil* of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest there is a slight mistake, for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before (y). Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the *Iliad*, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: "Let him" (quoth one, whom I take to be MR. THEOBALD, *Mist's Journal*, June 8, 1728). "publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same *Journalist* of June 8, "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousand of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription."

"After the *Iliad*, he undertook" (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.)

"the sequel of that work, the *Odyssy*; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.),

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himself in another of *Mist's journals*, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a

(y) *Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad*, 4to.

" great part of a book done by assistants, lest those
 " extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the
 " sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify; and the right honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the *Dunciad* Dissected reporteth, Mr. Wycherly had before " introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

" No sooner (saith the same journal) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused, no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own journals, and Curll had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, *Gent.*

" (z) Upon reading the third volume of Pope's miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the *Rival Modes*) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

" These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first

(z) *Daily Journal*, March 18, 1728.

" plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the *Rival Modes*, the said Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that " These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the Lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenious, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

" (a) The *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk* was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted: not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who

(a) *Daily Journal*, April 3, 1728.

Speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble
JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
 sums up his character in these lines :

" (b) And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
 " As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
 " Unless I justly could at once commend
 " A good companion, and as firm a friend ;
 " One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
 " Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he decypher'd by the honourable
SIMON HARCOURT.

" (c) Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt
 " thou choose,
 " What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant muse ?
 " Though each great ancient court thee to his
 " shrine, [thine,
 " Though every laurel through the dome be
 " Go to the good and just, and awful train !
 " Thy soul's delight,——"

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
 and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

" (d) Oh ! ever worthy, ever crown'd with
 " praise !
 " Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lay*,
 " Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
 " And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line,
 " Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 " Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse,
 " A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
 " Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil
 manners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet
 to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue :

" (e) Why slumbers Pope, who leads the muses
 " train, [plain ?"

" Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, com-

MR. MALLETT,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism :

" Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his
 " lays ;

" For wit supreme, is but his second praise ;"

MR. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in
 his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

" Now, fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age,
 " In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,

" And trace the author through his moral page,

" Whose blameless life still answers to his
 " song."

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical Poem of the Sea-
 sons :

" Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,

" Yet is his life the more endearing song."

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk,
 of Suffolk,

(b) Verses to Mr. Pope on his translation of Homer.

(c) Poem prefixed to his works.

(d) In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

(e) Universal Passion, Sat. i.

MR. WILLIAM BROOME,

" (f) Thus, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
 " From thy own life transcribe th' unnering
 " laws."

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St.
 Patrick's :

" A soul with every virtue fraught,
 " By patriots, priests, and poets taught.
 " Whose filial piety excels
 " Whatever Grecian story tells.
 " A genius for each business fit,
 " Whose meanest talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other
 side, and showing his character drawn by those
 with whom he never conversed, and whose coun-
 tenances he could not know, though turned against
 him : first again commencing with the high voiced
 and never enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism,
 thus describeth him : " A little affected hypocrite,
 " who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth,
 " friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magna-
 " nimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood,
 " that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his
 " contemporaries, he brands them with some defect
 " which was just contrary to some good quality,
 " for which all their friends and acquaintance
 " commend them. He seems to have a particular
 " pique to people of quality, and authors of that
 " rank.—He must derive his religion from St.
 " Omer's."—But in the character of Mr. P. and
 his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716, he
 saith, " Though he is a professor of the worst re-
 " ligion, yet he laughs at it ;" but that, " never-
 " theless, he is a virulent papist ; and yet a pillar
 " for the church of England."

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be ; declaring in Mist's Journal, of
 June 22, 1718, " That, if he is not shrewdly
 " abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both
 " parties in their own sentiments." But, as to his
 pique against people of quality, the same journal-
 list doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), " He had,
 " by some means or other, the acquaintance and
 " friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr.
 Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited,
 make it all plain, by assuring us, " That he is a crea-
 " ture that reconciles all contradictions : he is a
 " beast, and a man ; a Whig, and a Tory ; a writer
 " (at one and the same time) of (g) Guardians
 " and Examiners ; an assessor of liberty, and of
 " the dispensing power of kings ; a Jesuitical pro-
 " fessor of truth ; a base and a soul pretender to
 " candour." So that, upon the whole account,
 we must conclude him either to have been a great
 hypocrite, or a very honest man ; a terrible im-
 poster upon both parties, or very moderate to ei-
 ther.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good.

(f) In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

(g) The names of two weekly papers.

sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous; for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast (*b*). Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to ensure his person; says, he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life (*i*). One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself (*k*). But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament then under prosecution (*l*). Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom (*m*); and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that will, one day, show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meets (*n*). Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem (*o*). Mr. Curll boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses (*p*). And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation, as members of the Dunciad (*q*)!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares, "He has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellencies; that, notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him justice, at the expence of that other gentleman's character (*r*)."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarcely any thing truly and naturally written

(*b*) *Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.*

(*i*) *Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14. 16.*

(*k*) *Gulliveriana, p. 332. (l) Anno 1723.*

(*m*) *Anno 1723.*

(*n*) *Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.*

(*o*) *Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intituled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, 8vo, 1712.*

(*p*) *Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.*

(*q*) *A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.*

(*r*) *Introduction to his Shakspeare Restored, in quarto, p. 3*

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"upon love (*s*)."

He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his Preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only (*t*)."

The Author of a Letter to MR. CIBBER

says, "(*u*) Pope was so good a versifier (once) that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior, excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's. And that he had all the merit that a man can have that way." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

"But in his other works what beauties shine,

"While sweetest music dwells in every line!

"These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,

"And bade them live to brighten future days (*w*)."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell (*x*), in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

"'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show

"(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)

"That we should fame to these mere vocals give;

"Pope more than we can offer should receive:

"For when some gliding river is his theme,

"His lines runs smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similes, wonderfully short, and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was al-

(*s*) *Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8vo, 1721, p. 97, 98.*

(*t*) *In his prose Essay on Criticism.*

(*u*) *Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.*

(*w*) *Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.*

(*x*) *Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, 12mo, 1728.*

M

"most cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion (y)." Here we see our excellent laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON, in the most furious of all their works (the forecited character, p. 5.) do in concert (z) confess, "That some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "that he has got, like Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal (that is like Mr. Dryden), a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
"All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
"F, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
"Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
"Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
"Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear."

&c.

And

MR. LEONARD WELTSTED

thus wrote (a) to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said essay; "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is indeed above all commen-

(y) *Gibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.—12.*

(z) In concert.] *Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly shew, that we are not writers in concert with each other."*

"Sir,

"—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.

"Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of bearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves," &c.

CH. GILDON.

"Now, is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

(a) In a letter under his own hand, dated March 12. 1733.

"dation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of any weight, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *in-far omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this essay meets with (b).—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation (c).—If after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben. Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon one subject, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature; would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him that the People of England had made such a choice, the reader would believe me a malicious enemy, and slanderer; or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools (d)."

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of 200 l. from King George I. and 100 l. from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort, Mr. Dennis (e) ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell; but assures us that there is not one jest in them: and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention; but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works (f). *The Daily Journal*, May 11. 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the drama; because, as that writer thinks, the Marriage-hater matched, and the Boarding-school, are better than the What d'ye call it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's.

(b) Dennis, *pref. to his Reflect. on the the Essay on Criticism*.

(c) *Preface to his remarks on Homer*.

(d) *Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.*

(e) *Ib. p. 2.*

(f) *Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.*

Mr. Gildon assures us, in his *New Rehearsal*, (p. 48.) "That he was writing a play of the *Lady Jane Grey*;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called *Dr. Andrew Tripe* (g);" which proved to be one *Dr. Wagstaff's*. Mr. Theobald assures us, in *Mist* of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the *Profound* is very dull; and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says, "The whole, or greatest part of the merit of this treatise must, and can only be ascribed to *Gulliver* (h)." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, *Martinus Scriblerus*.]

We are assured, in *Mist* of June 8. "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by his concern, who was the true mother of the child (i)?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterpris-

ed one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy (k): If he took assistant in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public (l). The loftiest heroics; the lowest ballads; treatises against the state or church; satires on lords and ladies; raillery on wits and authors; squabbles with booksellers; or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author, to be yet better concealed: If it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character; of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed; or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

P.

(g) *Character of Mr. Pope*, p. 6.

(h) *Gulliv.* p. 336.

(i) *Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.* p. 19.

(k) *Burnet's Homerides*, p. 1. of his translation of the *Iliad*.

(l) *The London and Mist's Journals*, on his undertaking the *Odyssey*.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant; witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyss. x.* And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetics*, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely, from what we hear him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first epic poem written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssy*.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer, which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*: since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that on due reflection the maker might find it easier to paint a *Charlemagne*, a *Brute*, or a *Godfrey*, with just pomp, and dignity heroic, than a *Margites*, a *Codrüs*, or a *Fleckno*.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers; a set of men who neither scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

(a) Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory (b) (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers, and such works. (c) He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce (d): then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them (e), and, above all, that self-opinion (f) which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this

(a) *Vide Bossu, Du Poem Epique, chap. viii.*

(b) *Bossu, chap. vii.*

(c) *Book i. ver. 32. &c.*

(d) *Ver. 45. to 54.*

(e) *Ver. 57. to 77.*

(f) *Book i. ver. 80.*

bad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action: (g) and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singeth only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner, our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness, and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name (h): he finds it to be ———: and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes; each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only; and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicatress; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest: assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiment so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personage, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls

them, "a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies (i):" but adds, our author's wit is remarkably "more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular; the comparisons very quaint; the narration various, yet of one colour: the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subject to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular illusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant, abused as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*; declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poetry: though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his *Alfred* (k). True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth, than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis; who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

(g) *Ibid.* chap. vii. viii.

(h) *Boswell*, chap. viii. *Vide Arist. Poet.* cap. ix.

(i) *Cibber's letter to Mr. P.* p. 9, 12, 44.

(k) *See his Essays.*

RICARDUS ARISTARCHAS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putrid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the primum mobile of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these fons of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: "Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex honorum caritate descendit." Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just.

"For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the muse arose the little epic (more lively and cholerick than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic): and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the composition of their Tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient Dunciads) as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete Tetralogy; in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or as the French critics express it, un honnête homme (a): but it never admitted of a doubt, but that the hero of the little epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be,

(a) *Si un Heros Poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poëme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.*

where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, to admit of what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero, are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery, from which assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? “Let the world (will such an one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT (b).” This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices, which every body knows we have. “The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my life very pleasantly with them” In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, “whether it would not be vanity in him, to take shame to himself for not being a wise man?”

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero, is, that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but Gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed his “sumum bonum in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in,” adds, “If I am misguided, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow HER (c).” Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his FACE “more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;”

(b) *Ded. to the Life of C. C.*

(c) *Life of C. C. p. 23. 2d. edit.*

and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakspeare calls it) summer-teeming lust, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use: for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. “Dont you think (argueth he), to say ‘only a man has his whore (d),’ ‘ought to go for little or nothing? Because *defendit numerus*; take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, has been guilty of the same frailty (e).” But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero, who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life: not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning,

“—Servetur ad IMUM
“Qualis ab incepto processerat—”

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implied she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could advise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth buffoonry, the source of ridicule, that “laughing ornament,” as he well termeth it (f), of the little epic.

(d) Alluding to these lines in the *Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot*:

“And has not Colly still his lord and whore,
“His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?”

(e) *Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.*

(f) *Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.*

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not reason but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguisheth our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design MUST have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our HAPPINESS, as by our *O's* sublime (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift the dignity of our FORM above them (i)." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth, not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? and whose *O's* sublime is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden?

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the Gods: for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient Gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out, this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, If so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham hero or phantom: but it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines," (though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as becometh any associate or consort in empire), he loudly resenteth this dignity to violated majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he be-

ing there represented as fast asleep; so misbecoming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah! (saith he), fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool (l)." However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will (m) live at least, though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandante, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, Patience, and shuffle the cards (n).

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things, either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person, "never a hero even on the stage," to this dignity of colleague in the empire of dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, "Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ:" that every man is the smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragoneth himself; at one time to Alexander the Great, and Charles the XII. of Sweden for the excess and delicacy of his ambition; to Henry the IV. of France, for honest policy; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power: at another time, to the god-like Socrates for his diversions and amusements; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired; to two Lord Chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of elo-

(l) Letter, p. 53.

(m) Letter, p. 1.

(n) Don Quixotte, part ii. book ii. ch. 22.

(i) Letter, p. 8.

quence; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the revolution face to face in Nottingham; at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with old battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this revolution; and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both (p). And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all; and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it, (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had: even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seamen; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course.—" For if Solon said well,

—ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet!

"if no man can be called happy till his death,

(p) *A Statuary.*

"surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune." And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonry, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me: nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c." Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law Epopeian) and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive!—Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, *My dulness will find somebody to do it right.*

"Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre patem
"rantem

"Congelat, et patulos, ut erunt, induat hias
"tus." (a)

(a) *Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.*

THE DUNCIAD.



BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the Laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

OC. Ch.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddesses in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bays * to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire: After debating

whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddesses beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the poet laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. The mighty mother, &c.] In the first edition it was thus,
Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
Say, great patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works (so Jove and Fate require)

VARIATION.

* In the first editions Tibbald was the hero of the poem, which will account for most of the subsequent variations.

I sing. Say you, her instruments the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

VARIATION.

Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still——

REMARKS.

The Dunciad, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled Dunceiad, as the etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceiad with an e. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter e, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two ee's (as Shakspear), which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a single letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon."

THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate antiquary, and autograph of Shakespeare, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first e. And upon this authority it was, that those most critical curators of his monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the new spelling on a new piece of old Egyptian granite. Not for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same monument the first specimen of an edition of an author in marble; where (as may be seen on comparing the tomb with the book) in the space of five lines, two words and a whole verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in paper; as for the future, our learned sister university (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a total new Shakespeare at the Clarendon press.

BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the inscription with the name of Shakespeare was intended to be placed on the marble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an edition is put on the scroll, which indeed Shakespeare hath great reason to point at.

ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter E, as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunceiade; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One e therefore

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;

REMARKS.

in this case is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason). In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact of Mr. Thomas Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, sic MS. In like manner we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it obiter, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

SCRIBL.

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo: and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunders filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

"——who brings

"The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings."

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero: who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof: this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in

Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
 And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
 In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thunderer's head, 10
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS.

his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

"Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first."
 BENTL.

Ver. 1. The mighty mother and her son, &c.] The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the mother, and not the son, is the principal agent of this poem; the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition), the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield muses.] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degrees of activity and boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with a nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion)

"Will see his work, like Jacob's ladder rise,
 Its foot in dirt, its head amidst the skies."

BENTL.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 20
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind.
 Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Bæotia though her power retires,
 Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires,
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her
 down, 30

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;

VARIATION.

Ver. 29—39. Close to those walls, &c.] In the former edition thus:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
 A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
 Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
 Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
 Here in one bed two shivering sisters lie,
 The cave of poverty and poetry.
 This, the great mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall;
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.
 Hence spring each weekly muse the living boast,
 &c.

Var. Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair. Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old clothes and frippery are sold.

REMARKS.

Ver. 17. Still her old empire to restore] This restoration makes the completion of the poem.—Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22.—laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praise the court, or magnify mankind.] Ironical, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleas'd to recal.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our realm acquires] Ironical iterum. The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand.] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the post-laureate. The

One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post :
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines, 41
Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines :
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race,
In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 41. in the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St. Cecilia's feast.

REMARKS.

two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at court, to ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or ferocity as dulness; and not so much to dulness as to necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

Ver. 40. Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:] Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactor to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Ver. 43. Sepulchral lies] is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram :

" Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
" So very much is said;
" One half will never be believ'd,
" The other never read."

Ver. 44. New-year odes.] Made by the poet laureate for the time being, to be sung at court on

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake: 50
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching
jail ;

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, Truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play ;
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;

There motly images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike.

She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance ;

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace ;

How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race ; 70

How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land ;

Here gay Description Egypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers ;

Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,

In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene. 80

She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views ;

Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the other day when * * rich and
grave,

Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave :

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every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The new-year odes of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our author to mention them here so particularly.

Ver. 45. In clouded majesty here Dulness shone.] See this cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonson. The famous race of booksellers of that name.

Ver. 85, 86. 'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a

(Pomps without guile, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
faces)

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more. 90
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire imprest and glaring in his son: 100
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 85. in the former editions.

'Twas on the day when Thorald rich and grave.]
Sir George Thorald, Lord Mayor of London, in
the year 1720.

REMARKS.

Lord Mayor's day; his name the author had left
in blanks, but most certainly could never be that
which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no
way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly
by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous
Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and
another by land, on the same day, over the Per-
sians and Barbarians.

Ver. 90. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day
more.] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with
poets in praise of poetry.

Ibid. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day
more.] Settle was poet to the city of London. His
office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the
Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pa-
geants: But that part of the shows being at length
frugally abolished, the employment of city poet
ceased; so that upon Settle's demise, there was no
successor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whose interludes were
printed in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 103. Old Pryn in restless Daniel] The first
edition had it.

She saw in Norton all his father shine:

a great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but
Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never
attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel
himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom
wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the
poem *de Jure Divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by some
lines in Cowley's *Miscellanies* on the other. And
both these authors had a resemblance in their fates
as well as their writings, having been alike sen-
tenced to the pillory.

Ver. 104. And Eusden eke out, &c.] Laurence
Eusden, poet laureate, Mr. Jacob gives a cata-

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page
And all the mighty mad in Dennis' rage.

In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 108. But chief in Bays's, &c.] In the former
edition, thus,

But chief in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees gods with dæmons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heaven, and hell her battles wage.

She ey'd the bard, where supperless he fate;
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;

Studious he fate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. Tibbald.] Author of a pamphlet intituled
Shakspeare restored. During two whole years,
while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shak-
speare, he published advertisements, requesting as-
sistance, and promising satisfaction to any who
could contribute to its greater perfection. But this
restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours
of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till
after its publication (which he was since not ashamed
to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26. 1728):
And then an outcry was made in the prints, that
our author had joined with the bookseller to raise
an extravagant subscription; in which he had no
share, of which he had no knowledge, and against
which he had publicly advertised his own propo-
sals for Homer. Probably that proceeding elevat-
ed Tibbald to the dignity he now holds in this
poem, which he seems to deserve no other way
better than his brethren; unless we impute it to
the share he had in the *Journals*, cited among the
Testimonies of Authors prefixed to this work.

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logue of some few only of his works, which were
very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his *Battle of Poets*,
saith of him,

"Eusden, a laurell'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*,
p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galatratia's
"he ever met with, none comes up to some verses
"of this poet, which have as much of the ridi-
"culum and the sustain in them as can well be
"jumbled together, and are of that sort of non-
"sense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas,
"that there is no distinct one left in the mind."
Further he says of him, "That he hath prophe-
"sied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catul-
"lus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little
"hopes of the accomplishment of it from what
"he hath lately published." Upon which Mr.
Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the
"putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such
"verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the
"judgment and justice of those who bestowed
"it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well known learning of
that noble person, who was then Lord Chamberlain,
might have screened him from this unmannerly

Bays, form'd by Nature, stage, and town to blefs,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with fucces. 110

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reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

"—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,

"But I, the true laureate, to whom the king gave it,

"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,

"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following epigram made on that occasion:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Abraham and Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

Ver. 106. And all the mighty mad in Dennis' rage.] Mr. Theobald, in the *Censor*, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of *Furius*. "The modern *Furius* is to be looked upon more as an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man" [I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared] "suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—Poor *Furius* (again) when any of his contemporaries are well spoken of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his heart, but the sacrifice of his revenge," &c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once.

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"immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-backed toad. A book, through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the *Essay on Criticism*, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are so strong and coercive. "I regard him (saith he) as an enemy, not so much to me, as to my king, to my country, to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic madness of the times, have given him reputation, and reputation (as Hobbes says) is power, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am; to my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assessor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular error has thrown round him; and to show that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions." DENNIS' Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Besides these public spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curll, my bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have, with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his slander and his poison." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which fact, see a full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two-pence, called a *True character of Mr. Pope and his Writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people in those calamities and diseases which he

Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:

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"himself gave them, by administering poison to
"them:" and is called (p. 4.) a lurking way-
"laying coward, and a stabber in the dark."
Which (with many other things most lively set
forth in that piece) must have rendered him a ter-
ror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian
people. This charitable warning only provoked
our incorrigible poet to write the following epi-
gram:

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your bro-
ther, [ther:
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mo-
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a
saddler in London, born in 1657. He paid court
to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some cor-
respondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Con-
greve, he immediately obliged the public with their
letters. He made himself known to the Govern-
ment by many admirable schemes and projects;
which the Ministry, for reasons best known to
themselves, constantly kept private. For his cha-
racter, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr.
"Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, per-
"fectly regular in all his performances, and a per-
"son of sound learning. That he is master of a
"great deal of penetration and judgment, his cri-
"ticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do suf-
"ficiently demonstrate." From the same account
it also appears that he writ plays "more to get
reputation than money." Dennis of himself. See
Giles Jacob's Lives of Dramatic Poets, p. 68, 69,
compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by Nature, &c.] It is
hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his
hero's character, which it were a great mistake to
imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is al-
lowed to have supported it with a wonderful
mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened
according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote
to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might
"have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull,
"and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He
then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that
"he could not think himself so, nor believe that
"our poet did; but that he spake worse of him
"than he could possibly think; and concluded it
"must be merely to show his wit, or for some
"profit or lucre to himself." Life of C. C. chap.
"vii. and letter to Mr. P. page 15, 40, 53. And
to show his claim to what the poet was so unwil-
ling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull,
he declares he will have the last word; which oc-
casioned the following epigram:

Swearing and supperless the hero fate,
Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it to the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair. 120
Round him much embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slip'd through crags and zig-zags of the
dead:

All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and footerkins of wit.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 121. Round him much embryo, &c.] In the
former editions, thus,
He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild.
Or where, by sculpture made forever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf, &c.

REMARKS.

Quoth Cibber to Pope, "Though in verse you
foreclose, [prose."
"I'll have the last word: for, by G—, I'll write
Poor Colly, thy reasoning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the word that lasts
longest.

Ver. 115. supperless the hero fate.] It is amaz-
ing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by
all the former commentators, who most idly sup-
pose it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted
a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that
we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyss-
ey is frequently in that circumstance, and there-
fore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of
epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity,
to which the greatest, not only of critics and poets,
but of kings and warriors, have been subject. But
much more refined, I will venture to say, is the
meaning of our author: It was to give us oblique-
ly a curious precept, or what Bossu calls a disguised
sentence, that "Temperance is the life of Study."
The language of poesy brings all into action; and
to represent a critic encompassed with books but
without a supper, is a picture which lively expres-
seth how much the true critic prefers the diet of
the mind to that of the body, one of which he al-
ways castigates, and often totally neglects, for the
greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But since the discovery of the true hero of the
poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natu-
ral, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of re-
putation by his play, as that the poet should have
no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how
well has the poet consulted his heroic character, in
adding that he swore all the time? BENTL.

Ver. 131. poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes.] A
great number of them taken out to patch up his
plays.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere:
 There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Sach with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is sav'd for beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

REMARKS.

Ver. 132. The frippery] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as good a housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment." *Life*, p. 217, octavo.

Ver. 133. hapless Shakspeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakspeare. He was frequently liberal in this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." *Letter to Mr. P.* p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakspeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of *Mist's Journals*, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that shall escape them all."

Ver. 134. Wish'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakspeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakspeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

Ver. 135. The rest on outside merit, &c.] This library is divided into three parts: The first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great.] "John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time, sending into the world so many large volumes." His translations of Homer

VOL. VIII.

Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
 But high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 145 in the first edit. it was
 A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
 Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note.

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—ly, W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the *Life of Christ* in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind, on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

"George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him." WINSTANLY.—Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest dull man. Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

REMARKS.

"and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter."

WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets*.

Ver. 142. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.] "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity, in print, three ample volumes of her studious endeavours." WINSTANLY, *ibid.*—Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her *Grace's*; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his brother laureat; only, indeed, upon half pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dress'd in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in *Perolla* and *Isidora*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben. Johnson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More solid learning.] Some have objected, that books of this sort, suit not so well the

N

There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side, 149
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ;
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear :

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise :
An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays
That altar crowns : A folio common-place 159
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base :
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre ;
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

Then he : Great Tamer of all human art !
First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 152. Old bodies of philosophy appear.

Ver. 162. A twisted, &c.] In the former edit.
And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.

Var. A little Ajax.] In 12mo, translated from
Sophocles, by Tibbald.

Ver. 167, 168. Not in the first editions.

REMARKS.

library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted
of novels, plays, and obscene books : but they are
to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for
ornament, and read these books no more than the
dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were pur-
chased by his father when he designed him for the
gown. See the note on ver. 260.

Ver. 149. Caxton.] A printer in the time of
Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. ; Wynkyn de
Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII.
The former translated into prose Virgil's *Æneis*, as
a history ; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a
very singular manner, as of a book hardly known.
Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's*
Journal of March 16. 1728, concerning a strange
and marvellous beast, called *Sagittayre*, which
he would have Shakspeare to mean rather than
Teucer, the archer celebrated by Homer.

Ver. 153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very
voluminous commentator ; whose works, in five
vast folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, doctor in physic.]
“ He translated so many books, that a man would
“ think he had done nothing else ; insomuch that
“ he might be called translator-general of his age.
“ The books alone of his turning into English, are
“ sufficient to make a country gentleman a com-
“ plete library.”

WINSTANLY.

Ver. 167. E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig.] The
first visible cause of the passion of the town for our
hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig,
which he tells us he wore in his first play of the
Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular man-
ner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to

O thou ! of business the directing soul !
To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more
true,

Obliquely waddling to the mark in view :
O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
And lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 170. To human heads, &c.

Ver. 171. Makes their aim.

Ver. 177. Or if to wit, &c.] In the former edit.
Ah ! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land ;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but show her coward face, and dies :
There thy good scholiasts with unwearied pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains :
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakspeare once a week.
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read ;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays ;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddesses, and about it,
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind ;
So gravest precepts may successful prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. Now sleeps one error—Old puns restore
lost blunders, &c.] As where he (Tibbald) labour-
ed to prove Shakspeare guilty of terrible anachro-
nisms, or low conundrums, which time had cover-
ed ; and conversant in such authors as Caxton and
Wynkyn, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay,
so far had he lost his reverence to this incompara-
ble author, as to say in print, he deserved to be
whipt. An insolence which nothing sure can pa-
rallel ! but that of Dennis, who can be proved to
have declared before company, that Shakspeare
was a rascal. *O tempora ! O mores !*

Var. And crucify poor Shakspeare one a week.]
For some time, once a week or fortnight, he print-
ed in *Mist's Journal*, a single remark, or poor con-
jecture, on some word or pointing of Shakspeare,
either in his own name, or in letters to himself, as
from others, without name. Upon these, somebo-
dy made this epigram :

“ 'Tis generous, Tibbald ! in thee and thy bro-
“ thers,

“ To help us thus to read the works of others :

“ Never for this can just returns be shown ;

“ For who will help us e'er to read thy own ?”

Or quite unravel all the réas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
 Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
 And were my elasticity and fire.
 Some dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
 This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure had Heaven decreed to save the state,
 Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.

VARIATIONS.

Var. Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.] As to Cook's Hesiod, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him: And to Moore's comedy of the Rival Modes, and other authors of the same rank: These were people who writ about the year 1726.

Ver. 195. Yet sure, had Heaven, &c.] In the former edit.

Had Heaven decreed such works a longer date,
 Heaven had decreed to spare the Grub-street state.
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Could Troy be sav'd, &c.

REMARKS.

purchase it. "Whatever contempt (says he) philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure; first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

Ver. 178, 179. Guard the sure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.] For Wit or Reasoning are never greatly hurtful to Dulness, but when the first is founded in truth, and the other in usefulness.

Ver. 181. As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.] The thought of these four verses is founded in a poem of our author's, of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) so the author of a poem called *Successio*.

Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200
 Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
 (A friend to party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.
 Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal, 209
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?

VARIATIONS.

Instead of ver. 200—246. in the former edits.
 Take up th' attorney's (once my better) guide?
 Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
 And save the state by cackling to the Tories.
 Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.
 And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
 Adieu, my children: better thus expire
 Unstall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire,
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocers hands,
 Or ship'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
 Or wasting ginger, round the streets to run,
 And visit ale-house, where ye first begun.
 With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 198.—gray goose weapon.] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the gray-goose.

Ver. 199. My Fletcher.] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak this of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library; "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a bishop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be sav'd—This gray-goose weapon.]

"—Si Pergama dextra
 "Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent."
 VIRG. ib.

Ver. 202. This box my thunder, this right hand my God.]

"Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro."
 —Virgil, of the Gods of Mæzantiis.

Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

REMARKS.

"postpone mine, till theirs were determined: But
"had my father carried me a month sooner to the
"University, who knows but that purer fountain
"might have washed my imperfections into a ca-
"pacity of writing, instead of plays and annual
"odes, sermons, and pastoral letters?"

Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver. 203. At White's, amidst the doctors.] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were justly styled subtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open.

SCRIBL.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice; a cant phrase used among gamblers. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Mist.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying Post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories.] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the capitol; of which Virgil, *Æn.* viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
"Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the Virgilian Majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Ecl.* ix.

"—— argutos inter strepere anser olores."

Read it, therefore, adesse strepebat. And why auratis porticibus? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it auritis. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

"—— Auritas fidibus canoris
"Ducere quercus."

And to say that walls have ears is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingeniously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial wri-

Hold —— to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my
crown;

At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's
fault)

Go, purify'd by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230

REMARKS.

ters whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme
"powers, as the geese by their cackling defended
"the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they fa-
"voured them no more than the Gauls, their ene-
"mies, but were as ready to have defended the
"Gauls, if they had been possessed of the Capi-
"tol."——*Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.*

Ver. 215. Gazetteers.] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead.] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the laureat being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great modesty—modest Cibber—read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly classical, and what is more, Homeric; the dog was the ancient, as the bitch is the modern symbol of impudence: *Κυνὸς ὀφθαλμοῖς ἔχων*, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the dog with three heads. But as to the latter part of this verse, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading.

BENTL.

Ver. 225. O born in sin, &c.] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting, like a parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. My better and more Christian progeny!] "It may be observable, that my muse and
"my spouse were equally prolific; that the one
"was seldom the mother of a child, but in the
"same year the other made me the father of a
"play. I think we had a dozen of each sort be-
"tween us; of both which kinds some died in
"their infancy," &c. *Life of C. C.* p. 217. 2vo
edit.

Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not, sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire;
Nor wrap up oranges to pelt your fire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest! 240
Soon to the mass of Nonsense to return, [born.
Where things destroy'd are swept to things un-
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the seven-fold face:
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the former edit.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes,
When the last blaze, &c.

Var. Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,

In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.]
Memnon, a hero in the Persian Princess, very apt

REMARKS.

Ver. 231. gratis-given Bland,---Sent with a pass.] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233---with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party." JACOB, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the plantations.---Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.

Ver. 238, 240. Tate---Shadwell] Two of his predecessors in the laurel.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed;

VARIATIONS.

to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

"By heaven! it fires my frozen blood with rage,
"And makes it scald my aged trunk."---

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother* (a play written between Theobald and a watch-maker). The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the farces of this author, in which Ceres, setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the play-house.

Var. And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.] He had been (to use an expression of our poet) about Æschylus for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same; but then went about other books. The character of this tragic poet, is fire and boldness in a high degree; but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which, was made this epigram,

"Alas, poor Æschylus! unlucky dog!
"Whom once a lobster kill'd, and now a log!"

But this is a grievous error; for Æschylus was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, *testis Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.* SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

in these few lines); the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253. the dear Nonjuror---Moliere's old stubble] A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government. He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the *Asbestos*, which cannot be consumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face: [mayors
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So, spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their native place.

This the great mother dearer held than all 269
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And here she plann'd th' Imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to
Now leave all memory of sense behind: [find,
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Shall thanks to France, and none to Rome or
Greece,

A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Cor-
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. [neille,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 268. in the former Ed. followed
these two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

Var. And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.]
Tibbald writ a poem called the Cave of Poverty,
which concludes with a very extraordinary wish,
"That some great genius, or man of distinguished
"merit, may be starved, in order to celebrate her
"power, and describe her cave." It was printed
in octavo, 1715.

Ver. 286. Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

Ver. 269. Great mother] Magna mater, here
applied to Dulness. The Quidnuncs, a name given
to the ancient members of certain political clubs,
who were constantly inquiring Quid nunc? What
news?

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald, as pro-
nounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an
attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob)
of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some
forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He
was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and
a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot,
"one hight Wachum, who, from an under-spur-
"leather to the law, is become an under-strapper
"to the play-house, who hath lately burlesqued
"the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation,
"&c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent
"paper called the Censor." DENNIS, Rem. on
Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heidegger and owl) 290
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 293. Know, Eusden, &c.] In the former Ed.
Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard, rest.
I see a king! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns;
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, blest my throne!
I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more,
God save king Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

REMARKS.

Ibid. Ozell.] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit
"Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire,
"where somebody left him something to live on,
"when he shall retire from business. He was de-
"signed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for
"priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in
"an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified
"for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and wri-
"ting the necessary hands. He has obliged the
"world with many translations of French plays."
JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly
short of his merits, and he ought to have further
justice done him, having since fully confuted all
sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an adver-
tisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the
Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this
"envious wretch knew, and every body knows,
"that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago,
"were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for
"discovering the erroneous translations of the
"Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French,
"Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland
"show better verses in all Pope's works, than
"Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the
"late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he
"complimented him with leave to dedicate it to
"him, &c. Let him show better and truer poetry
"in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape
"of the Bucket (la Secchia rapita). And Mr.
"Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's
"translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so
"likewise superior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every
"man is free to deserve well of his country!"

JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testi-
monies, as those of the bench of Bishops, Mr. To-
land, and Mr. Gildon.

Ver. 290. a Heidegger] A strange bird from
Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the

Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon
rest,

And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at Court. 300
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, found ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.

And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing, 309
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.

O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And fuckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:

REMARKS.

name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

Ver. 296. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels in the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, intitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. Howard,] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exemption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his majesty accidentally being acquainted with, with a just indignation, prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

"Greatest and justest SOVEREIGN; know you this;
"Alas! no more, than Thames calm head can
"know, [o'erflow."

"Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn
DONNE to Queen Eliz.

Till senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:
God save king Cibber! mounts in every note. 320
Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)

REMARKS.

Ver. 319. Chapel-royal] The voices and instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough" by her profession to leave it off in time, and "make her peace with God." But her fate was "not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a wit of those times made this epigram:
"When laureates make odes, do you ask of what
fort?"

"Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?"

"You may judge—From the Devil they come to
"the Court,

"And go from the Court to the Devil."

Ver. 328—Ogilby)—God save King Log!] See Ogilby's *Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the frogs and their king, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ! which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than the words in the preface to his poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case, that has ever been given by any author?

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following epigram:

"Ye little wits, that gleam'd a-while,
"When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
"Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
"How soon ye fade away!

"To compass Phœbus' car about,
"Thus empty vapours rise,

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log!

REMARKS.

"Each lends his cloud to put him out,
"That rear'd him to the skies.

"Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
"There he shall ever burn:

"Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
"And must to earth return."

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, *Odyss.* xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: The first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne.

REMARKS.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion; the second, that a critic cannot choose but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could never have used it; and, secondly, that he must have used that very one, which we conjecture, in its stead.

Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,

REMARKS.

We cannot therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a critic he merits the acknowledgement of all sound commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, 'The Primitive Eucharist.' See the history of this person, book iii.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Irish throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. Themistius, *Orat.* i.

Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,] Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curll) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the rostrum for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." [*Curlliad*, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the history of his being tost in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leest in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug," p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly those of the printer. Since what moved us to this work, was solely the love of truth not in the least any vain-glory, or desire to contend with great authors. And farther, our mistakes, we conceive, will the rather

Great Cibber fate: The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their
face. 10

So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point
their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd.
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capital saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of Wit.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.

They summon all her race: An endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 5. Great Tibbald nods.

Ver. 8. In the former edit.

On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze.

The four next lines are added.

Ver. 17.

To grace this honour'd day, the queen proclaims

Ver. 19. She summons all her sons, &c.

REMARKS.

be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such persons and works as do ever shun the light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our antagonists: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: For surely in this work, it hath been above all things our desire to provoke no man. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexis*. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the Court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, *Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii.* Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his *Prolusions*.

* See life of G. C. chap. vi. p. 142.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the
Strand,

But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With authors, stationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.

All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair, 40
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;

And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol pert and vain!
Never was dash'd out at one lucky hit,

A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

REMARKS.

Ver. 34. And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.] This species of mirth called a joke, arising from a *Malentendu*, may be well supposed to be the delight of Dulness.

Ver. 47. Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit.] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the phantom More.] CURLL, in his *Key to the Dunciad*, affirmed this to be James-Moore Smith, Esq.; and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief: "Sir," (said the thief, finding himself detected) "do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good as take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an *Historico-physical account of the South Sea*; and of Mr. Pope the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young; F. Billers, Esq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the

All gaze with ardour : some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

REMARKS.

letter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it : unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728.) " That the contempt " which he and others had for these pieces," (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own) " occasioned their being lost, and " for that cause only not returned " A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram :

" Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
" He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
" And yet in this no vanity is shown;
" A modest man may like what's not his own."

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers; who having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore wherein Mr. Pope was called first of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage, to give those verses another turn, to wit, " That " Pope might now be the first, because Moore, " had left him unrivalled, in turning his style to " Comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto :

" Hic cæstus, artemque repono."

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans : Cosmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker; and some un-owned Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen of verses to himself, which every reader has done for him; since the name itself is not spelled Moore, but More; and, lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has not proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. More from *μῆρος*, stultus, *μωρία*, stultitia, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, " Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, " quod tam ad Morie vocabulum accedit quam es " ipse a re alienus" Dedication of Morie Enco-

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :

" This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes;
" With me began this genius, and shall end."

He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll; " Behold that rival here ;

REMARKS.

mium on Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiarist, Vale ! More ! et moriam tuam graviter defende. Adieu ! More ! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntless Curll;] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it had ever before arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: He speaks like the intrepid Diomede; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the gods; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once instructive and prophetic; after this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: Witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever

"The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
 "So take the hindmost, hell," (he said) and run.
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind, 61
 He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
 So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop 71
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
 Here fortun'd Curll to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the
 Strand.

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any god's, or more; 70
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his fate two spacious vents appear,
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind;
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply; 90

VARIATION.

Ver. 67.

With legs expanded, Bernard urg'd the race,
 And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

REMARKS.

since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favour since received from him: So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time" or other, the better or the worse, for having "but seen or spoken to a good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either those gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 12. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full, not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms] The Bible, Curll's sign: the Cross-keys, Lintot's.

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
 Sign'd with that Ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's prayer,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
 Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
 Listening delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 109
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vigorous he rises; from the effluvia strong,
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight, 111
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
 His papers, light, fly diverse, tost in air;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
 And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift,
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
 That once so flatter'd, and that once so writ 120
 Heaven rings with laughter: Of the laughter
 vain,

Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 99.—104. In former edit. thus:
 (Oft as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 The goddess favour'd him, and favours yet)

REMARKS.

Ver. 101. Where, as he fish'd, &c.] See the preface to Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned, See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. an unpay'd taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, *Dedic. to Sawney*, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets: But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not" in debt, it was because nobody would trust "him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addison, and Prior:] These authors being such whose names will reach

Meers, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought!
 Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught.
 Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
 So Proteus hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130
 To him the goddess: son! thy grief lay down
 And turn this whole illusion on the town:
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at
 Paris
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;)
 Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
 Cook shall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:

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posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Befaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—“Bond writ a satire against Mr. P.—Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality,” says, CURLL, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Mears, Warner, Wilkins] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

Ver. 126. Breval, Bund, Befaleel,] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may be seen; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curll declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the *Confederates*; but the same Curll first said it was written by Joseph Gay: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet: But where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Befaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

Ver. 128. Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.—The ambiguity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illusion on the town:] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Ver. 138. Cook shall be Prior,] The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of the Poets*, in which Philips and Warton were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British, London, and Daily Journals*: and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of

So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison. 140

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Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. and Concanen, Swift:] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill the verse, and give ease to the reader.

Ver. 140. And we too boast our Garth and Addison.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be the author of the *Careless Husband*). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth to pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author.

“The craven rook, and pert jack-daw,
 “(Though neither birds of moral kind)
 “Yet serve, if hang'd, and stuff'd with straw,
 “To show us which way blows the wind.

“Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
 “Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
 “Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
 “And point instruction every way.

“With Egypt's art thy pen may strive:
 “One potent drop let this but shed,
 “And every rogue that stunk alive,
 “Becomes a precious mummy dead.”

Ver. 142. rueful length of face] “The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his genius: An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the *Dunciad* hath libelled a person for his rueful

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the faces her confessors endure.
Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might you view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket high in air he flies.

REMARKS.

"length of face!" *Mist's Journal*, June 8. The genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he stood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflection on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; it is often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning, which God and Nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption, ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. It is certain his original is not from Adam, but from the devil." &c.—*Dennis, Character of Mr. P.* 8vo. 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator than to behold his author thus pourtray'd? Yet I consider it really hurts not him! whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little ass or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of balatro, calceatum caput, scurra in trivis, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentlemen of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his humanity. But it was far

And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane, but
knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows!

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otherwise with the gentleman of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:

- "While malice, Pope, denies thy page
"Its own celestial fire;
"While critics, and while bards in rage,
"Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth assail,
"And envious tongues decry;
"These times though many a friend bewail,
"These times bewail not I.

"But when the world's loud praise is thine,
"And spleen no more shall blame,
"When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
"In one establish'd fame:

"When none shall rail, and every lay
"Devote a wreath to thee;
"That day (for come it will) that day
"Shall I lament to see."

Ver. 143. A shaggy tapestry,] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne. Faces as frightful as theirs who whipt Christ in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough. &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observer*: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the *Flying-Post* and *Post-Boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

Ver. 151. Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edmund Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous

In every loom our labours shall be seen,
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!
 See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
 In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
 The goddess then: "Who best can send on high
 " The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
 " His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 " With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 " This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
 Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife,
 (Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)

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manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbances of private happiness. Our good poet, (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not show his indignation, hath shown his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poesy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of love, see Curll, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures; that, though she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Ver. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

Ver. 167. Osborne, Thomas] A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. [Chapman, the publisher of Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia, &c.] This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which book he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739, "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see

One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size. 170
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post:
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
 (Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
 A second effort brought but new disgrace,
 The wild Meander wash'd the artist's face:
 Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
 Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted
 urn;
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

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"his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done! What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom virtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed, can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.

Ver. 183. Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines: thus,

"And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to
 " flow;
 " His rapid waters in their passage glow."

This I cannot but think the right: For, first, though the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word glow in other parts of his works: To instance only in his Homer:

- (1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726. With one resentment glows,
- (2.) Iliad xi. ver. 926. There the battle glows.
- (3.) Ibid. ver. 985. The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.
- (4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45. Encompass'd Hector glows.
- (5.) Ibid. ver. 475. His beating breast with generous ardour glows.
- (6.) Iliad xvii. ver. 591. Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
- (7.) Ibid. ver. 654. And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in exam-

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain; 191
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
"He wins this patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous talk commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Wellsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205. In former edit. Wellsted.

Ver. 207. In the first edit.

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

And again in ver. 209. Unlucky Oldmixon!

REMARKS.

ples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which, therefore let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time: But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half SCRIBL.

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.

Ver. 207. Wellsted] Leonard Wellsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a letter in verse from Paiz-

Unlucky Wellsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The queen of love
Her sister sends, her votarefs, from above,
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his grace's secretary. 220

Now turn to different sports (the goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chattering shames the monkey
tribe:

And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass.
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud
din:

The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;

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mon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. [He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the hymn of a gentleman to his Creator: And there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characterised in the *Πασι Βαθυσ*, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

"Dear Wellsted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a mole:
"Above ground never born to grow;
"What mighty stir it keeps below!
"To make a mole-hill all his strife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
"How proud a little dirt to spread;
"Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
"Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
"It blunders into light and dies."]

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

Ver. 226. With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same: but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a

'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering
all,

And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Diffonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
And Demonstration thin, and Thefes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.

Hold (cry'd the queen); A cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!

But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake! 250

Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So swells each wind pipe: as intones to as,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from labouring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attemper'd to the vocal nose;

Or such as bellow from the deep divine; [thine.
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield!
But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain;

Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
In Tottenham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!

Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.

All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 241, 242. added since the first edition.

Ver. 257, 258. This couplet is an addition.

REMARKS.

new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing
some, and cried, "Sdeath! that is my thunder."

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417. J. Durant
Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of
travels, and some poems. See before, note on
ver. 126.

Ver. 258. Webster—and Whitfield] [The one
the writer of a newspaper called the Weekly Mis-
cellany, the other a field preacher. This thought
the only means of advancing religion was by the
new-birth of spiritual madness: That by the old
death of fire and faggot: and therefore they a-
greed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to
abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success
of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn
how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are,
while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to
lend his power to the one, in order to the employ-
ing it against the other.]

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place
where the offices of Chancery are kept. The
long detention of clients in that court, and the dif-
ficulty of getting out, is humourously allegorized
in these lines.

Ver. 268. Who sings so loudly, and who sings

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning-prayers and flagellation end) 270

so long.] A just character of Sir Richard Black-
more, Knt. who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"

and whose indefatigable muse produced no less
than six epic poems: Prince and King Arthur,
twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Re-
deemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole book
of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of
Man, three books; and many more. It is in this
sense he is styled afterwards the everlasting Black-
more. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon
seems assured, "that this admirable author did
"not think himself upon the same foot with Ho-
"mer." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author
of Characters of the Times? p. 25. who says,
"Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in hap-
"pening to mistake his proper talents; and that
"he has not for many years been so much as
"named, or even thought of among writers."—
Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend
Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's action (saith he) has
"neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor
"universality; and consequently he can have no
"fable, and no heroic poem: His narration is
"neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful;
"his characters have none of the necessary quali-
"fications; the things contained in his narration
"are neither in their own nature delightful, nor
"numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor
"surprising, nor pathetic." Nay, he proceeds so
far as to say Sir Richard has no genius; first lay-
ing down, that "genius is caused by a furious joy
"and pride of soul, on the conception of an ex-
"traordinary hint. Many men (says he) have
"their hints, without these motions of fury and
"pride of soul, because they want fire enough to
"agitate their spirits; and these we call cold
"writers. Others who have a great deal of fire,
"but have not excellent organs, feel the fore-
"mentioned notions, without the extraordinary
"hints; and these we call fustian writers. But
"he declares that Sir Richard had neither the
"hints nor the motions." Remarks on Prince
Arthur, octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the
character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr.
Pope, accusing him in very high terms of profane-
ness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing,
vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm.
Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the first
psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but
with the addition of what Sir Richard had ne-
glected, an argument to prove it; which being
very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was
"he who burlesqued the Psalms of David. It is
"apparent to me that psalm was burlesqued by a
"Popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who
"have been brought up Protestants be otherwise
"what they will, let them be rakes, let them be

"To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dikes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper fable blots the silver flood.

"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who best can dash through thick and
"thin,

"And who the most in love of dirt extel,

"Or dark dexterity of groping well.

"Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around

"The stream, be his the weekly journals' bound;

"A pig of lead to him who dives the best; 281

"A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

- In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,

And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

VARIATION.

Ver. 283. In former edit.

—great Dennis stands.

REMARKS.

"scoundrels, let them be atheists, yet education
"has made an invincible impression on them in be-
"half of the sacred writings. But a Popish rhyme-
"ster has been brought up with a contempt for
"those sacred writings; now show me another Po-
"pish rhymester but he." This manner of argu-
mentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has em-
ployed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a
like charge of impiety and irreligion. "All Mr.
"Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot
"be defended so much as by common received
"opinion, so are they directly contrary to the
"doctrine of the Church of England; for the vi-
"sible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now
"it is the doctrine of the Church of England, that
"miracles had ceased a long time before Prince
"Arthur came into the world. Now, if the doc-
trine of the Church of England be true, as we
"are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial
"machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as want-
ing not only human, but divine probability. But
"if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they
"have so much as divine probability, then it fol-
lows of necessity, that the doctrine of the Church
"is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergy-
"man to consider," &c.—*Preface to the Remarks*
on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation
end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morn-
ing, after church service, that the criminals are
whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually
the time of the day: Homer does it by the cir-
cumstance of the judges rising from court, or of
the labourers dinner: our author by one very pro-
per, both to the persons, and the scene of his po-
em, which we may remember commenced in the
evening of the Lord Mayor's day: The first book
passed in that night; the next morning the games
begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (plac-
es inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed
by Bridewell, toward Fleet-ditch; and lastly,
through Ludgate, to the city and the temple of
the goddess.

VOL. VIII.

Then sighing thus, "And am I now threescore?
"Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make
"four?"

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 299

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then * * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:

VARIATION.

Ver. 295. in former edit.

Then * * try'd, but hardly snatch'd from sight.

REMARKS.

Ver. 280. The weekly journals.] Papers of news
and scandal, intermixed, on different sides and par-
ties, and frequently shifting from one side to the
other, called the London Journal, British Journal,
Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which,
for some time, were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall,
Concaen, and others; persons never seen by our
author.

Ver. 283. In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.]
Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most
ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of
Mr. Addison, in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom
also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts
of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain
matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator
as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not
the least hint of it; and in p. 304. is so injurious
as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that
Tatler, No. 43.; which says of his own simile,
that "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind
"of man." "In poetry he was not so happy as
"laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tat-
ler, No. 62. by the name of Omicron the unborn
"poet." Curll, Key, p. 13 "He writ dramatic
"works, and a volume of poetry, consisting of he-
"roic epistles, &c. some whereof were very well
"done," said that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his
Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic
and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author.
But the top of his character was a perverter of
history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in
folio, and his Critical History of England, two vo-
lumes, 8vo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet in
publishing the historians in his collection, he falsi-
fied Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet
this very man, in the preface to the first of these
books, advanced a particular fact, to charge three
eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's
History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. At-
terbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only
survivor of them; and the particular part he pre-
tended to be falsified, produced since, after almost
ninety years, in that noble author's original ma-
nuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-wri-
ter for hire, and received his reward in a small
place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Q

He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
 True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep : 300
 If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
 Next plung'd a feeble, but a desperate pack,
 With each a sickly brother at his back :
 Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. in the first edit. followed these :
 For worse unhappy D——r succeeds,
 He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.
 Ver. 305.—314. Not in former edit.

REMARKS.

Ver. 291. Next Smedley div'd.] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom, if they meant the laureat, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work ; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude ; and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker ; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in 8vo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * essay'd.] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

Ver. 299 Concanen.] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others : To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, "De profundis clamavi." He was since a hired scribler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others ; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

Ask ye their names ! I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone !
 And monumental brass this record bears,
 "These are—ah no ! these were the gazetteers !"
 Not so, bold Arnall ; with a weight of skull,
 Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance, 319
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 315. In first edit.
 Not Welsted so : drawn endlong by his skull,
 Furiously he sinks, percipitately dull.

REMARKS.

Ver. 306, 307. With each a sickly brother at his back—Sons of a day, &c.] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 312. Osborne.] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers.] We ought not to suppose that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely, therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly. SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men : though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money ; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the report of the secret committee for inquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings, were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shows the benevolence of one minister, to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor pre-

He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 323.—326. In first edit. thus:
Sudden a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Lo, Smedley rose in majesty of mud.

REMARKS.

ferment in the church or universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered, not even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

"Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
"Of social pleasure, ill exchange'd for power!
"Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
"Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

Ver. 315. Arnall] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party papers; then succeeded Concanen in the *British Journal*. At the first publication of the *Dunciad*, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessors. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: witness a paper, called the *Free Briton*, a dedication intitled. To the *Genuine Blunderer*, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid *REPORT*, that he received "for *Free Britons*, and other writings, in "the space of four years, no less than ten thousand "nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight-pence, out of the Treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging prelate, &c.] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to the scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the poem.

Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares: 330
First he relates, how sinking to the chin, [in:
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago [maids,
Then sung, how, shown him by the nut-brown
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades;
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams 340
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse),
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the temple creep,
There all, from Paul's to Aldgate, drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,

They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
And Milbourne chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350

"Receive (he said), these robes which once were
"mine,

"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd drefs.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 343.—351. In first edit. thus:
Pours into Thames: each city bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
Here to the banks, where bards departed dose,
They led him soft; here all the bards arose;
Taylor, sweet bird of Thames, majestic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;
While Milbourne there, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
And "Take" (he said), &c.

Ver. 355.—362. Not in the first edit. where, instead of ver. 365.—367. were originally these lines:

Slow moves the goddess from the sable flood,
(Her priest preceding) through the gates of Lud,
Her critics there she summons, and proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
Here you, in whose grave heads, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 349. And Milbourne] Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's *Virgil*, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad* against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Prompt or to guard or flab, to faint or damn,
 Heaven's Swifts, who fight for any God, or man.
 Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-
 known Fleet, 359
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
 Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
 In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
 So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
 Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
 Here stopt the goddess; and in pomp proclaims
 A gentler exercise to close the games.
 "Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
 "I weigh what author's heaviness prevails:
 "Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
 "My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's num-
 bers, 370
 "Attend the trial we propose to make:
 "If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
 "Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
 "And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
 "To him we grant our amplest powers, to sit
 "Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
 "To caviil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 "Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
 Three college sophs and three pert templars
 came, 379
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of poesy and prate.
 The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
 The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
 Till all, tun'd equal, send a general hum.
 Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
 Soft creeping words on words, the sense compose,
 At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low 391
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause by fits, the airs divine.

VARIATION.

Ver. 379. In first edit.
 Three Cambridge sophs.

REMARKS.

Ver. 255. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the author meant it, of such only of the clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of ministers or factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short of their predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the great.

And now to this side, now to that they nod,
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
 Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer, 399
 Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's No kingdom here."
 Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum. [lies
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them
 Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes,
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
 One circle first, and then a second makes;
 What Dulness dropt among her sons impress'd,
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the midmost the nutation spreads, 409
 Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
 Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Maudevil could prate no more;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 399. in the first edit. it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer.

Ver. 412. In first edit.
 Old James himself.

Ver. 413. in the first edit. it was,
 T—s and T— the church and state gave o'er,
 Nor * * * talk'd, nor S— whisper'd more.

In the second,
 Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
 Nor Motteux talk'd, nor Naiso whisper'd more.

REMARKS.

Ver. 397. Thrice Budget aim'd to speak.] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal.] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S— which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he showed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, mutatis mutandis, against that very person.

Ver. 400. Christ's no kingdom, &c.] This is said by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop.

Ver. 411. Centlivre] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before she was se-

Norton, from Daniel and Ostræa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 420
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat.

VARIATION.

Ver. 425. In first edit.
How Laurus lay, &c.

REMARKS.

ven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Ver. 413. Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er.] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. The same Mr. Law is author of a book, intituled, "An Appeal to all that doubt of, or disbelieve the truth of the Gospel;" in which he has detailed a system of the rankest spinozism, for the most exalted theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German cobbler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a moral philosopher.

Ibid. Mandevil] This writer, who prided himself in the reputation of an immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book, called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton,] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had some time the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

Ver. 427. Fleet.] A prison for insolvent debtors, on the bank of the Ditch.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the

king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences: giving a glimpse, or Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last Book.

BUT in her temple's last recess enclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know.

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age; doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the ivory gate, which (according to the ancients) denoteth fallacy.

SCRIBU.

Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet
nods,

He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams,
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar (more).
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows; 21
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.

VARIATION.

Ver. 15—22. Not in the first ed.

REMARKS.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen. BENTL.

Ver. 15. A slip-shod Sibyl] This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real madness, as that which produces real dulness. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of heat, they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas fire in a genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard lunacy as a mark of wit, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of holiness. But if the cause of madness assigned by a great philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea: Now as this attention is occasioned either by grief or study, it will be fixed by dulness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. Taylor,] John Taylor, the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accident: A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

"I must confess I do want eloquence,
"And never scarce did learn my accident;
"For having got from possum to posset,
"I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing

Here in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward and Pillory.

REMARKS.

bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the poppy, &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years; and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius sits,] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like causes as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; Qui Bavius non odit; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Booksellers, printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by bookfellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

Ver. 34. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr Curll (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgin, 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Christian charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation? What could move the poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his senses, it was committing a crime for which the law is deficient not to punish him! nay, a crime which man can scarce forgive, or time efface! nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court). But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of light,] An hemistich of Milton,

Wondering he gaz'd : When lo ! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before :

REMARKS.

therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the poet, when he stood there.

Ver. 36. and length of ears.] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here : I believe I may say the same of the critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert, it proceedeth originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Carll himself should overlook it ! Yet that scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal satire on a man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralsh, the Flying Post, and all the herd of commentators.—Tota armenta sequuntur.

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the poet thus :

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change; of one single letter ! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIBL.

Ver. 37. Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden," and that in the University of Cambridge there "were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood ran high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions; and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems! and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morocco [the first that was ever printed with cuts]. "Upon this he grew insolent, the wits writ against his play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the town, but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.

Bland and familiar as in life, begun

Thus the great father to the greater son :

Oh born to see what none can see awake !

Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.

Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore ;

The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.

But blind to former, as to future fate,

What mortal knows his pre-existent state ?

Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul

Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll !

How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid ?

How many stages through old monks she rid ?

And all who since, in wild benighted days,

Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.

As man's meanders to the vital spring

Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring ;

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,

Suck the thread in, then yield it out again :

All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,

Shall, in the centre, from thee circulate.

For this, our queen unfolds to vision true

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,

Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind :

Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,

And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.

See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,

Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70

(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,

And all the nations cover'd in her shade !

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun

And orient science their bright course begun :

One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,

He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 73. in the former ed.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science at a birth begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of
the introduction,

In eldest times, ere mortals writ or read,

which supposes the sun and science did not set out
together, it was altered to "their bright course
begun." But this slip, as usual, escaped the
gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Ver. 50. Might from Bæotian, &c.] Bæotia lay
under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland
does now; though it produced one of the greatest
poets, and one of the greatest general of Greece :

"Bæotum crasso jurares acre natum." Horat.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the
same who built the great wall between China and
Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men
of that empire.

Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genferic; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. 100

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd synods damning brooks unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.

REMARKS.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemaean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, *ἡ τῆς λατρείας τοῦ θεοῦ*, the physic of the soul.

Ver. 96. (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Ver. 102. thundering against heathen lore.] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doct̃ sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur, a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, et major, autoritas, et diligenter studioſor." Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets; because (says this Pope) "In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera." He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy; "Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum

See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber chok'd with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn; 110
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon isle, by Palmers, pilgrim's trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linscy-wolfey brothers, [others.
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless
That one was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age 121
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through Fate! behold the scene she
draws!

What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130

REMARKS.

"perpetuo versatur." The same pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,] After the government of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117. 118. Happy! had Easter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Ver. 126. Dove-like, she gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to assert her cause!] i. e. Of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, free-thinkers. But as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and review of this colleague of dulness, the laureat. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, where the Goddess herself appears in full glory.

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a God:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant
round;

And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce. [place,

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost
And thrusts his person full into your face. 140

With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!

And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another d'Urfey, Ward shall sing in thee.

Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse
mourn,

And answering gin-shops sorer sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149. in the first edit. it was,
Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!

Ver. 151, 152. Lo, P—p—le's brow, &c.] In
the former edit. thus:

Lo, next two slip-shod muses traipse along,
In lofty madness, meditating song,
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo, Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. Jacob, the scourge of Grammar,
mark with awe:] "This gentleman is son of a
"considerable master of Romsey in Southampton-
"shire, and bred to the law under a very eminent
"attorney: Who, between his more laborious
"studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He
"is a great admirer of poets and their works,
"which has occasioned him to try his genius that
"way. He has writ in prose the Lives of the
"Poets, Essays, and a great many law books, the
"Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice,
"&c. Giles Jacob of himself, Lives of Poets,
"vol. I." He very grossly, and unprovoked,
abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr.
Jacob having proved our author to have a respect
for him, by this undeniable argument. "He
"had once a regard for my judgment; otherwise
"he never would have subscribed two guineas to
"me, for one small book in octavo." Jacob's
Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on
the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the
appellation of Blunderbuss to Mr. Jacob, like that

Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremend'ous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 155, 156, are added since the first edit.

Ver. 157. Each songster, riddler, &c. In the
former edit.

Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameless name.

After ver. 158. in the first edit. followed,
How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear?
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

REMARKS.

of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his ho-
nour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. "My
"writings have made great impression on the
"minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. repented, and
"to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to
"my two volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We
should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis
hath also crept into this poem by some mistake.
But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st be-
ware, when thou givest thy money to such authors,
not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good-
nature, or charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome] These two
were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled to-
gether, and one would think prophetically, since,
after the publishing of this piece, the former dying,
the latter succeeded him in honour and employ-
ment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of
a Billingsgate paper called the High German
Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an underta-
ker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of
the papers called Pasquin, where, by malicious in-
nuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our author
guilty of malevolent practices with a great man
then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this
man was made the following epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his
jokes,
"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,
"The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

P—le was the author of some vile plays and pam-
phlets. He published abuses on our author in a pa-
per called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill natured critic, who
writ a satire on our author, called The Mock Æ-
sop, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for
hire.

Ver. 156. Whose tuneful whistling makes the
waters pass:] There were several successions of
these sorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c.
singing the praise of the annals flourishing for
that season; whose names indeed would be name-

Some strain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of tenthousand jacks! 160
Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia
Howls,
And makes night hideous—answer him, ye owls!
Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and
dead,
Let all give way, and Morris may be read.
Flow, Wellsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer;
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never
clear;

VARIATION.

Ver. 168. In former edit.—and Durgen may
be read.

REMARKS.

less, and therefore the poet shuts them over with
others in general.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name insert-
ed after the first editions, not known to our author
till he writ a swearing piece called Sawney, very
abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These
lines allude to a thing of his, intitled Night, a
poem. This low writer attended his own works
with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in par-
ticular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison,
in wretched remarks upon that author's Account
of English Poets, printed in a London Journal,
Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew
no language, not even French. Being advised to
read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began
a play, he smiled and replied, "Shakespeare writ
"without rules." He ended at last in the com-
mon sink of all such writers, a political newspa-
per, to which he was recommended by his friend
Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. Morris,] Besaleel. See book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Wellsted, &c.] Of this author
see the remark on book ii. v. 209. But (to be
impartial) add to it the following different charac-
ter of him.

Mr. Wellsted had, in his youth raised so great
expectations of his future genius, that there was a
kind of struggle between the most eminent of the
two Universities, which should have the honour of
his education. To compound this he (civilly)
became a member of both, and after having passed
some time at the one, he removed to the other.
From thence he returned to town, where he be-
came the darling expectation of all the polite
writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged
in his occasional poems, in a manner that will
make no small part of the fame of his protectors.
It also appears from his works, that he was hap-
py in the patronage of the most illustrious cha-
racters of the present age—Encouraged by such a
combination in his favour, he—published a book
of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Ho-
ratian manner; in both which the most exquisite

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.
Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind; 180

VARIATION.

After ver. 180. in many editions, flood,
Fam'd for good-nature, Burnet, and for truth;
Ducket for pious passion to the youth.

REMARKS.

judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters—
His love-verses have rescued that way of writing
from contempt—In his translations, he has given
us the very soul and spirit of his author. His
Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love-tale—all,
are the most perfect things in all poetry Wellsted
of himself, Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, page
23, 24. It should not be forgot for his honour,
that he received at one time the sum of five hun-
dred pounds for secret service, among the other ex-
cellent authors hired to write anonymously for the
ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee,
&c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] These
men became the public scorn by a mere mistake
of their talents. They would needs turn critics
of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and
Longinus did of theirs) and discourse upon the
beauties and defects of composition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming soul.

Whereas had they followed the example of those
microscopes of wit, Kuster, Burman, and their fol-
lowers, in verbal criticism on the learned lan-
guages, their acuteness and industry might have
raised them a name equal to the most famous of
the scholiasts. We cannot therefore but lament
the late apostacy of the Prebendary of Rochester,
who beginning in so good a train, has now turned
short to write comments on the Fire-side, and
Dreams upon Shakespeare; where we find the
spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all re-
vived in his belaboured observations. SCRIBL.

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the Fire-side, I
want thy usual candour. It is true, Mr Upton did
write notes upon it, but with all the honour and
good faith in the world. He took it to be a pane-
gyric on his patron. This it is to have to do with
wits; a commerce unworthy a scholiast of so solid
learning. ARIST.

Ver. 173, Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, who
has seen, through the course of these notes, what a
constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author
and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should
be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched,
in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself, in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. d'Urfey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon pair, &c.] One of these was author of a weekly paper called the Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intituled, Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

"Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing out in verse;
Both were so forward, each would write,
So dull, each hang an a——
Thus Amphibœna (I have read)
At either end affails;
None knows which leads or which is led,
For both heads are but tails."

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date.

Ver. 184. That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

Ver. 187 myster wight,] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188 Wormius hight.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius, much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190
There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiast's
mark,

Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read?

But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below:
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first edit. it was,
And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English Music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

Ver. 199. lo! Henley stands, &c.] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Transactions, N. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: "He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own parish school he went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to deaconship or priesthood." He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete Spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought "it as lawful to take a license from the king and parliament in our place,

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor song!
 Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
 Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wife abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But Fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl; 210
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet oh, my son, a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the years you lend)

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 204. In former ed.

While K**, B**, W**, preach in vain.

After ver. 112. followed in former ed.

Here too, great Woolston! here exalt thy throne,
 And prove, no miracles can match thy own.

REMARKS.

"as another; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctor's Commons; so set up his oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a day; composed three dissertations a-week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the church, and all that in danger." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Transact. N. I.

After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonry upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the Primitive Eucharist.—This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers: the device a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA; and below INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a-year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,] bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, see Book ii. Tho. Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel, in the year 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my sons, &c.] The caution against blasphemy here given by a departed son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears

'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
 But oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
 The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
 Content each emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
 Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
 Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
 But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."

VARIATION.

Ver. 216. In former ed.—or a seraph's flame.

REMARKS.

of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth Book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the source of light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, [flame:]

A NEWTON's genius, or a Milton's Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious license by the beloved disciple of that prince of Cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonstration (saith he), founded upon the proportions of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, these have no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy, than they have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed, the zeal for this sort of gibberish [mathematical principles] is greatly abated of late: and though it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern philosophers, Sir ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the ground before the ark of God, Scripture philosophy; for so long MOSES's PRINCIPIA have been published; and the Treatise of Power Essential and Mechanical, in which Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy is treated with the utmost CONTEMPT, has been published a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole society who hath had the COURAGE to attempt to raise him up. And so let him lie."—The philosophical principles of Moses asserted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. London, 1744, octavo. SERIEL.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn ye Dunces! not to scorn your God." The hardest lesson a dunce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to the disgrace of all government, and (in the poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herself, we have had a late example in a book intituled, Philosophical Essays concerning human Understanding.

Ver. 224.—not to scorn your God." See this subject pursued in Book iv.

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the fire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art. 230

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd);
And look'd, and saw a fable forcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth?
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own;
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power these wonders
wrought? 250

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more! In yonder cloud behold,
Whose farfetched skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 231, 232. Added when the hero was changed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 232. (Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his *Life*, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.—And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. a fable forcerer] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on earth:] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's *Rape of Proserpine*.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vast egg] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire. 260
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din, 269
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-Inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 266. In the former edit.

New wizards rise: here Booth, and Cibber there

Ver. 268. —Cibber mounts the wind.

After ver. 274. in the former edit. followed,

For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. None but thyself can be thy parallel.] A marvellous line of Theobald; unless the play called the *Double Falsehood* (be as he would have it believed) Shakspeare's: But whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakspeare to have written as bad (which methinks in an author, for whom he has a veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed); as for example:

"Try what repentance can: what can it not?"

"But what can it, when one cannot repent?"

"—For cogitation

"Resides not in the man who does not think,"
&c. MIST'S JOURNAL.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakspeare.

REMARKS.

Ver. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. I see my Cibber there!] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (*Life*, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, outvying each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuse his own part of them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of truth and sense."

And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.
 In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupenduous bells resoun'd;
 Though my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise. 280
 Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
 Though long my party built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
 Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heaven! that thou my Cibber, e'er
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 284. in the former edit. followed,

Different our parties, but with equal grace
 The goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.
 'Tis the same rope of several ends they twist;
 To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist.

Ver. 290. In the former edit.

In the dog's tail his progress ends at last.

REMARKS.

"but with this difference, that I had their leave
 "to quit them when they could not support me.
 "But let the question go which way it will, Har-
 "ry IV. has always been allowed a great man."
 This must be confessed a full answer; only the
 question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a
 thing against once's conscience is an excuse for it?
 and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got
 the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service,
 unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was
 in it.

Ver. 266. 267 Booth and Cibber were joint ma-
 nagers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. On grinning dragons thou shalt mount
 the wind.] In his letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly
 declares this not to be literally true. We hope
 therefore the reader will understand it allegori-
 cally only.

Ver. 282. Annual trophies on the Lord May-
 or's day; and monthly wars in the Artillery
 ground.

Ver. 283. Though long my party] Settle, like
 most party-writers, was very uncertain in his po-
 litical principles. He was employed to hold the
 pen in the character of a popish successor, but af-
 terwards printed his narrative on the other side.
 He had managed the ceremony of a famous pope-
 burning on November 17, 1680; then became a
 trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath.
 After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartho-
 lomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George
 for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon
 of green leather of his own invention; he was at

Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
 But lick up every blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
 And every year be duller than the last,
 Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure forrunner of her gentle sway;
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doating age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
 To aid our cause, if Heaven thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 295. Safe in its heaviness, &c.] In the for-
 mer edit.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;
 And lick up every blockhead in the way,
 Thy dragons, magistrates, and peers shall taste,
 And from each show rise duller than the last.
 Till rais'd from booths, &c.

Ver. 303,—306. Added with the new hero.

REMARKS.

last taken into the Charter-house, and there died,
 aged sixty years.

Ver. 297. Thee shall the patriot, thee the cour-
 tier taste,] It stood in the first edition with blanks,
 * * and * *. Concanen was sure "they must
 "needs mean no body but King GEORGE and
 "Queen CAROLINE; and said he would insist
 "it was so, till the poet cleared himself by fil-
 "ling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the
 "context, and consistent with his allegiance." Pref.
 to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against
 Mr. P. printed for A. Moore, p. 6.

Ver. 305. Polypheme] He translated the Ita-
 lian opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost
 the whole jest of the story. The Cyclop asks Ulysses
 his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After
 his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cy-
 clops to his aid: They inquire who has hurt him?
 he answers Noman: whereupon they all go away
 again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses an-
 swer, I take no name; whereby all that followed
 became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr.
 Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the
 English translations of Homer's Iliad) had not
 that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he
 might have been better instructed in the Greek
 Punnology.

Ver. 308, 309. Faustus, Pluto, &c.] Names of
 miserable farces, which it was the custom to act
 at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the diges-
 tion of the audience.

Grubstreet! thy fall should men and gods conspire,

Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.

Another *Æschylus* appears! prepare

For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!

In flames, like *Semele's*, be brought to bed,
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now, *Bavius*, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!

This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:

Th' *Augustus* born to bring *Saturnian* times, 320

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year,

See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.

See, see, our own true *Phœbus* wears thy bays!

Our *Midas* fits Lord Chancellor of plays!

On poets' tombs see *Benson's* titles writ!

Lo! *Ambrose Philips* is preferr'd for wit!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 323. See, see, our own, &c.] In the former edit.

Beneath his reign, shall *Eusden* wear the bays,

Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,

Benson sole judge of Architecture sit,

And *Namby Pamby* be preferr'd for wit!

I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,

I see the *Savoy* totter to her fall;

Hibernian politics, O *Swift*! thy doom,

And *Pope's* translating three whole years with
Broome.

Proceed, great days!

Ver. 331. in the former edit. thus,

— O *Swift*! thy doom,

And *Pope's* translating ten whole years with
Broome.

On which was the following note: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*; in which *Mr. Broome*, having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to *Mr. Pope's* satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of one hundred more. The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in translation at all."

REMARKS.

Ver. 312. ensure it but from fire.] In *Tibbald's* farce of *Proserpine*, a corn field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in *Dr. Faustus*.

Ver. 313. Another *Æschylus* appears.] It is reported of *Æschylus*, that when his tragedy of the *Furies* was acted, the audience were so terrified, that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

See under *Ripley* rise a new *White-hall*,
While *Jones*' and *Boyle's* united labours fall;
While *Wren* with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends; 330

REMARKS.

Ver. 325. On poets tombs see *Benson's* titles writ.] *W—m. Benson* (Surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King *George I.*) gave in a report to the lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king against *Benson*, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of *Sunderland*, then secretary, gave them assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous *Sir Christopher Wren*, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of *St. Paul's*, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. *Ambrose Philips*.] "He was (saith *Mr. Jacob*) one of the wits at *Button's*, and a justice of the peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in *Mr. Gildon's* Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed, he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with *Virgil*, lest it should seem flattery; but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and *Mr. Addison*, whom also, soon after, he abused as much. His constant cry was, that *Mr. P.* was an enemy to the government; and in particular, he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper, called the *Examiner*; a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While *Jones*' and *Boyle's* united labours fall.] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-house of *Whitehall*, the church and piazza of *Covent-garden*, and the palace and chapel of *Somerset-house*, the works of the famous *Inigo Jones*, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of *Covent-garden* church had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of *Burlington*; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and *Palladio*, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

Ver. 330. *Gay* dies unpension'd, &c.] See *Mr. Gay's* fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our au-

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in a former edit. were the following lines:

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See, the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
She comes! the cloud-compelling power, behold!
With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great anarchy's ancient reign restor'd,
Light dies before her uncreating word.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ætherial plain:
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See sculking Truth in her old craven lie,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry:
Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more;
See Phycic beg the Stagyrates defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

REMARKS.

author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour, with great success; the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What d'ye call it*, *Fables*; and lastly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: that verse of Horace:

"*Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum,*"

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy, hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And through the ivory gate the vision flies.

REMARKS

Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic, Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, "*Nes hæc novimus esse nihil.*"

Ver. 332. And Pope's ten years to comment and translate.] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the *Iliad* in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakspeare (which he undertook merely because no body else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c.; and the translation of half the *Odyssey* employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning, as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak instruments as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single water-rat.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers of all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of poetry, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the kingdom of the

Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form, are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies; and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels: presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him: but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: among them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her high-priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary

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virtue: the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne; her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,

REMARKS.

The Dunciad, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the Greater Dunciad; not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in anywise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the work of Solomon, or the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.

BENT.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an invocation of much piety. The poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by showing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and, lastly, his impatience to be re-united to her.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

Ver. 14. To blot out order and extinguish light,] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinction between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: Light as intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Ver. 15. Of dull and venal] The allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of light or science; venal to the destruction of order, and the truth of things.

Ibid. a new world] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should

P

'(Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines. 20
Beneath her foot-stool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.

REMARKS.

arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and gold.] i. e. dull and venal

Ver. 20. her laureate son reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having past through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many kings consort have done the like.

SCRIBL.

This verse our excellent laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as seldom asleep as any fool." But it is hoped the poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy (p. 243 of his own Life, 8vo, ch. ix.) where he says, "the reader will be as much pleased to find me a dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth." Wherever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that princes have their character, and poets from their works: And if in those he be as much asleep as any fool, the poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.

BENTL.

Ibid. her laureate] "When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but Profit to himself. For he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a lick at the laureate will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers." Life of Colly Cibber, ch. ii.

Now, if it be certain, that the works of our poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this Fourth Dunciad, as well as the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: Or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable lick at the laureate?

BENTL.

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-stool, &c.] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the goddess leads in captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away:—

sciences being often reconciled in some degree

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
Mad Mátthesis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart sad Tragedy address
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age. 40

REMARKS.

with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c. but nothing like Wit, Opera alone supplying its place.

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage. Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by mutes or pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 39. But sober History] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came History and Satire to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the muses, even in the presence of the goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, says Scriblerus, which we thus resolve: History was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together in a monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are likely to continue. This accounts for the connivance shown to History on this occasion. But the boldness of Satire springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced when truly inspired and animated (as should seem

There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle
muse.

When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand:
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 51
Then thus in quaint recitative spoke.

O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One Trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage.
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage:

REMARKS.

from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

Ver. 43. Nor could'st thou, &c.] This noble person in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence."—This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them; but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author, and myself, concerning the true reading of certain passages.

BENTL.

Ver. 45. When lo! a harlot form] The attitude given to this phantom, represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that Opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,
"The sure forerunner of her gentle sway".

Ver. 54. Let Division reign;] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned.

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore. 60
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure Attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen. 80

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungil no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his word without a call,
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred gown;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the muses Hypocrit 100

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side.

Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;

REMARKS.

Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90.—The third, of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronising vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to
side:

But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came, III
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulness smiling, "Thus revive the
wits!

But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æsop gave;
Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light through holes yourselves have
made.

"Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;

VARIATION.

Ver. 114.
What! no respect, he cried, for Shakspeare's
page?

REMARKS.

Ver. 108—bow'd from side to side:] As being
of no one party.

Ver. 110. bold Benson] This man endeavoured
to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments,
striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring
translations, of Milton; and afterwards by as
great a passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scots Phy-
sician's Version of the Psalms, of which he print-
ed many fine editions. See more of him, Book
iii. ver. 325.

Ver. 113. The decent knight] An eminent
person who was about to publish a very pompous
edition of a great author at his own expence.

Ver. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in
a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last edition,
which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with di-
rections to the printer, to put this leaf into its
place as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakspeare should be
published.

Ver. 119. Thus revive, &c.] The goddess ap-
plauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of
persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to
those of the most distinguished writers; either by
printing editions of their works, with impertinent
alterations of their text, as in the former instances;
or by setting up monuments disgraced with their
own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 128. A Page, a Grave.] For what less than
a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what
less than a page can be allowed a living one!

Ver. 128. A Page.] Pagina, not Pedissequus. A
page of a book, not a servant, follower, or attend

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130
So by each bard, an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess
press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.

REMARKS.

ant: no poet having had a page since the death
of Mr. Thomas Durfey. SCRIBL.

Ver. 131. So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.]
Vide the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Westmona-
steriensis.

Ibid.—an Alderman shall sit,] Alluding to the
monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. A heavy Lord shall hang at every
wit,] How unnatural an image, and how ill sup-
ported! saith Aristarchus. Had it been,

A heavy wit shall hang at every Lord,

something might have been said, in an age so distin-
guished for well-judging patrons. For Lord, then,
read Load; that is, of debts here, and of commen-
taries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is
the case of the poor author of Hudibras, whose bo-
dy, long since weighed down to the grave, by a
load of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful
load of commentaries laid upon his spirit; wherein
the editor has atchieved more than Virgil him-
self, when he turned critic, could boast of, which
was only, that he had picked gold out of another
man's dung; whereas the editor has picked it out
of his own. SCRIBL.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right:
and that the author himself had been struggling,
and but just shaken off his load when he wrote the
following epigram:

"My lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with
gardens,

"Has lopt three trees, the value of three farthings:

"But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,

"And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.

"What? on compulsion? and against my will,

"A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill."

Ver. 137, 138.

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shows Fop superior complaisance.]

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different
manners of a court and college, as to the different
effects which a pretence to learning, and a pre-
tence to wit, have on blockheads. For as judgment
consists in finding out the differences in things, and
wit in finding out their likenesses, so the Dunce
is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied
in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. while the
Fop flourishes in peace, with songs and hymns of
praise, addresses, characters, epithalamiums, &c

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth by virtue of the dreadful wand; 140
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eaton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus, since man from beast by words is
known, 149

Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Blind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day, he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Windham every muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many martials were in Pulteney lost! 170

Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the Doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,

REMARKS.

Ver. 140. the dreadful wand;] A cane usually borne by schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL.

Ver. 151. like the Samian letter,] The letter Y used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." Pers.

Ver. 174. that masterpiece of man.] Viz. an epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "An epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

Ver. 176. Some gentle James, &c.] Wilson tells us that this king, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces,

Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a Grammar School! 180
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
"The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ Church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and
thick

On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerdyck.

REMARKS.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Majesty, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. "The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance (says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8.), which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

Ver. 194. Though Christ Church, &c.] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it in between Hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its whole body. BENTL.

Ver. 196. still expelling Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters on the last edit.

Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerdyck] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL.

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the literal sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on horseback), yet still I must needs think the hackneys here celebrated were not real horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I

As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall, 200
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark,
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne;
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
The mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.

REMARKS.

were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though Logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse, un Gros Cheval d'Allemagne."

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Græcism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness of strength; as ἵπποδάμειον, ἵππογλυσσον, ἵππομαράθρον, and particularly ἵπποφρονμῶν, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand. SCIP. MAFF.

Ver. 199. the streams] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

Ver. 202. sleeps in Port.] viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. De Computationibus Academicis. [And to the opinion of Maffei inclineth the sagacious Annotator on Dr. King's "Advice to Horace."]

Ver. 210. Aristarchus.] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. SCRIBL.

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton; whose richest veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the usefulness of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words "make it prose again," plainly

Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:

Author or something yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At, 220
To sound or sink in cano O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:

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showing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much it is to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls *ἡμεῶν ἱπποδάμειον*, all prose on horseback. SCRIBL.

Ver. 216. Author of something yet more great than Letter.] Alluding to those grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented single letters. But Aristarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it something more than Letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

Ver. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: had it been about Meum and Tuum it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium, or, Te doctarum hederæ.—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about Meum and Tuum, which is a mistake: for, as a venerable sage observeth, Words are the counters of wisdom, but the money of fools; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in as or a. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.

Ver. 223, 224. Friend—Alsop] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ Church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some critics

For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Ah, think not, mistress! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On Learning's surface we but lie and nod,
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a Nō.

Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
 Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
 See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
 And metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read: 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.

What though we let some better sort of fool
 Thriv' ev'ry science, run through every school?
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.

He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.

We only furnish what he cannot use, 261
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse:
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:

Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.

With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level every mind.

Then take him to develope if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270

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having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus] The first a Dictionary writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ Church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from France.
 Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
 But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
 And tittering push'd the pedants off the place:
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was
 drown'd

By the French horn, or by the opening hound,
 The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
 As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280

When thus th' attendant orator begun,
 Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
 The fire saw, one by one, his virtues wake:
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.

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Ver. 272. lac'd Governor] Why lac'd? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Ver. 280. As if he saw St. James's] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. th' attendant orator] The Governor above-said. The poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or to do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who so equally deserve it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. A dauntless infant never scar'd with God] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education; whose great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finish what the nurse began. SCRIBL.

Ver. 286.—the blessing of a rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this blessing should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagin

Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man.
 Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaft,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past : 290
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display,
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way ;
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons ;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls : 300
 To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines :
 To isles of fragrance, lily silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, [waves.
 Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps,
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main 309
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd every vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw every court, heard every king declare
 His royal sense of operas, or the fair ;
 The flews and palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *bors d'auteurs*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;

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it might be the marrying a great fortune ; but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seem'd to be prayed for. And after many strange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit ; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316. where the orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd,
 which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good scholiast, as indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture : the blessing of a rake signifying no more than that he might be a rake the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wish'd her son might be a rake, as well knowing that its attendant blessings would follow of course.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps.] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce, now illustrious for her carnivals.

Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store, 319
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground ;
 And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound ;
 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head ;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit ;
 Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough choose him, not undone !
 See, to my country happy I restore 329
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores),
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
 Prop thine, O empress ! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the hero and the dame,
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense or shame.
 Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 349
 Thee too, my Paridel ! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd, on the rack of a too easy-chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pity'd ! but her pity only shed
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
 But Annus, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,

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Ver. 318. Greatly-daring din'd.] It being indeed no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Ver. 374. With nothing but a solo in his head ;] With nothing but a solo ? Why, if it be a solo how should there be any thing else ? Palpable tautology ! Read boldly an opera, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.
 BENTL.

Ver. 326. Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays ; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth ; and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel !] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.

Ver. 347. Annus.] The name taken from An-

False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio
dines, 349

Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now
there,

So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.

Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360

Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chaleis gods, and mortals call an owl,

Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,

Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;

Be rich in ancient brags, though not in gold,

And keep his lares, though his house be sold;

To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,

Honour a Syrian prince above his own;

Lord of an Orho, if I vouch it true;

Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-re-
nown'd,

Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,

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nius, the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annus had a more substantial motive.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops.] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.

Ver. 371. Mummius.] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummius he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead;" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.

Ibid. — Fool-renown'd.] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renown'd by fools, or renowned for making fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops.] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which, he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us, that he saw the sepulchre empty; which agrees exactly (saith he) with

Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:

Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base!

Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.

True, he had wit, to make their value rise;

From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise:

More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,

When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep. 380

Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,

Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,

Receiv'd each demi-god, with pious care,

Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,

I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,

And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,

(Reply'd soft Annus) this our paunch before

Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,

Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390

To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,

Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:

There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,

And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;

So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

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the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe, that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? &c.] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vailiant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins; and being pursued by a Corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the rover; and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon, he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burden he carried, first asked him, whether the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 387. Witness great Ammon.] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.

Ver. 394. Douglas.] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the
power,

A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower. 400
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled and cheer'd with air, and sun, and shower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button ript its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline: 409
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth Divine!
Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Lay'd this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh, punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades!
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the
queen: 420

Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game, and chas'd from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stop'd, I stop'd; it mov'd. I mov'd again.
At last it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd, 429
And where it fixt, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.

My sons! (the answer'd) both have done your
parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 441. The common soul, &c.] In the first
edit. thus:
Of souls the greater part, heaven's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And most but find that centinel of God,
A drowsy watchman in the land of Nod.

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Ver. 409. And nam'd it Caroline:] It is a com-
pliment which the florists usually pay to princes
and great persons, to give their names to the most
curious flowers of their raising: Some have been
very jealous of vindicating this honour; but none

A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind;
The mind in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss; 450
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O, would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or who must observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to Mystery, yet divinely dark; 460
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatise:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature's cause through nature led.
All seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and source of Pride! 470
We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make nature still encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause,

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more than that ambitious gardener at Hammer-
smith, who caused his favourite to be painted on
his sign, with this inscription, "This is my Queen
"Caroline."

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings.] One of the first pro-
jectors of the Royal Society, who, among many
enlarged and useful notions, entertained the ex-
travagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon;
which has put some volatile geniuses upon making
wings for that purpose.

Ver. 462. When moral evidence shall quite de-
cay.] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of
some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual
decay of moral evidence by mathematical propor-
tions: according to which calculation, in about
fifty years it will be no longer probable that Juli-
us Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate-house.
See Craig's Theologia Christianæ Principia Ma-
thematica. But as it seems evident, that facts of
a thousand years old, for instance, are now as pro-
bable as they were five hundred years ago; it is
plain, that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it
must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the
extraordinary power of our goddess; for whose
help, therefore, they have reason to pray.

Find Virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in self, and but for self be born : 480
 Of nought so certain as our reason still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
 Or hide the God still more ! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee :
 Wrapt up in self, a God without a thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 Wild through poetic scenes the Genius roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves ; 490
 That Nature our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores
 Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowfy fire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire ;
 Then snap'd his box, and strok'd his belly down,
 Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
 Then thus : From priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo ! every finish'd son returns to thee : 500
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party ; child and man the same ;

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Ver. 491. Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against atheism was well intended. But how must the reader smile at our author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a wolf in England as an atheist ! The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference, indeed, concerning the author of the *Atchievement*. Some, as Dr. Ashenurst, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he so well convinced that great man of the truth, that whatever afterwards he found atheist, he always read it A Theist. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean lecturer. A judicious apologist for Dr. Clarke, against Mr. Whiston, says, with no less elegance than positiveness of expression, it is a most certain truth, that the demonstration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and banished atheism out of the Christian world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeses was the monster queller. But what of that ? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. Silenus.] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Ecl. vi.* where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

Ver. 501. First slave to words, &c.] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of words only in schools ; subjects them to the authority of systems in the universities ; and deludes them with the names of party-distinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow

Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen !
 Mark'd out for honour, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth :
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in pension, or in punk ! 510
 So K * , so B * * , sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W * * , nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now ? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast !
 Thy Magus, goddess ! shall perform the rest.
 With that a Wizard old his cup extends ;
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a star, and like Endymion dies ; 520
 A feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain ; and principle is fled ;
 Lost is his God, his country, every thing ;
 And nothing left but homage to a king !
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs ;

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the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern free-thinking : the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind ; as it establishes self-love for the sole principle of action.

Ver. 506. smil'd on by a queen.] *i. e.* This queen or goddess of Dulness.

Ver. 517. With that a wizard old, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the *Greater Mysteries* of the goddess, which the poet, in his invocation, ver. 5. promised to sing.

Ver. 518. —forgets his former friends,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an useless friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect ; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 523, 524. Lost is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a king !] So strange as this may seem to a mere English reader, the famous *Monf. de la Bruyere* declares it to be the character of every good subject in a Monarchy : " Where (says he) there is no such thing as love of our country, the interest, the glory, and service of the prince, supply its place." *De la Republique, chap. x.*

Of this duty another celebrated French author speaks indeed a little more disrespectfully ; which for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, " L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une Chimère ; l'idée du Service du Roi, étendue jusqu'à l'oubli de tout

But sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild; 530
And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But as the flatterer or dependent paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the syren-sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C*, H*, P*, R*, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.

How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.

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"autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit
"autrefois Grandeur d'Ame et Fidelité." *Boulain-
villiers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.*

Ver. 528. still keep the human shape.] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorised a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Her's, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

Ver. 529. But she, good goddess, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependents, presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] *i. e.* She communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her royal colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for self-conceit, self-interest, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the pleasures of opera, and the table. SCRIBL.

Ver. 553. The board with specious miracles he loads, &c.] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. Speciosa miracula (says he) according to Horace, where the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Læ-

Another (for in all what one can shine?)

Explains the seve and verdeur of the vine.

What cannot copious sacrifice atone?

Thy treuffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne?

With French libation, and Italian strain.

Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hay's stain. 560

Knight lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,

To three essential partridges in one?

Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,

Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,

The queen confers her titles and degrees.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,

Who study Shakspeare at the inns of court,

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trygons spitted men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers; and the fair pigeon turned to a toad, is similar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before mentioned, of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small vial of jelly; nay, it is expressly said, that all flesh is nothing in his sight. I have searched Apicius, Pliny, and the feast of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said to be done by a priest, and soon after called a sacrifice, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with libation and song. SCRIBL.

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French cookery, and that particularly "Pigeons en crapeau" were a common dish.

Ver. 556. seve and verdeur] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

"Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur
"Villandri priferoir sa Seve et sa Verdeur."

Despreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table, and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his Champagne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742).—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables, frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former note of "Bladen" is a black man, is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, Wash blackmoors white, alluding to a known proverb. SCRIBL.

Impale a glow-worm, or Vertu profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570
Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,

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Ver. 567. Her children first of more distinguish'd
fort, [court]
Who study Shakspeare at the inns of

Ill would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom Dulness has distinguished; or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her cause by one Mr. Thomas Edwards, a gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's-Inn; but, in reality, a gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our ancestors to such mushrooms, a gentleman of the last edition: who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of Dulness against Shakspeare, and with the wit and learning of his ancestor Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal, and with the air of good nature and politeness of Caliban in the tempest, hath now happily finished the Dunces's progress in personal abuse. For a libeller is nothing but a Grub-street critic run to seed.

Lamentable is the dulness of these gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoso and his friends, who are all gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a gentlemen of the last edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a gentleman of the last edition of the Dunciad. Since gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's ancestor, is only related to him by the muse's side.

SCRIBL.

This tribe of men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our poet hath elsewhere admirably characterised in that happy line,

"A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead."

For the satire extends much further than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless band

"Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
"No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend;"

who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of social, become fit for nothing: and so turn wits

The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her laws.

Then blessing all, Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair. 580
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace;
With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the sun;
The learned Baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line; 590

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and critics, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race: He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a humming bird or a cockle, yet at worst they may be made free-masons; where taciturnity is the only essential qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian, one a Gormogon,] A sort of lay-brothers, slips from the root of the free-masons.

Ver. 584. each privilege your own, &c.] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectations; who may imagine the goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running footmen, jockies, stage coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. The cap and switch, &c.] The goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the candidates. And thus her great forerunner, John of Leyden, king of Munster, entered on his government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipper-dolling, general of his horse, and hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole household on the same reasonable footing.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 590. Arachne's subtile line;] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning.

The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;
 The senator at cricket urge the ball;
 The bishop stow (pontific luxury?)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy 'squire to Gallic masters stoop,
 And drown his lands and manors in a souper.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Froud to my list to add one monarch more: 600
 And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
 And make one mighty Dunciad of the land! [nods:
 More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
 Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd:
 (St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd)

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Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders, see the Phil. Transf.

Ver. 591. The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn dance, intituled, a call of serjeants.

Ver. 598. Teach kings to fiddle,] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican—Make senates dance, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?] This verse is truly Homeric; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.—It may indeed seem a very singular epitasis of the poem, to end as this does, with a great yawn; but we must consider it as the yawn of a god, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: Nor without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a roar; but then it is the roar of a lion, the effects whereof are described as the catastrophe of the poem.

Ver. 607. Church and chapels, &c.] The progress of this yawn is judicious and natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the churches and chapels; then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not: Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the goddess: Then the convocation, which, though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: Even the House of Commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is lost (that is to say suspended) during the yawn; (far be it from the author to suggest that it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs.

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Then catch'd the schools; the hall scarce kept awake;

The convocation gap'd, but could not speak; 610
 Lost was the Nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round:
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
 And chiefs armies doz'd out the campaign!
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none) 620
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;

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Ver. 610. The convocation gap'd, but could not speak;] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore beware, reader, lest thou take this gape for a yawn, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clapp'd a gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice unchecked, and despised.

BENTL.

Ver. 615,—618.] These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.

Ver. 620. Wits have short memories.] This seems to be the reason why the poets, when they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the muses, who, as the daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἔκ αὖ μνησόμεαι ἑὸν ὀνομήνω,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῦσαι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'—

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

“Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis:

“Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.”

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed. SCRIBL.

Ver. 624. The venal quiet, and, &c.] It were a problem worthy the solution of Mr. Ralph and his patron, who had lights that we know nothing of, —Which required the greatest effort of our

Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right,
and wrong—
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

In vain, in vain, the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the fable throne behold
Of Night primæval, and of Chaos old! 630
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rain-bows die away,
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night: 640
See sculking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountrains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

VARIATION.

Ver. 643. In the former edit. it stood thus:

Philosophy, that reach'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this way was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Aristotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he the poet himself had been misled.

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goddesses power, to intrance the dull, or to quiet the venal. For though the venal may be more unruly than the dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her virtue to intrance than barely to quiet. SCRIBL.

Ver. 629. She comes she comes! &c.] Here the muse, like Jove's eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poetry, our poet here foretells from what we feel,

Phyfic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires. 650
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine:
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal Darkness buries All.

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what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adorned authors in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

Ibid. The fable throne behold.] The fable thrones of night and chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of fancy, and damp the fire of wit, before they proceed to their work.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, that truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler says, he first put her in, before he drew her out.

Ver. 649. Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,] Blushing as well at the memory of the past overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the present; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different sentiments from the Author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of religion. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprise such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.



BY THE AUTHOR.—A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain haberdashers of points and particles, being instigated by the spirit of pride, and assuming to themselves the name of critics and restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our glorious ancestors, poets of this realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such poets, to all or any of them: Now, we having carefully revised this our Dunciad, * beginning with the words the mighty mother, and ending with the words buries all, containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor. }

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word books, and ending with the word flies," as formerly it stood: Read also, "containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses," instead of "one thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author (though living, and not blind): The editor himself confessed as much in his preface: And no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of Paradise Lost, added and augmented. Milton himself gave but ten books, his editor twelve; this author gave four books, his editor only three. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

A P P E N D I X.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three Pooks, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER (a) TO THE READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in

(a) *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Dungen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies) determined to burn the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrouled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it.

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general afford it a most quiet reception: and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chanced to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with (b) pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a (c) hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages); of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names, as was necessary to his design.

(b) *Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.*] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

(c) *about a hundred thousand*] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curll, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious encumbrances of Notes and Remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

The only exception is the (d) author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked (e) no man living, who had not before printed, or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possess'd of it, is no concern to the reader: but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly (f) nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full (g) six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avoca-

(d) *The author of the following poem, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.*

(e) *The publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.*

(f) *There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.*

(g) *the labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney, "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life, &c." So also Ward, pref. to Durgin, "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned, to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."*

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

tions and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as would seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:

"Oh mihi bisse nos multum vigilata per annos,
"Duncia! (b)"

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem: which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled, or anxious, if he cannot decypher them: since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. But now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 d.

(b) *The prefacer to Curll's key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word "Duncia, the Dunciad is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.*

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger: containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett Esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Duckett, Esq; printed by E. Curll.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a Player, supervised by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windfor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate: or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliz. Heywood] 8vo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] 8vo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, 8vo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled, by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, 8vo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, 8vo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concannon.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Daily Journal, March 29. A letter about Thersites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, intituled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concannon, Anonymous, 8vo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary book-sellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner.—“The Confederates, a Farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powell's Puppet-show. By Col. Duckett (for which he was put into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)” And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, 8vo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, “That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue: that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald.”]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after], printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll, 12mo, price 6 d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6 d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same

Mr. Curll, 12mo. price 6 d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6 d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, 8vo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, 8vo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concannen, 8vo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concannen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for those kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A letter signed Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P.—Many other little epigrams, about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9: 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett and John Dennis, 4to.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the fourth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo: A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into one epistle, and was published by James Moore, 4to, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the imitator of Horace. By a lady [or between a lady, a lord, and a court squire] printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An epistle from a nobleman to a doctor of divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H—y.] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, 8vo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the first Edition with Notes, in 4to, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive, and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem, was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted, are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the first Edition of the fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that

we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it: And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: In which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*;" which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete Edition of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: But I still thought some ad-

ditions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the laurel: But since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: This person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity: and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.

W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the Journals, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse: We can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions in the *Dunciad*, or from Mr. Dennis, singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A PARALLEL

Of the Characters of MR. DRYDEN and MR. POPE, as drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN, *his Politics, Religion, Morals.*

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegade from monarchy, poetry, and good sense (a). A true republican son of monarchical church (b). A republican atheist (c),

(a) *Milbourne on Dryden's Virgil*, 8vo, 1698, p. 6.

(b) *Page* 38.

(c) *Page* 192.

VII.

A PARALLEL

Of the Characters of MR. POPE and MR. DRYDEN, as drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. POPE, *his Politics, Religion, Morals.*

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning (a). Some call him a Popish whig, which is directly

(a) *Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, Pref. p. 12.

Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοτριόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last (d).

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel, are notoriously traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole Nation and its Representatives notoriously libelled. It is scandalum magnatum, yea of Majesty itself (e).

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor (f). His very Christianity may be questioned (g). He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others (h): with as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility (i).

MR. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre (k). Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question (l).

MR. DRYDEN'S Virgil.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil (m); and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator (n). It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling muse running on carpet ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression (o).

MR. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase (p). The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly (q). The translator is mad: every line betrays his stupidity (r). The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his author (s). This shows how fit Mr. D. may be to

(d) Milbourne on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1698, p. 3.

(e) Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref. (f) Ibid. (g) Milbourne, p. 9.

(h) Ibid. p. 175. (i) Pag. 39. (k) Whip and Key, Pref. (l) Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.

(m) Milbourne, p. 2. (n) Page 35.

(o) Milb. p. 22, and 192. (p) Page 72.

(q) Page 203. (r) Page 78. (s) Page 206.

inconsistent (b). Pope, as a Papist, must be a tory and high flyer (c). He is both whig and tory (d).

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments (e).

In his miscellanies, the persons abused are, The King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy-Council, the Bench of Bishops, the established Church, the present Minister, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into Royal Scandal (f).

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the sacred writings (g). His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles (h). It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility, than his namesake at Rome (i).

MR. POPE only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit (k). It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse (l).

MR. POPE'S Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene (m). He has no admirers, among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge (n).

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions (o).

MR. POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little (p). I

(b) Dunciad dissected. (c) Pref. to Gulliveriana.

(d) Dennis, Character of Mr. P.

(e) Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

(f) List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo, printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6. (g) Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. (h) Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

(i) Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. (k) Mist's Journal of June 8. 1728. (l) Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom. (m) Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. (n) Ib. p. 14.

(o) Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91. (p) Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but *ixwe* for *ixwe* must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press (*t*). Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for use (*u*).

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers (*w*).

MR DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partiality and unseasonably celebrated name (*x*). "Poetis quidlibet audendi" shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets (*y*).

Names bestowed on MR. DRYDEN.

An Ape.] A crafty ape dressed up in a gawdy gown—Whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but apish and Papish brats will heed him (*z*).

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all (*a*).

A Frog.] Poet squab endued with poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox (*b*).

A Coward.] A Clinias or a Damantas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage (*c*).

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul the knave of Jesus Christ: And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty (*d*).

A Fool.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool (*e*)—Some great poets are positive block-heads (*f*).

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden (*g*).

(*z*) *Milb. p.* 19. (*u*) *Page* 144, 190. (*w*) *Page* 67. (*x*) *Page* 192. (*y*) *Page* 125. (*z*) *Whip and Key, Pref.* (*a*) *Milb. p.* 105. (*b*) *Page* 11. (*c*) *Page* 176. (*d*) *Page* 57. (*e*) *Whip and Key, Pr.* (*f*) *Milb. p.* 34. (*g*) *Ibid. p.* 35.

wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow writers with not understanding Greek (*q*). He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question (*r*) I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies (*s*).

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it (*t*).

MR. POPE tricked his Subscribers.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: But it is too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of (*u*). Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers (*w*).

Names bestowed on MR. POPE.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and initial and final letters of his surname, viz. APE. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face (*x*), &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass (*y*).

A Frog.] A squab short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox (*z*).

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward (*a*).

A Knave.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty (*b*).

A Fool.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer (*c*).

A Thing.] A little abject thing (*d*).

(*q*) *Daily Journal, April* 23. 1728 (*r*) *Suppl. to the Profound, Pref.* (*s*) *Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p.* 66. (*t*) *Dennis's Remarks, p.* 28. (*u*) *Homerides, p.* 1, &c. (*w*) *British Journal, Nov.* 25. 1727. (*x*) *Dennis, Daily Journal, May* 11. 1728. (*y*) *Dennis's Rem. on Hom Pref.* (*z*) *Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p.* 9. (*a*) *Char. of Mr. P. p.* 3. (*b*) *Ibid.* (*c*) *Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p.* 37. (*d*) *Ibid. p.* 8.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GAY.

Containing

RURAL SPORTS,
THE FAN,
THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK,
TRIVIA,
DIONE,
FABLES,

TALES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,
ECLOGUES,
ELEGIES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child :
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age ;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, even among the great ;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
But that the virtuous and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

POPE'S EPITAPH ON GAY.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1794.

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THE LIFE OF GAY.

JOHN GAY was born at or near Barnstaple in Devonshire, in 1688. His family was ancient, and had been long in possession of the estate of Goldworthy in that county; but being much reduced, he was born, as he himself tells us in his *Rural Sports*, without prospect of hereditary riches.

But I, who ne'er was blest by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,

He was educated at the Free School of Barnstaple, by Mr. Luck, a master of good reputation, and author of a volume of Latin and English verses, from whom he acquired a taste for classical literature and poetry.

His fortune being insufficient to support the rank of a gentleman, and inadequate to the expence of a liberal education, he was sent to London, and placed apprentice with a silk mercer in the Strand.

The restraint and servility of his occupation soon became his aversion; and in a few years, his master, upon the offer of a small consideration, willingly consented to give up his indentures.

He was now at leisure to indulge his propensity to poetry; and as genius concurred with inclination, he soon produced his *Rural Sports*, a Georgic, printed in 1711, which he inscribed to Pope, who was then rising fast into reputation.

This performance procured him the acquaintance of Pope, who found such attractions in his manners and conversation, that he received him into his inmost confidence; and a friendship was formed between them, which lasted till their separation by death, without any known abatement on either part.

The same year he published, in prose, *The Present State of Wit*, containing a character of the periodical papers of the time.

His reputation was now so greatly advanced, that he attracted the notice of the Duchess of Monmouth, who, in 1712, appointed him her Secretary, with a handsome salary.

The kindness of the Duchess was very seasonable; for it relieved him from the importunities of want, occasioned by improvident thoughtlessness, and afforded him leisure to pursue his poetical studies; of which he made so good use, that the same year he produced *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, one of the happiest of his poetical performances.

The same year appeared *The Mohocks*, a tragi-comical Farce, as it was acted near the Watch-house in Covent-Garden, which is generally supposed to have proceeded from his pen. In 1713, when Steele began "The Guardian," assisted by Addison and other wits, he contributed to it, Nos. 11, and 149.

The same year he brought on the stage, at Drury-Lane, his *Wife of Bath*, a Comedy, which was acted with very indifferent success; and on its revival, with some alterations, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1730, he had the mortification to see it again rejected.

In 1714 he published *The Shepherd's Week*, in six pastorals, with a *Proeme*, in obsolete language, and a *Prologue*, addressed to Bolingbroke, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories. It was written at the instigation of Pope, and designed to degrade the compositions of A. Philips, his rival in pastoral poetry, by shewing, that if it be necessary to copy nature with minuteness, rural life must be exhibited, such as grossness and ignorance have made it. The execution of the plan exceeded the expectation of Pope, for the effect of reality and truth became conspicuous;

even when the intention was to show them groveling and degraded; and *The Shepherd's Week* was read with delight, as a just representation of rural manners and occupations, by those who had no interest in the rivalry of Pope and Philips.

The most promising views of preferment now opened to him at court. He was caressed by Bolingbroke, Swift, and the leading persons in the Tory Ministry, and his patroness rejoiced to see him taken from her service to attend the Earl of Clarendon, as Secretary to his embassy to the Court of Hanover, in the last year of Queen Anne's life.

This was a station that naturally gave him hopes of kindness from every party; but the Queen's death, which happened fifteen days after his arrival at Hanover, put an end to her favours, and the dedication of his *Shepherd's Week* to Bolingbroke, is supposed to have obstructed all kindness from the house of Hanover.

His office, however, made him personally known to the royal family; and his *Epistle to a Lady* occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, procured him a favourable admittance at the new court.

In 1715, he brought on the stage his *What-d'ye-Call-it*, a tragi-comic-pastoral Farce, which was acted with great applause, and honoured with the attendance of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The novelty of this mock tragedy, the images of which were comic, and the action grave, and the favour with which it was received by the audience, produced a pamphlet against it, called, "The Key to the What-d'ye-Call-it," written by Griffin, a player, in conjunction with Theobald.

The exhibition of *The What-d'ye-Call-it*, pleased the town and the court, and advanced the reputation of its author, but failed to raise his fortune.

Places he found were daily given away,
And yet no friendly gazette mentioned Gay.

The profits, however, recruited his finances; and his poetical merit being endeared by the sweetness and sincerity of his disposition, made him the general favourite of the whole association of wits, and the companion of persons of the highest distinction, both in rank and abilities.

In 1716, he made a visit to Devonshire, at the expence of the Earl of Burlington, whom he repaid with an *Epistle*, containing an humorous account of his journey.

The year following, he made a similar return to the kindness of Mr. Pulteney, who, on resigning his place of Secretary at War, took him to Aix.

Soon after his return from France, he endeavoured to entertain the town with *The Three Hours after Marriage*, a Comedy, written by the joint assistance of Pope and Arbuthnot, which was deservedly driven off the stage with general condemnation. It was printed under the name of Gay, but his hand is not very discernible in any part of it. The character of *Sir Tremendous*, being apparently designed for Dennis, was probably introduced by Pope. *Fossile*, who was meant to ridicule Dr. Woodward, a man not really nor justly contemptible, might have been the production of Arbuthnot, whose knowledge in his profession would furnish a sufficient train of physical terms and observations. *Phabe Clinket* also should seem to have been intended to ridicule one of the females, whose petulant attacks had irritated Pope. Cibber says, that his own quarrel with him was occasioned by a joke thrown into the "Rehearsal," at the expence of this unsuccessful performance.

In 1718, he accompanied Pope on a visit to Lord Harcourt, at his seat in Oxfordshire, where he consecrated to posterity the death of two rural lovers, unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a stroke of lightning, in his letter to Fenton, printed among Pope's Letters.

In 1720, he published a collection of his *Poems*, with *Dione*, a pastoral-tragedy, in 4to, by subscription, which, as he was generally known, was so successful, that he raised a thousand pounds, with which Pope advised him, and was seconded by Swift, to purchase an annuity; but the advice was thrown away.

Mr. Secretary Caggs having made him a present of some South Sea stock, he fell into the general insatiation of that disastrous year, and once supposed himself to be master of twenty thousand pounds.

His friends endeavoured to persuade him to sell his share; but he could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase a hundred a-year for life, "which," says Fenton, "would make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This advice was rejected; the profit and principal were lost; and he sunk under the calamity so low, that his life became in danger.

After languishing some time, he removed to Hampstead, in 1722, where, by the care of his friends, among whom Arbuthnot and Pope appear to have shown particular tenderness, his health was restored; and returning to his studies, he wrote *The Captives*, a Tragedy, which he was invited to read to the Princess of Wales, at Leicester-house.

On this occasion Mr. Victor relates, that when the hour came, and he saw the Princess and her ladies all in expectation, advancing with reverence, too great for any other attention, "he did not see a low foot-stool that happened to be near him, and stumbling over it, he fell against a large screen, which he overset, and threw the ladies into no small disorder."

The Captives was brought on the stage at Drury-Lane, in 1723, and acted eleven nights with great applause. The author's third night, was, by the express command of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

He now thought himself in favour; and having promises made him of preferment, he undertook to write *Fables* for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland, which he published, with a dedication to that Prince, in 1726. In some of the *Fables* "he was thought to be something too bold with the court," and in *The Hare with many Friends*, he figuratively described his own dependence on the promises of the Great.

Upon the accession of George II., the year following, his patroness became Queen, and he expected to be provided for in some office suitable to his inclination and abilities; but, on the settlement of the household, he found himself appointed Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa. By this offer he thought himself insulted, and sent a message to the Queen, that he was too old for the place. Remonstrances and solicitations were afterwards employed in his favour, and verses and flatteries were addressed to Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who was much beloved by the King and Queen, to engage her interest in his promotion; but remonstrances and solicitations availed him nothing, and the verses and flatteries were thrown away.

The public favour, however, made him ample amends for the neglect of the court; and the pain which he suffered from his private disappointment, may be supposed to have been driven away by the unprecedented, and almost incredible success of the *Beggar's Opera*, written in ridicule of the musical Italian drama, and acted at Lincoln's Inn-fields, in 1727. It was first offered to Cibber and his brethren at Drury-Lane, and rejected; it being then carried to Rich, had the effect, as was ludicrously said, of *making Gay rich, and Rich gay*.

Of the original and progress of this new species of composition, Spence has given the relation in Pope's words.

"Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a Comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the *Beggar's Opera*. He began on it; and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed it to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing.—When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed.—We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, it would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly.—We were all at the first night of it, in very great uncertainty of the event; 'till we were very much encouraged, by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, "It will do; it must do; I see it in the eyes of them." This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for that Duke (besides his own good taste) has a particular knack, as any one living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."

Its reception is thus recorded in the notes to the *Dunciad*, (Book iii. l. 320.)

"This piece was received with greater applause than was ever known. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days successively. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of it was not confined to the author only. The person who acted *Polly*, [Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton] till then obscure, became, all at once, the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England (for that season) the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years."

Of the *Beggar's Opera*, when it was printed, the reception was different, according to the different opinion of its readers. Swift commended it for the excellence of its morality, as a piece, that, "by a turn of humour, entirely new, placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light." [*Intelligencer*, No. 111.]

Dr. Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, censured it as giving encouragement, not only to vice, but to crimes, by making a highwayman the hero, and dismissing him at last unpunished. Both these decisions are perhaps exaggerated; but it must be confessed, that the last has received the sanction of some respectable magistrates, who have said, that, after the exhibition of the *Beggar's Opera*, the gangs of robbers were evidently multiplied.

Encouraged by the unexampled success of the *Beggar's Opera*, he produced a second part, called *Polly*; but the objections to the first part, either political or moral, had obtained such prevalence, that when it was ready for rehearsal at Covent-Garden, a message was sent from the Lord Chamberlain, that it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppressed.

Being deprived of the produce of his talents by this act of power, he was forced to recompense his repulse, by printing it by a subscription, which drew the humanity of the public to his side, and was so liberal and extensive, that though the first part gained him four hundred pounds, the profits of the second were near thrice as much.—Considering its inferiority to the other in satire, wit, plot, and execution, in all probability he would not have been much a gainer, if it had been left to its own fate.

He received yet another recompense for this supposed hardship, in the kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who resented the indignity put upon him, resigned their respective employments at court, and took him into their family, and treated him with the most affectionate attention during the remaining part of his life. Spence relates, that the Duke, considering his want of economy, undertook the management of his money, and gave it to him as he wanted it. But it is supposed that the discountenance of the court, aggravated by the rejection of his *Wife of Bath*, which he brought again on the stage, in 1730, sunk deep into his heart, and gave him more discontent than the applauses or tenderness of his friends could overpower.

His dejection was soon accompanied by the return of his constitutional distemper, the colic, which he in vain endeavoured to remove, by a journey to Amesbury, the seat of his noble patron, in Wiltshire. "My melancholy," he writes to Pope, "increases, and every hour threatens me with some return of my distemper."

In this disposition, it is no wonder that he rejected Pope's proposal, in 1732, of writing verses on the Queen's hermitage; to which he answers, with a fixed despondency, "I know myself unworthy of royal patronage." He exerted himself, however, sufficiently to exhibit at the Haymarket this year; his *Acis* and *Galatea*, a Serenata, in air and recitative; the story taken from Ovid, and the music composed by Handel.

In the beginning of October 1732, he became apprehensive of his approaching end. "I begin," says he, "to look upon myself as one already dead, and desire my dear Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you survive me, as you certainly will, if a stone should mark the place of my grave, see these words put upon it, with what else you may think proper."

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

He found, however, in the delightful retirement of Amesbury, many intervals of ease and cheerfulness, which enabled him to finish the Opera of *Achilles*; and coming with the family to their house in Burlington-Gardens, to pass the winter season, he gave it to the theatre; and the week after, was suddenly seized with a violent inflammatory fever, which ending in a mortification of his bowels, put a period to his life, December 4th, 1732, in the 54th year of his age.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his noble patrons erected a handsome monument to his memory; and Pope, agreeable to his dying request, gave him an epitaph, written with fondness and respect, but apparently with more esteem of his worth than veneration for his talents.

Then follows this inscription:

Here lie the ashes of MR. JOHN GAY,
The warmest friend,
The most benevolent man;
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumstances of fortune;
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age;
And that equal serenity of mind
Which conscious goodness alone can give,
Through the whole course of his life.
Favourite of the muses
He was led by them to every elegant art;
Refined in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none,
His works continue to inspire
What his example taught,
Contempt of folly, however adorned;
Detestation of vice, however dignified;
Reverence of virtue, however disgraced.

Charles and Catherine, Duke and Duchesse of Queensberry, who loved this excellent man living, and regret him dead, have caused this monument to be erected to his memory.

The Opera of *Achilles* was acted soon after his death, and the profits were given to two widow sisters, Mrs. Ballet and Mrs. Fortescue, who, as heirs at law, shared his fortune, amounting to 3000*l.*, between them.

In 1738, was published a second volume of his *Fables*, more grave, and more political than the former.

There have appeared likewise under his name, *The Distress'd Wife*, a Comedy, first printed in 1743, and acted at Covent-Garden in 1772, and a humorous piece, called *The Rehearsal at Gotham*.

His *Poems on Several Occasions*, were printed in 2 vols. 12mo, 1737. Two additional volumes, professing to be *The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. John Gay*, were printed in 12mo, 1773; in which a fraud of singular importance to his reputation has been attempted. The "Elegiac Epistle to a Friend," "A Ballad on Ale," "Story of Cepheia," "Gondibert, Cantos 7, 8, 9," "The Man Mountain's Answer to the Liliputian verses," need no comment. The imposition is undeniable. The poem on *Wine* first printed in 1710, is inserted on the authority of Hill.

The character of Gay seems to have been very amiable. He was of an affable, sweet disposition, generous in his temper, and pleasant in his conversation. He was universally beloved, and esteemed as a soft and civil companion. His chief fault was an excessive indolence, without the least knowledge of economy, which often subjected him to pecuniary difficulties. "He was a natural man," says Spence in Pope's words, "without design, who spoke what he thought, and just as he thought it; he was of timid temper, and fearful of giving offence to the great; which caution, however, was of no avail." In the "Dunciad," he says, with just indignation,

Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends;

And, in the "Epistle to Arbuthnot," he has this tender and indignant apostrophe—

Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!

As a poet, he is characterised by variety, sprightliness, ease, and elegance. His compositions, though original in some parts, are not of the highest kind. They are, in general, more distinguished by vivacity, penetration, good sense, and perspicuity of expression, than by sublimity, tenderness, imagination, and strength or harmony of numbers. His *Pastorals*, *Fables*, and *Beggar's Opera*, are the chief foundation of his fame. His *pastorals* seem to have the highest finishing. They are perfectly Doric. The rural simplicity neglected by Pope, and admired in Philips, appears in its true guise in the *Shepherd's Week*: "There only nature is seen exactly such as the country affordeth, and the manner meetly copied from the rustical folk therein." His *Fables* have obtained more popularity. They are the favourites of the nursery and of the school, and the delight of persons of every rank and of every age. The versification is polished, the apologues, in general, are correct; they possess originality, wit, and humour; and to these is superadded, a considerable portion of poetical spirit. He is sometimes, however, deficient in that quality, and in the harmony of his numbers; but he is, upon the whole, the most agreeable metrical fabulist in our language. The merits of the *Beggar's Opera* are universally acknowledged. "We owe to Gay," says Dr. Johnson, "the *Ballad Opera*: a mode of Comedy, which at first was supposed to delight only by its novelty; but has now, by the experience of half a century, been found so well accommodated to the disposition of a popular audience, that it is likely to keep long possession of the stage. Whether this new drama was the product of judgment or of luck, the praise of it must be given to the inventor: and there are many writers read with more reverence, to whom such merit of originality cannot be attributed."

Of his *Tales*, *Epistles*, *Eclogues*, *Songs*, &c. it would be superfluous to enumerate the brighter passages. Many of these little compositions are favourites with the public. His *Tales* and *Eclogues* unite a considerable portion of the grace and ease of Prior, with the humour of Swift; but they are not remarkable for the beauty of their images, or the harmony of their numbers. His Pastoral Tragedy of *Dione* is classical and elegant; but will not greatly entertain without the proper embellishments, acting and music. His *Contemplation on Night*, and *Thoughts on Eternity*, merit the highest praise. His *Sweet William's Farewell*, is one of the most popular ballads in the English language.

The estimate of his poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnson, is, in some instances, too severe to be approved by readers uncorrupted by literary prejudices.

"As a poet, he cannot be rated very high. He was, as I once heard a female critic remark, "of a lower order." He had not, in any great degree, the *mens divinator*, the dignity of genius. His first performance, *the Rural Sports*, is such as was easily planned and executed: it is never contemptible, nor ever excellent. The *Fan* is one of those mythological fictions which antiquity delivers ready to the hand, but which, like other things that lie open to every one's use, are of little value. His *Fables* seem to have been a favourite work. Of this kind of fables he does not appear to have formed any distinct or settled notion. For a Fable he gives now and then a Tale, or an abstracted Allegory; and from some, by whatever name they are called, it will be difficult to extract any moral principle. They are, however, told with liveliness; the versification is smooth, and the diction, though now and then a little constrained by the measure or the rhyme, is generally happy. The *Trivia* may be allowed all that it claims: it is sprightly, various, and pleasant. The subject is of that kind which Gay was, by nature, qualified to adorn; yet some of his decorations may be justly wished away. The appearance of *Cloacina* is nauseous and superfluous. *Dione*, is a counterpart to "Amynta" and "Pastor Fido," and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated, and unworthy of imitation. What the Italians call Comedies, from a happy conclusion, Gay calls a Tragedy, from a mournful event; but the style of the Italians and of Gay is equally tragical.

"Of his little poems the public judgment seems to be right; they are neither much esteemed, nor totally despised. *The Story of the Apparition* is borrowed from one of the tales of Poggio. Those that please least, are the pieces to which *Gulliver* gave occasion; for who can much delight in the echo of an unnatural fiction?"

POEMS BY MR. GAY.

RURAL SPORTS:

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1713 *.

“—Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus.” NEMESIAN

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and muse enjoy,
'Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,*
And no rude wind through rustling o'fers blows;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee
throng,

To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties,
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;

* This poem received many material corrections from the author after it was first published.

Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows. [gains,

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;

I wander o'er the various rural toil,
 And know the nature of each different soil:
 This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
 That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
 Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
 Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
 Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
 And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
 The dew-lap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
 While burning love ferments in every vein;
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
 The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
 Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs,
 And steer his distant journey through the skies;
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand;
 No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir
 To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire;
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day;
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,
 And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below:
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,
 And twinkling orbs bestow th' uncloudy skies;
 Her borrow'd lustre growing Cythia lends,
 And on the main a glittering path extends:
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
 Which round their suns their annual circles steer;
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of providence.
 O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their
 rounds;

My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays!

As in successive course the seasons roll,
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
 When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake.
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
 With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
 And arm himself with every watery snare;
 His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
 Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
 Troubling the streams with swift descending rain;
 And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
 Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
 And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
 The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
 Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:
 Upon a rising border of the brook
 He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
 Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
 Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
 When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
 Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
 He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat;
 Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
 How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use,
 Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose:
 The worm that draws a long immoderate size,
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
 And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his gracious beams,
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
 You now a more delusive art must try,
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
 Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require;
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the fable's tail.
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings:
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
 And every fur promote the fisher's art.
 So the gay lady, with excessive care
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-
 plays,

Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
 How the succeeding insect race appear;
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains,
 Oft have I seen the skilful angler try
 The various colours of the treacherous fly, [brook,
 When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,

He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When, if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size,
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds,
So just the colours shine through every part,
That nature seems again to live in art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near.
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away;
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air;
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins and gasping dies.
Would you preserve a numerous finny race;
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase
(Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt ex-
plores):
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;

Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake;
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

C A N T O II.

Now, sporting muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch inclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the foal and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for Sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, she stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford! [board!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way

Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.

When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the muses' care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the
prey;

The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scattering lead pursues the certain flight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.

Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.

The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!
The wood resounds; he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass be-
trays,

While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasant task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for
sounds;

Wide through the furfy field their rot they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain, [train.
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!

Now stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, adventurous muse! hast thou the
force

To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep the seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool;
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the muse and love;
Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll, *meanders*
The sweet composers of the pensive soul;
Farewell!—The city calls me from your bowers;
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours!

THE FAN,

IN THREE BOOKS.

—ἔνθα δὲ οἱ θελκτῆρια πάντα τίτυκτο.

Ἐνθ' ἐν μὲν φιλότῃ, ἐν δ' ἱμερῷ, ἐν δ' ἀαριτύῃ,
Πάρεφασις, ἥ τ' ἐκλεψε νόον πύνα Πιε φρονόντων
Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν.

HOM. Iliad. xiv. 215.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day;
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where, stretch'd at ease, the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervor of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast;
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from every field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend.
Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head;
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears;
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which, shrivell'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
But, as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun:
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.
Stay, wandering muse! nor rove in foreign
climes;

To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ;
Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this instrument of love began,
And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with disdain:
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he
danc'd;

Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flattery in her softer hours apply'd,
The surest charm to bend the force of pride:
But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains:

O potent queen! from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies:
O beauteous goddess! teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love!
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart;
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pine in absence of the swain:
By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame.
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove;
May Venus dictate, and reward my love!
When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with adventurous pace
Pursued his wishes in the dangerous race;
Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair;
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes:
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight.
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares:
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love :
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread ;
Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various
flowers ;

Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart ;
All share the toil ; while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly :
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd
steel ;

Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs :
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys ;
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd ;
Hence spring the glittering implements of pride ;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame
First to these little artists ow'd its frame :
Here an unfinish'd diamond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay ;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen ;
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rally'd fop for smart replies ;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames ;
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground ;
There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms :
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in different labours slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide ;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
A swarm of labourers different tasks attend :
Here pullies make the ponderous oak ascend ;
With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones ;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains ;
Strait to the grott with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more ;
All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands ;
While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands :

Industrious loves ! your present toils forbear ;
A more important task demands your care :
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful
mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.

That glorious bird have ye not often seen,
Who draws the car of the celestial queen ?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes ?
Have ye not seen him in a sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display ;
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain ?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art ;
Thin taper sticks must from one centre part :
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide ;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy ;
With various play bid zephyrs rise,
While Love in every grateful zephyr flies.

The master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs :
Th' expecting loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart ;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire ;
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame :
Of this the little pin they neatly mould, [fold ;
From whence their arms the spreading sticks un-
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend ;
Then on the frame they mount the limber screen,
And finish instantly the new machine.

The goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves ;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales till then unknown play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will ye withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's
hand ?

In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure ;
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd !
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd ;
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair ;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in sickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts !
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts,
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the javelin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew ;
In the bright air the dreadful faulchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise ;
Wide-wasteful death from thundering cannon flies :
One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So Love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.

The bosom now its panting beauties shows;
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires
A towery front of lace on branching wires;
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers can express
Th' inconstant equipage of female dress!
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train!
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound!

But stay, presumptuous muse! nor boldly dare
The toilette's sacred mysteries declare.
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold;
The dazzled muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

B O O K II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in Heaven's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal powers.
Great Jove above the rest exalted sat,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
His awful eye with ray superior shone;
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see! fair Venus comes in all her state;
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loose robe officious zephyrs play,
And strew with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her right hand she waves the fluttering Fan;
And thus in melting sounds her speech began:

Assembled powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside;
Ye fountains! whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with generous
wine;

Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year;
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd;
Celestial synod! this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes;
No levell'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's com-
mand;

On Pallas' arm the Gorgon field appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears;
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strong bow points out the Cynthian
Queen;

Henceforth the waving Fan my hands shall grace,
The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place.
Who shall, ye powers! the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreathes and flowery chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs and amorous swains:
May glowing pictures o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with a warm design!

Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?
Does man against her charms too powerful prove?
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows.
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?

Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explore;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet, if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed,
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe!

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevel'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind.
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still! ye winds, she cries; stay, Theseus, stay!
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His lessening vessel ploughs the foamy main;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express;
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound

Her sister Anna hovering o'er her stands,
Accuses Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe:
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow;
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled.

On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look surveys;
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:

"These streams shall sooner to their fountain
move,

"Than I forget my dear Oenone's love."

Roll back, ye streams; back to your fountain run!
Paris is false; Oenone is undone.

Ah, wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curst passion knew,
When groves could please, and when you lov'd the
plain,

Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the
Fan,

In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin state, in forests rove,
And never trust the dangerous hopes of Love.

The Goddess ended; merry Momus rose,
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws;
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke:

Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cynthian Queen.

On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep has clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:
See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds.

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade;

Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face;
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
(Stand off! ye shepherds; fear Actæon's head):
Let vigorous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face.

See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes;
To raise his passions, she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms; [suade;
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart per-
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid.

Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And soften Danaë in a glittering shower.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face.
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivel'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain;
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
What! spoil her face! No. Warbling strains,
farewell.

Shall arts, shall sciences, employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care,
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;
The god of war within her clinging arms
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

BOOK III.

Thus Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose;
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows;
Her skilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are bless'd with a superior skill,
And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will;
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
Th' assembled powers consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan.
O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains
grow;

Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air,
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe she drew
(Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue).
In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;

Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
 Whose spacious border golden flowers surround;
 She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name;
 To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.
 Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
 Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
 Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
 Here Phœbus his unnerring arrow drew,
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw;
 His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend;
 Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain
 (When Heaven pursues, we shun the stroke in vain):

This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies.
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
 The tender sisters, bath'd in grief, appear
 With sable garments and dishevel'd hair,
 And o'er their gasping brother's weeping flood;
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood;
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
 And in the pious action share their fate.
 Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
 With her wide robe protects her only care;
 To save her only care in vain she tries,
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
 Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
 The plain all purple with her children's blood;
 She stiffens with her woes; no more her hair
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air;
 Motion forsakes her eyes; her veins are dry'd,
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
 All life is fled; firm marble now she grows,
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted Fans display,
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey.
 Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
 And in celestial families adore;
 Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
 And goddesses confess inferior charms;
 Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
 Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
 Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
 Who rolls her sickening eyes, and gasps for life;
 Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
 What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
 See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears;

With agony his wringing hands he strains,
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
 Lose not, in sullen discontent, your peace:
 For, when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents;
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd.
 Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
 Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound;
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
 His snowy feather, edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright sword-knot, lure her wandering eyes;

Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move;
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood:
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdued,
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursued,
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires:
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves;
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
 And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flowers it withers with th' advancing year;
 And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
 Oh, Araminta! cease thy wonted pride,
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the Fan the breathing figures shine,
 And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
 To the low world she bends her steepy way,
 Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day.
 She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love;
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
 And every tree bore false Corinna's name:
 In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms;
 When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
 And with these words relieves his amorous cares:

Rise! happy youth; this bright machine survey,
 Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway;
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands.

For this shall elephants their ivory shed;
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
 On this shall Indians all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
 Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
 Their dress, their customs, their religion, show:
 So shall the British fair their minds improve,
 And on the Fan to distant climates rove.
 Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
 And silver figures gild their loose array;
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies
 Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine;
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
 The peeping Fan in modern times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies;
 This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
 Gay France shall make the Fan her artist's care,
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators, that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue;
 So shall each passion by the Fan be seen,
 From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's
 eyes;
 Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:

But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's
 will)

With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to Leander's panting bosom flew.
 Leander lov'd, and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame:
 Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
 And for the sop in equal passion burns.

Lo, Strephon comes! and, with a suppliant
 bow,

Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
 She sighing cry'd. Disdain forsook her breast,
 And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart;
 Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
 And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
 No more for show and equipage she burns:
 She learns Leander's passion to despise,
 And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
 Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
 Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
 Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies.

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the
 dame;

And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK,

IN SIX PASTORALS. 1714.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.

" — Libeat mihi fordida rura,

" Atque humiles habitare casas. — " — VIRG.

PROEME TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been (and that not unworthily) to divers worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesy highly flourishing, no poet (though otherwise of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple eclogue, after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travailing in this plain high-way of pastoral, know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoved a pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country (Britain) much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own

honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise, sure, more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, golden age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled golden, as this of our sovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school boys) unto that ancient Doric shepherd, Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts

give full language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity :

Ὁ πόλος ὅκκ' ἰσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας, οἷα βατῦνται,
Τάκνεται ὀφθαλμῶς, ὅτι ἔ τρέγος αὐτὸς ἔγιντο.
THEOC. Id. i. 87.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court-clowns, or clown-courtiers (for which to call them rightly I wot not), as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgeses of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season : even as Maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same :

" As one who long in populous city pent,
" Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,
" Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
" Among the pleasant villages and farms
" Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
" The smell of grain, or tedded grafs, or kine,
" Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound."

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to the styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as Maister Spenser well observeth :

" Well is known that, since the Saxon king,
" Never was wolf seen, many or some,
" Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom."

For as much as I have mentioned Maister Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustic reed to rhyme more rumbling than rural. Divers grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts

in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the " Shepherd's Calendar," and divided the same into twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday, or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church-worship. Yet further, of many of Maister Spenser's eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage), is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden, or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future: it having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turns to rubbish and ruins. For this point no reason can I allege, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words, in the course of transitory things, shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardihood to render these mine eclogues into such modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of thy loving countryman,
JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo I, who erst beneath a tree,
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind, and Marian bright,
In apron blue, or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.
VOL. VIII.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the queen;
The queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;

That queen, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas! and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cicely seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,
In doleful dumps stood every clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd queen Anne to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and sighing, swore
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.

A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They said had wrought this blessed deed.
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept;
But watch'd our gracious sovereign still;
For who could rest when she was ill?
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep,
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm, who sav'd the queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see.
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip, I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dread;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row,
Before their queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumfilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.

But Lansdowne, fresh as flower of May,
And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;
And Anglesea, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare;
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint,
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen,
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our bibles fair;
Who for our traffic forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care;
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare;
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad cloths and ferges grow;
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leavings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to church and queen;
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain;
St. John, right courteous to the swain.

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay;
And, certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my lord had said.

Lo, here thou hast mine eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain;
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon emperor's packets be delay'd;
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes, and all.

MONDAY; OR THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

Lobbin Clout.

THE younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrushes shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;

Ver. 3. Welkin, the same as welken, an old Saxon word, signifying a cloud; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the dream of Chaucer,

"Ne in all the welkin was no cloud."

—Sheen or shine, an old word for shining or bright.

O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Cuddy.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belie not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.

[scarce.

Ver. 5. Scant, used in the ancient British authors for

Ver. 6. Rear, an expression in several counties of England, for early in the morning.

Ver. 7. To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree:
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lobbin Clout.

Ah, Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the newn-fall'n calf:

Woe worth the tongue! may blisters fore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

Cuddy.

Hold, witlefs Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learn to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, [sue:
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight en-
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soar high, and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30

Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lobbin Clout.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager that the prize shall be my due.

Cuddy.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting flouch!
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

Lobbin Clout.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-glass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daizy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daizy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

Cuddy.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,
That e'er at wake delightful gambol play'd. 50
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witlefs lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deffest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Lobbin Clout.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year. 60
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.

Ver. 25. Erst, a contraction of ere this; it signifies some time ago, or formerly.

Ver. 56. Deft, an old word, signifying brisk or nimble.

Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

Cuddy.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

Lobbin Clout.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I sily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cuddy.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

Lobbin Clout.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

Cuddy.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Lobbin Clout.

As once I play'd at blindman's buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I mis'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

Cuddy.

As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown; 100
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

Ver. 69. Eftsoons, from est, an ancient British word, signifying soon. So that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon; which is, as it were, to say, twice soon or very soon.

Ver. 79. Queint has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his *Miller's Tale*. "As Clerkes being full subtle and quaint" (by which he means arch or waggish); and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

"Populus Alcidae gratissima, Vitis Iaccho,
"Formosæ Myrtus Veneri, sua Laurea Phæbo,
"Phillis amat Corylos. Ulas dum Phillis amabit,
"Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phæbi."
&c.

VIRG

Lobbin Clout.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her ruffled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

Cuddy.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid.
High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

Lobbin Clout.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
"What flower is that which bears the virgin's
"name,
"The richest metal joined with the same?"

Cuddy.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
"Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?"

Cloddipole.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains!
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

TUESDAY; OR, THE DITTY.

Marian.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when assant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain; 10
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor sage cheese, prepares;
For yearning love the wileless maid employs,
And love, say swains, "all busy heed destroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart;
A lass that Cicely hight had won his heart, 20
Cicely the western lass that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she.
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And, mixt with sighs, thus wails in plaining song:

*Ver. 103—110 were not in the early editions.**Ver. 113. Marygold.**Ver. 117. Rosemary.*

"Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
"Nascantur Flores."—VIRG.

*Ver. 120. "Et vitula tu dignus et hic."—VIRG.**Ver. 21. Kee, a west country word for kine or cows.*

Ah, woful day! ah, woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were
shorn;

Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart. 30

Ah, Colin? canst thou leave thy sweetheart true?
What I have done for thee, will Cicely do?
Will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat?
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cicely's eyes aside?

Where'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear. 40
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known.
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night. 50
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In missing days, when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply; 60
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake:
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
Straight on the fire the footy pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf; 70
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
They said that many crosses I must prove;
Some in my wordly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock; 80
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel while thou wert kind.
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies; bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,

When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake;
Could'st thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet:
"As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
"So is thy image on this heart of mine." 100
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brim-
full,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she fought;
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY; OR, THE DUMPS*.

Sparabella.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O d'Urfey, lend an ear or twain
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where d'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;

* Dumps, or dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the füllens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So mopes, after the same manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king, that died of the same distemper. But our English antiquaries have conjectured that dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country; much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.

"Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
"Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces,
"Et mutata suos requiêrunt flumina cursus." 10
VIRG.

Ver. 9.

"Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
"Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris."—VIRG.

Ver. 11. An opera written by this author, called, "The World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds;" he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forgot the goad, 20
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his
spade,

Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumfiliis put on. 30

Sure if he'd eyes (but love they say has none)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
"Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Shall heavy Clumfiliis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.

Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne! 40
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her aukward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power;

No housewifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
"Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make: 50
Though Clumfiliis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite. 59
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;

Ver. 17. Meed, an old word for fame or renown.
Ver. 18.

—"Hanc sine tempora circum
"Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros." 10
VIRG.

Ver. 25. "Incumbens tereti Damon sit cæpit
"olivæ."—VIRG.

Ver. 33. Shent, an old word, signifying hurt or harmed.

Ver. 37. "Mopso Nisa datur, quid non spere-
"mus amantes?"—VIRG.

Ver. 49. "Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in
"littore vidi."—VIRG.

Ver. 53. "Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra
"leguntur."—VIRG.

Ver. 59.

"Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
"Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ." 10
VIRG.

Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the wadd'ling goose;
For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackrel graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the flow aqs on trees, like squirrels, play; 70
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove;
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the 'squire in yonder wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took, 80
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in livery striped with lace,
Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee;
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Now plain I ken whence love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain
Erst taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherd's destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do?
The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid." [flow;

Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
What! shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!
No.—To some tree this carcase I'll suspend.
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,

Ver. 67.

"Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
"Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces—
"Quàm nostro illius labatur pectore vultus."

VIRG.

Ver. 89. To ken. *Seire. Chaucer*, to ken, and kend;
notus A. S. cunnan. Goth. kunnan. Germanis, kennen.
Danis, kiende. Islandis, kunna. Belgis, kennen. This
word is of general use, but not very common, though not
unknown to the vulgar. Ken for prospicere is well
known, and used to discover by the eye—RAY, F. R. S.

"Nunc scio quid fit amor, &c.

"Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?"

"Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater."

VIRG.

Ver. 99.

"—vivite sylvæ:

"Præceps ærii speculâ de montis in undas

"Deferar."—VIRG.

That stool, the dread of every scolding queen
Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Through all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.

"Ye lasses, cease your burden, cease to moan,
"And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own."

The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dew bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate. 120

THURSDAY; OR, THE SPELL.

Hobnelia.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of wo!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

When first the year I heard the cuckow sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30

"This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
"Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow."

I strait look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;

Ver. 8. Dight, or bedight, from the Saxon word
dightan, which signifies to set in order.

Ver. 21. Doff and don, contracted from the words
do off and do on.

rearily rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away ; 40
A-field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do);
Thee first I spy'd ; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be.

See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take ;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake ?

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal. 50

Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).

I seiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.

Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if a right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L ;

Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove !

For L is found in Lubberkin and Love. [ground,

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame, 61
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name ;

This with the loudest bounce me fore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.

As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow ;

For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see,
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,

Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd, 71

And o'er the door the spell in secret laid ;

My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew ; 4 [in

The latch mov'd up, when, who should first come
But, in his proper person—Lubberkin.

I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see ;

Sure sign that he would break his word with me.

Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted flight :

So may again his love with mine unite ! 80

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

This lady-fly I take from off the grafs,

Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,

" Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west,

" Fly where the man is found that I love best."

He leaves my hand ; see to the west he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town. 89

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Ver. 66.

—ἵνα δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν

αἶθω. ἥ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίει, μύγα καπνυρίσασα.

THEOC.

Ver. 66. " Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in

" Daphnide."—VIRG.

Ver. 93. " Transque caput jace ; ne respex-

" eris."—VIRG.

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grafs a perfect L is read ;

Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen,
Than what the paring makes upon the green.

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

This pippin shall another trial make,

See from the core two kernels brown I take ; 100

This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn ;

And Booby-clod on t' other side is borne.

But Booby-clod soon drops upon the ground,

A certain token that his love's unsound ;

While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last :

Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast !

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,

I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee. 110

He wist not when the hempen string I drew.

Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.

Together fast I tie the garters twain ;

And while I knit the knot repeat this strain :

" Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,

" Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!"

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day,

To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay. 120

I made my market long before 'twas night,

My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.

Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,

And in love-powder all my money spent.

Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,

When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,

These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,

And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

" With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground, 129

" And turn me thrice around, around, around."

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his
ears,

O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.

He comes ! he comes ! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,

Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.

He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown ;

O dear ! I fall adown, adown, adown !

Ver. 109.

" Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores :

" Necte, Amarylli, modo ; et Veneris die vincu-
la necto."—VIRG.

Ver. 123.

" Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena

" Ipse dedit Mæris."—VIRG.

Ver. 127. —Ποτὸν κακὸν αὐρίον οἶσῶ. THEOC.

Ver. 131. " Nescio quid certe est ; et Hylax in
limine latrat."—VIRG.

FRIDAY; OR, THE DIRGE *.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

Bumkinet.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
 There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
 'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
 And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
 From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
 And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
 Yet ev'n this season pleasure blithe affords,
 Now the squeez'd pears foams with our apple
 boards.

Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
 Let cyder new "wash sorrow from thy soul." 10

Grubbinol.

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
 Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

Bumkinet.

"Hang sorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair,
 And with trim sonnets "cast away our care."
 "Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play;
 Thou sing'st most sweet, "O'er hills and far away."
 Of "Patient Griffel" I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring. 20
 Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come;
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

Grubbinol.

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe shall distant vallies ring.
 The tale shall make our kiddings droop their head,
 For, woes is me!—our Blouzelind is dead;

Bumkinet.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
 As the wood-pigeon coos without his mate,
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
 Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And evening tears upon the grass be spread;
 The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow,
 And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they
 blow.

Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn,
 The season quire shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

* Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin Dirige, in the Popish Hymn, Dirige gressus meos, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic Dyrke, Laudare, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their Dyrke, and our dirge, was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead. COWELL'S Interpreter.

Ver. 15.

"Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
 "Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri."

VIRG.

Ver. 27. Glee joy; from the Dutch Glooren, to recreate.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
 Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
 Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
 Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
 There I remember how her faggots large
 Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
 Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
 And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50
 Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
 Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
 Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
 And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chanc'd to hie,
 I shall her goodly countenance espy;
 For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
 Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.
 Sometimes, like wax, she rolls her butter round,
 Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60
 Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
 And pears from spongy curds the milky stream:
 But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
 The whining swine surround the dairy door;
 No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
 To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
 Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
 For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
 Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly; 71
 The poultry there will seem around to stand,
 Waiting upon her charitable hand.

No succour meet the poultry now can find,
 For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass,
 Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
 I pitch'd the sheaves, (oh, could I do so now!)
 Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
 There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
 There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd. 80
 Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
 But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show;
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
 Let weeds, instead of butter-flowers appear,
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
 For cowslips sweet, let dandelions spread;
 For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid, is dead!
 Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone: 90

"Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!

"Weep, shepherds—and remember flesh is grass."

Grubbinol.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,

Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;

Ver. 84.

"Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso,
 "Carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis." VIRG.

Ver. 90.

"Et tumultum facite, et tumulo superaddite car-

"men."

VIRG.

Ver. 93.

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
 "Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum

Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell 99
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage fate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
When on her darling's bed her mother fate! 110
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:

"Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed:
Be these my sister's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid;
Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent."
Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd;
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the Parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the
next;

He said, that Heaven would take her soul, no
doubt,

And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet memory, flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.

With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground;

Left her new grave the Parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's
farm,

To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.

"Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restringere rivo.

"Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi nostra
"vicissim

"Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra"
VIRG.

Ver. 96. An imitation of Theocritus.

For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the bye, 151
"Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise;
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain.
They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

SATURDAY; OR, THE FLIGHTS.

Bowzybeus.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout, 9
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd 20

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous
strong!

Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night;
But thou sat'st topping till the morning light.

Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout:
(For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
"For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")

Ver. 153.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis
"amabit, [cadæ,

"Dumque thymo pascuntur apes, dum rore ci-
"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque ma-
"nebunt." VIRG.

Ver. 22. "Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa
jacebant." VIRG.

By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech be-
spoke:

To you, my lads; I'll sing my carols o'er,
As for the maids—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear. 50

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below;
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed 62
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they
tend,

Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend);
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind). 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lads, knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold. 80
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;

*Ver. 40. "Sanguineis frontem moris et tem-
pora pingit."* VIRG.

*Ver. 43. "Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite: carmina vobis;
Huic aliud mercedis erit."* VIRG.

*Ver. 47. "Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnassia rupes:
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Or-
pheus."* VIRG.

*Ver. 51. Our swain had possibly read Tupper, from
whence he might have collected these philosophical obser-
vations:*

*"Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane co-
aeta, &c."*

Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90

Then sad he sung "the Children in the Wood:"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smil'd;
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)

For "Buxom Joan" he sung the doubtful strife,
How the fly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befell,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and
horn,

"Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

"All in the land of Essex" next he chaunts,
How to seek mares starch Quakers turn gal-
lants:

How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
Happy for him if mares had never been! 112

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm.
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of "Taffey Welch," and "Sawney
Scot,"

"Lilly-bullero" and the "Irish Trot."
Why should I tell of "Bateman," or of "Shore,"
Or "Wantley's Dragon" slain by valiant Moore,
"The Bower of Rosamond," or "Robin Hood,"
And how the "grass now grows where Troy
town stood?" 120

His carols ceas'd: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.

The damsels laughing fly the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk, his sleep at-
tends,

Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

Ver. 97.

"Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo."

VIRG.

*Ver. 99. A Song in the Comedy of "Love for
Love," beginning "A Soldier and a Sailor," &c.*

*Ver. 109. A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his
Poems.*

Ver. 112.

"Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaen."

VIRG.

Ver. 117.

"Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c." VIRG.

Ver. 117—120. Old English ballads.

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

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TRIVIA;

OR, THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Quo te Mæri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?" — VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers, That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And, if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

"—Non tu, in triviis, indocte solebas

"Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen."

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS,
AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course a-right,

How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;

How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,

When to assert the wall, and when resign,

I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,

Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;

By thee transported, I securely stray

Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,

The silent court and opening square explore,

And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10

To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,

Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;

For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,

Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;

For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide

Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.

My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,

From the great theme to build a glorious name,

To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,

And bind my temples with a civic crown: 20

But more my country's love demands my lays;

My country's be the profit, mine the praise!

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,

And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice;

When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,

And their stiff horses through the town move flow;

When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,

And damsels first renew their oyster-cries:

Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,

Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide; 30

The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,

And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:

Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet

Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking

Should the big last extend the shoe too wide, [sleet.

Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;

The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,

Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;

And, when too short the modest shoes are worn,

You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care, 41
 To choose a proper coat for winter's wear,
 Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
 The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
 The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
 And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
 True Witney * broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
 Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear? 50
 Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.

Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloke bespatter'd o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends,
 Whose ample form without one plait depends,
 By various names † in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true furtout alone;
 Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
 Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their canes with amber tip produce;
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily ensure a life's disease; 70

While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To Court, to White's ‡, assemblies, or the play;
 Rosy complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane:
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
 The dirty point oft check the careless pace,
 And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
 Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
 May no such vicious walkers crowd the street! 80
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
 While the bold muse experienc'd danger sings!

Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
 Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muse,
 Where slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.
 Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme;
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
 No miry ways industrious steps offend: 90
 The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
 And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
 Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
 And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
 Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,

And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones.
 Nor shall the muse through narrow Venice stray,
 Where gondolas their painted oars display.
 O happy streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
 No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town! 100

* A town in Oxfordshire.

† A Joseph, Wrap-rascal, &c.

‡ A chocolate-house in St. James's Street.

Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,
 Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;
 Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
 Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way;
 Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
 And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown;
 Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd:
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long training mantua sweeps the ground,
 Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair 115
 With narrow step affects a limping air.
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the streets flame with glaring equipage;
 The tricking gamester insolently rides,
 With loves and graces on his chariot sides;
 In saucy state the griping broker sits.
 And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
 For you, O honest men, these useful lays
 The muse prepares! I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
 From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
 Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
 Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
 When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
 Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn
 This knows the powder'd footman, and with care;
 Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
 Be thou for every season justly dress'd,
 Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast; 130
 And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
 Let thy furtout defend the drenching shower.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
 Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
 You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
 And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
 Your tender skins the scorching heat decline,
 And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
 Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
 In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140
 Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
 And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise
 Of milder weather and serener skies.
 The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
 With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn:
 The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
 And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change;
 * Not that their minds with greater skill are
 fraught,
 Endued by instinct, or by reason taught: 150
 The seasons operate in every breast;
 'Tis hence the fawns are brisk, and ladies dress'd.
 When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
 The chairman idly crowd; then ne'er refuse
 To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames. 160
 The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care

* "Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
 "Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major."
 VIRG. Georg. i.

Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue;
On hosiers' poles depending stockings ty'd
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side;
Church monuments foretel the changing air,
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear, [sounds
And sweats with sacred grief; you'll hear the
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds:
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse, 171
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dew,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel:
Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell,
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn shall strew the year;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain, 179
The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;
But, if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street;
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every dishing pool, or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But business summons; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud 200
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scower,
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the shower.
So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of
hell;

Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and strait, when first his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise; 210
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O forget not, muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny foil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter blest'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:

Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the gray-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening dew are
spread,

The milky burden smokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse,
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian Power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love: 250
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise? 260

At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dew.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270

This Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought.
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping
rheums,

And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit: though flattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

BOOK II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

Thus far the muse has trac'd in useful lays
The proper implements for wintry ways;

Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies :
Now venture, muse, from home to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the streets molest ;
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billigate her fishy traffic bear ; 10
On doors the fallow milk maid chalks her gains :
Ah ! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains !
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;
These grave physicians with their milky cheer
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair ;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like
these

The proper prelude to a state of peace ? 20
Now industry awakes her busy sons ;
Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs :
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid : oft' in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the fable dress ;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh. 30
Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullyng trades avoid with equal care :
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng :
When small coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threat'ned coat ;
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies ;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulders borne, 40
With tallow spots thy coat ; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul
stain,

And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid :
The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age :
And when the porter bends beneath his load, 49
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct ;
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head ;
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes ;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Left from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd
lace, 60

Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side ;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town ;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray ; 70
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft' the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place ;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete ;
But still the wandering passes force his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide ;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the flabby pavement, pass not by [flirt
Ere thou hast held their hands ; some heedless
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters hogheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen toft,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gathering mire thy feet be-
smeared,

The voice of industry is always near. 100
Hark ! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand,
Here let the muse, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song ;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of
change)

Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To seek amours ; the vice the monarch lov'd 109
Soon through the wide æthereal court improv'd :
And ev'n the proudest goddesses now and then
Would lodge a night among the sons of men ;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then * Cloacina (goddess of the tide
Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame ; the town she rov'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd ;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace : 120

* Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common sewer ; and, not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours.—Lactant. i. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

She gaz'd; she sigh'd; (for love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye.)

Now had the watchman walk'd his second
round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well she knows
That pleasing thunder): swift the goddess, rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast; 130
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd
shame;

To the dark alley, arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love! [space,
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

The child, through various risks in years improv'd,
At first a beggar's brat compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the
heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every rain!
The goddess long had mark'd the child's dis-
tress,

And long had sought his sufferings to redress. 150
She prays the gods to take the foundling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd;
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way 160
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with foot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes;
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood, 171
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face!
At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own: 180

But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas box they
bear,

And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flaggon charge their hand, 190
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either side;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd, 199
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun:
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe; [brown'd,
The foot grows black that was with dirt em-
And in thy pocket glingling halfpence sound. 210
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth strait chose his post; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing-Cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And Whitehall echoes—"Clean your Honour's
"shoes!"

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow
street;

The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours feed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change, 239
Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street * would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil.
And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil;
Thy breathing nostril hold; but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Carnavian † cheeses lie;
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise?

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride: [glow,
Shops breathes perfumes, through fashies ribbons
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where mansions mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there
pensive stray,

In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane, 281
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-Lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they condemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the Meuse, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind:
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go, 292
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies insects pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek, 299
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.

* Thames-street. † Cheshire, anciently so called.

† A cheat commonly practised in the streets with
three thimbles and a little ball.

Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam where summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the
ways;

With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.
Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footstep slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw.
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread, 331
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands;
The sempstress speeds to change with red-tipt
nose;

The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye
prove,

Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?

Where Covent-garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend; when lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run! the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dext'rous glazier flying returns the bound,
And jingling fashes on the pent-house sound.

O, roving muse! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted ozers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unfitable, not their own;

Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets ap-
pear,

And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train 371
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain:
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous
roads;

Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: she now a basket bore;
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death! 388

The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd; but death her voice confounds;
And *pip-pip-pip* along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer
winds; 400

The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous
waves;

From every pent-house streams the fleeting
snow,

And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, iur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with flow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majestically dull,

The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull. 410

Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;

The golden-belly'd carp, the broad fin'd maid,

Red speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,

The jointed lobster, and unscaley foal,

And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes

Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;

Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from hence,

Days when our fires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop, 421

And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,

And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;

Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring:
Sweet-smelling flowers, and alder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood;
And, when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mackrel cries. 432
Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in autumn stain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year. 440

Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul!
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd because they still delay. 460
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his
score,

Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470

As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.

Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing, I forget the way. 480

Eehold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends,
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.

Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.

Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias'
hands, 489

A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting
strain

Transports the soul, and thrills through every
vein;

There oft' I enter (but with cleaner shoes),
For Burlington's belov'd by every muse. 500

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510

Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft' the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail;
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the
shower,

In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws
near;

Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage, 530
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.

So, when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong couriers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills; 540
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's
fame,

From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy
meal?

Seek Leaden hall; St. James's sends thee veal;

Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moorfields old books; and Monmouth-street old
suits.

Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife. 550

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye:
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts
groan,

And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers' at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage: 560
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold;
And * Squirts read Garth, till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye!
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and fix? 570

Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.

This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon
glows,

Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps; 580

There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind!

This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.

May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate!

Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good furtout! 590

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA, goddess! leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide etherial roads;
Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee, the villain sheathes his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from heaven's high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When night first bids the twinkling stars ap-
pear.

Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10

* An apothecary's boy, in 'The Dispensary.'

Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows * falling threat thy head;
Now labourers home return, and join their
strength

To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And, as the paffes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding
wread; 20

Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds ap-
pear,

And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the street. 30

Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they
try,

And the blood gushes down their painful eye. 40
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with
blood,

Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene † bred,
Or on Westphalia's fattening chesnuts fed, [fire,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire,
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er, 49
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng:
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the fly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60

Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue "stop thief" re-
sounds.

* A species of window now almost forgotten.

† New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies;
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70
Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the
rout,

And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout,
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-finger's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these syrens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand; 80
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in
vain,

But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90
Yet I (perhaps too fond), if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan fought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of
flain.

Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more. 100

That walker, who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows toft,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to stray
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide, 110
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous
night,

Nor need th' officious linkboys smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrows wheel,
That bruises oft' the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120
Let not thy venturous steps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie.
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you
fall,

And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner allies wind by
day,

To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety, and condemn the mire. 130

Then no impervious courts thy haste detain.
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall
wound

Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall; 140
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land; 150
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the
street.

Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles (unseen below)
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are
cross,

With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul, 169
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels inclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou
fly?

On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,
Amaz'd on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Walfleet sands;

There may'st thou pass with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the
street,

If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste: 192
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ranfack'd for the bill of fare! 200
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christian's food;
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood!
Spungy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing
throng

Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain,
Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
O think on *Œdipus*' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his fire un-
known;

(Unhappy fire, but more unhappy son!)
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died! 220
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy
reign,

Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray,
Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy
way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb: 230
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall:
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil. 240
Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various city frauds * recite,
 With all the petty rapines of the night?
 Who now the guinea dropper's bait regards,
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
 Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray, 251
 Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
 Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
 I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
 When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
 Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
 Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?
 O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
 Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes! 260
 The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
 Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand;
 Say, vagrant muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
 To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:
 So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
 And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with fauntering pace,
 No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
 Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare, 269
 The new-scour'd manteau, and the flattern-air;
 High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
 And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
 With flattering sounds she soothes the credulous ear,
 "My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"
 In riding-hood, near tavern-doors she plies,
 Or muffled pinner's hide her livid eyes.
 With empty handbox she delights to range,
 And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change;
 Nay, she will oft' the Quaker's hood profane,
 And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane. 280
 She darts from farsetnet ambush wily leers,
 Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
 Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
 Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain,
 To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
 His numerous lowing herd; his herds he fold,
 And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.
 Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd:
 Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
 She leads the willing victim to his doom,
 Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
 Thence through the street he reels from post to
 post,

Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
 The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,
 He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
 Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
 And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah, hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills!
 Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills? 300
 How wilt thou lift to heaven thy eyes and hands,
 When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
 Or else (ye gods avert that worst disgrace!)
 Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face!
 Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
 And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.
 Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light,
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

For sixpence will support thy helpless arm, 310
 And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm.
 But, if they shake their lanterns, from afar
 To call their brethren to confederate war,
 When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
 Should chance to wander with the scowering crew;
 Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
 But seek the constable's considerate ear;
 He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
 Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.
 Thus, would you gain some favourite courtier's
 word,

Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord. 320
 Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.

His scatter'd pence the flying nicker * flings,
 And with the copper shower the casement rings.
 Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
 Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
 Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
 I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,
 Where from Snow-hill black sleepy torrents run;
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hoghead's
 womb, 331

Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to
 side:

So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
 Or the dark caves to common-shores descend;
 Oft' by the winds extinct the signal lies,
 Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies, 440
 Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
 In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
 Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
 And from the cracking axle flies the spoke.
 So, when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
 That led the sailor through the stormy way,
 Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
 And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
 Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
 And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350

Who then through night would hire the har-
 ness'd steed?

And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark! distress with screaming voice draws
 nigher,
 And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
 At first a glowing red inwraps the skies,
 And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise;
 From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
 The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
 Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
 And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers;
 Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement
 swarms, 361

The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms;
 A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
 Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with
 halfpence.

Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers,
 The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
 With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
 The Dardan hero bore his aged fire.
 See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
 To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
 The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls; 372
 Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
 Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
 The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night
 Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light.
 'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
 The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
 When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
 And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread. 380
 Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds retire;
 Behold! the ready match is tipped with fire,
 The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
 With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
 Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sudden sound
 The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
 So, when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
 Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
 Her sap'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
 And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake; 390
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
 And in th' abyfs her plunging towers descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known;
 The toils, the perils of the wintery town;
 What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,
 How oft' I cross'd where carts and coaches roar;
 Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
 Their future safety from my dangers find.
 Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
 Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil, 400
 The barbarous Arabs haunt; or shivering coast
 Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
 Whom Providence in length of years restores
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
 Sets forth his journals to the public view,
 To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.

And now complete my generous labours lie,
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
 Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410
 When W—— and G——, mighty names! are
 dead;
 Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
 When critics crazy handboxes repair,
 And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
 High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
 This work shall shine, and walkers bless my
 name.

* *Probably Ward and Gildon.*

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EPISTLES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPISTLE I.

To a Lady. Occasioned by the Arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
 An I frankly own I should long since have writ.
 You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
 And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme:
 No more let trifling themes your muse employ,
 Nor lavish verse, to paint a female toy:
 No more on plains with rural damsels sport;
 But sing the glories of the British court.
 By your commands and inclination sway'd,
 I call'd th' unwilling muses to my aid:
 Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
 And to the princess thus the poem rose.
 "Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye sacred nine!
 "Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
 "My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
 "The lovely parent of our royal race.
 "Breathe soft, ye winds! ye waves, in silence sleep!
 "Let prosperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
 "Swell the white sails, and with the streamers
 "play,
 "To waft her gently o'er the watery way."
 Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
 To rein the winds, and guard the royal fair;
 Bid the blue tritons sound their twisted shells,
 And call the nereids from their pearly cells.
 Thus my warm zeal had drawn the muse along,
 Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
 I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
 Perus'd French critics, and began anew.
 Long open panegyric drags at best,
 And praise is only praise when well address'd.
 Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought:
 And all along I trac'd him thought by thought.
 This new performance to a friend I show'd:
 For shame! says he; what, imitate an ode!
 I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-street lays,
 Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise:
 One common fate all imitators share,
 To save mince-pyes, and cap the grocer's ware.

Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
 Rhymes, similes, lords names, and ends of wit:
 In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,
 And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.
 Ladies! to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
 And writ a letter in familiar way:
 For still impatient till the princess came,
 You from description wish'd to know the dame.
 Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
 For still new graces open'd to my view.
 Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme;
 And then I thus pursued the growing scheme:
 "Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,
 "And charms are emanations of the mind;
 "The soul, transpiercing through the shining
 "frame,
 "Forms all the graces of the princely dame:
 "Benevolence her conversation guides,
 "Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
 "Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
 "As softens English to Italian sound:
 "Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
 "As charm the judgment, while they soothe the
 "ear.
 "Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,
 "Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
 "Henceforth, ye fair, at chapel mind your pray-
 "ers,
 "Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;
 "Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
 "Nor most devoutly criticise on dress.
 "From her form all your characters of life,
 "The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
 "Oft have I seen her little infant-train,
 "The lovely primrose of a future reign;
 "Observ'd with pleasure every dawning grace,
 "And all the mother opening in their face.
 "The son shall add new honours to the line,
 "And early with paternal virtues shine:
 "When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
 "His little heart with emulation beats;
 "With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
 "He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquish'd foes;

" Each year with arts shall store his ripening brain,
 " And from his grandfire he shall learn to reign."

Thus far I'd gone: Propitious rising gales
 Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.
 Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar;
 White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore.
 Behold the bright original appear,
 All praise is faint when Carolina's near.
 Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
 The princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were baulk'd (my last re-
 I left the muses, to frequent the court: [fort),
 Pensive each night from room to room I walk'd,
 To one I bow'd, and with the other talk'd;
 Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
 And did the next day, and the next, the same.
 Places, I found, were daily given away,
 And yet no friendly gazette mention'd Gay.
 I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;
 He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
 Another ask'd me, why I had not writ;
 A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
 Straight I reply'd, with what a courtly grace
 Flows easy verse from him that has a place!
 Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his strains,
 He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
 And, had not Horace sweet preferment found,
 The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung, [rung.
 And with their names wild woods and mountains
 O teach me now to strike a softer strain!
 The court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the ministry rehearse,
 And with each patriot's name prolong your verse:
 But sure this truth to poets should be known,
 That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,
 To some distinguish'd lord I must address;
 One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
 One always zealous for his country's good;
 Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
 In council cautious, resolute in fight;
 Whose generous temper prompts him to defend,
 And patronise the man that wants a friend.
 You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown;
 But I, alas! am to Argyll unknown.

Still every one I met in this agreed,
 That writing was my method to succeed;
 But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
 That scarce I could produce a single strain:
 Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
 Without connection, as without design.

One morn upon the princess this I writ,
 An epigram that boasts more truth than wit.

" The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
 " She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
 " For this on earth the British crown was given,
 " And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."
 Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
 The following lines prophetic fancy wrought.

" Methinks I see some bard, whose heavenly
 " rage
 " Shall rise in song, and warm a future age;
 " Look back through time, and, wrapt in wonder,
 " trace

" The glorious series of the Brunswick race.

" From the first George these godlike kings
 " descend,

" A line which only with the world shall end.

" The next a generous prince renown'd in arms,

" And blest'd, long blest'd, in Carolina's charms;

" From these the rest. 'Tis thus, secure in peace,

" We plough the fields, and reap the year's in-
 " crease:

" Now commerce, wealthy goddess, rears her head,

" And bids Britannia's fleets their canvas spread;

" Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,

" And wealth returns with each revolving tide."

Here paus'd the sullen muse; in haste I dress'd,

And through the crowd of needy courtiers press'd;

Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see

Those eyes, that glad a nation, shine on me.

EPISTLE II.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

A Journey to Exeter. 1716.

WHILE you, my lord, bid stately piles ascend,
 Or in your Chiswick bowers enjoy your friend;
 Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
 The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach;
 I journey far.—You knew fat bards might tire,
 And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty 'squire.

'Twas on the day when city-dames repair
 To take their weekly dose of Hyde-park air;
 When forth we trot: no carts the road infest,
 For still on Sundays country horses rest.
 Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen;
 Through Hammer-smith jog on to Turnham-green.
 That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed,
 But feeds no more: for * Solomon is dead.
 Three daisy miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
 For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known:
 Thence, o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd
 lanes, [Stains.

We come where Thames divides the meads of
 We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
 Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
 Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-heath we cross,
 Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.
 At Hartley-row the foaming bit we press,
 While the fat landlord welcom'd every guest.
 Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
 Our host extoll'd his wine at every round;
 Relates the justices late meeting there,
 How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
 What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
 And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking
 more.

Let travellers the morning-vigils keep:
 The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
 Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
 And Popham-lane was scarce in sight by one:
 The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
 'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
 That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
 And sent her home a belle to country towns.

* A man once famous for feeding pigeons.

Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,
And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,
Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you.
But how shall I describe in humble prose
Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux?
In prose? you cry: oh no, the muse must aid,
And leave Parnassus for the Tuilleries' shade:
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled muse, with pattens shod,
Through dirty lanes, and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow shine,
Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn;
So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremost place.

Travellers should ever fit expression choose,
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
And, when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly
slide;

But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Describe alike Mockaws and Great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-maitre*:

"In Paris there's a race of animals
"I've seen them at their operas and balls):
"They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
"Monkeys in action, parroquets in talk;
"They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
"And, like camelions, daily change their hue;
"From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
"And with vermilion lacquer o'er their faces.
"This custom, as we visibly discern,
"They, by frequenting ladies toilettes, learn."
Thus might the traveller easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start.

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance:
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his sword is hung;
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue,
His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
Like a court-lady though he write and spell,
His minuet-step was fashion'd by Marcell *;
He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
For women choose their men, like silks, for show.
Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boasts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
For such a fluttering sight we need not roam;
Our own assemblies shine with these at home.

* A famous dancing-master.

Let us into th' field of beauty start;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye fair, that I the sex accuse:
How shall I spare you, prompted by the muse?
(The muses all are *prudes*!) She rails, she frets,
Amidst this sprightly nation of coquettes:
Yet let not us their loose coquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the same.

You ask me, if Parisian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice profane the Sunday's hours;
If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
Will risk their income on a single chance.
Nannette last night a tricking *pharaon* play'd,
The cards the Taillier's sliding hand obey'd:
To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
Ah, too rash virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
Yet who with justice can their fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid?

But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs?
This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her opera face;
From this we scarce extract the milk maid's bloom:
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room:
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.
When the sweet breathing spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
Then Tottenham-fields with roving beauty swarm,
And Hamstead balls the city virgin warm?
Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the prest grafs defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the same; but in a higher sphere,
For ev'n court-ladies sin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would trust his sponse
Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs?
What peer of France would let his duchess rove,
Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grafs, the shepherd sighs his
pain;

And on the grafs what shepherd sighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon laid along,
Melts with the languish of her amorous song;
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickest shade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold:
Be wise; Alexis, what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;

The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every shade.
But, since at court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty fums have velvet couches cost!

Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of rustling mantuas rove.
As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that past,
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest;
I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.

He thus accosts me with familiar air,

"Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!"

"Quelle manche! cegalon est grossièrement rangé;"

"Voilà quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!"

This said: on his red heel he turns, and then

Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again:

"Well; now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own

"Your boasted London seems a country town.

"Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?

"Are churches built? Are masquerades in fashion?

"Do daily soups your dinners introduce?

"Are music, snuff, and coaches, yet in use?"

Pardon me, Sir; we know the Paris mode,

And gather *politesse* from courts abroad.

Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train

To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.

Nor has religion left us in the lurch;

And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:

Our ladies too support the masquerade;

The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade.

Straight the vain fop in ignorant raptures cries,

"Paris the barbarous world will civilize!"

Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band

The present beauties who the town command.

"See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,

"Mark in her eye demure the prude protest;

"That frozen bosom native fire must want,

"Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!

"This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,

"Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;

"The necklace Florio's generous flame bestow'd,

"Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load;

"But now her charms grow cheap by constant use,

"She sins for scarfs, clock'd-stockings, knots, and

"shoes.

"This next, with sober gait and serious leer,

"Wearies her knees with morn and evening prayer;

"She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,

"But with three abbots in one night engages.

"This with the cardinal her night employs,

"Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.

"Why have I promis'd things beyond my power?

"Five assignations wait me at this hour!

"The sprightly countess first my visit claims,

"To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.

"Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave;

"Gay Florimella flily twitch'd my sleeve."

Adieu, Monsieur!—The opera hour draws near.

Not see the opera! all the world is there; [France

Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of

In bright array attract the female glance:

This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,

And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But hark! the full orchestra strike the strings;

The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quivers bellow'd every note.
Pray, Sir, says I, suspend awhile your song;
The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous
strong;

I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.
Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
"Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique!"
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise;
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O soothe me with some soft Italian air,

Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!

When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
The melting warble thrills through every vein;
Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So strongly with this prejudice possess'd,
He thinks French music and French painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!

'Tis true his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profess.

Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,

Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.

What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines!

He to dear Paris all his life confines.

I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,

Things which might make me love my country less.

I should not think my Britain had such charms,

If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms.

France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;

And then, I grant it, France in science shone.

We too, I own, without such aids may chance

In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine, [scene.

Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's humorous

Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,

Whose maxims, Pulteney, warm thy patriot breast;

In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear

Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.

Hear, all ye princes, who the world controul,

What cares, what terrors, haunt the tyrant's soul;

His constant train are, Anger, Fear, Distrust.

To be a king, is to be good and just;

His people he protects, their rights he saves,

And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy, shall the monarch reign,

Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!

There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land,

And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:

There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,

There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.

O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend:

So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You'll think 'tistime some other theme to choose,

And not with beaux and fops fatigue the muse:

Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

To the Right Honourable Paul Metbuen, Esq.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science spread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said.
When learning droops and sickens in the land,
What patron's found, to lend a saving hand?
True generous spirits prosperous vice detest,
And love to cherish virtue when distressed:
But, ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the Alpine mountain's sides,
To find the seat where harmony resides?
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the sound;
But there the patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
He and Mæcenas lov'd the muse's strain.

But now that wight in poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the state:
Or, if you choose more sure and ready ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not—all men are dedication proof.

Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He, who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lifts an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er had seen.
Why then should authors mourn their desperate
case?

Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? Exert the gifts to rise,
And banish timorous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at court?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the muses' train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting, why she loves Hesperian air?
Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temples lofty domes create.
The noble view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;

There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington unbias'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace.
But, oh, consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear?
Censure will blame; her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.

While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good. [page,

Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his
Dennis had never kindled into rage.

'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown;
Poor slander-selling Curll would be undone.
He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.
The crow bespoke him thus, with solemn grace:
"Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race!
"What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you
"sing!"

"And no bird soars upon a stronger wing."
The lark, who scorn'd soft flattery, thus replies:
"True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;
"Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
"For what advantage are these gifts to me?
"My song confines me to the wiry cage,
"My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
"But, as you pass, I hear the fowler's say,
"To shoot at crows is powder flung away."

EPISTLE V.

To her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, 1722.

Excuse me, madam, if amidst your tears
A muse intrudes, a muse who feels your cares;
Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief controul,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.

If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousand grieve;
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose,
To bless his country with a fix'd repose;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raise his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws and native rights;
No father (every generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
 Yes. Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
 When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
 Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
 She saw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
 Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly:
 Then Marlborough came, defeated Gallia fled;
 And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head;
 In him secure, as in her strongest mound
 That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany! remember Hockstet's plain,
 Where prostrate Gallia bled at every vein:
 Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
 Then think of Marlborough's death without a groan!

Apollo kindly whispers me: "Be wise:
 "How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
 "The force of verse another theme might raise,
 "But here the merit must transcend the praise.
 "Hast thou, presumptuous bard! that godlike
 "fame
 "Which with the sun shall last, and Marlborough's
 "fame?
 "Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire?
 "Resign the task, and silently admire."

Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read?
 Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
 But he requires not the strong glare of verse:
 Let punctual history his deeds rehearse;
 Let truth in native purity appear,
 You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.

Is this the comfort which the muse bestows?
 I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
 A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
 Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
 Is it not barbarous, to the sighing maid
 To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?
 Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
 With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas?
 Ev'n while I strive on Marlborough's fame to rise,
 I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temple's shade,
 Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade.
 Immortal honour has enroll'd his name;
 Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame.
 Say, who can soar beyond his eagle flight;
 Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height?
 What could he more, had Heav'n prolong'd his
 date?

All human power is limited by fate.

Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
 I wake your sorrow, and again offend.
 Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime,
 Which will be spread through every age and clime;
 Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
 And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
 Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
 They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's name.

But vain are all the counsels of the muse;
 A soul like yours could not a tear refuse:
 Could you your birth and filial love forego,
 Still sighs must rise, and generous sorrow flow;
 For, when from earth such matchless worth re-
 moves,

A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves.

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. Pope, on his having finished his Translation of
 Homer's Iliad.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

I.

LONG hast thou, friend! been absent from my soil,
 Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
 I have been witness of thy six years toil,
 Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
 Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
 On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:
 Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
 And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

II.

DID I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
 To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
 Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
 And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
 Ev'n in mid-ocean often didst thou quail,
 And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
 Praying the virgin dear, and faintly choir,
 Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

CHEER up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
 Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
 Hark! how the guns salute from either shore,
 As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:
 Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
 And bells break loud through every gust of air:
 Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
 As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV.

NOW pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
 And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
 Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human
 kind,

More visited than our park or hall,
 Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
 Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all:
 I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
 Duke*! that's the room for Pope, and that for
 Gay.

V.

COME in, my friends! here shall ye dine and lie,
 And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;
 And sup and breakfast on (if ye comply),
 For I have still some dozens of champagne:
 His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
 He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
 For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
 Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

VI.

OH, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
 The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy;
 By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day;
 I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
 No, now I see them near.—Oh, these are they
 Who come in crowds to welcome thee from
 Troy.

Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd;
 From rage, from battle, and from storm, return'd!

* He was usually called "Duke Disney."

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest;
Yea peers, and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest:
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as womankind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's
eyes:
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongu'd Murray near her side attends;
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Le-
pell.

IX.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand, [known:
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelsea, still meditating song:
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why she comes along.
Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolic Bicknell, and her sister young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd,
Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan);
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muse;
And friendly Congreve, unreprouchful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse);
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton whispering asks—Is Troy town
taken?

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er
disguis'd;
Ah why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find!
St. John, for every social virtue priz'd.—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or else to see thee here I well surmis'd:

VOL. VIII.

Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Boeotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd;
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods his head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

XV.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whose eloquence th' unbias'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
And shows his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways:
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens, [cousins,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair, [cries:
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine, so fat with laughing
eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size)
Yea Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou hast riches),
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches,

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent;
"Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
"For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
"Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
"But hither me hath my meekle lady sent:—
"In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,
"But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I see, among th' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering
Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles flow along.
See Digby faints at Southerne talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng:
Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership they say)
Set forth for Greece, but foundered in the way.

XX.

Lo, the two Doncastles in Berkshire known:
Lo Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land!
Lo Tooker, Eckerhall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand;
Ays, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?

U

Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo thousands more; but I want rhyme and room!

XXI.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:

And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.

What from contending cities did he gain?

And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

EPISTLE VII.

To Mr. Thomas Snow, Goldsmith, near Temple-Bar.

*A Panegyric, occasioned by his buying and selling of
the third South-Sea subscriptions, taken in by the Di-
rectors at a thousand per cent.*

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.

Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and fable locks,
In crowds of brokers overawe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands
drown'd!

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st; nor sent'st one bill unpaid away.

When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue),
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did 'Change-Alley waste thy precious hours
Among the fools who gap'd for golden showers?

No wonder if we found some poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air; [schemes,
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea

Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder they their third subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold;

No wonder, that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
Though chang'd throughout in substance and in
name.

But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

Let vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
Who'd ruin thousands for a single great.

I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasure which their stumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.

If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,

Yet be diverted by this moral tale. [seat,

Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;

Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.

There, in full opulence, a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His sideboard glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours,
In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers;
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well;
A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cry'd, "Behold my castle walls,
"My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals;
"With land of twenty thousand acres round;
"All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."

The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law). [clear;

The banker's brain was cool'd, the mist grew
The visionary scene was lost in air.

He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good:

Yet, loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,

"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."

The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd.
"Shall I, ye gods (he cries), my debts compound!"

So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;

With just resentment flings it on the ground;

"There, take my tally of ten thousand pound!"

EPISTLE VIII.

Mary Gulliver to Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

Argument.

The captain, some time after his return, being re-
tired, to Mr. Symphon's in the country; Mrs.
Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour
some estrangement of his affections, writes him
the following expostulating, soothing, and ten-
derly-complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What! touch me not? What! shun a wife's em-
brace?

Have I for this thy tedious absence borne, [turn?
And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy re-
In five long years I took no second spouse;

What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?

Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;

Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.

'Tis said that thou should'st cleave unto thy wife;

Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.

Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan:

Be kind at least to these—they are thy own!

Be bold, and count them all; secure to find

The honest number that you left behind.

See how they pat thee with their pretty paws;

Why start you? are they snakes? or have they
claws?

Thy Christian feed, our mutual flesh and bone:

Be kind at least to these—they are thy own?

* Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;

He chang'd his country, but retains his love:

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in the *Travels*.

There's Captain * Pannel, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Mistress Biddel sure is fifty-three!

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed?

Some say the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad; some think you are possess'd;
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas, this phrenzy to appease!
That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house: my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the streets I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open; all the neighbours rise:
Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare!"

At early morn, I to the market haste
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste);
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose
(For I remember'd you were fond of those):
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me!

These for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolan's decree!
For, when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.

When folks might see thee all the country
round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in the *Travels*.

When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cram'd,
The piteous image renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case;
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name.
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sat,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quibus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings;
If Ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumblum's humbler title sooth thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the
nose,

I'd call the Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name,
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

E P I S T L E IX.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

From a Dog at Twickenham, to a Dog at Court.

To thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail in wanton play,
Now frisking this, and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off,
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fy, naughty Fop! where'er you come
To fart and piss about the room,
To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—snap:
The worst that envy, or that spite,
E'er said of me is, I can bite;
That sturdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touze such things as *flutter*,
The honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and every courtly fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop;
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat:
And, let me tell you, have a nose
(Whatever stinking fops suppose)

U ij

That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
Can smell a plaster, or an issue.
Your pilfering lord, with simple pride,
May wear a pick-lock at his side :
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays :
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Veni's,
And motly, squinting Harlequini's *,
Shall lick no more their lady's breech,
But die of looseness, claps, or itch ;
Fair Thames from either echoing shore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd,
With thundering offspring all around,
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons ! and not one Fop.
Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief ;
Not one without permission feed
(Though some of J——'s hungry breed) ;
But whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace :
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest-born resides not far
Where shines great Stafford's glittering star ;
My second (child of fortune !) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates ;
A third majestically stalks
(Happiest of dogs) in Cobham's walks !
One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race :
And, oh ! would fate the bliss decree
To mine (a bliss too great for me),
That two my tallest sons might grace,
Attending each with stately pace,
Iulus' side, as erst Evander's †,
To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders ;
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare Lord Fannies from his ear :
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at least a friend—or two ;
A treasure, which, of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find ;
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the sect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality assign'd
To any beast but Dryden's hind ‡ :
Yet Master Pope, whom truth and sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he sings,
Than to bestow a word on kings,

* *Alii legunt Harvequini's.*

† *Virg. Æn. viii.*

‡ "A milk-white hind, immortal and un-
chang'd,"—*Hind and Panther, ver. I.*

Has sworn by Styx *, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

EPISTLE X.

*To the Learned Ingenious Author † of "Licentia Po-
etica Discussed," or, the "True Test of Po-
etry." Written in 1709.*

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious art can ne'er aspire,
Nor constant studies the bright bays acquire ;
And that high flights the unborn bard receives,
And only nature the due laurel gives :
But you, with innate shining flames endow'd,
To wide Castalian springs point out the god ;
Through your perspective we can plainly see
The new-discoverr'd road of poetry ;
To steep Parnassus you direct the way
So smooth, that venturous travellers cannot stray,
But with unerring steps rough ways disdain,
And by you led, the beauteous summit gain,
Where polish'd lays shall raise their growing fames,
And with their tuneful guide enrol their honour'd
names.

EPISTLE XI.

*To my Ingenious and Worthy Friend, WILLIAM
LOWNDS, Esq. Author of that Celebrated Treatise,
in folio, called "The Land-Tax Bill."*

WHEN poets print their works, the scribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas-pew.
Can meagre poetry such fame deserve ?
Can poetry, that only writes to starve ?
And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the senate's annual law is bred ?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler ways and means true fame acquires.
O had I Virgil's force, to sing the man,
Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*,
Great Lownds's praise should swell the trump of
fame,

And rapes and weapontakes resound his name !

If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By singing every Grecian chief and town ;
Sure Lownds's prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and
squires,

Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires.

Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns : [obey ;
Lords, knights, and 'squires, th' assessor's power
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah ! why did Coningsby thy works defame !
That author's long harangue betrays his name.
After his speeches can his pen succeed ?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read ?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred.

* *Orig. Sticks ; purposely mis-spelt, to make it "the
dread of dogs."*

† *Dr. William Coward.*

Or dost thou boast th' historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the acts of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash.
What on the drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n Button's wits are nought, compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his
tea; [spread,
While thou through Britain's distant isle shalt
In every hundred and division read.

Critics in classics oft interpolate,
But every word of thine is fix'd as fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringes round a tallow-light.
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like Steele (when unassisted by a friend):
But thou shalt live a year, in spite of fate;
And where's your author boasts a longer date?
Poets of old had such a wond'rous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower:
But in thy prose a greater force is found;
What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the poisonous seed.
Thy labours, Lownds, can greater wonders do;
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way; [lay.
When once they're rais'd, they're curst hard to

EPISTLE XII.

To a young Lady, with some Lampreys.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her;
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When 'squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to show their absent flame.
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In poesy'd lockets, bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from diamond-rings and watches?
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket;
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.

Why then send lampreys? Fye, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden aunt will scold,
And think my present somewhat bold.
I see her lift her hands and eyes:

"What! eat it, niece; eat Spanish flies!

"Lamprey's a most immodest diet:

"You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.

"Should I to-night eat Sago-cream,

"I would make me blush to tell my dream:

"If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming.
"That every man I see looks charming.
"Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
Laid Rochester upon your pillow?
"I vow and swear, I think the present
Had been as modest and as decent.
"Who has her virtue in her power?
"Each day has its unguarded hour;
"Always in danger of undoing,
"A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin!
"The shepherdess, who lives on fallad,
"To cool her young, controuls her palate.
"Should Dian's maids turn liquorish livers,
"And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
"Then, all beside each glade and vilsto,
"You'd see nymphs lying like Calisto.
"The man, who meant to heat your blood,
"Needs not himself such vicious food—"
In this, I own, your aunt is clear,
I sent you what I well might spare:
For, when I see you (without joking),
Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of craw-fish soup.

EPISTLE XIII.

To a Lady; on her Passion for Old China.

WHAT ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy, should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a china jar.

China's the passion of her soul:
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.
Some gems collect, some medals prize,
And view the rust with lovers eyes;
Some court the stars at midnight hours;
Some doat on nature's charms in flowers;
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere,
My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers, more grave than wise,
Hunt science down in butterflies;
Or, fondly poring on a spider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Fossils give joy to Galen's soul;
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
In shells so learn'd, that all agree
No fish that swims knows more than he!
In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
Who, Laura, shall thy taste despise?

Where I some antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold;
Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
Appear the types of woman-kind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for household duty?
With flowers, and gold, and azure, dy'd,
Of every house the grace and pride?

How white, how polish'd is their skin,
And valued most when only seen !
She, who before was highest priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
I grant they're frail; yet they're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear !
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough;
He's a strong earthen vessel, made
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And, when wives lose their other self,
With ease they bear the loss of self.

Husbands, more covetous than sage,
Condemn this china-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fix'd on more strong, more sure foundations?
If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine, and break.
A courtier's promise is so flight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The mis' you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And, if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like china fold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly choose the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

EPISTLE XIV.

On a Miscellany of Poems. To Bernard Lintott.

"*Ipse varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.*" PLIN. Epist.

As when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his dish with different sorts of fare,
Fishes and fowls deliciously unite,
To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight.

So, Bernard, must a miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The muses olio, which all tastes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Would'st thou for miscellanies raise thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the muses in the piece conspire;
The lyric bard must strike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroic strains must here and there be found,
And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill some pages with melodious woe;
Let not your amorous songs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;

I

Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
May lash the madness of a vicious age;
Satire! the muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please;
Let short-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And strike at follies in a single line. [sown,
Translations should throughout the work be
And Homer's godlike muse be made our own;
Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue.
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain;
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the listening ear with tales of love.
Let every classic in the volume shine,
And each contribute to thy great design;
Through various subjects let the reader range,
And raise his fancy with a grateful change.
Variety's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change th' expiring flame renews.

Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
That honour'd piece to distant times must live;
When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
The little loves rejoice, and clap their wings;
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious swain }
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain, }
'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again.
But, when th' illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the God of Love,
Like Maro's muse, he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupid's sight.

If thou would'st have thy volume stand the
test,

And of all others be reputed best,
Let Congreve teach the listening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

Let Prior's muse with softening accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.

Waller in Granville lives; when Mira sings,
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding
strings,

With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,
And silence guards the place while he repeats;
His muse alike on every subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of love, or arms:
In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
And Homer's Iliad shines in his campaign.

Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physic, as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious muse with pleasure
roves, [groves,
Amids the plains, the murmuring streams, and

Attentive echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,
Through the glad shade each warbling note pro-
longs;

His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far out-shoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears. }

From these successful bards collect thy strains;
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather-binding bears the sway,
And sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown sheets and scurvy
letter;

While print admirers careful Aldus choose,
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
And Tonson yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPISTLE XV.

To the most honourable the Earl of Oxford, the Lord
High Treasurer.

The Epigrammatical Petition of your Lordship's
most humble Servant,

JOHN GAY.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue;
When abroad and in courts I shall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

ECLOGUES.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

In Imitation of the Pollio of Virgil.

YE sylvan muses, loftier strains recite:
Not at all in shades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chase;
This hour destruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to list the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the clattering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd
his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this stag through three whole counties
fled,

What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;

How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'er shades his
chin,

And every female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms shall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping
hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land;
On sam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!

* The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a
witch in the shape of a hare.

Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O venturous youth, thy thirst of game allay:
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in parliament.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A Justice with grave Justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name, [game.
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd

Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd, or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have
sprung!

It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore;
'Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious fires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Lydia.

Now twenty springs had cloth'd the park with
green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilette half undrest;
The thundering knocker wakes the street no more,
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her silent door,
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
Around her wait shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaux;
In these she views the mimicry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear
(For sounds like his once told her Damon's care);
With these alone her tedious mornings pass;
Or, at the dumb devotion of her glass,
She smooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs;

With crimson wool she fixes every grace,
That not a blush can discompose her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm, she pensive sate,
And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.

O youth! O spring of life! for ever lost!
No more my name shall reign the favourite toast;
On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes mis-spelt record a lover's flame:
Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
With humble bows; nor white-lov'd beaux en-
croach

In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah, hapless nymph! such conquests are no more;
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!

'Tis true, this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom.
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own, her taper shape is form'd to please.
Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and sense.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And gray religious maids? My presence there
Amid that sober train would own despair;
Nor am I yet so old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance. [range
Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted
Through every Indian shop through all the Change;
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antic shapes in china's azure dy'd;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd;
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize;
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The shiver'd china dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

O happy Poll, in wiry poison pent;
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant,
And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear!
How am I curst (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn!
False are the loose coquette's inveigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's public tear;
Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.

He games; he swears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;

Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well supply his need;
A mistress for pleasure, and a wife for bread.
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with diamonds; free from thought and care,

A husband's sullen humours she can bear. [eyes?]

Why are these sobs? and why these streaming
Is love the cause? No, I the sex despise;
I hate, I loathe his base perfidious name.
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

Thus love-sick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face;
She cries, in raptures; then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
Straight Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks
And at the playhouse Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Doris and Melanthe.

SAINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd,
When Doris rose. And now through all the room
From flowery tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sip, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance;
Lock'd in her memory, secrets never dy'd.
Doris begun: Melanthe thus reply'd.

Doris.

Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires;
The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires:
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves;
In liking them, she but herself approves.

Melanthe.

Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles.
Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

Doris.

Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like seen,
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
An amorous shepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

Melanthe.

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear;

Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

Doris.

Trust not, ye ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a shrivel'd flower;
Yet those fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
Like those, her face defies the rolling years;
For art her roses and her charms repairs.

Melanthe.

Laura despises every outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties nature has deny'd:
If affectation show a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

Doris.

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
Whose dishabille is soil'd in hackney coach;
What though the fash was clos'd, must we con-
clude,

That she was yielding, when her fop was rude?

Melanthe.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost,
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

Doris.

Though Laura's homely taste descends so low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

Melanthe.

Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders
lace?

Doris.

What though for music Cynthia boasts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an opera air.
Cynthia can bow, takes snuff, and dances well;
Robin talks common-sense, can write and spell.
Sylvia's vain fancy dress and show admires;
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

Melanthe.

Plato's wife morals Laura's soul improve;
And this, no doubt, must be Platonic love!
Her soul to generous acts was still inclin'd.
What shows more virtue than an humble mind?

Doris.

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool
shade,

And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
Masqu'd and alone (by chance) she met her spark;
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

Melanthe.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.
All prudes I hate; and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load, who censure first.

Doris.

And what if Cynthia Sylvia's garter ty'd?
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
When crook-kneed Phyllis can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

Melanthe.

If pure devotion centre in the face,
If censuring others show intrinsic grace,

If guilt to public freedoms be combin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

Doris.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought, a saint.

Melanthe.

Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries:
May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties!
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

Doris.

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would trust?
Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just.
Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind:
Such generous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue.
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs arise;
"This unexpected visit," Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was last so blest, my dear," she said,
"Sure 'tis an age." They sat; the hour was set;
And all again that night at ombre met.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Sabina. Lucy.

Twice had the moon perform'd her earthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face.
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But see the tribute of her tears she gives;
Their absent lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft' the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a billet-doux;
Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd;
She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidant!
A letter from her faithful stays she took,
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confess'd;
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast.

Sabina.

What, still Myrtillo's hand! his flame I scorn;
Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
To break our soft repose, has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read what'er they write?
Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move;
My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boast,
And coquettes triumph in my honour lost;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May these curst eyes behold a matadore;
Break china, perish shock, die perroquet;
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget!
Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train;
His air was easy, and his dress was plain;

His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

Lucy.

Yet, when he liv'd, he wanted every grace;
That easy air was then an awkward pace:
Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part:
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, share his heart;
Let Chloe's love in every ear express
His graceful person and genteel address;
All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
Who suffers silence, to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move;
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris, fondly love.
Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
And beaux upon the busy Change resort;
Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
And fops apartments smoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunnery grates;
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

Sabina.

Because some widows are in haste subdued;
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian song?
Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom?

Lucy.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
Than squalls of children for an absent nurse.
Have you not fancy'd, in his frequent kisses,
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy mis?

Sabina.

Love, I thy power defy; no second flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face?
Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead;
For Lesbia long had known a separate bed. [breast;
Gush forth, ye tears; waste, waste, ye sighs, my
My days, my nights, were by Fidelio blest!

Lucy.

You cannot sure forget how oft' you said,
His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read suspicion in his look.
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedom of a wife's expence.

Sabina.

But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
Since love's a fierce involuntary flame?

Lucy.

Could he the fallies of his heart withstand,
Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handsome; yet he flights her flame;
Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.

Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms?
 Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
 At crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
 Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;
 Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
 Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
 Why, Doris, dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
 To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

Sabina.

Yet say, I lov'd; how loud would censure rail!
 So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
 No, sooner plays and operas I'd forswear,
 And change these china jars for Tunbridge ware;
 Or trust my mother as a confidant,
 Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt;
 Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
 Yet let me see him, if he comes to-day!

THE ESPOUSAL,

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

Between two of the People called Quakers.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
 Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat;
 His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
 While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
 The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
 And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

Caleb.

Beloved, see how all things follow love;
 Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
 Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
 And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
 O fairest of our sisters, let me be
 The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

Tabitha.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
 Elect a mate among the sober kind;
 Not the mockaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
 Entice their mild and modest hearts aside;
 But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popish shows,
 Doatest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
 If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
 Go, wed the painted arch in summer-skies;
 Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
 Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

Caleb.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
 When vice misled me through the harlot's ways;
 When I with wanton look the sex beheld,
 And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
 Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
 With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
 All such like love is fading as the flower,
 Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
 But now I feel the spousal love within,
 And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

Tabitha.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
 Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd;
 The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
 But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
 O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
 Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

Caleb.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to tease,
 I too might blame—but love delights to please.
 Why should I tell thee, that, when last the sun
 Painted the downy peach of Newington,
 Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
 And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
 Ah, jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside:
 How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
 For verily no gift the sisters take,
 For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

Tabitha.

I own, Josiah gave the golden toy,
 Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ.
 When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
 I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
 And, when Josiah would his love pursue,
 On this I look, and shun his wanton view.
 Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
 The only present love demands is love.

Caleb.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear these words of thine,
 My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
 When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
 The spirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,
 How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
 Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree!
 When ecstacy had warm'd thy look so meek,
 Gardens of roses blush'd on thy cheek! [eyes!
 With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine
 How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs!
 Words that with holy sighs might others move,
 But, Tabitha, my sighs were sighs of love.

Tabitha.

Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
 Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
 Then hear me, Caleb, witness what I speak,
 This solemn promise death alone can break:
 Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
 And with immodest favourites shade my face,
 Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be drest
 In flaring diamonds and a scarlet vest,
 Or make a curtsy in Cathedral pew,
 Than prove inconstant, while my Caleb's true.

Caleb.

When I prove false, and Tabitha forsake,
 Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
 Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
 And with profane mince pies our babes be fed.

Tabitha.

If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
 Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
 In steady love though he might persevere,
 Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
 And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
 Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
 Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign:
 Sisters, take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

Caleb.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
 And all the concubines of all the lords,
 Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
 Whose velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
 Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
 The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;

I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
 More sweet than powder which the merchants sell.
 O solace me with kisses pure like thine !
 Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
 The spring now calls us forth; come, sister, come,
 To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
 Let ceremony bind the worldly pair;
 Sisters esteem the brethren's words sincere.

Tabitha.

Esponsals are but forms. O lead me hence,
 For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw :
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
 This tenet all the holy sect allows;
 So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

LONG had Panthea felt love's secret smart,
 And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
 Consenting glances had her flame confess'd :
 In woman's eyes her very soul's express'd.
 Perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
 He saw, he swore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
 Another love now calls him from her arms,
 His fickle heart another beauty warms;
 Those oaths, oft' whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
 He now again to Galatea swears.
 Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
 In grateful solitude enjoys the shade; [strains,
 There with faint voice she breath'd these moving
 While sighing zephyrs shar'd her amorous pains.

Pale settled sorrow hangs upon my brow,
 Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow !
 Think, think, dear shepherd, on the days you
 knew,
 When I was happy, when my swain was true;
 Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to
 move;
 And think yet more—that all my fault was love.
 Ah, could you view me in this wretched state,
 You might not love me, but you could not hate.
 Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
 Where first thy vows, where first my love was
 paid,

Worn out with watching, sullen with despair,
 And see each eye swell with a gushing tear;
 Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
 From my pale cheek the lively crimson fled,
 Which in my softer hours you oft' have sworn,
 With rosy beauty far outblush'd the morn;
 Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
 And would not lost Panthea claim a tear? [steal,
 You could not, sure—tears from your eyes would
 And unawares thy tender soul reveal.
 Ah no! thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
 No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
 Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
 And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
 Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly;
 Than false Alexis for Panthea sigh.

Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confess'd,
 Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
 But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
 And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins;
 While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
 And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
 Her liberty, her peace, her reason, flown!
 And when I view me in the watery glass,
 I find Panthea now, not what she was.

As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
 And on the ground their fading ruins cast;
 As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
 And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
 So hapless love on blooming features preys,
 So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle sleep, relieve these weary'd eyes,
 All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
 There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
 Faithless Alexis languishingly kind:
 Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
 And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;
 Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
 Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
 Oh, could I thus consume each tedious day,
 And in sweet slumbers dream my life away!
 But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
 To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the sun dart forth its cheerful rays?
 Why do the woods resound with warbling lays?
 Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
 And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
 Why do the streams with murmuring music flow,
 And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
 Let sable clouds the cheerful sun deface,
 Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
 No more, ye roses, grateful fragrance yield,
 Droop, droop, ye cowslips, in the blasted field;
 No more, ye streams, with murmuring music
 flow,

And let not groves a friendly shade bestow:
 With sympathizing grief let nature mourn,
 And never know the youthful spring's return.

And shall I never more Alexis see?
 Then what is spring, or grove, or stream, to me?
 Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain?
 Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain?
 Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove?
 Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh, lead me to some melancholy cave,
 To lull my sorrows in a living grave;
 From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
 And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall;
 Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
 And never know the seasons or the day?
 Die, die, Panthea—fly this hateful grove;
 For what is life without the swain I love?

A R A M I N T A.

AN ELEGY.

Now Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
 Wak'd slumbering Delia from her pleasing dreams;
 Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
 And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
 With secret joy she saw the morning ray
 Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
 The happy morn that shall her bliss complete,
 And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
 In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
 Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
 Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
 Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
 Some round her neck a circling light display,
 Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
 The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
 And adds becoming beauties to her face;
 Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua shine,
 And the rich stays her taper shape confine;
 Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
 And sporting loves surround th' expecting bride;
 For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
 Before the priest the solemn vows are paid;
 This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
 Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.
 Cease, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
 Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth re-
 trieve?

Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn:
 Recal my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
 And with resentment cherishes her woes:
 Alone she pines, and, in these mournful strains,
 Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains:

Was it for this I sparkled at the Play,
 And loiter'd in the Ring whole hours away?
 When if thy chariot in the circle shone,
 Our mutual passion by our looks was known:
 Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
 Where'er I pass, thy grateful eyes pursue. [pain;
 " Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
 " For eyes the language of the soul explain."

Think, Daphnis, think that scarce five days are
 fled, [you said;
 Since (O false tongue!) those treacherous things
 How did you praise my shape and graceful air:
 And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
 Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
 And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?

Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
 And with an awful trembling, say—I love? [pain;
 " Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
 " For eyes the language of the soul explain."
 How could'st thou thus, ungrateful youth, de-
 ceive?

How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
 Sure thou canst well recal that fatal night,
 When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
 When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
 Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
 My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
 My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
 My looks spoke love; while you, with answering
 eyes,

In killing glances made as kind replies. [said,
 Think, Daphnis, think what tender things you
 Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.

You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air;
 And, when I sung, the syrens charm'd your ear:
 My flame, blown up by flattery, stronger grew;
 A gale of love in every whisper flew. [" pain;
 " Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
 " For eyes the language of the soul explain."
 Where'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my
 flame,

Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
 Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
 That thy dear image rose before my view;
 She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
 And wounded Delia's fame, to sooth my spleen:
 When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
 Strait to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
 And, when thy matchless charms were quite run
 o'er,

I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.
 Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
 Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
 Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
 And ever part me from the man I love. [" pain;
 " Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my
 " For eyes the language of the soul explain."

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
 In some retreat far from this hateful town!
 Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!
 Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue.
 Me let some melancholy shade surround,
 Where not the print of human step is found.
 In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
 But bear me faintly through the lonely grove.
 No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
 And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound:
 Music, adieu! farewell, Italian airs
 The croaking raven now shall sooth my cares.
 On some old ruin, lost in thought, I rest,
 And think how Araminta once was blest;
 There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
 And all my grief in one kind sentence lose;
 Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
 And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
 Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears again!
 Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain;
 Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd;
 Nor force nor cunning can the band divide. [plain,
 " Ah, faithless youth! since eyes the soul ex-
 " Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign."

AN ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

Shock's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more;

Ye muses, mourn; ye chambermaids, deplore.

Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy fair,

Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!

Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,

And tie the favourite ribband round his neck;

No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,

And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.

Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid;

All mortal pleasures in a moment fade;

Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd;

And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I see her frantic with despair,

Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;

Her Mechlin pinnets, rent, the floor bestrow,

And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.

Hence superstition that tormenting guest,

That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast;

No dread events upon this fate attend,

Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.

Though certain omens oft' forewarn a state,

And dying lions show the monarch's fate;

Why should such fears bid Cælia's sorrow rise?

For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.

Cease, Cælia, cease; restrain thy flowing tears;

Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.

In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,

More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!

And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd:

"Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid:

"Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man be-
"tray'd."

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,

The streamers waving in the wind,

When black-ey'd Susan came aboard.

Oh! where shall I my true-love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,

If my sweet William fails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard

Rock'd with the billow to and fro,

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,

He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:

The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,

And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,

Shuts close his pinions to his breast

(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),

And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet

Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,

My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling tear;

We only part to meet again.

Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,

In every port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,

Thy skin is ivory so white.

Thus every beauteous object that I view,

Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,

William shall to his dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosom spread;

No longer must she stay aboard:

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.

Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:

Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'Twas when the seas were roaring

With hollow blasts of wind;

A damsel lay deploring,

All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the foaming billows

She cast a wistful look;

Her head was crown'd with willows,

That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,

And nine long tedious days.

Why didst thou, venturous lover,

Why didst thou trust the seas;

Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast ?
 The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.
 How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.
 All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd ;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
 In the grove, or by the stream ;
 Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
 What alas ! should fill her head,
 But a fountain, or a mead,
 Water and a willow ?
 Love in cities never dwells,
 He delights in rural cells
 Which sweet woodbine covers.
 What are your assemblies then ?
 There, 'tis true, we see more men ;
 But much fewer lovers.
 Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows !
 Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
 Coxcombs without number !
 Moon and stars that shone so bright,
 To the torch and waxen light,
 And whole nights at ombre.
 Pleasant as it is, to hear
 Scandal tickling in our ear,
 Ev'n of our own mothers ;
 In the chit-chat of the day,
 To us is pay'd, when we're away,
 What we lent to others.
 Though the favourite toast I reign ;
 Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
 Heightens defamation.
 Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
 Every day grow handsomer,
 And lose my reputation ?

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
 Her empty purse beside her lay.
 Nymph, ah, cease thy sorrow.
 Though curst fortune frown to-night,
 This odious town can give delight,
 If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

THE sun was now withdrawn,
 The shepherds home were sped ;
 The moon wide o'er the lawn
 Her silver mantle spread ;
 When Damon stay'd behind,
 And saunter'd in the grove.
 Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
 And give me love for love ?
 Oh ! those were golden hours,
 When love, devoid of cares,
 In all Arcadia's bowers
 Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs ;
 But now from wood and plain
 Flies every sprightly lass ;
 No joys for me remain,
 In shades, or on the grass.
 The winged boy draws near,
 And thus the swain reproves :
 While beauty revel'd here,
 My game lay in the groves ;
 At court I never fail
 To scatter round my arrows ;
 Men fall as thick as hail,
 And maidens love like sparrows.
 Then, swain, if me you need,
 Straight lay your sheep-hook down ;
 Throw by your oaten reed,
 And haste away to town.
 So well I'm known at court,
 None asks where Cupid dwells ;
 But readily resort
 To Bellenden's or Lepell's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms across, and head reclin'd ;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind :
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay ;
 Looks, sighs, and actions, seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.
 Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains ;
 I faintly hear in your sweet notes
 My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains :
 Yet why should you your song forbear ?
 Your mates delight your song to hear ;
 But Chloe mine disdains.
 As thus he melancholy stood,
 Dejected as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
 I feel the sound ; my heart-strings move.

'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what says my love?

How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
That lip should other pleasures seek:
Much, much thy music I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah, Chloe, thou art won!

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last, in broken words, she cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to-day!

THE COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SONG.

At the close of the day,
When the bean-flower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstasy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near;
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What age and experience advise.
Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told.

Look ye, mother, she cry'd,
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall

Than she who but trifles with one.
Pr'ythee, Molly, be wise,
Lest by sudden surprise
Love should tingle in every vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again.

Molly smiling reply'd,
Then I'll soon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his chest.
But I thought all you wives
Chose a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the rest.

MOLLY MOG:

*Or, the Fair Maid of the Inn. A Ballad.**

SAYS my uncle, I pray discover
What hath been the cause of your woes;
Why you pine and you whine like a lover!
—I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are best at a clog;
But I am not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

The school-boy's desire is a play-day;
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding [bog;
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and
But no light can set me a-madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction,
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

* This ballad was written on an inn-keeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast: she lived to a very advanced age, dying so lately as the month of March, 1766.

A letter when I am inditing,
 Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
 And I fill all the paper with writing
 Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.
 If I would not give up the three Graces,
 I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
 And at court all the drawing-room faces,
 For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.
 Those faces want nature and spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a log:
 Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
 Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.
 Those who toast all the Family Royal,
 In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
 Have hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.
 Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
 And writing another eclogue;
 Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
 He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.
 When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
 Then jealousy sets me agog;
 To be sure she's a bit for the Vicar.
 And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

B A L L A D

Or all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as Nelly,
 For charming face, and shape, and mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye:
 Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin,
 Of lovely dearest Nelly!
 For many a swain it well had been
 Had she ne'er been at Calai-.
 For when as Nelly came to France
 (Invited by her cousins),
 Across the Tuilleries each glance
 Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
 The king, as he at dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his huffar,
 And bid him bring his tabby cat,
 For charming Nell to buss her.
 The ladies were with rage provok'd,
 To see her so respected;
 The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
 And pufs her tail erected.
 But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty Nelly;
 Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
 "Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!"
 But who's that great philosopher,
 That carefully looks at her?
 By his concern it should appear,
 The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier sly)
 He on his child does leer too:
 I wish he has no mind to try
 What some papa's will here do.
 The courtiers all, with one accord,
 Broke out in Nelly's praises,
 Admir'd her rose, and *lys sans farde*,
 (Which are your *termes Françoises*).
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Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by Nelly;
 She like the pride of all the spring,
 And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.
 In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
 I saw this charming Nelly,
 Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each *allée*:
 But Venus had a brazen face
 Both at Versailles and Meudon,
 Or else she had resign'd her place,
 And left the stone she stood on.
 Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' Italian:
 Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
 But I should turn Pygmalion:
 For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that part that lies between
 Her left toe and her right toe.

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
 And left the nation free;
 When Ay said ay, and No said no,
 Without or place or fee;
 Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
 Sent forth his spirit called Quadrille.
 Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.
 Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
 And four fair suits he wore;
 His troops they were with red and black
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
 And every house, go where you will,
 Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.
 Sure cards he has for every thing,
 Which well court cards they name,
 And, statesman-like, calls in the king,
 To help out a bad game;
 But, if the parties manage ill,
 The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.
 When two and two were met of old,
 Though they ne'er meant to marry,
 They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
 And call'd a *Partie Quarrée*;
 But now, meet when and where you will,
 A *Partie Quarrée* is Quadrille, &c.
 The commoner, and knight, and peer,
 Men of all ranks and fame,
 Leave to their wives the only care
 To propagate their name;
 And well that duty they fulfil,
 When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.
 When patients lie in piteous case,
 In comes th' apothecary;
 And to the doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
 The patient dies without a pill:
 For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.
 Should France and Spain again grow loud,
 The Muscovite grow louder;
 Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
 Would want both ball and powder!

Must want both sword and gun to kill :
For why ? the general's at Quadrille, &c.

The king of late drew forth his sword
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
And made, of many a 'squire and lord,
An unwash'd Knight of Bath :
What are their feats of arms and skill ?
'They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes ;
'Twas call'd in Post-Boy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies ;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.
And now God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover ;
And God save those who hold the helmi,
When as the king goes over ;
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILIES.

My passion is as mustard strong ;
I fit all sober sad ;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For, though as drunk as David's fow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
But as a groat now thin !

I, melancholy as a cat,
And kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of Love at her approach
Is busy as a bee ;
Hearts, found as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.

Ay me ! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !

My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet :

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words ;
Her wit, like pepper, bites :

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee ;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord ! how all men envy'd me !
She lov'd like any thing.

But, false as hell ! she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru !
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post ;
Let us, like burs, together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye ;
And wish me better sped ;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND :

BEING A NEW BALLAD,

Showing how Mr. JONATHAN WILD's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr. BLAKE, alias BLUESKIN, the bold Highwayman, as he stood at his Trial in the Old-Bailey, 1725.

To the Tune of—"The Cut-purse."

YE gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice ;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose ;
Ye honest poor rogues, who die in your shoes ;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you shall hear, [ear ;
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at
ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

When to the Old-Bailey this Blue-skin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.

Then, hopeless of life,

He drew his penknife,

And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.

But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but a
crown; [men,

Some say there are peers, and some parliament-
Who meet once a year, to rob courtiers again:

Let them all take their swing,

To pillage the king,

And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.

Now Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning in-
ventions, [sions;

Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pen-
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees:

Since this happy day,

Now every man may

Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway,
For Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.

Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar:

But now to get gold,

They may be more bold, [cold.

And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's
For Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

MISCELLANIES.

PROLOGUE,

Designed for the Pastoral Tragedy of Dione.

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant-laws had woman's will subdued;
Then nature rul'd; and love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroul'd! insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beasts who range the forests free;
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—one month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the golden reign?
And did free nature thus instruct the swain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your amorous bowers:
Such harmless swains!—I'm ev'n content with
ours.

But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes,
That tells our fancy what the lover means.
Name but the mossy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with such country fare:
Then for your lover's sake our author spare.

He draws no Hemskirk boors, or home-bred
clowns,

But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.

When Paris on the three his judgment pass'd;
I hope you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty;
Then was the country-nymph no awkward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still methinks an author's fate I dread,
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
Of tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to stray,
And seeking strange adventures lose his way?

No trumpet's clangour makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart.
He, foolish bard! nor pomp nor show regards.
Without the witness of a hundred guards
His lovers sigh their vows.—If sleep should take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
What, no such shifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes;
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere;
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare;
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends;
'The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
'The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
'The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known:
'The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
'Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
'The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame:
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
'Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
'Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!

'Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee!
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound:
'To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
'To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?

Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd
herse,

And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
'Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow
span,

To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.

For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

A N

EPIGRAMMATICAL EXPOSTULATION.

FROM Mohock and from Hawkubite,
Good Lord deliver me!
Who wander through the streets by night,
Committing cruelty.

They slash our sons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall;
And if they ravish not our wives,
We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,
Nay carts most easily:
Therefore from Gog, and cke Magog,
Good Lord deliver me!

EPITAPH OF BYE-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty
odd [God.
Every word she e'er heard in this church about
To convince her of God, the good dean did en-
deavour,
But still in her heart she held nature more clever.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always
run
Upon something or other, she found better fun.
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despis'd every soul she met here,
And now she's in t' other, she thinks it but queer.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

A MOTTO

For the Opera of Mutius Scævola †.

WHO here blames words, or verses, songs, or
fingers,
Like Mutius Scævola will burn his fingers.

W I N E:

A POEM.

"Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus."

OF happiness terrestrial, and the source [muse;
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heavenly
Of sparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whose quickening taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sovereign power revives decaying nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
A kindly warmth diffusing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!

* Annexed, in 1712, to Gay's "Wonderful Pro-
phesy," a humorous treatise on the Mohocks.

† An opera by Mr. Rolli, performed in 1721.

Bacchus divine, and my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar.
Inspir'd, sublime, on Pegasean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.

When fummy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns; when stupid, downcast eyes,
Th' external symptoms of remorse within,
Express our grief; or when in sullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolv'd;
Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
And fix him there among the branched crew
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greatest monsters of the zodiac):
Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Cælia's scornful flights, and cold disdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse;
The worst events that mortals can befall:
By cares depress'd, in pensive hyppish mood,
With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll.
Thy charming sight, but much more charming gust,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks, we raise our drooping
fronts,

And pour in crystal pure, thy purer juice;—
With cheerful countenance and steady hand
Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim
To the expecting mouth;—with grateful taste,
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight
Dispell'st those clouds, that, lowering dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladsome face;—
While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling, rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues and thy worth proclaim.
So mists and exhalations, that arise
From hills or steamy lake, dusky or gray,
Prevail; till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold:
Unable to resist, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams disperse;
The earth again in former beauty smiles,
In gaudiest livery dress'd, all gay and clear.

When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood,
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours;
Till, reinforc'd by thy most potent aid,
He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seamen quits his native shore,
And ventures through the trackless, deep abyss,
Ploughing the ocean, w'ile the upheav'd oak,
"With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;"
Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
In dangers imminent, till she arrives [sence.
At those best climes thou favour'st with thy pre-
Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores;
With gazing pleasure and astonishment

At Paradise (seat of our ancient fire)
He thinks himself arriv'd; the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendant, grace the vines
Innumerable; in fields grotesque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs;
Sight most delicious! not an irksome thought,
Or of lost native isle, or absent friends,
Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly-treacherous memory now presents;
The jovial god has left no room for cares.

Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd; with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd;
Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Draw Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded muse, and oft, with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenzan fire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice
Her drooping spirits cheer'd;—aloft she towers,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious, lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
O thou, that first my quicken'd soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
His muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
Aërial: now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretius retir'd;
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine,
Join neighbouring boughs, sweet hospitable shade
Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse!
With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods!
Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!
Whether from Formian-grape depress'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Lesbian, or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl
Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heighten'd
wit

To sing Mæcenas' praise, their patron kind.

But we not as our pristine fires repair
 T' umbrageous grot or vale; but, when the sun
 Falatly from western skies his rays oblique
 Darts sloping, and to Thetis' watery lap
 Hastens in prone career, with friends select
 Swiftly we hie to Devil *, young or old,
 Jocund and boon, where at the entrance stands
 A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe
 Greet us in winning speech, and accent bland;
 With lightest bound, and safe, unerring step,
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs:
 Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
 And wagging tail, gambols, and frisks before
 His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
 Whether in shady wood, or pasture green,
 And waits his coming at the well-known gate—
 Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port,
 Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
 Command and sovereignty; with haughty air,
 And studied mien, in semi-circular throne
 Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands;
 Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,
 Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine;
 Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
 And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
 Words unintelligible, noise confus'd:
 She knows the jargon sounds, and straight de-
 scribes,

In characters mysterious, words obscure;
 More legible are algebraic signs,
 Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
 When they invoke th' infernal spirits aid.

Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
 Of savage Thracians, and Croation boors;
 The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
 Sound harsh and grating to Lenzæan god;
 Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence
 (Amid their cups, whose innate temper's shown),
 In clumsy fist wielding scymmetarian knife,
 Who flash each other's eyes and blubber'd face,
 Profaning Bacchanalian, solemn rites:
 Music's harmonious numbers better suit
 His festivals, from instruments or voice,
 Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string
 Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
 Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
 Sweet Symphonies should flow, the Delian god
 For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stairs ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
 The doors of spacious room, and creaking chairs
 (To ear offensive) round the table sets.
 We sit, when thus his florid speech begins:
 "Name, Sirs, the wine that most invites your
 taste,

"Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
 "Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
 "Bordeaux, or neat French wine, or Alicant."
 For Bordeaux we with voice unanimous
 Declare (such sympathy's in boon compeers).
 He quits the room alert, but soon returns;
 One hand capacious glistening vessels bears
 Relplendent; t'other with a grasp secure;

* The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his
 friends.

A bottle (mighty charge)! upstaid, full-fraught
 With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
 Rais'd high, pours forth his sanguine frothy juice,
 O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:
 We strait to arms repair, experien'd chiefs;
 Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound!)
 And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
 Crowns the full glass;—at her inspiring name,
 The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile;
 With hearty zeal, and wish unanimous,
 Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pause ensues; and now with grateful chat
 W' improve the interval; and joyous mirth
 Engages our rais'd souls, pat repartee,
 Or witty joke our airy senses moves
 To pleasant laughter; straight the echoing room
 With universal peals and shouts resounds.

The royal Dane, blest consort of the queen,
 Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss
 In Anna's plac'd:—with sympathetic flame,
 And mutual endearments, all her joys,
 Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
 Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
 Of loyal subjects with his sovereign queen;
 For by his prudent care, united shores
 Were sav'd from hostile fleets invasion dire.

The hero Marlborough next, whose vast ex-
 ploits
 Fame's clarion sounds; fresh laurels triumphs new,
 We wish, like those he won at Hochstet's field.

Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
 Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul
 Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd.
 That shone in his most worthy ancestors:
 For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
 Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal
 Frugal, but free and generous of his own,
 Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
 And Halifax, the muses' darling son,
 In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
 The surest judgment, and the brightest wit,
 Himself Mæcenæ and a Flaccus too—
 And all the worthies of the British realm,
 In order rang'd, succeed; such healths as tinge
 The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.

Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright
 eye

He's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibel',
 Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
 Piercing; or airy Celia, sprightly maid!—
 Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
 Glass succeeds glass, till the Dircean god
 Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
 Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
 All blithe and jolly, that, like Arthur's knights,
 Of rotund table, fam'd in old records,
 Now most we seem'd—such is the power of Wine.

Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
 And joys unfully'd pass, till humid night
 Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
 Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
 Of coach or cart, or smoky link-boy's call,
 Is heard—but universal silence reigns:
 When we in merry plight, airy and gay,

Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
Alarm the drowsy youth from slumbering nod;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
His yet clung eye-lids, and with staggering reel
Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
And homeward each his course with steady step
Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE
LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

For the Loss of Grildrig.*

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers, like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears;
Her locks dishevel'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.

"Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar;
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd,
Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook?
Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly's
drown'd."—

She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
But little creatures enterprize the most.
Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew:
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grovelling on the
ground?"

* In Faulkener's edition, this poem is ascribed to Pope,
and the Lilliputian Ode to Arbuthnot.

"Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
O show me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flower,
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower!
But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby-playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main?
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh? [tread,
How wast thou wont to walk with cautious
A dish of tea, like milk-pail on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"

She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking trumpet's mellow noise.
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies!—
O! squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

The Man-Mountain.—A Lilliputian Ode.

I.

In amaze
Loft, I gaze.
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell'd with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propt the skies: [eyes!
See! and believe, your

II.

See him stride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn

Man and steed.
Troops, take heed!
Left and right
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be
lost.

III.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows;
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand,
Let me stand,
So shall I
(Lofty poet!) touch the
sky.

VERSES

To be placed under the Picture of SIR RICHARD BLAKMORE, England's Arch-poet, containing a complete Catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read :
 Who first sang (1) Arthur, then sang (2) Alfred,
 Prais'd great (3) Eliza in God's anger,
 Till all true Englishmen cry'd, Hang her !
 Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
 And hang'd up Marlborough in (4) arras ;
 Then, hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite ;
 Made every reader curse the (5) light :
 Maul'd human wit in one thick (6) satire,
 Next in three books spoil'd (7) human nature ;
 Undid (8) creation at a jirk,
 And of (9) redemption made damn'd work.
 Then took his muse at once and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the Scripture.
 What wonders there the man, grown old, did ?
 Sternhold himself, he out-Sternholded,
 Made (10) David seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought king Achish.
 No mortal read his (11) Solomon,
 But judg'd Re'boam his own son.
 Moses he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
 And Deborah (12), as she Sise-rah :
 Made (13) Jeremy full sore to cry,
 And (14) Job himself curse God and die.
 What punishment all this must follow ?
 Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo ?
 Shall David as Uriah slay him ?
 Or dext'rous Deborah Sifera-him ?
 Or shall Eliza lay a plot,
 To treat him like her sister Scot ?
 Shall William dub his better end *,
 Or Marlborough serve him like a friend ?
 No !—none of these !—Heaven spare his life !
 But send him, honest Job, thy wife !

A RECEIPT FOR STEWING VEAL.

WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

TAKE a knuckle of veal ;
 You may buy it or steal.
 In a few pieces cut it :
 In a stewing-pan put it.

- (1) *Two Heroic Poems, in folio, twenty books.*
- (2) *Heroic Poem, in twelve books.*
- (3) *Heroic Poem, in folio, ten books.*
- (4) *Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.*
- (5) *Hymn to the light.*
- (6) *Satire against wit.*
- (7) *Of the nature of man.*
- (8) *Creation, a Poem, in seven books.*
- (9) *Redemption, another Heroic Poem, in six books.*
- (10) *Translation of all the Psalms.*
- (11) *Canticles and Ecclesiastes.*
- (12) *Paraphrases of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.*
- (13) *The Lamentations.*
- (14) *The whole Book of Job, a Poem.*

* Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the scoul-
 der.

Salt, pepper, and mace
 Must season this knuckle ;
 Then † when what's join'd to place
 With other herbs muckle ;
 That which killed King ‡ Will. ;
 And what never § stands still.
 Some § sprigs of that bed
 Where children are bred,
 Which much you will mend, if
 Both spinnage and endive,
 And lettice, and beet,
 With marigold meet.
 Put no water at all,
 For it maketh things small,
 Which, lest it should happen,
 A close cover clap on.
 Put this pot of ** Wood's metal
 In a hot boiling kettle,
 And there let it be
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)
 About—let me see—
 Thrice as long as you preach †† ;
 So skimming the fat off.
 Say grace with your hat off.
 O, then, with what rapture
 Will it fill dean and chapter !

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A SERENATA.

The Music by Mr. Handel.

PART I.

[A rural prospect, diversified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea seated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and shepherds, distributed about the landscape ; and Polyphemus discovered sitting upon a mountain.]

CHORUS.

O THE pleasure of the plains !
 Happy nymphs and happy swains
 (Harmless, merry, free, and gay)
 Dance and sport the hours away.
 For us the zephyr blows,
 For us distils the dew,
 For us unfolds the rose,
 And flowers display their hue :
 For us the winters rain ;
 For us the summers shine ;
 Spring swells for us the grain,
 And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
 Purling streams, and bubbling fountains,

† *Vulgo, salary.*

‡ *Supposed sorrel.*

§ *This is, by Dr. Bently, thought to be time, or thyme.*

§ *Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne.*

** *Of this composition, see the works of the Copper-
 farthing Dean.*

†† *Which we suppose to be near four hours.*

Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales, to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, you pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire:
Cease your song, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

Da Capo.

AIR.

Acis.

Where shall I seek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains;
O tell me if you saw my dear;
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Damon.

Stay, shepherd, stay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing,
Heedless running to thy ruin?
Share our joy, our pleasure share:
Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Acis.

Lo here, my love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

DUET.

Acis and Galatea.

Happy we!
What joys I feel!—What charms I see!

Of all youths, thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

PART II.

A Concerto on the Organ.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! fate has pass'd
This sad decree—no joy shall last.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monster Polypheme.
See what ample strides he takes;
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores;
Hark, how the thundering giant roars!

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Polypheme.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart.
Thou trusty pine,
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth;
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Polyphemus, Galatea.

Poly. Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

Gal. The lion calls not to his prey;
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

Poly. Thee Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire, and to love:
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

Gal. Of infant-limbs to make my food,
And swirl full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster! bid some other guest:
I lothe the host; I lothe the feast.

AIR.

Polyphemus.

Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever whining love disdaining,
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conquering, not complainig.

Da Capo.

AIR.

Damon.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Acis.

His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The god of love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure,
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleasure;
For life is a pain.

Da Capo.

AIR.

Damon.

Consider, fond shepherd,
How fleeting's the pleasure.
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it,
By moments we measure;
But life is too little
To measure our care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth;
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious still to love.

TRIO.

Acis, Galatea, and Polypheme.

Acis and Gal. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

Poly. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis and Gal. Not showers to larks so pleasing,
Nor sun-shine to the bee;

Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Poly. Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly:
Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.

Acis.

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes!

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye muses; weep, ye swains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring
shore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Galatea.

Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canst relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart, thou seat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood;
Reck, thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears.
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring stream,
Shepherds' pleasure, muses' theme;
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle love.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOUS AND HERCULES.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. BOOK IX.

The Argument.

Theseus, returning from a great hunting-match in Calydon, is stopped from proceeding by the overflowing of the river Achelous. The god of the stream courteously invites him into his cave, where they pass the time in discoursing of various metamorphoses. At last, to prove the possibility of such changes, he asserts that he has himself the power of varying his form within certain limitations, among which he mentions his having lost one of his horns when in the shape of a bull; and this gives rise to the following story.

THESEUS requests the god to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans
arose;

When thus the Calydonian stream reply'd,
With twining reeds his careless tresses tied:
"Ungrateful is the tale; for who can bear,
"When conquer'd, to rehearse the shameful war?
"Yet I'll the melancholy story trace;
"So great a conqueror softens the disgrace;
"Nor was it still so mean the prize to yield,
"As great and glorious to dispute the field,
"Perhaps you've heard of Deianira's name,
"For all the country spoke her beauty's fame.
"Long was the nymph by numerous suitors woo'd,
"Each with address his envy'd hopes pursued:
"I join'd the loving band; to gain the fair,
"Reveal'd my passion to her father's ear.
"Their vain pretensions all the rest resign;
"Alcides only strove to equal mine:
"He boasts his birth from Jove, recounts his spoils,
"His step-dame's hate subdued, and finish'd toils.
"Can mortals then (said I) with gods compare?
"Behold a god; mine is the watery care:
"Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
"Branch into streams, and o'er the region stray:
"No foreign guest your daughter's charms adores,
"But one who rises in your native shores.
"Let not his punishment your pity move;
"Is Juno's hate an argument for love?
"Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
"Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true.
"Choose then; confess thy mother's honour lost,
"Or thy descent from Jove no longer boast."

While thus I spoke, he look'd with stern disdain,
Nor could the fallies of his wrath restrain,
Which thus broke forth: "This arm decides our
right: [fight!"]

"Vanquish'd in words; be mine the prize in
"Bold he rush'd on. My honour to maintain,
"I fling my verdant garments on the plain,

"My arms stretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
"And with bent hands expect the furious war.
"O'er my sleek skin now gather'd dust he throws,
"And yellow sand his mighty muscles strows.
"Oft' he my neck and nimble legs assails,
"He seems to grasp me, but as often fails:
"Each part he now invades with eager hand;
"Safe in my bulk, immoveable I stand.
"So when loud storms breaks high, and foam
"and roar
"Against some mole that stretches from the shore;
"The firm foundation lasting tempests braves,
"Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.
"Awhile we breathe, then forward rush amain,
"Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
"Foot strove with foot, I prone extend my breast,
"Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead
"press'd.
"Thus have I seen two furious bulls engage,
"Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
"Each claims the fairest heifer of the grove,
"And conquest only can decide their love:
"The trembling herds survey the fight from far,
"Till victory decides th' important war.
"Three times in vain he strove my joints to wrest;
"To force my hold, and throw me from his breast;
"The fourth he broke my gripe, that clasp'd him
"round.
"Then with new force he stretch'd me on the
ground;
"Close to my back the mighty burden clung,
"As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
"Believe my tale; nor do I, boastful aim
"By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
"No sooner from his gasp I freedom get,
"Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling
"sweat,
"But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the strife,
"As my exhausted bosom pants for life;
"My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he strains;
"I fall, and bite the sand with shame and pains.

“ O’er-match’d in strength, to wiles and arts I
take,
“ And slip his hold, in form of speckled snake;
“ Who, when I wreath’d in spires my body round,
“ Or show’d my forked-tongue with hissing sound,
“ Smiles at my threats. Such foes my cradle
“ knew,
“ He cries; dire snakes my infant hand o’erthrew;
“ A dragon’s form might other conquests gain;
“ To war with me you take that shape in vain.
“ Art thou proportion’d to the Hydra’s length,
“ Who by his wounds receiv’d augmented strength?
“ He rais’d a hundred hissing heads in air;
“ When one I lopp’d, up sprung a dreadful pair.
“ By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong,
“ Singly I quell’d him, and stretch’d dead along.
“ What canst thou do, a form precarious, prone,
“ To rouse my rage with terrors not thy own?”
“ He said; and round my neck his hands he cast,
“ And with his straining fingers wrung me fast:
“ My throat he tortur’d, close as pincers clasp,
“ In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.
“ Thus vanquish’d too, a third form still remains,
“ Chang’d to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
“ Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
“ Upon my brindled neck, and tugg’d it down;
“ Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
“ And fell’d my bulk along the dusty land.
“ Nor yet his fury cool’d; ’twixt rage and scorn,
“ From my maim’d front he tore the stubborn
“ horn; [bear,
“ This, heap’d with flowers and fruits, the Naiads
“ Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year.”

He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt, like Diana’s train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn’s stor’d,
And ruddy apples for the second board.

Now morn begins to dawn, the sun’s bright fire
Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
Nor stay’d they, till the troubled stream subsides,
And in its bound with peaceful current glides.
But Achelous in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform’d, and rustic head:
No real wound the victor’s triumph show’d,
But his lost honours griev’d the watery god;
Yet ev’n that loss the willow’s leaves o’erspread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

The Death of Nessus the Centaur.

THIS virgin too, thy love, O Nessus, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raise;
Where from her slopy urn Evenus pours
Her rapid current, swell’d by wintry showers,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl’d the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all pass deny’d.
As for himself, he stood unmov’d by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ’d his cares.
The strong-limb’d Nessus thus officious cry’d
(For he the shallows of the stream had try’d),
Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare;
On yonder bank I’ll lodge thy nuptial care.

Th’ Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero’s life;

Cloth’d as he stood in the fierce lion’s hide,
The laden quiver o’er his shoulder ty’d
(For cross the stream his bow and club were cast);
Swift he plung’d in; these billows shall be pass’d,
He said, nor sought where smoother waters glide,
But stemm’d the rapid dangers of the tide.
The bank he reach’d: again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride’s known voice alarms his
ears.

Nessus, to thee I call (aloud he cries);
Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wife:
Thou monster double-shap’d, my right set free:
If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Though wing’d with horse’s speed; wounds shall
pursue;

Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
The Centaur’s back admits the feather’d wood,
And through his breast the barbed weapon stood;
Which when, in anguish, through the flesh he tore,
From both the wounds gush’d forth the spumy gore
Mix’d with Lernaean venom; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook.
His garment, in the reeking purple dy’d,
To rouse love’s passion, he presents the bride.

The Death of Hercules.

Now a long interval of time succeeds,
When the great son of Jove’s immortal deeds,
And stepdame’s hate, had fill’d earth’s utmost
round;

He from Oechalia, with new laurels crown’d,
In triumph was return’d. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his prayers,
When Fame (who falsehood clothes in truth’s dis-
guise,

And swells her little bulk with growing lies)
Thy tender ear, O Deianira, mov’d,
That Hercules the fair Iole lov’d,

Her love believes the tale; the truth she fears
Of his new passion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffus’d her wretched grief,
Why seek I thus, from streaming eyes, relief?
She cries; indulge not thus these fruitless cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
Let something be resolv’d, while yet there’s time;
My bed not conscious of a rival’s crime.

In silence shall I mourn, or loud complain?

Shall I seek Calydon, or here remain?

What though, ally’d to Meleager’s fame,

I boast the honours of a sister’s name?

My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue
Some desperate deed, by which the world shall
view

How far revenge and woman’s rage can rise,
When weltering in her blood the harlot dies.

Thus various passions rul’d by turns her breast.
She now resolves to send the fatal vest, [move
Dy’d with Lernaean gore, whose power might
His soul anew, and rouse declining love.

Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
When she to Lichas trusts her future woes;
With soft endearments she the boy commands
To bear the garment to her husband’s hands.

Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
 And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison cast.
 As first the fire with frankincense he strows,
 And utters to the gods his holy vows;
 And on the marble altar's polish'd frame
 Pours forth the grapy stream; the rising flame
 Sudden dissolves the subtle poisonous juice,
 Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
 With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
 And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.
 At length his patience was subdued by pain,
 He rends the sacred altar from the plain;
 Oete's wide forests echo with his cries!
 Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
 Where'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
 The mangled muscles and huge bones he bares,
 (A ghastly sight!) or, raging with his pain,
 To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain.

As the red iron hisses in the flood,
 So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
 Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
 And livid sweats down all his body flow;
 The cracking nerves burnt up are burst in twain,
 The lurking venom melts his swimming brain.

Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
 Glut thy revenge, dread empress of the skies;
 Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
 Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart.
 Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hostile breast
 (For here I stand thy enemy profess),
 Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
 Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.
 Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
 And such a gift a stepdame may bestow.
 Was it for this Busiris was subdued, [blood?
 Whose barbarous temples reek'd with strangers'
 Press'd in these arms, his fate Antæus found,
 Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
 Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell?
 Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?
 Did not these hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold?
 Are not our mighty toils in Elis told?
 Did not Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?
 And fair Parthenian woods resound my name?
 Who seiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
 And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
 Could the fierce Centaur's strength my force with-
 stand;
 Or the fell boar that spoil'd th' Arcadian land?
 Did not these arms the Hydra's rage subdue,
 Who from his wounds to double fury grew?
 What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore,
 Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
 I saw, and with their barbarous lord o'erthrew?
 What if these hands Nemæa's lion slew?
 Did not this neck the heavenly globe sustain?—
 The female partner of the thunderer's reign,
 Fatigu'd, at length suspends her harsh commands;
 Yet no fatigue hath slack'd these valiant hands.
 But now new plagues pursue me; neither force,
 Nor arms, nor darts, can stop their raging course.
 Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails strays,
 And on my lungs and shrivell'd muscles preys;
 Yet still Eurystheus breathes the vital air!
 What mortal now shall seek the gods with prayer?

The Transformation of Lychas into a Rock.

THE hero said; and, with the torture stung,
 Furious o'er Oete's lofty hills he sprung:
 Stuck with the shaft, thus scours the tiger round,
 And seeks the flying author of his wound.
 Now might you see him trembling, now he vents
 His anguish'd soul in groans and loud laments;
 He strives to tear the clinging vest in vain,
 And with up-rooted forests strews the plain;
 Now, kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
 And to his kindred gods directs his prayers.
 When Lychas, lo, he spies, who trembling flew,
 And, in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
 Had shunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his
 pain,

His madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again:
 Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
 Who bore the gift, the cause of all my woe.
 The youth all pale with shivering fear was stung,
 And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue.
 Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
 He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace.
 He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
 And hurl'd with more than with an engine's
 force;

Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloft he flies,
 And hardens by degrees amid the skies.
 So showery drops, when chilly tempests blow,
 Thicken at first, then whiten into snow;
 In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
 In solid hail result upon the ground.

Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through dis-
 tant air,

The purple tide forsook his veins with fear;
 All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
 In ancient days the craggy flint was known:
 Still in th' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
 Still the small rock in human form appears,
 And still the name of hapless Lychas bears.

The Apotheosis of Hercules.

BUT now the hero of immortal birth
 Fells Oete's forests on the groaning earth;
 A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
 He leaves his deathful instruments of war;
 To him commits those arrows, which again
 Must see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
 The son of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
 High round the structure climbs the greedy fire;
 Plac'd on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread
 With the Nemæan spoils thy careless head;
 Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
 Here thou, dread hero of celestial line,
 Wast stretch'd at ease; as when, a cheerful guest,
 Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples
 dress'd.

Now on all sides the potent flames aspire,
 And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire.
 A sudden tremor seiz'd th' immortal host,
 Who thought the world's profess'd defender lost.

This when the thunderer saw, with smiles he
 cries,

'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleasures rise;
 Joy swells my breast, that my all ruling hand
 O'er such a grateful people boasts command,

That you my suffering progeny would aid;
 Though to his deeds this just respect be paid,
 Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborn,
 Th' Oetean fires do thou, great hero, scorn.
 Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the flame.
 That part alone of gross maternal frame
 Fire shall devour; while what from me he drew
 Shall live immortal, and its force subdue;
 That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above;
 May all the powers the righteous act approve!
 If any god dissent, and judge too great
 The sacred honours of the heavenly seat,
 Ev'n he shall own, his deeds deserve the sky,
 Ev'n he, reluctant, shall at length comply.
 Th' assembled powers assent. No frown till now
 Had mark'd with passion vengeful Juno's brow.
 Mean while whate'er was in the power of flame
 Was all consum'd, his body's nervous frame
 No more was known;—of human form bereft,
 Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.

As an old serpent casts his scaly vest,
 Wreathes in the sun, in youthful glory drest;
 So when Alcides mortal mould resign'd,
 His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
 August his visage shone; almighty Jove
 In his swift car his honour'd offspring drove;
 High o'er the hollow clouds the couriers fly,
 And lodge the hero in the starry sky.

The Transformation of Galanthis.

ATLAS perceiv'd the load of heaven's new guest.
 Revenge still rancour'd in Eurytheus' breast
 Against Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
 To Iole, to vent maternal woes;
 Here she pours forth her grief, recounts the spoils
 Her son had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
 This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
 Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
 Her swelling womb the teeming birth confess'd;—
 To whom Alcmena thus her speech address'd:
 O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
 When 'midst thy throes thou call'st th' Ilithyan
 May no delays prolong thy racking pain, [power!
 As when I sued for Juno's aid in vain!
 When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
 And the tenth sign roll'd forward on the sky,
 My womb extends with such a mighty load,
 As Jove the parent of the burden show'd.
 I could no more th' increasing smart sustain:
 My horror kindles to recount the pain;
 Cold chills my limbs while I the tale pursue,
 And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
 Seven days and nights amidst incessant throes,
 Fatigued with ills I lay, nor knew repose;
 When lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd,
 Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.

She came, but prejudic'd to give my fate
 A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
 She hears the groaning anguish of my fits,
 And on the altar at my door she sits;
 O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
 Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them fast:
 This stay'd the birth; in muttering verse she
 pray'd,
 The muttering verse th' unfinish'd birth delay'd.

Now with fierce struggles, raging with my pain,
 At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.
 How did I wish for death! such groans I sent,
 As might have made the flinty heart relent.
 Now the Gadmeian matrons round me press,
 Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress.
 Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
 Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my com-
 mands:

She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
 From the persisting hate of Juno rose.
 As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees
 The seated goddess; on her close-press'd knees
 Her fast-knit hands she leans: with cheerful voice
 Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoice;
 Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest,
 At length the gods Alcmena's womb have blest.
 Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs,
 No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings;
 The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd;
 Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.
 Fame says, the goddess dragg'd the laughing maid
 Fast by the hair; in vain her force essay'd
 Her groveling body from the ground to rear;
 Chang'd to fore feet her shrinking arms appear;
 Her hairy back her former hue retains,
 The form alone is lost; her strength remains;
 Who, since the lie did from her mouth proceed,
 Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her
 breed;
 Nor shall she quit her long-frequented home,
 But haunt those houses where she lov'd to roam.

The Story of Iolaüs Restored to Youth.

ARGUMENT.

Iolë having related the fable of her sister Dryope,
 who was changed into a tree for violating the
 blossoms of the plant Lotis (once a nymph);
 while she is discoursing on these matters with
 Alcmena, she finds new matter of wonder, in
 the sudden change of Iolaüs to a youth.

WHILE Iolë the fatal change declares,
 Alcmena's pitying hand oft wip'd her tears. [flies,
 Grief too stream'd down her cheeks; soon sorrow
 And rising joy the trickling moisture dries:
 Lo Iolaüs stands before their eyes.
 A youth he stood; and the soft down began
 O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man.
 Hebe submitted to her husband's prayers,
 Instill'd new vigour, and restor'd his years.

The Prophecy of Themis.

Now from her lips a solemn oath had pass'd,
 That Iolaüs the gift alone should taste,
 Had not just Themis thus maturely said
 (Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming
 maid):
 Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands
 Invincible; but by the thunderer's hands
 Ambition shall the guilty * brothers fire,
 Both rush to mutual wounds, and both expire.

* Eteocles and Polynices.

The reeling earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the * yet breathing bard shall find his tomb.—

The † son shall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
And in one act be both unjust and good.
Of home and sense depriv'd, where'er he flies,
The furies and his mother's ghost he spies.
His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore,
And Phegeus stain his sword in kindred gore.
Callirhoe shall then with suppliant prayer
Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.
Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire.

The Debate of the Gods.

WHEN Themis thus with prescient voice had spoke
Among the gods a various murmur broke;
Dissension rose in each immortal breast,
That one should grant what was deny'd the rest.

Aurora for her aged spouse complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew;
Her future race the care of Venus drew,
She would Anchises' blooming age restore;
A different care employ'd each heavenly power.
Thus various interests did their jars increase,
Till Jove arose;—he spoke, their tumults cease.

—Is any reverence to our presence given?
Then why this discord 'mong the powers of heaven?

Who can the settled will of Fate subdue?
'Twas by the fates that Iolaüs knew
A second youth. The fates' determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhoe's race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this power obtain:
Quell your desires; even me the fates restrain.
Could I their will controul, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs;
Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd,
And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd.

Jove's words the synod mov'd; the power give o'er,

And urge in vain unjust complaint no more.
Since Rhadamanthus' veins now slowly flow'd,
And Æacus and Minos bore the load;
Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years;
And now, regarding all his realms as lost,
He durst not force him from his native coast.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And your swift vessel plow'd th' Ægean main;
On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
Which still is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you Cyanée knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's winding banks she stray'd:
Cæunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

* *Amphiaræus.*

† *Alcimæon.*

The Story of Arachne,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

Pallas, visiting the muses on their hill to see the fountain Hippocrene, is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivaling the nine sisters in song.—This stimulating the goddess to take vengeance on Arachne, the daughter of Idmon, who defied her in her own art, gives rise to the following story.

PALLAS, attentive, heard the muses' song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their wrong:
Reflecting thus—A vulgar soul can praise,
My fame let glorious emulation raise:
Swift vengeance shall pursue th' audacious pride
That dares my sacred deity deride:
Revenge the goddess in her breast revolves;
And, straight the bold Arachne's fate resolves;
Her haughty mind to Heaven disdain'd to bend,
And durst with Pallas in her art contend.
No famous town she boasts, or noble name;
But to her skilful hand owes all her fame;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
And thirsty wool in purple juices dy'd;
Her mother, whom the shades of death confine,
Was, like her husband, born of vulgar line.
At small Hypæpe though she did reside,
Yet industry proclaim'd what birth deny'd:
All Lydia to her name due honour pays,
And every city speaks Arachne's praise.
Nymphs of Timolus quit their shady woods,
Nymphs of Pactolus leave their golden floods,
And oft with pleasure round her gazing stand,
Admire her work, and praise her artful hand:
They view'd each motion, with new wonder seiz'd;
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.

Whether raw wool in its first orbs she wound,
Or with swift fingers twirl'd the spindle round;
Whether she pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like streaky clouds the stretching fleece;
Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
'Twas plain from Pallas she deriv'd her art.
But she, unable to sustain her pride,
The very mistress of her art defy'd.—

Pallas obscures her bright celestial grace,
And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.
Her head is scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
Which seems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, emboss'd with livid veins,
On trusty staff her feeble limbs sustains.

She thus accosts the nymph: "Be timely wise,
"Do not the wholesome words of age despise,
"For in the hoary head experience lies:
"On earth contend the greatest name to gain;
"To Pallas yield;—with Heaven you strive in
"vain."

Contempt contracts her brow, her passions rise,
Wrath and disdain enflame her rolling eyes:
At once the tangling thread away she throws,
And scarce can curb her threatening hands from
blows.

"Worn out with age, and by disease declin'd,
 "(She cries) thy carcase has surviv'd thy mind;
 "These lectures might thy servile daughters move,
 "And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove:
 "My counsel's from myself, my will commands,
 "And my first resolution always stands:
 "Let her contend; or does her fear impart
 "That conquest waits on my superior art?"

The goddess straight throws off her old disguise,
 And heavenly beauty sparkles in her eyes,
 A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
 And Pallas smiles with every wonted grace.
 The nymphs surpris'd, the Deity adore,
 And Lydian dames confess her matchless power;
 The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
 Yet a swift blush her guilty feature stains;
 In her unwilling cheek the crimson glows,
 And her check'd pride a short confusion knows.
 So when Aurora first unveils her eyes,
 A purple dawn invests the blushing skies;
 But soon bright Phœbus gains th' horizon's height,
 And gilds the hemisphere with spreading light.

Desire of conquest sways the giddy maid,
 To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd:
 The goddess with her stubborn will comply'd,
 And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.
 Both take their stations, and the piece prepare,
 And order every slender thread with care.
 The web enwraps the beam; the reed divides,
 While through the widening space the shuttle

glides,
 Which their swift hands receive; then, pois'd with
 lead, [thread.

The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted
 They gird their flowing garments round the waist,
 And ply their feet and arms with dext'rous haste.
 Here each inweaves the richest Tyrian dye,
 There fainter shades in soften'd order lie;
 Such various mixtures in the texture shine,
 Set off the work, and brighten each design.
 As when the sun his piercing rays extends, [cends,
 When from thin clouds some drizzling shower descends,
 We see the spacious humid arch appear,
 Whose transient colours paint the splendid air:
 By such degrees the deepening shadows rise
 As pleasingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
 And though the same th' adjoining colour seems,
 Yet hues of different natures dye th' extremes.
 Here heightening gold they 'midst the woof dis-
 pose,

And in the web this antique story rose.

Pallas the lofty mount of Mars designs,
 Celestial judgment guides th' unerring lines;
 Here, in just view, th' Athenian structures stand,
 And there the gods contend to name the land;
 Twelves deities she frames with stately mien,
 And in the midst superior Jove is seen;
 A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
 The figures in the picture seem to live.
 Heaven's thundering monarch sits with awful grace,
 And dread omnipotence imprints his face;
 There Neptune stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
 And with his trident smote the trembling ground;
 The parting rocks a spacious chasm disclose,
 From whence a fiery, prancing steed arose;

And on that useful gift he founds his claim,
 To grace the city with his honour'd name.
 See her own figure next with martial air,
 A shining helmet decks her flowing hair;
 Her thoughtful breast her well-pois'd shield defends,
 And her bare arm a glittering spear extends,
 With which she wounds the plain; from thence
 arose

A spreading tree; green olives load the boughs.
 The powers her gift behold with wandering eyes,
 And to the goddess give the rightful prize.

Such mercy checks her wrath, that, to dissuade
 By others fate the too presumptuous maid,
 With miniatures she fills each corner space,
 To curb her pride, and save her from disgrace.

Hæmus and Rhodope in this she wrought,
 The beauteous colours spoke her lively thought!
 With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
 They to the sacred names of gods aspir'd;
 To mountains chang'd, their lofty heads arise,
 And lose their lessening summits in the skies.

In that, in all the strength of art was seen
 The wretched fate of the Pygmean queen;
 Juno, enrag'd, resents th' audacious aim,
 And to a crane transforms the vanquish'd dame;
 In that voracious shape she still appears,
 And plagues her people with perpetual wars.

In this, Antigone for beauty strove
 With the bright consort of imperial Jove;
 Juno, incens'd, her royal power display'd,
 And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
 Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
 Nor his, nor Ilion's fervent prayer prevails,
 But on her lovely skin white feathers rise;
 Chang'd to a clamorous stork, she mounts the skies.

In the remaining orb, the heavenly maid
 The tale of childless Cynaras display'd;
 A settled anguish in his look appears,
 And from his bloodshot eyes flow streams of
 tears;

On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown,
 He for his daughters clasp'd the polish'd stone.
 And, when he sought to hold their wonted charms,
 The temple's steps deceiv'd his eager arms.
 Wreathes of green olive round the border twine,
 And her own tree encloses the design.

Arachne paints th' amours of mighty Jove,
 How in a bull the god disguis'd his love;
 A real bull seems in the piece to roar,
 And real billows breaking on the shore:
 In fair Europa's face appears surprise,
 To the retreating land she turns her eyes,
 And seems to call her maids, who wondering stood,
 And with her tears increas'd the briny flood.
 Her trembling feet she by contraction saves
 From the rude insult of the rising waves.

Here amorous Jove dissolving Læda trod,
 And in the vigorous swan conceal'd the god.
 Love lends him now an eagle's new disguise,
 Beneath his fluttering wings Asteria lies,
 Th' enlivening colours here with force express'd
 How Jove the fair Antiope caress'd.
 In a strong satyr's muscled form he came,
 Instilling love transports the glowing dame,
 And lusty twins reward his nervous flame.

Here how he sooth'd the bright Alcmena's love,
 Who for Amphitryon took th' impostor Jove;
 And how the god in golden shower allur'd
 The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd:
 How, in a swain, Mnemosyne he charms;
 How lambent flame the fair Ægina warms:
 And how with various glittering hues inlaid
 In serpent's form Deois he betray'd.
 Here you, great Neptune, with a short-liv'd flame
 In a young bull enjoy th' Æolian dame.
 Then in Enipeus' shape intrigues pursue:
 'Tis thus th' Aloids boast descent from you.
 Here to Bifaltis was thy love convey'd,
 When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.

Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
 Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear;
 And the dread dame, with hissing serpents hung,
 (From whom the Pegasus courier sprung)
 Thee in a snuffling stallion's form enjoy,
 Exhaust thy strength, and every nerve employ;
 Melanthio as a dolphin you betray,
 And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea:
 Such just proportion graces every part,
 Nature herself appears improv'd by art.
 Here in disguise was mighty Phœbus seen,
 With clownish aspect, and a rustic mien;
 Again transform'd, he's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
 And now the lion's noble shape assumes;
 Now, in a shepherd's form, with treacherous smiles
 He Macareian Isle's heart beguiles.
 Here his plump shape enamour'd Bacchus leaves,
 And in the grape Erigone deceives.
 There Saturn, in a neighing horse, she wove,
 And Chiron's double form rewards his love.

Festoons of flowers, inwove with ivy, shine,
 Border the wondrous piece, and round the texture
 twine.

Not Pallas, nor ev'n spleen itself, could blame
 The wondrous work of the Mæonian dame;
 With grief her vast success the goddess bore,
 And of celestial crimes the story tore.
 Her boxen shuttle now, enrag'd, she took,
 And thrice the proud Idmonian artist struck:
 Th' unhappy maid, to see her labours vain,
 Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain:
 Around her neck a fatal noose she ty'd,
 And sought by sudden death her guilt to hide.
 Pallas with pity saw the desperate deed,
 And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed:
 "Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
 "Suspended thus to waste thy future time;
 "Thy punishment involves thy numerous race,
 "Who for thy fault shall share in thy disgrace."
 Her incantation magic juices aid,
 With sprinkling drops she bath'd the pendent
 maid,

And thus the charm its noxious power display'd.
 Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs,
 With these her nose, and next her rising ears.
 Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,
 The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
 Close to her sides her slender fingers clung,
 There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung;
 Her bloated belly swells to larger size,
 Which now with smallest threads her work sup-
 plies;
 The virgin in the spider still remains;
 And in that shape her former art retains.

T A L E S.

AN ANSWER

TO THE SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE OF CHAUCER.

In Imitation of Chaucer's Style.

THE Sompner lewdly hath his prologue told,
 And saine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
 How that in Hell they searchen near and wide,
 And ne ðne Freer in all thiske place espyde:
 But lo! the devil turn'd his eric about,
 And twenty thousand Freers wend in and out.
 By which in Geoffry's rhyming it appears,
 The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.
 Now listneth lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
 What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
 A misere that had londs and tenement,
 Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
 Owned a house which emptye long ystood,
 Full deeply fited in a derkning wood;
 Murmring a shallow brook runneth along,
 Miong the round stones it maken doleful song.

Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
 The rooms yhaunted been by many a sprite;

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The miller avoucheth, and all thereabout,
 That they full oft hearen the hellish rout;
 Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
 And some hath yheard the psautries straines;
 At midnight some the heedless horse ymeet,
 And some espie a corse in a white sheet,
 And oother things, faye, elfin, and else,
 And shapes that fear createn to itselfe.

Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
 Of grey Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,
 Were liven a Freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
 Who daren alone in derke through church-ycrd
 pass.

This Freer would lye in thiske house all night,
 In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
 He taketh candle, beades, and holy water,
 And legends eke of saintes, and bookes of prayere.
 He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
 And haspen the-door, to haspen the goblin out.
 The candle hath he put close by the bed,
 And in low tone his *ave maryl* said.
 With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
 And maken cross on key-hole of the doore.

Y

Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
But he ycrossed hath by God his grace :
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun.
Bethinketh him now what the cause had ybeen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch hath yfed
That Cæsar's sprite came to Brute his bed;
Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.

Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board :
Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
The Abbayemought buy this house cheap outright.

As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies,
Up starten Sathanas with faucer eyes.
He turned the Freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him fore,
Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-dore.
There is an hole which hath not crossed been :
Farewell, from whence I came, I creepen in.

Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If devils in hell bear Freers in their erse,
On earth the devil in Freers doth ydwell ;
Were there no Freers, the devil mought keep in
hell.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife :
This long have lusty abbots known,
Who ne'er knew spouses—of their own.

What though your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds complete ;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he should every dish commend ;
On Bagshot-heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred ;
Though purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine worthy of the fairest toast ;
Yet there are other things requir'd :
Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd.—
Bless me ! those hands might hold a broom.
Twirl round a mop, and wash a room :
A bachelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep ;
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to every thing her hand.
Get you a las that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white.
What though her shift be seldom seen,
Let that, though coarse, be always clean ;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend ;
Then, if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, Oh, dear Sir, don't be naught !
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To her your household cares confide,
Let your keys jingle at her side.

A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye ;
Ev'n while you chide, you smile on Betty.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce ;
For Betty's for his master's use.

Will you your amorous fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish neighbour talk ?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid.
Besides, your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilfering trade ?
For love all Betty's wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her mantua dyes,
All her stuff-suits she flings away,
And wears thread-sattin every day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire ;
When all must own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the slut,
As well she scours or scrubs a floor,
And still is good for something more ?

Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a priest, of conscience nice,
To quell his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Keep fornication in his house.

But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme.
Be satisfy'd : I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins—Of yore
There dwelt at Blois a priest full fair,
With rolling eye and crisped hair ;
His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his cheek ;
Whole days at cloyster-grates he fate,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the nuns lamented
That double bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confest,
With downcast eye, and heaving breast ;
He stroak'd her cheek to still her fear,
And talk'd of sins *en cavalier* ;
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At every jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernard was a welcome guest ;
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint,
He could at will shake off the saint ;
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke ;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
And shar'd the sins which they confest.

Yet, that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for every social duty ;
He meddled with no household cares,
To her consign'd his whole affairs :
She of his study kept the keys,
For he was studious—of his ease :
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage every chest and box ;
Her honesty such credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly show;
 Lin'd with full hogsheds all a-row:
 One vessel, from the rank remov'd,
 Far dearer than the rest he lov'd;
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas set aside,
 To all but choicest friends deny'd.
 He now and then would send a quart,
 To warm some wife's retentive heart,
 Against confession's sullen hour:
 Wine has all secrets in its power.
 At common feasts it had been waste,
 Nor was it fit for layman's taste.
 If monk or friar were his guest,
 They drank it; for they know the best:
 Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
 He always drank it when—alone.

Who shall recount his civil labours,
 In pious visits to his neighbours?
 Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
 He guess'd their wives were in the way:
 'Twas then his charity was shown,
 He chose to see them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
 He knew friend Dennis was from home:
 His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
 Defrauded of a husband's duty)
 Had often told him at confession,
 How hard she struggled 'gainst transgression,
 He now resolves, in heat of blood,
 To try how firm her virtue stood.
 He knew that wine (to love best aid)
 Has oft made bold the shame-fac'd maid,
 Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
 Than nymphs train'd up at Smith's or Needham's.

A mighty bottle strait he chose,
 Such as might give two friars their dose.
 Nannette he call'd: the cellar door
 She straight unlocks, descends before;
 He follow'd close. But when he spies
 His favourite cask; with lifted eyes
 And lifted hands aloud he cries,
 Heigh-day! my darling wine astoop!
 It must alas! have sprung a hoop.
 That there's a leak is past all doubt,
 (Reply'd the maid)—I'll find it out.
 She sets the candle down in haste,
 Tucks her white apron round her waist.
 The hogsheds mouldy side ascends;
 She straddles wide, and downward bends:
 So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
 Her coats rose up, her master saw—
 I see—he cries—(then clasp'd her fast)
 The leak through which my wine has pass'd.

Then all in haste the maid descended,
 And in a trice the leak was mended.
 He found in Nannette all he wanted,
 So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.

Ere since this time, all lusty friars
 (Warm'd with predominant desires,
 Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
 Look on the sex as leaky barrels.
 Beware of these, ye jealous spouses!
 From such like coopers guard your houses;
 For, if they find not work at home,
 For jobs through all the town they roam.

THE EQUIVOCATION.

AN abbot rich (whose taste was good
 Alike in science and in food)
 His bishop had resolv'd to treat;
 The bishop came, the bishop eat.
 'Twas silence, till their stomachs fail'd;
 And now at heretics they rail'd.
 What heresy (the prelate said)
 Is in that church where priests may wed!
 Do not we take the church for life?
 But those divorce her for a wife;
 Like laymen, keep her in their houses,
 And own the children of their spouses.
 Vile practises! the abbot cry'd,
 For pious use we're set aside!
 Shall we take wives? Marriage at best
 Is but carnality profess!

Now, as the bishop took his glass,
 He spy'd our abbot's buxom lass,
 Who cross'd the room; he mark'd her eye
 That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
 Fye, father, fye, (the prelate cries)
 A maid so young! for shame, be wise.
 These indiscretions lend a handle
 To lewd lay-tongues, to give us scandal.
 For your vow's sake, this rule I give t' ye;
 Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.

The priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,
 But your chaste precept well observ'd:
 That lass full twenty-five has told;
 I've yet another who's as old;
 Into one sum their ages cast;
 So both my maids have fifty past.

The prelate smil'd, but durst not blame;
 For why? his lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their brothers,
 First mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

SCPTICS (whose strength of argument makes
 out,
 That wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
 Hold this assertion positive and clear,
 That sprites are poor delusions, rais'd by fear.
 Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
 Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
 Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary shade,
 These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
 Straight they with smiles reply, those tales of old
 By visionary priests were made and told.
 Oh, might some ghost at dead of night appear,
 And make you own conviction by your fear!
 I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
 Which with such idle legends scares the muse:
 But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites,
 Which frighted boys relate on winter nights,
 How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
 How heedless horses drag the clinking chain,
 Night-roaming ghosts, by faucer eye-balls known;
 The common spectres of each country-town.
 No, I such fables can like you despise,
 And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
 Yet has not oft the fraudulent guardian's fright
 Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?

And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murderer's steps attend?
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A traveller took his solitary way,
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gathering darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heaven discharges all its watery stores.
The wandering traveller shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near.
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and, as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame
That trembled through the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies.
Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands:

Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.
What, not a garret, and no straw to spare?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the servant's right,
Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
The count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learn'd the weary stranger's fate.
Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest;
Our haunted room was ever held the best;
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb;
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall:
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid, [laid
The watch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was

The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo! the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood.
Then, silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand: Beneath the frightened guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then muttering hasty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud—say, whence and who thou art?
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.

Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!
See, still the planks the bloody mark retain.
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest:
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And when beneath these boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in some sacred ground. [bed.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from
And boldly follows where the phantom led:
The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they
pass, [grass.

Now through wet meads their steps imprint the
At length amidst a spacious field they came:
There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
Amaz'd he stood, no bush or brier was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground.
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
But a short vision and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes: but, for a garter, finds a rope.

THE MAD-DOG.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,
Had worn her velvet-cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
And, when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None sung, or smote their breast so loud:
Pale penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.

Her mass book was completely lin'd
With painted saints of various kind :
But when in every page she view'd
Fine ladies who the flesh subdu'd,
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cry'd—such wonders are no more !
She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression ;
But every week set all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with heaven.

Behold her now in humble guise,
Upon her knees with down-cast eyes
Before the priest : she thus begins,
“ And, sobbing, blubbers forth her sins :
“ Who could that tempting man resist ;
“ My virtue languish'd as he kiss'd ;
“ I strove—till I could strive no longer :
“ How can the weak subdue the stronger ?”

The father ask'd her where and when ?
How many ? and what sort of men ?
By what degrees her blood was heated ?
How oft the frailty was repeated ?
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench :
The judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault ;
They leer, they smiler at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft to tell her beads ;
Shows her what saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts, to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips, perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste ?
The clock has struck, the hour is past ;
And, on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to birk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confess the same.
The priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone ?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow ?
No, none : for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out.
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes :
“ What now, my child ?” the father cries.
“ Again !” says she.—With threatening looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes :

“ Madam, I grant there's something in it,
“ That virtue has th' unguarded minute ;
“ But pray now tell me what are whores,
“ But women of unguarded hours ?
“ Then you must sure have lost all shame.
“ What ! every day, and still the same,
“ And no fault else ! 'tis strange to find
“ A woman to one sin confin'd !
“ Pride is this day her darling passion,
“ The next day slander is in fashion ;
“ Gaming succeeds ; if fortune crosses,
“ Then virtue's mortgaged for her losses ;

“ By use her favourite vice she lothes,
“ And loves new follies like new clothes ;
“ But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
“ Have all sin center'd near your waist !
“ Whence is this appetite so strong ?
“ Say, madam, did your mother long ?
“ Or is it luxury and high diet
“ That won't let virtue sleep in quiet ?”
She tells him now, with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice ;
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.

That she a favourite lap-dog had,
Which (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad ;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.

The priest reply'd, with zealous fury,
“ You should have sought the means to cure ye.
“ Doctors by various ways, we find,
“ Treat these distempers of the mind.

“ Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
“ To her who raves with scornful pride ;
“ And, if religion crack her notions,
“ Lock up her volumes of devotions ;
“ But, if for man her rage prevail,
“ Bar her the sight of creatures male.
“ Or else, to cure such venom'd bites,
“ And set the shatter'd thoughts arights ;
“ They send you to the ocean's shore,
“ And plunge the patient o'er and o'er.”

The dame reply'd, “ Alas ! in vain
“ My kindred forc'd me to the main ;
“ Naked, and in the face of day :
“ Look not, ye fishermen, this way !
“ What virgin had not done as I did ?
“ My modest hand, by nature guided,
“ Debarr'd at once from human eyes
“ The seat where female honour lies ;
“ And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
“ I still secur'd the post below,
“ And guarded it with grasp so fast
“ Not one drop through my fingers past.
“ Thus owe I to my bashful care,
“ That all the rage is settled there.”

Weigh well the projects of mankind ;
Then tell me, reader, canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free ?
They all are mad—save you and me,
Do not the statesman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they're bit ?
And, when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part still kept above the tide ?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save ;
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive :
Or, more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier ; straight his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears.
And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the slanderer's whispering voice ;
He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulsome praise is right.
All women dread a watery death :
They shut their lips, to hold their breath ;

And, though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue :
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies still.

THE QUIDNUNKI'S :

Occasioned by the Death of the Duke Regent of France.

How vain are mortal man's endeavours?
(Said, at Dame Elliot's *, Master Travers)
Good Orleans dead ! in truth 'tis hard :
Oh, may all statesmen die prepar'd !
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be disbanded.
—I wish the king were safely landed.
Ah, friends ! great changes threat the land ;
All France and England at a stand !
There's Merowis—mark ! strange work !
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk ;
The Pope—an Indian merchant by,
Cut short the speech with this reply :
“ All at a stand ? You see great changes ?
“ Ah, Sir ! you never saw the Ganges.
“ There dwell the nations of Quidnunki's
“ (So Monomotapa calls monkies) :
“ On their bank, from bough to bough,
“ They meet and chat (as we may now).

* *A coffee-house near St. James's,*

“ Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
“ They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug ;
“ And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
“ They either bite their friends, or stroke them.
“ There have I seen some active prig,
“ To show his parts, bestride a twig :
“ Lord ! how the chattering tribe admire,
“ Not that he's wiser, but he's higher :
“ All long to try the venturous thing
“ (For power is but to have one's swing) ;
“ From side to side he springs, he spurns,
“ And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
“ Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
“ Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces !
“ Down the swift stream the wretch is borne ;
“ Never, ah never, to return !
“ Zounds ! what a fall had our dear brother ;
“ Morbleu ! cries one ; and Damme ! t' other,
“ The nations give a general screech ;
“ None cocks his tail, none claws his breech ;
“ Each trembles for the public weal,
“ And for a while forgets to steal.
“ A while, all eyes, intent and steady,
“ Pursue him, whirling down the eddy.
“ But, out of mind when out of view,
“ Some other mounts the twig anew ;
“ And business, on each monkey-shore,
“ Runs the same track it went before.”

FABLES. IN TWO PARTS.

“ SHALL not my fables censure vice,
“ Because a knave is over-nice ?—
“ If I lash vice in general fiction,
“ Is't I apply, or self-conviction ?
“ Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
“ If men in morals are the same ?

“ I no man call or ape or ass ;
“ 'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
“ Thus void of all offence I write :
“ Who claims the fable, knows his right.”

Prologue to the Shepherd's Week,

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

PART I.

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain ;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage ;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold ;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew ;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning ? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil ?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd ?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind ?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,

Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.

The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I took my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.

Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:

Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent-kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And, from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice,
To make men moral, good, and wise.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,
WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

F A B L E I.

The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.

ACCEPT, young prince! the moral lay,
And in these Tales mankind survey;

With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth.
Learn to condemn all praise betimes,
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
(A virtue never near a throne):
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication.

Must I, too flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind,
Discern you generous, mild, and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.

Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your fire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till, vanquish'd by the lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length,
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the generous hero gave,
Together walking to his cave,
The lion thus bespoke his guest:

"What hardy beast shall dare contest
"My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
"And must attest my power and right.
"Forc'd to forego their native home,
"My starving slaves at distance roam.
"Within these woods I reign alone;
"The boundless forest is my own.
"Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
"Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
"These carcases on either hand,
"Those bones that whiten all the land,
"My former deeds and triumphs tell,
"Beneath these jaws what numbers fell."
"True," says the man, "the strength I saw
"Might well the brutal nation awe;
"But shall a monarch, brave, like you,
"Place glory in so false a view?
"Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
"Be lov'd; let justice bound your might.
"Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
"Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.

" Pirates their power by murders gain;
 " Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
 " To me your clemency hath shown
 " The virtue worthy of a throne.
 " Heaven gives y^e power above the rest,
 " Like heaven, to succour the distressed."
 " The case is plain," the monarch said;
 " False glory hath my youth misled;
 " For beasts of prey, a servile train,
 " Have been the flatterers of my reign.
 " You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
 " Did ever you in courts attend?
 " For all my fawning rogues agree,
 " That human heroes rule like me."

FABLE II.

The Spaniel and the Camaleon.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
 That waits upon a favourite heir,
 Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
 Indulg'd to disobey command,
 In pamper'd ease his hours were spent;
 He never knew what learning meant.
 Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
 Were sure to win his lady's heart;
 Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
 How pretty were his fawning ways!
 The wind was south, the morning fair,
 He ventures forth to take the air:
 He ranges all the meadow round;
 And rolls upon the softest ground;
 When near him a camaleon seen,
 Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.
 " Dear emblem of the flattering host,
 " What, live with clowns! a genius lost!
 " To cities and the court repair;
 " A fortune cannot fail thee there:
 " Preferments shall thy talents crown;
 " Believe, me, friend; I know the town."
 " Sir," says the sycophant, " like you,
 " Of old, politer life I knew:
 " Like you, a courtier born and bred,
 " Kings lean'd their ear to what I said.
 " My whisper always met success;
 " The ladies prais'd me for address.
 " I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
 " And flatter'd every vice in fashion.
 " But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
 " At once cut short my prosperous days,
 " And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
 " Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
 " Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
 " I wander in the sylvan scene:
 " For Jove the heart alone regards;
 " He punishes what man rewards.
 " How different is thy case and mine!
 " With men at least you sup and dine;
 " While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
 " Like those I flatter'd, feed on air."

FABLE III.

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
 Were ever parents more content?

How partial are their doating eyes!
 No child is half so fair and wise.
 Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
 The mother rose, and sought her heir.
 She saw the nurse like one possest,
 With wringing hands and sobbing breast,
 " Sure some disaster has befall!
 " Speak, nurse; I hope the boy is well."
 " Dear madam, think not me to blame;
 Invisibly the fairy came:
 Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
 And in the place a changeling laid.
 Where are the father's mouth and nose?
 The mother's eyes, as black as flies?
 See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
 That speaks a fool in every feature!"
 " The woman's blind," the mother cries,
 " I see wit sparkle in his eyes."
 " Lord! madam, what a squinting leer!
 No doubt the fairy hath been here."
 Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
 Pops through the key-hole swift as light;
 Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
 And thus her folly reprimands.
 " Whence sprung this vain conceited lie,
 That we the world with fools supply?
 What! give our sprightly race away
 For the dull helpless sons of clay!
 Besides, by partial fondness shown
 Like you, we doat upon our own.
 Where yet was ever found a mother
 Who'd give her booby for another?
 And, should we change with human breed,
 Well might we pass for fools indeed."

FABLE IV.

The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
 Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
 From this small speck of earth were sent
 Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
 For every thing alive complain'd,
 That he the hardest life sustain'd.
 Jove calls his eagle. At the word,
 Before him stands the royal bird.
 The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
 Downward directs his rapid flight;
 Then cited every living thing,
 To hear the mandates of his king.
 " Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
 These murmurs which offend the skies?
 Why this disorder? say the cause;
 For just are Jove's eternal laws.
 Let each his discontent reveal;
 To yon' four dog I first appeal."
 " Hard is my lot, the hound replies;
 On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies!
 While I, with weary step and flow,
 O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go,
 The morning sees my chase begun,
 Nor ends it till the setting sun."
 " When (says the greyhound) I pursue,
 My game is lost, or caught in view;
 Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
 The hound is slow, but always sure;

And, had I his sagacious scent,
 Jove ne'er had heard my discontent."
 The lion crav'd the fox's art;
 The fox the lion's force and heart:
 The cock implor'd the pigeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
 The pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
 And the cock's matchless valour priz'd.
 The fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
 The beasts, to skim beneath the main.
 Thus, envious of another's state,
 Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.
 The bird of heaven then cry'd aloud:
 "Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;
 The god rejects your idle prayers.
 Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
 Entirely change your name and nature,
 And be the very envy'd creature?
 What! silent all, and none consent?
 Be happy, then, and learn content;
 Nor imitate the restless mind,
 And proud ambition, of mankind."

F A B L E V.

The Wild Bear and the Ram.

AGAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
 The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
 The patient flock, in silent fright,
 From far beheld the horrid sight.
 A savage boar, who near them stood,
 Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.
 "All cowards should be serv'd like you,
 See, see your murderer is in view:
 With purple hands, and reeking knife,
 He strips the skin yet warm with life.
 Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
 The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
 Call for revenge. O stupid race!
 The heart that wants revenge is base."
 "I grant, an ancient ram replies,
 We bear no terror in our eyes;
 Yet think us not of soul so tame,
 Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
 Insensible of every ill,
 Because we want thy tusks to kill.
 Know, those, who violence pursue,
 Give to themselves the vengeance due;
 For in these massacres they find
 The two chief plagues that waste mankind,
 Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
 It wakes their slumbering sons to war;
 And well revenge may rest contented,
 Since drums and parchment were invented."

F A B L E VI.

The Miser and Plutus.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
 With sudden start the miser wakes;
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
 Each lock and every bolt he tries,
 In every creek and corner pries;

Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
 By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares:
 "Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice!
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;
 Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
 Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
 'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts
 In treachery's more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
 Virtue resides on earth no more!"
 He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
 Plutus, his god, before him stood.
 The miser, trembling, lock'd his chest:
 The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:
 "Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
 Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
 Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?
 The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
 Because my blessings are abus'd,
 Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
 Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
 A cloak to carry on the trade;
 And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
 Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
 Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
 Gold is the canker of the breast;
 'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
 And every shocking vice beside:
 But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
 It blesses, like the dews of heaven:
 Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
 And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
 Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
 Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
 Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
 Upbraid the passive soul with guilt."

F A B L E VII.

The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.

A LION, tir'd with state-affairs,
 Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
 Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
 In peace to pass his latter life.
 It was proclaim'd; the day was set;
 Behold the general council met.
 The fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
 To the new regent humbly bow'd.
 Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
 And strive who most shall condescend.
 He straight assumes a solemn grace,
 Collects his wisdom in his face.
 The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
 Each word hath weight and consequence,
 The flatterer all his art displays:
 He who hath power is sure of praise.

A fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address'd :

"How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school !
What clemency his temper sways !
How uncorrupt are all his ways !
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art ;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration."

He said. A goose who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood :

"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise ! what mighty commendation !
But 'twas a fox who spoke th' oration.
Foes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise ;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now shall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on geese both noon and night !"

FABLE VIII.

The Lady and the Wasp.

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear !
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear !
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike ;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase :
But who can drive the numerous breed ?
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother ;
One sop will recommend another :
And with this plague she's rightly curst.
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And lull'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms ;
Swift he returns, again alarms ;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns ; she frets. "Good gods ! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies !
Of all the plagues that heaven hath sent,
A wasp is most impertinent."

The hovering insect thus complain'd :
"Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd ?
Can such offence your anger wake ?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,

Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew."

"Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder wasps like vulgar flies !
For though he's free (to do him right),
The creature's civil and polite."

In ecstasies away he posts ;
Where'er he came, the favour boasts ;
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew ;
Sure of success away they flew :
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play :
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd, till she found
That wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

FABLE IX.

The Bull and the Mastiff.

SEEK you to train your favourite boy ?
Each caution, every care employ ;
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd :
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope ;
On these depends thy future hope,
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A mastiff pass'd ; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire.
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud : "Suspend the fight ;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night :
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage ?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest ?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings."

The surly mastiff thus returns :
"Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd ;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed."

"Curs'd dog, the bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore ;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take, then, thy fate." With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground :
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

FABLE X.

The Elephant and the Bookseller.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,

With various wonders feasts his sight :
 What stranger wonders does he write !
 We read, and in description view
 Creatures which Adam never knew ;
 For, when we risk no contradiction,
 It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
 Those things that startle me or you
 I grant are strange ; yet may be true.
 Who doubts that elephants are found
 For science and for sense renown'd ?
 Borri records their strength of parts,
 Extent of thought, and skill in arts ;
 How they perform the law's decrees,
 And save the state the hangman's fees ;
 And how by travel understand
 The language of another land.
 Let those, who question this report,
 To Pliny's ancient page resort.
 How learn'd was that sagacious breed !
 Who now (like them) the Greek can read ?

As one of these, in days of yore,
 Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,
 Not like our modern dealers, minding
 Only the margin's breadth and binding,
 A book his curious eye detains,
 Where, with exactest care and pains,
 Were every beast and bird pourtray'd,
 That e'er the search of man survey'd ;
 Their natures and their powers were writ
 With all the pride of human wit :
 The page he with attention spread,
 And thus remark'd on what he read :

" Man with strong reason is endow'd ;
 A beast scarce instinct is allow'd :
 But, let this author's worth be try'd,
 'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
 Can he discern the different natures,
 And weigh the power of other creatures,
 Who by the partial work hath shown
 He knows so little of his own ?
 How falsely is the spaniel drawn !
 Did man from him first learn to fawn ?
 A dog proficient in the trade !
 He the chief flatterer nature made !
 Go, man ! the ways of courts discern,
 You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
 How can the fox's theft and plunder
 Provoke his censure or his wonder ?
 From courtiers' tricks and lawyers' arts,
 The fox might well improve his parts.
 The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
 He curses, for their thirst of blood.
 But is not man to man a prey ?
 Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay."

The bookseller, who heard him speak,
 And saw him turn a page of Greek,
 Thought, what a genius have I found !
 Then thus address'd with bow profound :

" Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
 Against the senseless sons of men,
 Or write the history of Siam ;
 No man is better pay than I am.
 Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
 Something against the Trinity."

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
 " Friend, quoth the elephant, you're drunk :

E'en keep your money, and be wise ;
 Leave man on man to criticise :
 For that you ne'er can want a pen
 Among the senseless sons of men.
 They unprovok'd will court the fray ;
 Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
 No author ever spar'd a brother ;
 Wits are game cocks to one another."

F A B L E XI.

The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Goose.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow ;
 The smallest speck is seen on snow.
 As near a barn, by hunger led,
 A peacock with the poultry fed,
 All view'd him with an envious eye,
 And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
 He, conscious of superior merit,
 Contemns their base reviling spirit ;
 His state and dignity assumes,
 And to the sun displays his plumes,
 Which, like the heavens' o'er-arching skies,
 Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
 The circling rays, and varied light,
 At once confound their dazzled sight ;
 On every tongue detraction burns,
 And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

" Mark with what insolence and pride
 The creature takes his haughty stride,
 The turkey cries. Can spleen contain ?
 Sure never bird was half so vain !
 But, were intrinsic merit seen,
 We turkeys have the whiter skin !"

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,
 And next was heard the hissing goose :

" What hideous legs ! what filthy claws ;
 I scorn to censure little flaws.

Then what a horrid squalling throat !
 Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."

" True. Those are faults, the peacock cries ;
 My scream, my thanks, you may despise ;
 But such blind critics rail in vain.
 What ! overlook my radiant train !
 Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
 The turkey or the goose support,
 And did ye scream with harsher sound,
 Those faults in you had ne'er been found :
 To all apparent beauties blind,
 Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in assemblies have I seen
 A nymph of brightest charms and mien,
 Wake envy in each ugly face,
 And buzzing scandal fills the place.

F A B L E XII.

Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
 Employ'd the lesser powers of love.
 Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
 Some give the taper shaft its wing,
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
 Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amid their toil and various care,
 Thus Hymen, with assenting air,

Address'd the god: "Thou purblind chit,
Of aukward and ill-judging wit.
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's fullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply:
He loves command and due restriction;
And she as well likes contradiction:
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she th' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.
Nothing can save him but divorce;
And here the wife complains of course."

"When, says the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."

Plutus appear'd, and said, "Tis true,
In marriage, gold is all their view;
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more."

Avarice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

The tame Stag.

As a young stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast.
A clown who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.

Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
The stag was brought before his wife.
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!

At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe, presumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed;

Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;
Examines every fist for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat;
Attacks again with level'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a redcoat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face,
Next time at distance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every soldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

FABLE XIV.

The Monkey who had seen the World.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
For men in distant regions roam,
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treacherous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to town convey'd;
There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey-weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
Upon his lich embroider'd coat,
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flattery deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.

Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Pend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit,
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow, like man, polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applause.

Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

The Philosopher and the Pheasants.

THE sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes:
But, where he past, he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhor'd his sight:
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.

Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature!

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a pheasant stood,
Around her all her listening brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd.

"No dangers here shall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man, of animals the worst.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep whose annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer-days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?"

Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we pheasants must be spitted."

FABLE XIV.

The Pin and the Needle.

A PIN who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd:
But could she partial fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?

At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach:
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On every side, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What least was understood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

"And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?"

"A needle," says th' interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Address'd her as a tailor's tool.

"A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown;
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts;
But tell me how the friendship grew
Between that paltry flint and you."

"Friend, says the needle, cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake:
Who then can such a friend forsake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treacherous sand:
By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
Of no more consequence than you."

FABLE XVII.

The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;

Deep in the wood secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the dog pursued his pace,
The fleet robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

Let us a while the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend.

"A truce?" replies the wolf. 'Tis done.
The dog the parley thus begun.

"How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?

Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar and lion's blood.

Great souls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.

How harmless is our fleecy care!

Be brave, and let thy mercy spare."

"Friend, says the wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;

As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary wolves should eat.

If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,

Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;

To him repeat the moving speech:

A wolf eats sheep but now and then,

Ten thousands are devour'd by men.

An open foe may prove a curse,

But a pretended friend is worse."

F A B L E XVIII.

The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.

Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.

But flattery never seems absurd;

The flatter'd always take your word:

Impossibilities seem just;

They take the strongest praise on trust.

Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,

Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,

That every eye the picture knew,

He hit complexion, feature, air,

So just, the life itself was there.

No flattery with his colours laid,

To bloom restor'd the faded maid;

He gave each muscle all its strength;

The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;

His honest pencil touch'd with truth,

And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;

Truth should not always be reveal'd:

In dusty piles his pictures lay,

For no one sent the second pay.

Two bustos, fraught with every grace,

A Venus' and Apollo's face,

He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.

My lord appear'd; and seated right,
In proper attitude and light,

The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,

Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;

Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there

Might well a Raphael's hand require,

To give them all the native fire;

The features, fraught with sense and wit,

You'll grant, are very hard to hit;

But yet with patience you shall view

As much as paint and art can do."

Observe the work. My Lord replied,

"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;

Besides, my nose is somewhat long:

Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."

"Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd;

In this we painters must decide.

The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,

I warrant it extremely like."

My Lord examin'd it anew;

No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came with borrow'd grace

He from his Venus form'd her face.

Her lover prais'd the painter's art;

So like the picture in his heart!

To every age some charm he lent;

Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd;

His custom grew, his price was rais'd.

Had he the real likeness shown,

Would any man the picture own?

But, when thus happily he wrought,

Each found the likeness in his thought.

F A B L E XIX.

The Lion and the Cub.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!

These cannot bear an equal nigh,

But from superior merit fly.

They love the cellar's vulgar joke,

And lose their hours in ale and smoke.

There o'er some petty club preside;

So poor, so paltry, is their pride!

Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,

In hopes to be supreme in wit.

If these can read, to these I write,

To set their worth in truest light.

A lion cub, of sordid mind,

Avoided all the lion kind;

Fond of applause he sought the feasts

Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;

With asses all his time he spent,

Their clubs perpetual president.

He caught their manners, looks, and airs;

An ass in every thing but ears!

If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal fire's retreat;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the lion starts.

"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe? the cub replies;
Our senate always held me wise."

"How weak is pride: returns the fire:
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

F A B L E XX.

The Old Hen and the Cock.

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says we sprung from Eve.

As an old hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to show the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around.

A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A cock she met; her son she knew;
And in her heart affection grew.

"My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vigorous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.

'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread

Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.

Print this my counsel on thy breast:
To the just gods I leave the rest."

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey,

And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:

Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.

"Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears despise.

Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave:

Or does her harvest store the place
A treasure for her younger race?

And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event."

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.

He stretch'd his neck; and from below

With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:

With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears.

Threat answer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But, when the watery death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:

"I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition."

F A B L E XXI.

The Rat-catcher and Cats.

THE rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd and laid waste:
She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.

An engineer, of noted skill,
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
Finds where they 'scape an ambushade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace:

She saw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;

So secretly removes his baits,
And every stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils;
And Pufs again the labour foils.

"What foe (to frustrate my designs)
My schemes thus nightly countermines?

Incens'd, he cries, this very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my power."

So said, a ponderous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Pufs was caught.

"Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made
A victim to our loss of trade."

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues.

"A sister of the science spare;

One interest is our common care."

"What insolence! the Man reply'd;
Shall Cats with us the game divide?

Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land.

We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!"

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life.

"In every age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
'Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching;

Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each others charms;

Kings, too, their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own:

But let us limit our desires,

Not war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;
For though we both one prey pursue,

There's game enough for us and you."

FABLE XXII.

The Goat without a Beard.

'Tis certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs,
I say that these are proud: what then?
I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as goat can be)
Affected singularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowzy beard, he cries,
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loathe this reverend figure."

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art:
His pole with pewter-basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags to look like blood;
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

"I hope your custom, Sir, says Pug,
Sure never face was half so snug!"

The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws.
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.
"Heigh-day! what's here? without a beard!
Say, Brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrace'd and torn?"

"Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,"
Replies a bearded chief. "Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!"

Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

FABLE XXIII.

The Old Woman and her Cats.

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Ravag'd a partner in the trade.

The matron, who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And, if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sat hovering, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a numerous brood
Of cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd,
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd. "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horse shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard);
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat."

"To hear you prate, would vex a saint;
Who hath most reason of complaint?"
Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beasts of chase.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because 'tis said your cats have nine."

FABLE XXIV.

The Butterfly and the Snail.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn
A butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardner cries:

"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?"

Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind!
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace."

"What arrogance! the snail reply'd;
How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth:
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base, in sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
And what's a butterfly? at best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

F A B L E XXV.

The Scold and the Parrot.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race;
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing:
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."

"Heigh-day!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong."

Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
All join their forces to confound her,
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outscram'd her rage.

"A parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.

VOL. VIII.

She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One slander must ten thousand get:
The world with interest pays the debt."

F A B L E XXVI.

The Cur and the Mastiff.

A SNEAKING cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the cur, and stroak'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread;
He next the mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd;
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more:
The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
"Hang him, the villain's curs'd," he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.

The dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And beg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sate. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting stand;
The cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

"Judge not unheard (the mastiff cry'd),
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treachery can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."

He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The cur was hang'd, the mastiff clear'd.

F A B L E XXVII.

The Sick Man and the Angel.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man, with gasping breath;
"I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands

Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need;
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown."

An angel came. "Ah, friend! (he cry'd).
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound:
Your neighbours want, and you abound."

"But why such haste, the sick man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still,
That sum and more are in my will."

"Fool, says the vision, now 'tis plain
Your life, your soul, your Heaven, was gain.
From every side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."

"While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why such haste?" so groan'd and dy'd.

FABLE XXVII.

The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the god inspires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curll's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite:
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As, prostrate to the god of day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:

"Parent of light! all-seeing sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer;
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."

A cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.

"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow."

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
"It was that god who claims my prayer
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown:
A passing gale; a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd."

The gale arose; the vapour tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

FABLE XXIX.

The Fox at the point of Death.

A fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay:
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand,
To learn their dying fire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:

"Ah! Sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there;
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?"

The hungry foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain;
And your sons lick their lips in vain."

"O gluttons! says the drooping fire,
Restrain inordinate desire.

Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power!
And never feel the quiet hour
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem."

"The counsel's good, a fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son.
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd.
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."

"Nay, then, replies the feeble fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks)
Go; but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

FABLE XXX.

The setting Dog and the Partridge.

THE ranging dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm: with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs and seeks the wood;
But ere, her certain wings she tries:
Thus, to the creeping spaniel cries:

"Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace;
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."

When thus the dog, with scornful smile:
"Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to pre-eminence rise, like me.
The thriving pimp who beauty sets,
How oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard,
And ministers his skill reward.
Thus train'd by man, I learn'd his ways;
And growing favour feasts my days."

"I might have guess'd, the partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say. Adieu!"
She said, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

The universal Apparition.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits,
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:

"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

Thus said, the phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears.

He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks, his ear attends,
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of fortune's store,
The spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infest his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.
To power he rose. Again the sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of ambition's tottering seat,
How envy persecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the spectre's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the ghost address:
"Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, should go before."

FABLE XXXII.

The two Owls and the Sparrow.

Two formal owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:
"How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where's the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our fires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name,
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."

"Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate with half-shut eyes.
Right. Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit;

But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert sparrow's more respected."

A sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride;
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:

"Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd;
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except an owl, can tell you why:
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never look esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd;
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by nature taught:
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

FABLE XXXIII.

The Courtier and Proteus.

WHENEVER a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his power,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:

"Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen."

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

"Know, says the god, by matchless skill
I change to every shape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me."

Thus said: a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

"Know, says the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."

Sudden the god a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands.
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare;
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

"Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformations might surprise;

But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able courtier acts the same;
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chase.
They play the bear's and fox's part,
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of every shape."
So said: upon the god he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.

"Now, Proteus! now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasions still;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies."

FABLE XXXIV.

The Mastiff.

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
A mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end.
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In every limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:

"A cudgel shall correct your manners:
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."

To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher, vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd mastiff cries aloud:

Both Hockleyhole and Marybone
The combats of my dog have known:
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour, or the shame."

Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from every side
Rebounding from the mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried howl'd and sprawl'd below,
He rose; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

The Barley-mow and the Dunghill.

How many saucy airs we meet
 From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street!
 Proud rogues, who shared the South-sea prey,
 And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
 They think it mean to condescend
 To know a brother or a friend;
 They blush to hear their mother's name,
 And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
 A careful farmer took his way,
 He stopp'd; and, leaning on his fork,
 Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
 In thought he measur'd all his store,
 His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
 In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
 And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A barley-mow, which stood beside,
 Thus to its musing master cry'd:

"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
 To treat me with neglect and slight?
 Me, who contribute to your cheer,
 And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
 Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
 And that vile dunghill near me plac'd?
 Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
 That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
 Meet objects here? Command it hence;
 A thing so mean must give offence."

The humble dunghill thus reply'd:
 "Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
 Insult not thus the meek and low;
 In me thy benefactor know;
 My warm assistance gave thee birth,
 Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
 But up-starts, to support their station,
 Cancel at once all obligation."

FABLE XXXVI.

Pythagoras and the Countryman.

PYTHAGORAS rose at early dawn,
 By soaring meditation drawn;
 To breathe the fragrance of the day,
 Through flowery fields he took his way,
 In musing contemplation warm,
 His steps mislead him to a farm,
 Where on a ladder's topmost round
 A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
 Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care
 Calls for thy honest labour there?"

The clown, with surly voice replies,
 "Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
 This kite, by daily rapine fed,
 My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
 At length his forfeit life hath paid;
 See on the wall his wings display'd:
 Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
 My fowls shall future safety find;
 My yard the thriving poultry feed,
 And my barns' refuse fat the breed."

"Friend, says the sage, the doom is wise;
 For public good the murderer dies:
 But, if these tyrants of the air
 Demand a sentence so severe,
 Think how the glutton, man, devours;
 What bloody feasts regale his hours!
 O impudence of power and might,
 Thus to condemn a hawk or kite.
 When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
 Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner."

"Hold, cry'd the clown, with passion heated,
 Shall kites and men alike be treated?
 When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
 Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."

"Thus tyrants boast, the sage reply'd,
 Whose murders spring from power and pride.
 Own then this manlike kite is slain,
 Thy greater luxury to sustain;
 For "Petty rogues submit to fate,
 "That great ones may enjoy their state *!"

FABLE XXXVII.

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

Why are those tears? why droops your head?
 Is then your other husband dead?
 Or does a worse disgrace betide?
 Hath no one since his death apply'd;

Alas! you know the cause too well;
 The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
 Then, to contribute to my loss,
 My knife and fork were laid across;
 On Friday too! the day I dread!
 Would I were safe at home in bed!
 Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
 Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
 Next post some fatal news shall tell:
 God send my Cornish friends be well!

Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
 Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
 Let not thy stomach be suspended;
 Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
 And, when the butler clears the table,
 For thy desert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging panniers' load
 A farmer's wife to market rode,
 And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
 Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
 When starting from her silver dream,
 Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

"That raven on yon left hand oak
 (Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
 Bodes me no good." No more she said,
 When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
 Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
 And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
 Rail'd, swore, and curs'd. "Thou croaking toad,
 A murrain take thy whorson throat!
 I knew mi-fortune in the note."

"Dame, quoth the raven, spare your oaths.
 Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths,

* *Gartb's Dispensary.*

But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the Hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

FABLE XXXVIII

The Turkey and the Ant.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.

A turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my birds! the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me, with freedom eat;
An ant is most delightful meat.
How blest'd, how envy'd, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board,
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."

An ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighbouring beech:
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

FABLE XXXIX.

The Father and Jupiter.

THE man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent; two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

"Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aspire,

Till he the step of power ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a father's blest'd."
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes,
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines, and dies.

When Jove the father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the god: "By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe.
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possess,
To Providence resign the rest."

FABLE XL.

The two Monks.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward show deride;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes: they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?

Two monkeys went to Southwark fair;
No critics had a sourer air;
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

"Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred."

Now through the booth loud hisses ran,
Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arm ascends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth pug, "If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring;
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."

"Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise:
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But, when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

F A B L E XLI.

The Owl and the Farmer.

AN owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think by fits.
So have I seen a man of news
Or post-boy or gazette peruse,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor:
At dawn of morn to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest:

"Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow, is his sense!
To tread with scorn the bird of night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then, too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind."

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?"

Indulge thy spleen: know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an owl.
Besides, proud blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train:
Few follow wisdom or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools."

F A B L E XLII.

The Jugglers.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and frown the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, "'Tis done;
In science I submit to none."

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.

His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.

He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;

Then bids it rain, with showers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;

But, when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

"This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,
"See this bank-note; observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows,
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address,
"This picture see; her shape, her breast!"

What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.

"Can I such matchless sleight withstand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE XLIII.

The Council of Horses.

UPON a time a neighing ffeed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state,
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng address'd.

"Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our fires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends! your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heavens! reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."

A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.

"When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;

Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by heaven assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

The Hound and the Huntsman.

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless light, or smiles of scorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?

The morning wakes, the huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds;
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase;
Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his bubbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan:

"I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts."

"When puppies prate, the huntsman cry'd,
They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise;
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."

FABLE XLV.

The Poet and the Rose.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends;
A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the muse inspir'd:
"Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
"How happy shall I prove,
"Might I supply that envy'd place
"With never-fading love!
"There, phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
"Know, hapless flower! that thou shalt find
"More fragrant roses there;
"I see thy withering head reclin'd
"With envy and despair!
"One common fate we both must prove;
"You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a poet do without us?
In every love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To sound her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

F A B L E XLVI.

The Cur, the Horse, and the Shepherd's Dog.

THE lad of all-sufficient merit
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friend and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace:
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or, if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with music's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along,
But had a sample of his song.
Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scowrs, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;

With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A pad came pacing down the way;
The cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing traveller sprung.
The horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A shepherd's dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexations breed,
Bespoke him thus: "When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadst not like a puppy dy'd."

F A B L E XLVII.

The Court of Death.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror fate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebony wand."
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd.

"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress'd,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy;
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place."

Stone urg'd his over-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow."

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band;
When thus the monarch from the throne:

"Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here! but sees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand."

You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
 (Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
 Forego your claim; no more pretend;
 Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
 He shares their mirth, their social joys,
 And as a courted guest destroys.
 The charge on him must justly fall,
 Who finds employment for you all."

FABLE XLVIII.

The Gardener and the Hog.

A GARDENER, of peculiar taste,
 On a young hog his favour plac'd,
 Who fed not with the common herd;
 His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
 He wallow'd underneath the board,
 Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
 Who fondly stroak'd him every day,
 And taught him all the puppy's play.
 Where'er he went, the grunting friend
 Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
 Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
 The master thus address'd the swine:

"My house, my garden, all is thine,
 On turnips feast whene'er you please,
 And riot in my beans and pease;
 If the potatoe's taste delights,
 Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
 Indulge thy morn and evening hours;
 But let due care regard my flowers:
 My tulips are my garden's pride:
 What vast expence those beds supply'd!"

The hog by chance one morning roam'd,
 Where with new ale the vessels foam'd;
 He munches now the steaming grains,
 Now with full swill the liquor drains.
 Intoxicating fumes arise;

He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
 Then staggering through the garden scours,
 And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
 With delving snout he turns the soil,
 And cools his palate with the spoil.

The master came, the ruin spy'd;
 "Villain! suspend thy rage (he cry'd.)
 Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
 My charge, my only charge, forgot?
 What, all my flowers?" No more he said,
 But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The hog with fluttering speech returns:
 "Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
 See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown,
 For I devour'd the roots alone."

At this the gardener's passion grows;
 From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
 The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
 Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

"Ah, foolish swain! too late you find
 That styes were for such friends design'd!"

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
 Reflecting thus on past disgrace:

"Who cherishes a brutal mate,
 Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

FABLE XLIX.

The Man and the Flea.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
 Sure every thing alive is vain!

Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
 As destin'd only for his prey?
 And do not tyrants, prouder things,
 Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
 Or Tagus, bright with golden sands,
 Or crawls beside the coral grove,
 And hears the ocean roll above,
 "Nature is too profuse (says he),
 Who gave all these to pleasure me!"

When bordering pinks and roses bloom,
 And every garden breathes perfume;
 When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
 Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
 When with huge figs the branches bend,
 When clusters from the vine depend;
 The snail looks round on flower and tree,
 And cries, "all these were made for me!"

"What dignity's in human nature!"
 Says man, the most conceited creature,
 As from a cliff he cast his eye,
 And view'd the sea and arched sky.
 The sun was sunk beneath the main;
 The moon and all the starry train
 Hung the vast vault of heaven. The man
 His contemplation thus began:

"When I behold this glorious show,
 And the wide watery world below,
 The scaly people of the main,
 The beasts that range the wood or plain,
 The wing'd inhabitants of air,
 The day, the night, the various year;
 And know all these by heaven design'd
 As gifts to pleasure human-kind;
 I cannot raise my worth too high;
 Of what vast consequence am I!"

"Not of th' importance you suppose,"
 Replies a flea upon his nose.
 Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
 Know, pride was never made for man.
 'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
 What, heaven and earth for thee design'd!
 For thee, made only for our need,
 That more important fleas might feed."

FABLE L.

The Hare and Many Friends.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you flint the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare who, in a civil way,
 Comply'd with every thing, like Gay,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
 Her care was never to offend;
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view!

"Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."

The horse reply'd, "Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
Far all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:

"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remark'd "her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
"His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said, he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd,

"Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view."

PART II.

Advertisement.

These Fables were finished by Mr. Gay, and intended for the press a short time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of Queensberry. His Grace has accordingly permitted them to the press; and they are here printed from the originals in the

author's own hand-writing. We hope they will please equally with his former Fables, though mostly on subjects of a graver and more political turn. They will certainly show him to have been (what he esteemed the best character) a man of a truly honest heart, and a sincere lover of his country.

FABLE I.

The Dog and the Fox.—To a Lawyer.

I know you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face:
For scepticism's your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.

Hence is the bar with fees supply'd;
Hence eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paltry gleanings,
Could every man express his meaning.
Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engross.

And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.

Read o'er a will. Was't ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For, when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
I bar fallacious *innuendo*.

Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round,
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is't I or you then fix the satire?

So, Sir, I beg you, spare your pains
In making comments on my strains.
All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over-nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I lash vice in general fiction,
Is't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men and morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.

Thus void of all offence I write :

Who claims the fable, knows his right.

A shepherd's dog unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;
Among the rest a fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Reynard, " 'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
'There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.

Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all disguise;
My honour as my life I prize."

By talk like this, from all mistrust
The dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his bushy tail with fear.

" Bless us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road?"

" Hold, says the dog, we're safe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a false alarm.

At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis so (I know her pyebald mare),
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."

Reynard grew huff. Says he, " This sneer
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I see.
Pray, what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner!
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."

" Friend, quoth the cur, I meant no harm;
Then why so captious? why so warm?
My words in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."

At this, gall'd Reynard winc'd, and swore
Such language ne'er was given before.

" What's lamb to me? this saucy hint
Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
If th' other night your master lost
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lie."

" Thou knave, thou fool! (the dog reply'd)
The name is just, take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak:
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak."

So saying, on the fox he flies:
The self-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

ERE I begin, I must premise,
Our ministers are good and wise;

So, though malicious tongues apply.

Pray what care they, or what care I?

If I am free with courts, be't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
On ministers, and such-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence,
I meddle with no state-affairs,
But spare my jest to save my ears.
Our present schemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himself to sound:
To censure them I 'ave no pretension;
I own they're past my comprehension.

You say your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's case)
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court, and teaze his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend!

You praise his parts, for business fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have them too.

I 'ave heard of times (pray God defend us!)
We're not so good but he can mend us)
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no interest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd
Gets nothing but its own reward.

A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All consciences must bend and ply?
You must vote on, and know not why:
Through thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.

Since plagues like these have curs'd a land,
And favourites cannot always stand,
Good courtiers should for change be ready,
And not have principles too steady;
For, should a knave engross the power,
(God shield the realm from that sad hour!)
He must have rogues or slavish fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?

Wherever those a people drain,
And strut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and state,
And scorn to share the public hate.
Let their own servile creatures rise,
By screening fraud, and venting lies;

Give me, kind Heaven, a private station *,
A mind serene for contemplation :
Title and profit I resign ;
The post of honour shall be mine.
My fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the present times)
A greedy vulture, skill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And step by step intrudes to power :
When at the royal eagle's ear,
He longs to ease the monarch's care.

The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him minister of state !
Around him throng the feather'd rout ;
Friends must be serv'd, and some must out :
Each thinks his own the best pretension ;
This asks a place, and that a pension ;

The nightingale was set aside,
A forward daw his room supply'd.

" This bird (says he) for business fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit :
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing sticks :
Then with his neighbours one so free
At all times will connive at me."

The hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thousands of hireling cocks attend him,
As blustering bullies to defend him.

At once the ravens were discarded,
And magpies with their posts rewarded.

Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest.
State-lies must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.

" When rogues like these (a sparrow cries)
To honours and employments rise
I court no favour, ask no place ;
From such preferment is disgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind."

F A B L E III.

The Baboon and the Poultry.

TO A LEVEE-HUNTER.

WE frequently misplace esteem,
By judging men by what they seem.
To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
Precedence, and our lowest bow :
In that is due distinction shown ;
Esteem is virtue's right alone.

With partial eye we're apt to see
The man of noble pedigree :
We're prepossess'd my lord inherits,
In some degree his grandfire's merits ;

* — " When impious men bear sway,
" The post of honour is a private station."

ADDISON.

For those we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my lord.

When we, with superficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well understood,
Hath frequent power of doing good ;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor.

The cringing train of power survey ;
What creatures are so poor as they !
With what obsequiousness they bend !
To what vile actions condescend !
Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flattery is their smallest guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have sycophants to power address'd !
No matter who the power possess'd.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill :
Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd !
But here (unless all history lies)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.

Look through all courts : 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind ;
There worshipp'd under every shape,
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves ;
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.

Who then shall glory in his post ?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast !
The followers of his prosperous hour
Are as unstable as his power.
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurs'd,
The more it swells is nearer burst ;
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought :
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd ;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.

A huge baboon her fancy took
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round ;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every business fit.
With all these talents 'twas but just
That pug should hold a place of trust ;
So to her favourite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend them eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.

Behold him now, with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,

Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.
The minister appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
Th' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bears it like a man;
For, when we flatter self-conceit,
We but his sentiments repeat.

If we're too scrupulously just,
What profit's in a place of trust;
The common practice of the great
Is to secure a snug retreat.

So Pug began to turn his brain

(Like other folks in place) on gain.

An apple-woman's stall was near,
Well stock'd with fruits through all the year:
Here every day he cramm'd his guts,
Hence were his hordes of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments should in corn be made.

The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went.
Then, too, the poultry's starv'd condition
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.

The facts were prov'd beyond dispute;
Pug must refund his hordes of fruit;
And, though then minister in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.

A goose pass'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.

"What, no respect! no reverence shown!
How saucy are these creatures grown!
Not two days since (says he) you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning crowd."

"Proud fool! (replies the goose) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flattery for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape."

FABLE IV.

The Ant in Office.—To a Friend.

You tell me that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never squint at courtiers crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?

You ask me if I ever knew
Court chaplains thus the lawn pursue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn;
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never shock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney-path despise;
'Tis my ambition not to rise.
If I must prostitute the muse,
The base conditions I refuse.

I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.

If I corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.
I know 'twould cramp most politicians
Were they ty'd down to these conditions.
'Twould stint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let's take a view
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state,
Could private luxury dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual job or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were deny'd,
Could avarice support its pride?
It might ev'n ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.

I care not though 'tis understood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same.
Nay, though some folks the less might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.

I strike at vice, be't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, pension,
One may with detestation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *scandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conscience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare against all vice declaim.
Shall I not censure breach of trust,
Because knaves know themselves unjust?
That steward, whose account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never shun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd, upright.

But then you think my Fable bears
Allusion, too, to state affairs.

I grant it does: and who's so great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For ministers may thirst for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.

An ant there was, whose forward prate
Controul'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;

For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill.
Ambition was his point in view:
Thus by degrees to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:

He's made chief treasurer of the grain.

But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)

That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year;

That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.

For this the solemn day was set;
The auditors in council met.

The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.

He brought (since he could not refuse them)
Some scraps of paper to amuse them.

An honest Pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke: "The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profusion flow?
I know our annual funds amount;

Why such expence? and where's th' account?"

With wonted arrogance and pride,
The ant in office thus reply'd.

"Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best schem'd projects hold?
Should we state mysteries disclose,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."

They pass'd th' account as fair and just,
And voted him implicit trust.

Next year again, the granary drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.

"Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from every hand;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Consider, when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."

Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.

The year revolves. Their treasure, spent,
Again in secret service went.
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To satisfy the charge alleg'd.

When thus, with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd.

"What are we? ministerial tools!
We little knaves are greater fools.

At last this secret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.

For every grain we touch'd, at least
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.

Then for his kin and favourite spies,
A hundred hardly could suffice.

Thus, for a paltry sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains."

They vote th' account shall be inspected;
The cunning plunderer is detected;
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to public use restor'd.

FABLE V.

The Bear in a Boat.—To a Coxcomb.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know;

Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;

He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;

He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;

Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:

He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.

Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.

If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in every view,

Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A coxcomb claims distinction most.

Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,

Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity besots them all.

By ignorance is pride increas'd:

Those most assume, who know the least;
Their own false balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.

Not that all coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;

To different merits each pretends:

This in love vanity transcends;
That, smitten with his face and shape,

By dress distinguishes the ape;

Th' other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with coxcombs of ambition:

For those, puff'd up with flattery, dare
Assume a nation's various care.

They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;

For these, in part alone, attest

The flattery their own thoughts suggest.

In this wide sphere a coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own:

The self-deem'd Machiavel at large

By turns controuls in every charge.

Does commerce suffer in her rights?

'Tis he directs the naval flights.

What sailor dares dispute his skill?

He'll be an admiral when he will.

Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,

Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.

He gives ambassadors their cue,

His cobbled treaties to renew;

And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Left you mistake the application,
The fable calls me to relation.

A bear of shag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dext'rously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm.
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprize too great.
Alike in sciences and arts,
He boasted universal parts:
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroul'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preside.
No task too difficult was found:
His blundering nose misleads the hound.
In stratagem and subtle arts
He over-rules the fox's parts.

It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and, turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

"What blundering puppies are mankind,
In every science always blind:
I mock the pedantry of schools:
What are their compasses and rules?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern."

So saying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts, astonish'd, line the strand:
The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land:
The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.
The bear, presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still;
Till, striking on the dangerous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.

To see the bungler thus distress,
The very fishes sneer and jest:
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamorous watermen appear;
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear:
Seiz'd, thrash'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
Derision shouts along the strand.

FABLE VI.

The Squire and his Cur.—To a country Gentleman.

THE man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part:
He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise.
In vain malicious tongues assail;
Let envy snarl, let slander rail,
From virtue's shield (secure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
Debating senates to advise,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dictates of his heart.
No ministerial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
Must be controul'd by place and season.
What statesman could his power support,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could gain his end?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is strong, his fortune's made.
By that the interest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that, have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus*, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chase;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;
The Parthian clown brought forth his best.
The king unknown his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

"We country-folks (the clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king, (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him!) have his way,
Is found at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.

If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in power, we need not doubt him;
But, that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the king knew as much as we?"
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought,
The peasant slept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd at early dawn,
Where their lost sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the king,
The clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks express.
The king then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke. "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here conversing: hence, ye crew;
For now I know myself and you."

Whene'er the royal ear's engross,
State-lies but little genius cost.
The favourite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons darts instil;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames and soothes the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear;
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse;
'T would keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursued by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country squire, by whim directed,
The true staunch dogs of chase neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed:
His hand ne'er stroak'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish cur, alone carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.

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Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferr'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.

The cur on every creature flew
(As other great men's puppies do)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known:
No honest tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy cur his heels pursued.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarl'd, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
"Who knows but truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd."

Now, in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd:
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his power,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd in amorous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus by untimely love pursuing,
Like Antony he sought his ruin.

For now the squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
"Be free, (says he,) your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.

Methinks my tenants shun my gate;
Why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd."

"Turn off your cur (the farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends;
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true estate;
'Tis that curs'd cur alone we hate."

The squire heard truth. Now Yap rush'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din;
Yet truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
The dog was cudgel'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

The Countryman and Jupiter.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I?

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Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When by the breath of fortune blown,
Your airy castles were o'erthrown,
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with shame?
Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?

'Tis not so strange that fortune's frown
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.

The gifts of fortune truly rate,
Then tell me what would mend your state.
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants, increase the more.

Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the case)
Should fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?

Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear!
In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind;
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts: then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.

Or, were you dignify'd with power,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cause
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every sphere;
Who finds content, will find her there.

O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A peasant rested on his spade.

"Good gods! (he cries,) 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
Industrious labour bids me rise:
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care."

Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring swain.

"Speak out your wants, then, honest friend:
Unjust complaints the gods offend,
If you repine at partial fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state.
Mankind in every station see.
What wish you? tell me what you'd be."

So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown survey'd the anxious crowd.

"Yon' face of care, (says Jove,) behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store."

"Were I that man, (the peasant cry'd)
What blessing could I ask beside?"

"Hold, (says the god;) first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."

He look'd, and saw the miser's breast
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest;
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.

"May Jove, (he cries,) reject my prayer,
And guard my life from guilt and care!
My soul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble state!

But see, amidst a gawdy crowd,
Yon' minister so gay and proud;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"

"First take the glass, (the god replies;)
Man views the world with partial eyes."

"Good gods! (exclaims the startled wight,)
Defend me from this hideous sight!
Corruption with corrosive smart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I see him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now avarice with insatiate jaws,
Now rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears. His conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes oppress'd.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
His boasts insult the nether crowd;
Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near."

"Was ever wretch like this! (he cries;)
Such misery in such disguise!
The change, O Jove, I disavow;
Still be my lot the spade and plough."

He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame.
The miseries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.

"By these have laws and rights been brav'd;
By these was free-born man enslav'd;

When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (says he) may I decline;
The scythe and civil arms be mine!"

Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the god; "How mortals err!
If you true happiness prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honest mind.
Be justice, then, your sole pursuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."

So Jove, to gratify the clown,
Where first he found him, set him down.

F A B L E VIII.

The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

HAIL, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous nature set apart,
The seat of industry and art!
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy sons invade!
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state! If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't prescribes the ocean law?

Whenever neighbouring states contend;
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands;
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic ploughs the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that clothe the land
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? * To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd:
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind.

* *Barren.*

Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd:
While each pursu'd their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next:
They saw that plenty, sure and rise,
Was found alone in social life;
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.

The cat, half famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.

"Well, puss, (says man) and what can you
To benefit the public do?"

The cat replies, "These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause,
The mouse destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambushade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade."

"I grant, says man, to general use
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus shall the cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil."

Then turning to the dog, he cry'd,
"Well, sir, be next your merits try'd."

"Sir, (says the dog,) by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treacherous or unjust?
Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.

My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?

The man replies, "'Tis just and right;
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.

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Such merits all reward transcend :

Be then my comrade and my friend."

Addressing now the fly : " From you
What public service can accrue ?"

" From me ! (the fluttering insect said)

I thought you knew me better bred.

Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit

That I to industry submit ?

Let mean mechanics, to be fed,

By business earn ignoble bread ;

Lost in excess of daily joys,

No thought, no care, my life annoys.

At noon (the lady's matin hour)

I sip the tea's delicious flower.

On cates luxuriously I dine,

And drink the fragrance of the vine.

Studious of elegance and ease,

Myself alone I seek to please."

The man his pert conceit derides,

And thus the useless coxcomb chides :

" Hence, from that peach, that downy seat ;

No idle fool deserves to eat.

Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,

And on that pulp ambrosial din'd ;

Had not some hand, with skill and toil,

To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil ?

Consider, sot, what would ensue,

Were all such worthless things as you.

You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)

To make your dirty meals on dung,

On which such despicable need,

Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.

Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,

(If you can right and wrong discern)

That he who, with industrious zeal,

Contributes to the public weal,

By adding to the common good,

His own hath rightly understood."

So saying, with a sudden blow

He laid the noxious vagrant low.

Crush'd in his luxury and pride,

The spunger on the public dy'd.

FABLE IX.

The Jackall, Leopard, and other Beasts.

TO A MODERN POLITICIAN.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind ;

That interest, too, perverts the mind ;

That bribes have blinded common sense,

Foild reason, truth, and eloquence :

I grant you, too, our present crimes

Can equal those of former times.

Against plain facts shall I engage,

To vindicate our righteous age ?

I know that in a modern fist

Bribes in full energy subsist.

Since, then, these arguments prevail,

And itching palms are still so frail,

Hence politicians, you suggest,

Should drive the nail that goes the best ;

That it shows parts and penetration,

To ply men with the right temptation.

To this I humbly must dissent,

Premising no reflection's meant.

Does justice or the client's sense

Teach lawyers either side's defence ?

The fee gives eloquence and spirit ;

That only is the client's merit.

Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,

Obtain the prostitute's cares ?

The guinea (as in other trades)

From every hand alike persuades.

Man, scripture says, is prone to evil ;

But does that vindicate the devil ?

Besides, the more mankind are prone,

The less the devil's parts are shown.

Corruption's not of modern date ;

It hath been try'd in every state ;

Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd ;

By places, pensions, bribes dispens'd ;

By these they glory'd in success,

And impudently dar'd oppress ;

By these despotically they sway'd,

And slaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd ;

Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,

By these alone were realms destroy'd.

Now see these wretches in disgrace,

Stript of their treasures, power, and place ;

View them abandon'd and forlorn,

Expos'd to such reproach and scorn.

What now is all your pride, your boast ?

Where are your slaves, your flattering host ?

What tongues now feed you with applause ?

Where are the champions of your cause ?

Now ev'n that very fawning train,

Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,

Press foremost who shall first accuse

Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,

Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,

And want of talents to be just.

What fools were these amidst their power ?

How thoughtless of their adverse hour !

What friends were made ? A hireling herd,

For temporary votes prefer'd.

Was it these sycophants to get,

Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt ?

You're bit : for these, like Swifts, attend ;

No longer pay, no longer friend.

The lion is (beyond dispute)

Allow'd the most majestic brute ;

His valour and his generous mind

Prove him superior of his kind :

Yet to jackalls (as 'tis averr'd)

Some lions have their power transferr'd ;

As if the parts of pimps and spies

To govern forests could suffice.

Once, studious of his private good,

A proud jackall oppress'd the wood ;

To cram his own insatiate jaws,

Invaded property and laws.

The forest groans with discontent,

Fresh wrongs the general hate foment.

The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear ;

His secret hours were vex'd with fear.

Night after night he weighs the case,

And feels the terrors of disgrace.

" By friends (says he) I'll guard my seat,

By those malicious tongues defeat ;

I'll strengthen power by new allies,

And all my clamorous foes despise."

To make the generous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support,
Friends must be had. He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new profelytes enlist:
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws;
For bribes confess a wicked cause;
Yet think not every paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.

A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base hog through thick and thin:
Bought with a stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary wolf was staunch:
The convert fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden-pippin in his fist,
A chattering monkey join'd the list.

But soon expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redress the state.
The leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light.
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.

The hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;
But hop'd though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip still afford.
Since saving measures were profess'd,
A lamb's head was the wolf's request.
The fox submitted, if to touch
A gosling would be deem'd too much.
The monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might ask a nut, or some such matter.

"Ye hirelings! hence! (the leopard cries)
Your venal conscience I despise.
He, who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends.
Who acts this just, this honest part,
Is propt by every honest heart.
Corruption now too late has show'd,
That bribes are always ill-bestow'd;
By you your bubbled master's taught,
Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought."

F A B L E X.

The degenerate Bees.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

THOUGH courts the practise disallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendship may be kept too long;
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear interest next the heart.
As the times take a different face,
Old friendships should to new give place.

I know, too, you have many foes,
That owning you is sharing those;
That every knave in every station,
Of high and low denomination.
For what you speak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you spite.

Such freedoms in your works are shown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and state,
In frothy nonsense show their hate;
With all the petty scribbling crew
(And those pert sots are not a few),
'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt,
The booksellers alone are hurt.

Good Gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have power and place)
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ!
To prove your honesty and wit!
Think with yourself: those worthy men,
You know, have suffered by your pen.
From them you've nothing but your due,
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few,
Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wife and good alone.
To set the case in fairer light,
My fable shall the rest recite,
Which (though unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate.

A bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As power and wealth his views supply'd,
'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The bee of conscience wanted spirit;
And those who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was base.
He treated industry with slight,
Unless he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
To bring his selfish schemes in play.
The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.

While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts,
Let us (says he) to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers scorn.
The wasp and drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they sport and play;
No business interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.
A stubborn bee, among the swarm,
With honest indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:

"I flight thy frowns, and hate thy pride,
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I those respect;
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none against the torrent strive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his rise on your disgrace.
'Tis industry our state maintains;
'Twas honest toil and honest gains
That rais'd our fires to power and fame.
Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame.

Know that, in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin."

He spoke; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.
With him a friend or two resign'd,
Disdaining the degenerate kind.

"These drones (says he), these insects vile,
(I treat them in their proper style)
May for a time oppress the state;
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

FABLE XI.

The Pack-horse and the Carrier.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's style reject;
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit.
Be virtue, then, your first pursuit;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Though with less plate their sideboard shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public wael,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light.
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your sires;
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A carrier, every night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This funk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gains would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all its measure;
He heard their grinding teeth with pleasure;
When all at once confusion rung;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.

Good gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high descent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudgery and disgrace
(A life unworthy of my race),
Must I, too, hear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head!
Shall I, who boast of noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a foe?
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandfire's fame;
All jockeys still revere his name:
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates inroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a livery train;
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due, for I have blood."

"Vain-glorious fool! (the carrier cry'd)
Respect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part,
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is't to me by whom begot,
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot?
Your sires, I reverence; 'tis their due;
But, worthless fool, what's that to you?
Ask all the carriers on the road,
They'll say, thy keeping's ill bestow'd;
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.
What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass has more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated."

FABLE XII.

Pan and Fortune.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.

SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if th' estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly express'd
The decent joy within your breast.
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.

"No house (says he) is more complete;
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble size.
Then count his jewels and his plate.
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for sale or mortgage free."

Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.

Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gamesters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness be fed?
Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They must run bolder risks for prey,
And strip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,
And 'scape the noose from year to year.

Consider, ere you take the bet,
That sum might cross your tailor's debt.
When you the pilfering rattle shake,
Is not your honour, too, at stake?
Must you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade;
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This must be done. In debts of play,
Your honour suffers no delay;
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of rapine can content.

Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now, to goals confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of power;
And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity subsist.

You'll find at last this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

The forest (a whole century's shade)
Must be one wasteful ruin made:
No mercy's shown to age or kind;
The general massacre is sign'd.
The park, too, shares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'squire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the stroke;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak,

Through the long wood loud axes sound,
And echo groans with every wound.

To see the desolation spread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head;
His bosom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
Cards, too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne.

"To snails inveterate hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I detest,
The blooming spring's voracious pest;
The locust, too, whose ravenous band
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these? the dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low.
The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its ancient glories waste.
All this (he cries) is fortune's doing:
'Tis thus she meditates my ruin,
By fortune, that false, fickle jade,
More havock in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry insect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface."

Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
O'erheard the vile aspersions cast.

"Why, Pan, (says she) what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice?
Is't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the shuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamesters do.
There may (if computation's just)
One now and then my conduct trust.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
These trust alone their fingers' ends,
And not one stake on me depends,
Whene'er the gaming-board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met;
But, if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
'Tis a gross error held in schools,
That fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears dispute;
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me such rancour show?
'Tis folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late estate he won,
But he by folly was undone."

F A B L E XIII.

Plutus, Cupid, and Time.

Of all the burdens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe;
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.

"What can one do? I rose at nine;
'Tis full six hours before we dine;

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Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two!"

A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The fluttering sheets are toss'd away.
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and stretches in his chair.

"Not twenty, by the minute-hand!
Good gods, says he, my watch must stand!
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to rise too late."

To make the minutes faster run,
Then, too, his tiresome self to shun,
To the next coffee-house he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He spies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they share,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says Tom, "Since all men must confess,
That time lies heavy, more or less,
Why should it be so hard to get,
Till two, a party at piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintry nights are borne.
Does not quadrille amuse the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."

"My case, (says Will), then must be hard,
By want of skill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy these, whose time ne'er stands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this cursed shower,
The park had will'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two:
It fully answers my design,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At six (hard case!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From six till ten! unless in sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass."

Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.

Consider, friends, no hour rolls on
But something of your grief is gone.

Were you to schemes of business bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for—your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and, if you can, attend.

As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set them right,
For each knew th' other but by sight.
After some complimentary talk,
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.

"Let kings, (says he), let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led;
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude,
That's most esteem'd that's most pursued.
Think, too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious care corrodes his breast.
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends."

"You might, (says Cupid), doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profess)
Is but a money-job at best.
Consent, compliance, may be sold;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retail,
Expose what they call love to sale;
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchase flattery and deceit.
Those who true love have ever try'd
(The common cares of life supply'd)
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But every real joy partake.
All comfort on themselves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love, is not to live."

"Or love, or money, (Time reply'd)
 Were men the question to decide,
 Would bear the prize: on both intent,
 My boon's neglected or mis-spent.
 'Tis I who measure vital space,
 And deal out years to human race.
 Though little priz'd, and seldom sought,
 Without me love and gold are nought.
 How does the miser time employ?
 Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
 By me forsook, the hoards he won
 Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
 By me all useful arts are gain'd:
 Wealth, learning, wisdom, is attain'd.
 Who then would think (since such my power)
 That e'er I knew an idle hour?
 So subtle and so swift I fly,
 Love's not more fugitive than I.
 Who hath not heard coquettes complain
 Of days, months, years, mis-spent in vain?
 For time misus'd they pine and waste,
 And love's sweet pleasures never taste.
 Those who direct their time aright,
 If love or wealth their hopes excite,
 In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
 And both by time have been enjoy'd.
 How heedless then are mortals grown!
 How little is their interest known!
 In every view they ought to mind me,
 For, when once lost, they never find me."

He spoke. The gods no more contest,
 And his superior gift confess'd,
 That time (when truly understood)
 Is the most precious earthly good.

FABLE XIV.

*The Owl, the Swan, the Cock, the Spider, the Afs, and
 the Farmer.—To a Mother.*

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,
 Your eyes have spoke the mother's joys.
 With what delight I've heard you quote
 Their sayings in imperfect note!

I grant, in body and in mind
 Nature appears profusely kind.
 Trust not to that. Act you your part;
 Imprint just morals on their heart;
 Impartially their talents scan;
 Just education forms the man.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
 Each lot of life's already thrown;
 That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
 The last assert the church's right.
 I censure not the fond intent;
 But how precarious is th' event!
 By talents misapply'd and crost,
 Consider, all your sons are lost.

One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
 A father thus address'd his friend:
 "To train my boy, and call forth sense,
 You know I've stuck at no expence;
 I've try'd him in the several arts;
 (The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
 Yet, trying all, he nothing knows,
 But, crab-like, rather backward goes.

Teach me what yet remains undone;
 'Tis your advice shall fix my son."

"Sir, (says the friend), I've weigh'd the matter
 Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
 Make him (nor think his genius check'd)
 A herald or an architect."

Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
 He heard th' advice, and took his own.

The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
 Where learning but improves the fool.
 The college next must give him parts,
 And cram him with the liberal arts.
 Whether he blunders at the bar,
 Or owes his infamy to war;
 Or if by licence or degree
 The sexton share the doctor's fee;
 Or from the pulpit by the hour
 He weekly floods of nonsense pour;
 We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)
 A tailor or a butcher spoil'd.

Thus ministers have royal boons
 Confer'd on blockheads and buffoons:
 In spite of nature, merit, wit,
 Their friends for every post were fit.

But now let every muse confess
 That merit finds its due success.
 Th' examples of our days regard;
 Where's virtue seen without reward?
 Distinguish'd and in place you find
 Desert and worth of every kind.
 Survey the reverend bench, and see
 Religion, learning, piety:
 The patron, ere he recommends,
 Sees his own image in his friend's.
 Is honesty disgrac'd and poor?
 What is't to us what was before?

We of all times corrupt have heard,
 When paltry minions were prefer'd;
 When all great offices, by dozens,
 Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins.
 What matter ignorance and pride?
 The man was happily ally'd.
 Provided that his clerk was good,
 What though he nothing understood?
 In church and state the sorry race
 Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
 Such heads, as then a treaty made,
 Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.

Consider, patrons, that such elves
 Expose your folly with themselves.
 'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
 To fix each genius in its sphere.
 Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
 But never give a blockhead sense.

An owl of magisterial air,
 Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
 Assum'd the pride of human race,
 And bore his wisdom in his face;
 Not to depreciate learned eyes,
 I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn, from noise retir'd,
 He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd;
 And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
 The follies public life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old, he read,
 Their country's youth to science bred,

Their manners form'd for every station,
And destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people sav'd,
That laurel was not all his own ;
The plant by Socrates was sown.
To Aristotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit.
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancy'd learning in the sound.

The school had fame ; the crowded place
With pupils swarm'd of every race.
With these the swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygent heir :
The hen (though fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart :
The spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd :
The ass learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.

The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage ;
And to the master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.

" The swan, (says he), in arms shall shine ;
The soldier's glorious toil be thine.

The cock shall mighty wealth attain :
Go, seek it on the stormy main.

The court shall be the spider's sphere :
Power, fortune, shall reward him there.

In music's art, the ass's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name."

Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd.
A farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd.

" Blockhead, (says he), by what you've done,
One would have thought them each your son ;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what th' other son shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place :
The swan had learn'd the sailor's art ;
The cock had play'd the soldier's part ;
The spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made ;
But for the foal, in every class,
The blockhead had appear'd an ass."

FABLE XV.

The Cook-maid, the Turn-spit, and the Owl.

TO A POOR MAN.

CONSIDER man in every sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe ?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.

I grant, the hungry must be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then ? Thy wants are seen and known ;
But every mortal feels his own.

We're born a restless, needy crew :
Show me the happier man than you.

Adam, though blest above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law :
Thus fell our fire ; and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread ;
When altars to his name were dress'd ;
That he was man, his tears confess'd.

The hopes of avarice are check'd :
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on power attend !
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain ?
He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health.

Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life :
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir ; the line is lost :
Why was that vain entail engross'd ?
Canst thou discern another's mind ?
What is't you envy ? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

" The dinner must be dish'd at once.
Where's this vexatious turnspit gone ?
Unless the skulking cur is caught,
The surloin's spoil, and I'm in fault."

Thus said, (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the cook-maid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook :
The broom-stick o'er her head she waves ;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves ;
The sneaking cur before her flies ;
She whistles, calls ? fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns ;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns.
With hasty stride she presses near ;
He flinks aloof, and howls with fear.

" Was ever cur so curs'd ! (he cry'd)
What star did at my birth preside !
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round ?
Inglorious task ! of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd ;
And, like a gentleman, carest,
Had been the lady's favourite guest :
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,

Knights, 'squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endued with native strength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion fire?
A lion! such mean views I scorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reason's power contend?
On man we brutal slaves depend:
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."

An ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.

"Dare you at partial fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life;
Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumb'rous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain:
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;
And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean, shall pick my bones at least."

"Till now, (th' astonish'd cur replies),
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their several cares.
If thus yon mighty beast complains;
Perhaps man knows superior pains,
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the ox, and learn content."

Thus said, close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

F A B L E XVI.

The Raven, the Sexton, and the Earth-worm.

TO LAURA.

LAURA, methinks you're over-nice.
True; flattery is a shocking vice:
Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by every tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways!
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?

Since, then, I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind;
Though in full lustre every grace
Distinguish your celestial face;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade; I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.

If you the tribute due disdain,
The muse's mortifying strain
Shall, like a woman in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.

Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,

I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face;
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through every stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by reason's light?

Those eyes, of so divine a ray,
What are they? Mouldering, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;
Like common grass, the fairest flower
Must feel the hoary season's power.

How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch, who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

What's beauty? Call ye that your own?
A flower that fades as soon as blown.
What's man in all his boast of sway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.

Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's restless pains?

Can he (worn down in nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal power!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar, is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two ravens sate. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.

"Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The favour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale:
I taste the carcase in the gale.

Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!
To birds of taste, delicious meat."

A sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
"Was ever two such blundering fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!"

Blockheads, (says he), learn more respect :
 Know ye on whom ye thus reflect ?
 In this same grave (who does me right,
 Must own the work is strong and tight)
 The 'squire, that yon fair hall posselt,
 To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
 Whence could the gross mistake proceed ?
 The 'squire was somewhat fat indeed.
 What then ? the meanest bird of prey
 Such want of sense could ne'er betray ;
 For sure some difference must be found
 (Suppose the smelling organ sound)
 In carcases (say what we can),
 Or where's the dignity of man ?"

With due respect to human race,
 The ravens undertook the case.
 In such similitude of scent,
 Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
 As epicures extol a treat,
 And seem their savoury words to eat,
 They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food !
 The venison of the prescient brood.

The sexton's indignation, mov'd,
 The mean comparison reprov'd ;
 Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
 Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.

Reproachful speech from either side
 The want of argument supply'd :
 They rail, revile ; as often ends
 The contest of disputing friends.

" Hold, (says the fowl) ; since human pride
 With confutation ne'er comply'd,
 Let's state the case, and then refer
 The knotty point, for taste may err."

As thus he spoke, from out the mould
 An earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
 His monstrous length : they strait agree
 To choose him as their referee :
 So to th' experience of his jaws
 Each states the merits of the cause.

He paus'd ; and, with a solemn tone,
 Thus made his sage opinion known :

" On carcases of every kind
 This maw hath elegantly din'd ;
 Provok'd by luxury or need,
 On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed :
 Such small distinction 's in the favour,
 By turns I choose the fancy'd flavour :
 Yet I must own (that human beast !)
 A glutton is the rankest feast.

Man, cease this boast ; for human pride
 Hath various tracts to range beside.
 The prince who kept the world in awe,
 The judge whose dictate fix'd the law,
 The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
 Are levell'd ; death confounds them all.
 Then think not that we reptiles share
 Such eates, such elegance of fare ;
 The only true and real good
 Of man was never vermins food ;
 'Tis seated in th' immortal mind ;
 Virtue distinguishes mankind,
 And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
 Mounts with the soul we know not where.
 So, Good-man, sexton, since the case
 Appears with such a dubious face,

To neither I the cause determine,
 For different tastes please different vermin."

AYE AND NO.

A FABLE *.

IN Fable all things hold discourse,
 Then words, no doubt, must talk of course,

Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
 Two hostile adverbs, Aye and No,
 Were hastening to the field of fight,
 And front to front stood opposite ;
 Before each general join'd the van,
 Aye, the more courteous knight, began.

" Stop, peevish Particle ! beware !
 I'm told you are not such a bear,
 But sometimes yield when offer'd fair.
 Suffer yon folks awhile to tattle ;
 'Tis we who must decide the battle.
 Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
 With various fate and equal rage,
 The nation trembles at each blow
 That No gives Aye, and Aye gives No ;
 Yet, in expensive long contention,
 We gain nor office, grant, or pension.

Why then should kinsfolks quarrel thus ?
 (For two of you make one of us.)
 To some wise statesman let us go,
 Where each his proper use may know :
 He may admit two such commanders,
 And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.
 Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
 A treasury lord, not Maister Young.
 Obsequious at his high command,
 Aye shall march forth to tax the land ;
 Impeachments No can best resist,
 And Aye support the Civil list :
 Aye, quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
 And No, like Fabius, by delay,
 Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
 Let Aye's seem No's, and No's seem Aye's ;
 Aye's be in courts denials meant,
 And No's in bishops give consent."

Thus Aye propos'd—and, for reply,
 No, for the first time, answer'd Aye.
 They parted with a thousand kisses,
 And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

DUKE UPON DUKE † :

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.—TO THE TUNE OF
 CHEVY-CHACE.

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,
 Who feast in bower or hall :
 Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
 That pride will have a fall.
 Now that this same it is right sooth,
 Full plainly doth appear,

* Taken from the *Miscellanies* published by Swift and Pope.

† This humorous Ballad is ascribed to Gay on conjecture only. It is among the *Miscellanies* published by Swift and Pope ; is there marked as not the Deax's and has never been considered as Pope's.

From what befel John Duke of Guise*,
And Nic of Lancastere †.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And, if your a—se, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At every turn fell to 't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the Duke of Lancastere
Stood paramount in pride:
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver fate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair,
To Guise's duke was he:
Was ever such a loving pair?
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was: he lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desperate quill,
And thus he did endite:

"This eve at whist ourself will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to-night."

"Ah no! ah no!" the guileless Guise
Demurely did reply;

"I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
"So fore the gout have I."

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;

Lord! lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kensington ‡!

All in a trice he rush'd on Guise,
Thrust out his lady dear;

He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

* Sir John Guise.

† Nicholas Lord Lechmere, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

‡ Lord Lechmere lived at Camden-house, near Kensington.

But mark, how midst of victory
Fate plays her old dog trick!
Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic! oh Nic, alas!
Right did thy gossip call thee:
As who should say, alas the day
When John of Guise shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did sit;
And look as if he meant therein
To do — what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woful duke!
Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d instead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guise,
"No sheet is here to save thee:
"The casement it is shut likewise;
"Beneath my feet I have thee.

"If thou hast aught to speak, speak out,"
Then Lancastere did cry,

"Know'st thou not me, nor yet thyself?
"Who thou, and who am I?

"Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
"Have brawl'd and quarrell'd more,

"Than all the line of Lancastere,
"That battled heretofore?

"In senates fam'd for many a speech,
"And (what some awe must give ye,

Though laid thus low beneath thy breach)
"Still of the council privy;

"Still of the duchy chancellor:
"Durante life I have it;

"And turn, as now thou dost on me,
"Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the servants they rush'd in,
And Duke Nic, up leap'd he;

"I will not cope against such odds,
"But, Guise! I'll fight with thee:

"To-morrow with thee will I fight
"Under the green-wood tree."

"No, not to-morrow, but to-night"
(Quoth Guise) "I'll fight with thee."

And now the sun declining low
Bestreak'd with blood the skies;

When, with his sword at saddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn,
Oft roll'd his eyes around,

And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:

At length he spy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand so white,

As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour so calm
 Was Lancastere to see,
 As if he meant to take the air,
 Or only take a fee :
 And so he did—for to New Court
 His rolling wheels did run :
 Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife ;
 But business must be done,
 Back in the dark, by Brampton-park,
 He turn'd up through the Gore !
 So slunk to Camden-house so high,
 All in his coach and four.
 Mean while Duke Guise did fret and fume,
 A sight it was to see,

Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
 Under the green-wood tree.
 Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
 Sore muttering all the way,
 " The day I meet him, Nic shall rue
 " The cudgel of that day.
 " Mean time on every pissing post
 " Paste we this recreant's name,
 " So that each piffer-by shall read
 " And pifs against the same."
 Now God preserve our gracious king,
 And grant his nobles all
 May learn this lesson from Duke Nic.
 That *pride will have a fall !*

DIONE.

A PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

" Sunt numina amanti.
 " Sævit et injusta lege relicta Venus."

TIBUL. Eleg. v. Lib. I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

EVANDER *under the name of* LYCIDAS.
 CLEANTHES.
 SHEPHERDS.

WOMEN.

DIONE *under the name of* ALEXIS.
 PARTHENIA.
 LAURA.

Scene, Arcadia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain, at the Foot of a steep craggy Mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

Laura.

WHY dost thou fly me? Stay, unhappy fair,
 Seek not these horrid caverns of despair;
 To trace thy steps, the midnight air I bore,
 Trod the brown desert, and unshelter'd moor :
 Three times the lark has sung his matin lay,
 And rose on dewy wing to meet the day,
 Since first I found thee, stretch'd in pensive mood,
 Where laurels border Ladon's silver flood.

Dione.

O let my soul with grateful thanks o'erflow !
 'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
 Like the weak lamb, you rais'd me from the plain,
 Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain ;

Each day I share thy bowl and clean repast,
 Each night thy roof defends the chilly blast.
 But vain is all thy friendship, vain thy care ;
 Forget a wretch abandon'd to despair.

Laura.

Despair will fly thee, when thou shalt impart
 The fatal secret that torments thy heart ;
 Disclose thy sorrows to my faithful ear,
 Instruct these eyes to give thee tear for tear.
 Love, love's the cause ; our forests speak thy flame,
 The rocks have learnt to sigh Evander's name.
 If faltering shame thy bashful tongue restrain,
 If thou hast look'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd in vain ;
 Say, in what grove thy lovely shepherd strays,
 Tell me what mountains warble with his lays ;
 Thither I'll speed me, and with moving art
 Draw soft confessions from his melting heart,

Dione.

Thy generous care has touch'd my secret woe.
 Love bids these scalding tears incessant flow.

Ill fated love ! O say, ye sylvan maids,
 Who range wide forests and sequester'd shades,
 Say where Evander bled, point out the ground
 That yet is purple with the savage wound.
 Yonder he lies ; I hear the bird of prey ;
 High o'er those cliffs the raven wings his way ;
 Hark how he croaks ! he scents the murder near.
 O may no greedy beak his visage tear !
 Shield him, ye Cupids ; strip the Paphian grove,
 And strow unfading myrtle o'er my love !
 Down, heaving heart.

Laura.

— The mournful tale disclose.

Dione.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repose.
 Yet if thy friendship still the cause request ;
 I'll speak, though sorrow rend my labouring breast.
 Know then, fair shepherdess, no honest swain
 Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain ;
 Unus'd to sweet content, no flocks I keep,
 Nor browsing goats that overhang the steep.
 Born where Orchomenos' proud turrets shine,
 I trace my birth from long illustrious line,
 Why was I train'd amidst Arcadia's court ?
 Love ever revels in that gay resort.
 Whene'er Evander past, my smitten heart
 Heav'd frequent sighs, and felt unusual smart.
 Ah ! hadst thou seen with what sweet grace he
 mov'd

Yet why that wish ? for Laura then had lov'd.

Laura.

Distrust me not ; thy secret wrongs impart,

Dione.

Forgive the fallies of a breaking heart.
 Evander's sighs his mutual flame confess,
 The growing passion labour'd in his breast ;
 To me he came ; my heart with rapture sprung.
 To see the blushes, when his faltering tongue
 First said, I love. My eyes consent reveal,
 And plighted vows our faithful passion seal :
 Where's now the lovely youth ; he's lost, he's slain,
 And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain !

Laura.

Are thus the hopes of constant lovers paid ?
 If thus—ye powers, from love defend the maid.

Dione.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple east,
 Since my dear hunter rous'd the tusk'd beast ;
 Swift flew the foaming monster through the wood,
 Swift as the wind, his eager steps pursued :
 'Twas then the savage turn'd ; then fell the youth,
 And his dear blood distain'd the barbarous tooth.

Laura.

Was there none near ? no ready succour found ?
 Nor healing herb to staunch the spouting wound ?

Dione.

In vain through pathless woods the hunters crost,
 And sought with anxious eye their master lost ;
 In vain their frequent hollows echo'd shrill,
 And his lov'd name was sent from hill to hill ;
 Evander hears you not. He's lost, he's slain,
 And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain.

Laura.

Has yet no clown (who, wandering from the way,
 Beats every bush to raise the lamb astray)
 Observ'd the fatal spot ?

5

Dione.

— O, if ye pass

Where purple murder dyes the wither'd grass,
 With pious finger gently close his eyes,
 And let his grave with decent verdure rise.

[Weeps.]

Laura.

Behold the turtle who has lost her mate ;
 Awhile with drooping wing she mourns his fate ;
 Sullen, awhile she seeks the darkest grove,
 And cooing meditates the murder'd dove ;
 But time the rueful image wears away,
 Again she's cheer'd, again she seeks the day.
 Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

Dione.

Yet sure some turtle's love has equal'd mine,
 Who, when the hawk has snatch'd her mate away,
 Hath never known the glad return of day.

When my fond father saw my faded eye,
 And on my livid cheek the roses die ;
 When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
 My looks, my sighs, confirm'd him that I lov'd.
 He knew not that Evander was my flame,
 Evander dead ! my passion still the same !
 He came, he threaten'd ; with paternal sway,
 Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day :
 O cruel kindness ! too severely prest !
 I scorn his honours, and his wealth detest.

Laura.

How vain is force ! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

Dione.

Though bound my duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
 One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spies,
 And the pale moon had journey'd half the skies,
 Softly I rose and dress'd ; with silent tread,
 Unbarr'd the gates, and to these mountains fled.
 Here let me soothe the melancholy hours !
 Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bowers !
 Where my calm soul may settled sorrow know,
 And no Cleanthes interrupt my woe
 With importuning love—

[Melancholy Music is heard at a distance.]
 On yonder plain

Advances slow a melancholy train ;
 Black cypresses boughs their drooping heads adorn.

Laura.

Alas ! Menalcas to his grave is borne.
 Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride !
 He saw, he sigh'd, he lov'd, was scorn'd, and dy'd.

Dione.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains ?
 Where may I see her ?

Laura.

— Ask the sighing swains.

They best can speak the conquests of her eyes ;
 Whoever sees her, loves ; who loves her, dies.

Dione.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath cross'd,
 And she, like me, hath her Evander lost.
 How my soul pities her !

Laura.

— If pity move

Your generous bosom, pity those who love.
 There late arriv'd among our sylvan race
 A stranger shepherd, who with lonely pace

Visits those mountain-pines at dawn of day,
Where oft Parthenia takes her early way
To rouse the chase; mad with his amorous pain,
He stops and raves; then sullen walks again,
Parthenia's name is borne by passing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of sorrow go,
Nor let the mournful scene prolong thy woe.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses (crowned with garlands of cypress and yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.

1st Shepherd.

Here gently rest the corse—With faltering breath
Thus spake Menalcas on the verge of death.
"Belov'd Palemon, hear a dying friend;
"See, where yon hills with craggy brows ascend,
"Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
"There first I saw her, there began my woes.
"When I am cold, may there this clay be laid!
"There often strays the dear, the cruel maid;
"There as she walks, perhaps you'll hear her say,
"(While a kind gushing tear shall force its way)
"How could my stubborn heart relentless prove?
"Ah, poor Menalcas—all thy fault was love!"

2d Shepherd.

When pitying lion's o'er a carcase groan,
And hungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;
When the lean wolf laments the mangled sheep;
Then shall Parthenia o'er Menalcas weep.

1st Shepherd.

When famish'd panthers seek their morning food,
And monsters roar along the desert wood;
When hissing vipers rustle through the brake,
Or in the path-way rears the speckled snake;
The wary swain th' approaching peril spies,
And through some distant road securely flies.
Fly then, ye swains, from beauty's furer wound.
Such was the fate our poor Menalcas found.

2d Shepherd.

What shepherd does not mourn Menalcas slain!
Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud disdain!
Whoe'er attempts to bend her scornful mind,
Cries to the deserts, and pursues the wind.

1st Shepherd.

With every grace Menalcas was endow'd,
His merits dazzled all the sylvan crowd.
If you would know his pipe's melodious sound,
Ask all the echoes of these hills around,
For they have learnt his strains; who shall rehearse
The strength, the cadence of his tuneful verse?
Go, read those lofty poplars; there you'll find
Some tender sonnet grow on every rind.

2d Shepherd.

Yet what avails his skill? Parthenia flies.
Can merit hope success in woman's eyes?

1st Shepherd.

Why was Parthenia form'd of softest mould?
Why does her heart such savage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart—so spare the shepherd race.

* * This and the following scene are formed upon the novel of Marcella in Don Quixote.

2d Shepherd.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I cast;
So may Parthenia's transient beauty waste!

1st Shepherd.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
Or sees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
Thinking her features never shall decay,
This swain she scorns, from that she turns away.
But know, as when the rose her bud unfolds,
Awhile each breast the short-liv'd fragrance holds;
When the dry stalk lets drop her shrivell'd pride,
The lovely ruin's ever thrown aside.
So shall Parthenia be.

2d Shepherd.

— See, she appears,

To boast her spoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia appears from the mountain.

PARTHENIA. SHEPHERDS.

1st Shepherd.

Why this way dost thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious basilisk? Lo! there he lies.
There lies the youth thy cursed beauty slew;
See, at thy presence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

Parthenia.

— Spare my fame;

I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.

If I'm a basilisk, the danger fly,
Shun the swift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I'm a murderer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your bosom bare?

1st Shepherd.

What heart is proof against that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

Parthenia.

— Is love in mine?

If e'er I trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Or with false hope his passion strove to gain;
Then might you justly curse my savage mind,
Then might you rank me with the serpent kind:
But I ne'er trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Nor with false hope his passion strove to gain:
'Tis to his rash pursuit he owes his fate;
I was not cruel; he was obstinate.

1st Shepherd.

Hear this, ye sighing shepherds, and despair.
Unhappy Lycidas, thy hour is near! [doom,
Since the same barbarous hand hath sign'd thy
We'll lay thee in our lov'd Menalcas' tomb,

Parthenia.

Why will intruding man my peace destroy?

Let me content and solitude enjoy;

Free was I born; my freedom to maintain,
Early I fought the unambitious plain.

Most women's weak resolves, like reeds, will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every sigh;
Mine, like an oak, whose firm roots deep descend,
Nor breath of love can shake, nor sigh can bend.

If ye unhappy Lycidas would save;

Go seek him, lead him to Menalcas' grave;

Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,

Like him Menalcas wept, but wept in vain.

Bid him his heart-consuming groans give o'er :
Tell him, I heard such piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O Lycidas, be wise,
Prevent thy fate.—Lo ! there Menalcas lies.

1st Shepherd.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid ;
Let's seek our charge ; the flocks, dispersing wide,
Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's side.
Trust not, ye swains, the lightning of her eye,
Lest ye, like him, should love, despair, and die.

[*Exeunt Shepherds, &c. Parthenia remains in a melancholy posture, looking on the grave of Menalcas.*]

SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA.

Lycidas.

When shall my steps have rest ? through all the
wood,

And by the winding banks of Ladon's flood,
I sought my love. O say, ye skipping fawns
(Who range entangled shades and daisy'd lawns)
If ye have seen her ! say, ye warbling race
(Who measure on swift wing th' aerial space,
And view below hills, dales, and distant shores)
Where shall I find her whom my soul adores !

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[*Dione and Laura at a distance.*]

Lycidas.

What do I see ? no. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding vision rise.
'Tis she. My springing heart her presence feels.
See, prostrate Lycidas before thee kneels.

[*Kneeling to Parthenia.*]

Why will Parthenia turn her face away ?

Parthenia.

Who calls Parthenia ? hah !

[*She starts from her melancholy : and, seeing Lycidas, flies into the wood.*]

Lycidas.

—Stay, virgin, stay.

O wing my feet, kind love. See, see, she bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when prest by hounds.

[*He pursues her, Dione faints in the arms of Laura.*]

Laura.

What means this trembling ? All her colour flies,
And life is quite unstrung. Ah ! lift thy eyes,
And answer me ; speak, speak, 'tis Laura calls.
Speech has forsook her lips.—She faints, she falls.
Fan her, ye zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the shades of death :
Blow, ye cool gales. See, see, the forest shakes
With coming winds ! she breathes, she moves, she
wakes.

Dione.

Ah, false Evander !

Laura.

—Calm thy sobbing breast.

Say, what new sorrow has thy heart oppress ?

Dione.

Didst thou not hear his sighs and suppliant tone ?
Didst thou not hear the pining mountain groan ?

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Didst thou not see him bend his suppliant knee ?
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his soul ! See how he strains,
And lessens to the sight o'er yonder plains,
To keep the fair in view ! Run, virgin run,
Hear not his vows ; I heard, and was undone !

Laura.

Let not imaginary terror fright ;
Some dark delusion swims before thy sight.
I saw Parthenia from the mountain's brow,
And Lycidas with prostrate duty bow ;
Swift, as the falcon's wing, I saw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why stream thy tears for sorrows not thy own ?

Dione.

Oh ! where are honour, faith, and justice flown ?
Perjur'd Evander !

Laura.

—Death has laid him low.

Touch not the mournful string that wakes thy
woe.

Dione.

That amorous swain, whom Lycidas you name,
(Whose faithless bosom feels another flame)
Is my once kind Evander—yes—'twas he.
He lives—but lives, alas ! no more for me.

Laura.

Let not thy frantic words confess despair.

Dione.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air ?
Yes, I that treacherous voice with joy believ'd,
That voice, that mien, that air, my soul de-
ceiv'd.

If my dear shepherd love the lawns, and glades,
With him I'll range the lawns, and seek the shades,
With him through solitary deserts rove.
But could he leave me for another love ?
O base ingratitude !

Laura.

—Suspend thy grief,

And let my friendly counsel bring relief
To thy desponding soul. Parthenia's ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer ;
Evander courts disdain, he follows scorn,
And in the passing winds his vows are borne.
Soon will he find that all in vain he strove
To tame her bosom ; then his former love
Shall wake his soul ; then will he sighing blame
His heart inconstant, and his perjur'd flame :
Then shall he at Dione's feet implore,
Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

Dione.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
To raise his passion. Such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts !

Laura.

Parthenia's breast is steel'd with real scorn.

Dione.

And dost thou think Evander will return ?

Laura.

Forego thy sex, lay all thy robes aside,
Strip off these ornaments of female pride ;
The shepherd's vest must hide thy graceful air,
With the bold manly step a swain appear ;

B b

Then with Evander may'st thou rove unknown,
Then let thy tender elegance be shown;
Then the new fury of his heart controul,
And with Dione's sufferings touch his soul.

Dione.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers,
To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains.
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains;
Such are thy words. The sex shall be resign'd,
No more shall braided gold these tresses bind;
The shepherd's garb the woman shall disguise.
If he has lost all love, may friendship's ties
Unite me to his heart!

Laura.

— Go, prosperous maid,
May smiling love thy faithful wishes aid!
Be now Alexis call'd. With thee I'll rove,
And watch thy wanderer through the mazy grove:
Let me be honour'd with a sister's name;
For thee, I feel a more than sister's flame.

Dione.

Perhaps my shepherd has outstript her haste.
Think'st thou, when out of sight, she flew so fast?
One sudden glance might turn her savage mind;
May she like Daphne fly, nor look behind,
Maintain her scorn, his eager flame despise,
Nor view Evander with Dione's eyes!

ACT II. SCENE I.

LYCIDAS lying on the grave of MENALCAS.

Lycidas.

WHEN shall these scalding fountains cease to flow?
How long will life sustain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? Roll back, thou source of
light,
And feed my sorrows with eternal night.
Come, fable Death! give, give the welcome stroke;
The raven calls thee from yon blasted oak,
What pious care my ghastful lid shall close?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compose?
O happy shepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandering in the sighing plains
Of blest Elysium; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghosts bemoan their former loves.
Open, thou silent grave; for lo! I come
To meet Menalcas in the fragrant gloom;
There shall my bosom burn with friendship's flame,
The same our passion, and our fate the same;
There, like two nightingales on neighbouring
boughs,
Alternate strains shall mourn our frustrate vows.
But if cold death should close Parthenia's eye,
And should her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendship would soon in jealous fear be lost,
And kindling hate pursue thy rival ghost.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE in a Shepherd's habit.

Lycidas.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wise;
Trust not thy safety to Parthenia's eyes.

As from the bearing falcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, Parthenia flies from love.

Dione.

If in these vales the fatal beauty stray,
From the cold marble rise; let's haste away.
Why lie you panting, like the smitten deer?
Trust not the dangers which you bid me fear.

Lycidas.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets surprise,
On soaring pinion rove the spacious skies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get loose from love.
The snares of death are o'er me. Hence! beware;
Lest you should see her, and like me despair.

Dione.

No. Let her come; and seek this vale's recess,
In all the beauteous negligence of dress;
Though Cupid send a shaft in every glance,
Though all the Graces in her step advance,
My heart can stand it all. Be firm, my breast;
Th' ensnaring oath, the broken vow detest:
That flame, which other charms have power to
move,

O give it not the sacred name of love!
'Tis perjury, fraud, and meditated lies.
Love's seated in the soul, and never dies.
What then avail her charms? My constant heart
Shall gaze secure, and mock a second dart.

Lycidas.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found,
And the same hand that gave, now heals the wound.
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the sport of pride and scorn?

Dione.

O tell me, shepherd, hath thy faithless maid,
False to her vow, thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her smooth speech engage thee to believe?
Did she protest and swear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

Lycidas.

— The haughty fair
Contemns my sufferings, and disdains to hear.
Let meaner beauties, learn'd in female snares,
Entice the swain with half-consenting airs;
Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conquering eyes,
And yet, where'er she turns, a lover sighs.
Vain is the steady constancy you boast;
All other love at sight of her is lost.

Dione.

True constancy no time, no power, can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
Though the dear author of my hapless flame
Pursue another; still my heart's the same.
Am I for ever left? (excuse these tears)
May your kind friendship soften all my cares!

Lycidas.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, bestow?

Dione.

He best can pity who hath felt the woe.

Lycidas.

Since different objects have our souls possess'd,
No rival fears our friendship shall molest.

Dione.

Come, let us leave the shade of these brown hills,
And drive our flocks beside the streaming rills.

Should the fair tyrant to these vales return,
How would thy breast with double fury burn!
Go hence, and seek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

Laura.

—Fly, fly this place;

Beware of love; the proudest of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the steep the winding path declines,
I saw the nymph descend.

Lycidas.

—She comes, she comes;

From her the passing zephyrs steal perfumes,
As from the violet's bank with odours sweet
Breathes every gale; spring blooms beneath her
feet.

Yes, 'tis my fairest; here she's wont to rove.

Laura.

Say, by what signs I might have known thy love?

Lycidas.

My love is fairer than the snowy breast
Of the tall swan, whose proudly swelling chest
Divides the wave; her tresses, loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.
Know'st thou Parthenia?

Laura.

—Wretched is the slave

Who serves such pride! Behold Menalcas' grave!
Yet if Alexis and this sighing swain
Wish to behold the tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind these myrtles twining arms
Retire unseen; from thence survey her charms.
Wild as the chaunting thrush upon the spray,
At man's approach, she swiftly flies away.
Like the young hare, I've seen the panting maid
Stop, listen, run; of every wind afraid.

Lycidas.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart.

[To Dione.

[Lycidas, Dione, and Laura, retires behind the boughs.

SCENE IV.

PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

Parthenia.

This melancholy scene demands a groan.
Hah! what inscription marks the weeping stone?
"O power of beauty! here Menalcas lies,
"Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Why did Heaven form me with such polish'd care?
Why cast my features in a mould so fair?
If blooming beauty was a blessing meant,
Why are my sighing hours deny'd content?
The downy peach, that glows with sunny dyes,
Feeds the black snails, and lures voracious flies;
The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
And pecking finches scoop the golden rind;
But beauty suffers more pernicious wrongs,
Blasted by envy, and censorious tongues.

How happy lives the nymph whose comely face
And pleasing glances boast sufficient grace
To wound the swain she loves! No jealous fears
Shall vex her nuptial state with nightly tears;
Nor amorous youths, to push their soul pretence,
Infect her days with dull impertinence.
But why talk I of love? My guarded heart
Disowns his power, and turns aside the dart.
Hark! from his hollow tomb Menalcas cries,
"Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Come, Lycidas, the mournful lay peruse,
Lest thou, like him, Parthenia's eyes accuse.

[She stands in a melancholy posture, looking on the tomb.

Lycidas.

Call'd she not Lycidas?—I come, my fair;
See generous pity melts into a tear,
And her heart softens. Now's the tender hour;
Assist me, Love! exert thy sovereign power
To tame the scornful maid.

Dione.

—Rash swain, be wise;

'Tis not from thee or him; from Love she flies.

Leave her, forget her. [They hold Lycidas.

Laura.

—Why this furious haste?

Lycidas.

Unhand me; loose me.

Dione.

—Sister, hold him fast.

To follow her, is, to prolong despair.

Shepherd, you must not go.

Lycidas.

—Bold youth, forbear.

Hear me, Parthenia.

Parthenia.

—From behind the shade

Methought a voice some listening spy betray'd.
Yes, I'm observ'd. [She runs out.

Lycidas.

—Stay, nymph; thy flight suspend.

She hears me not—when will my sorrows end?
As over-spent with toil, my heaving breast
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me rest.

[He remains in a fixt melancholy.

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

Laura.

Recall thy scatter'd sense, bid reason wake,
Subdue thy passion.

Lycidas.

—Shall I never speak?

She's gone, she's gone—Kind shepherd, let me rest
My troubled head upon thy friendly breast.
The forest seems to move—O cursed state!
I doom'd to love, and she condemn'd to hate!
Tell me, Alexis, art thou still the same?
Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
Of thy first love? did not thy fluttering heart,
Whene'er she rais'd her look, confess the dart?

Dione.

I own, the nymph is fairest of her race,
Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,
Mindful of former promise; all that's dear,
My thoughts, my dreams, my every wish is there.

Since then our hopes are lost ; let friendship's tie
Calm our distress, and flighted love supply ;
Let us together drive our fleecy store,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

Lycidas.

'Tis death alone can raise her from my breast.

Laura.

Why shines thy love so far above the rest ?
Nature, 'tis true, in every outward grace,
Her nicest hand employ'd ; her lovely face
With beauteous feature stamp'd ; with rosy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek ; with lightning arm'd her
eyes :

But, if thou search the secrets of her mind,
Where shall thy cheated soul a virtue find ?
Sure hell with cruelty her breast supply'd :
How did she glory when Menalcas dy'd !
Pride in her bosom reigns ; she's false, she's vain ;
She first entices, then insults the swain.
Shall female cunning lead thy heart astray ?
Shepherd, be free ; and scorn for scorn repay.

Lycidas.

How woman talks of woman :

Dione.

—Hence depart ;

Let a long absence cure thy love-sick heart.
To some far grove retire, her sight disclaim,
Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
Let not an hour thy happy flight suspend ;
But go not, Lycidas, without thy friend.
Together let us seek the cheerful plains,
And lead the dance among the sportive swains,
Devoid of care.

Laura.

—Or else the groves disdain,
Nor with the sylvan walk indulge thy pain.
Haste to the town ; there (I have oft been told)
The courtly nymph her tresses binds with gold,
To captivate the youths ; the youths appear
In fine array ; in ringlets waves their hair
Rich with ambrosial scents, the fair to move,
And all the business of the day is love.
There from the gaudy train select a dame,
Her willing glance shall catch an equal flame.

Lycidas.

Name not the court.—The thought my soul con-
founds,

And with Dione's wrongs my bosom wounds,
Heaven justly vindicates the faithful maid ;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps she now laments my fancy'd death
With tears unfeign'd ; and thinks my gasping
breath

Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more upbraid !
Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aside.*]

DIONE and LAURA apart.

Dione.

Hark ! how reflection wakes his conscious heart.
From my pale lids the trickling sorrows start.
How shall my breast the swelling sighs confine !

Laura.

O smooth thy brow, conceal our just design :
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief arise,
And force a passage through thy gushing eyes,

Quickly retire, thy sorrows to compose ;
Or with a look serene disguise thy woes.

[Dione is going out. Laura walks at a distance]

Lycidas.

Canst thou, Alexis, leave me thus distressed ?
Where's now the boasted friendship of thy breast ?
Hast thou not oft survey'd the dappled deer
In social herds o'erspread the pastures fair ?
When opening hounds the warmer scent pursue,
And force the destin'd victim from the crew,
Oft he returns, and fain would join the band,
While all their horns the panting wretch withstand.
Such is thy friendship ; thus might I confide.

Dione.

Why wilt thou censure what thou ne'er hast try'd ?
Sooner shall swallows leave their callow brood,
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food ;
Sooner shall hens expose their infant care,
When the spread kite sails wheeling in the air ;
Than I forsake thee when by danger prest.
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breast.

Lycidas.

If thy fair-spoken tongue thy bosom shows,
There let the secrets of my soul repose.

Dione.

Far be suspicion ; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide !

Lycidas.

Know then, Alexis, that in vain I strove
To break her chain, and free my soul from love :
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in their clammy strings,
The slow-pac'd days have witness'd my despair,
Upon my weary couch sits wakeful care ;
Down my flush'd cheek the flowing sorrows run,
As dews descend to weep the absent sun.
O lost Parthenia !

Dione.

—These wild thoughts suspend ;
And in thy kind commands instruct thy friend.

Lycidas.

Whene'er my faltering tongue would urge my
Deaf is her ear, and sullen she withdraws. [cause,
Go then, Alexis ; seek the scornful maid,
In tender eloquence my sufferings plead ;
Of flighted passion you the pangs have known ;
O judge my secret anguish by your own !

Dione.

Had I the skill inconstant hearts to move,
My longing soul had never lost my love.
My feeble tongue, in these soft arts untry'd,
Can ill support the thunder of her pride ;
When he shall bid me to thy bower repair,
How shall my trembling lips her threats declare ?
How shall I tell thee that she could behold,
With brow serene, thy corse all pale and cold
Beat on the dashing billow ? Should'st thou go
Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
Near thee the tyrant could un pitying stand,
Nor call thee back, nor stretch a saving hand.
Wilt thou then still persist to tempt thy fate,
To feed her pride, and gratify her hate ?

Lycidas.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
Oft shifts her passions, like th' inconstant wind ;

Sudden, she rages, like the troubled main,
Now sinks the storm, and all is calm again.
Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
And the soft tale shall glide into her heart.

Dione.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
And never hear the tender voice of love.
Let her awhile, neglected by the swain,
Pass by, nor sighs molest the cheerful plain:
Thus shall the fury of her pride be laid;
Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

Lycidas.

Vain are attempts my passion to controul.
Is this the balm to cure my fainting soul?

Dione.

Deep then among the green-wood shades I'll rove,
And seek with weary'd pace thy wander'd love;
Prostrate I'll fall, and with incessant prayers
Hang on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears.
If sighs of pity can her ear incline,
(O Lycidas, my life is wrapt in thine)! [*Aside.*
I'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale,
Thy voice more sweet than notes along the vale
Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving
strain

Shall stay her flight, and conquer her disdain.
Yet if she hear, should love the message speed,
Then dies all hope—then must Dione bleed. [*Aside.*

Lycidas.

Haste then, dear faithful swain. Beneath those yews,
Whose sable arms the brownest shade diffuse,
Where all around, to state the fervent sky,
The panting flocks in ferny thickets lie;
There with impatience shall I wait my friend,
O'er the wide prospect frequent glances send
To spy thy wish'd return. As thou shalt find
A tender welcome, may thy love be kind!

[*Exit Lycidas.*

SCENE VI.

DIONE, LAURA.

Dione.

Methinks I'm now surrounded by despair,
And all my withering hopes are lost in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempest blow,
With hallow blasts the clashing branches bend;
And yellow showers of rustling leaves descend;
She sees the friendly shelter from her fly;
Nor dare her little pinions trust the sky;
But on the naked spray in wintery air,
All shivering, hopeless, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? rash, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wishes are betray'd!

[*Laura advances.*

Laura.

Why walk'st thou thus disturb'd with frantic air?
Why roll thy eyes with madness and despair?

Dione.

[*Musing.*

How wilt thou bear to see her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph shall bid thee say,
"Let not the shepherd seek the silent grave,
"Say, that I bid him live—if hope can save!"

Laura.

Hath he discern'd thee through the swain's disguise,
And now alike thy love and friendship flies?

Dione.

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promise made,
I'll range each sunny hill, each lawn and glade.

Laura.

'Tis Laura speaks. O calm your troubled mind.

Dione.

Where shall my search this envy'd beauty find?
I'll go, my faithless shepherd's cause to plead,
And with my tears accuse the rival maid.
Yet should her soften'd heart to love incline!

Laura.

If those are all thy fears, Evander's thine.

Dione.

Why should we both in sorrow waste our days?
If love unfeign'd my constant bosom sways,
His happiness alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in Parthenia's eyes.
Haste then, with earnest zeal her love implore,
To bless his hours—when thou shalt breathe no
more.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DIONE lying on the ground by the side of a Fountain.

Dione.

HERE let me rest; and in the liquid glass
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are Parthenia's striking beauties priz'd?
And why Dione's weaker glance despis'd?
Nature in various moulds has beauty cast,
And form'd the feature for each different taste:
This sighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloss of sable tresses, dies.
Let all mankind these locks, these eyes detest,
So I were lovely in Evander's breast!
When o'er the garden's knot we cast our view,
While summer paints the ground with various hue;
Some praise the gaudy tulip's streaky red,
And some the silver lily's bending head;
Some the jonquil in shining yellow drest,
And some the fring'd carnation's varied vest;
Some love the sober violet's purple dyes,
Thus beauty fares in different lovers' eyes.
But bright Parthenia like the rose appears,
She in all eyes superior lustre bears.

SCENE II.

DIONE, LAURA.

Laura.

Why thus beneath the silver willow laid,
Weeps fair Dione in the pensive shade?
Hast thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards Parthenia from the sultry hour?

Dione.

With weary step in paths unknown I stray'd,
And sought in vain the solitary maid.

Laura.

Seest thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whose aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And wash the soil from the big roots below;

B b iii

From the tall rock the dashing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the rushing billows found!
There, lost in thought, and leaning on her crook,
Stood the sad nymph, nor rais'd her pensive look;
With settled eye the bubbling waves survey'd,
And watch the whirling eddies as they play'd.

Dione.

Thither to know my certain doom I speed,
For by this sentence life or death's decreed. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

Laura.

But see! some hasty stranger bends this way;
His broider'd vest reflects the sunny ray:
Now through the thinner boughs I mark his mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker shades he moves unseen.
Hither he turns; I hear a muttering sound;
Behind this reverend oak with ivy bound,
Quick I'll retire; with busy thought possess'd,
His tongue betrays the secrets of his breast.

[She hides herself.]

Cleanthes.

The skilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The subtle fox (who breathes the weary hound
O'er hills and plains) in distant brakes is found;
With ease we track swift hinds and skipping roes.
But who th' inconstant ways of woman knows?
They say, she wanders with the sylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wish without offence,
Nor blush the nymphs—for love is innocence.
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the slope hills the warbling voice repeat.
Perhaps on daisy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her side some rival clown is laid.
Yet, yet I love her.—O lost nymph return,
Let not thy fire with tears incessant mourn;
Return, lost nymph; bid sorrow cease to flow,
And let Dione glad the house of woe.

Laura.

Call'd he not lost Dione? hence I'll start,
Cross his slow steps, and sift his opening heart.

[Aside.]

Cleanthes.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandering way?
Where, in close bowers, to shun the sultry ray,
Repose the swains; whose flocks with bleating fill
The bordering forest and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join those sylvan bands,
Thyself can answer what my soul demands.

Laura.

Seven years I trod these fields, these bowers, and
glades,

And by the lessening and the lengthening shades
Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to
lead

To sunny mountains, or the watery mead:
Train'd in the labours of the sylvan crew,
Their sports, retreats, their cares and loves I knew.

Cleanthes.

Instruct me, then, if late among your race
A stranger nymph is found, of noble grace,

In rural arts unskill'd, no charge she tends;
Nor when the morn and evening dew descends
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dress
The polish'd manners of the court confess.

Laura.

Each day arrive the neighbouring nymphs and
swains,

To share the pastime of our jovial plains;
How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race!

Cleanthes.

If yet she breathes, what tortures must she find!
The curse of disobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breast with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you sorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
Tell her, I charge you, with incessant groans
Her drooping fire his absent child bemoans.

Laura.

Unhappy man!

Cleanthes.

—With storms of passion tost,
When first he learn'd his vagrant child was lost,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow bosom rung;
Then up he started, and with fix'd surprise,
Upon her picture threw his frantic eyes,
While thus he cry'd: In her my life was bound,
"Warm in each feature is her mother found!"
"Perhaps despair has been her fatal guide,
"And now she floats upon the weeping tide;
"Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
"All pale and cold she wavers in the wind.
"Did I not force her hence by harsh commands?
"Did not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?"

Laura.

Teach not, ye fires, your daughters to rebel.
By counsel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

Cleanthes.

Ye duteous daughters, trust these tender guides;
Nor think a parent's breast the tyrant hides.

Laura.

From either lid the scalding sorrows roll;
The moving tale runs thrilling to my soul.

Cleanthes.

Perhaps she wanders in the lonely woods,
Or on the sedgy borders of the floods;
Thou know'st each cottage, forest, hill, and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.
Search each sequester'd dell to find the fair;
And just reward shall gratify thy care.

Laura.

O ye kind boughs, protect the virgin's flight,
And guard Dione from his prying sight! *[Aside.]*

Cleanthes.

Mean while, I'll seek the shepherd's cool abodes,
Point me, fair nymph, along these doubtful roads.

Laura.

Seest thou yon mountain rear his shaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below;
There every gale with warbling music floats,
Shade answers shade, and breathes alternate notes.

[Exit Cleanthes.]

He's gone; and to the distant vale is sent,
Nor shall his force Dione's love prevent.
But see, she comes again with hasty pace,
And conscious pleasure dimples on her face.

SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

Dione.

I found her laid beside the crystal brook,
Nor rais'd she from the stream her settled look,
Till near her side I stood; her head she rears,
Starts sudden, and her shrieks confess her fears.

Laura.

Did not thy words her thoughtful soul surprise,
And kindle sparkling anger in her eyes?

Dione.

Thus she reply'd, with rage and scorn possest:

"Will importuning love ne'er give me rest?

"Why am I thus in deserts wild pursu'd,

"Like guilty consciences when stain'd with blood?

"Sure boding ravens, from the blasted oak,

"Shall learn the name of Lycidas to croak,

"To sound it in my ears! As swains pass by,

"With look askance, they shake their heads and
"cry,

"Lo! this is she for whom the shepherd dy'd!

"Soon Lycidas, a victim to her pride, [glade,

"Shall seek the grave; and in the glimmering

"With look all pale, shall glide the restless shade

"Of the poor swain; while we with haggard eye

"And bristled hair the fleeting phantom fly."

Still let their curses innocence upbraid:

Heaven never will forsake the virtuous maid.

Laura.

Didst thou persist to touch her haughty breast?

Dione.

She still the more disdain'd, the more I prest.

Laura.

When you were gone, these walks a stranger cross'd,

He turn'd through every path, and wander'd lost;

To me he came; with courteous speech demands

Beneath what bowers repos'd the shepherd bands;

Then further asks me, if among that race

A shepherdess was found of courtly grace;

With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue essays;

But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.

In me Dione's safe. Far hence he speeds,

Where other hills resound with other reeds.

Dione.

Should he come back; suspicion's jealous eyes

Might trace my feature through the swain's disguise.

Now every noise and whistling wind I dread,

And in each sound approaches human tread.

Laura.

He said, he left your house involv'd in cares,

Sighs swell'd each breast, each eye o'erflow'd with
tears;

For his lost child thy pensive father mourns,

And, sunk in sorrow, to the dust returns.

Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,

And still the sighs that tear his anxious heart.

Soon shall Evander, wearied with disdain,

Forego these fields, and seek the town again.

Dione.

Think, Laura, what thy hasty thoughts persuade.

If I return, to love a victim made,

My wrathful fire will force his harsh command,

And with Cleanthes join my trembling hand.

Laura.

Trust a fond father; raise him from despair.

Dione.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care.

On the high nuptials of the court look round;

Where shall, alas, one happy pair be found!

There marriage is for servile interest sought:

Is love for wealth, or power, or title bought?

'Tis hence domestic jars their peace destroy,

And loose adultery steals the shameful joy.

But search we wide o'er all the blissful plains,

Where love alone, devoid of interest, reigns.

What concord in each happy pair appears!

How fondness strengthens with the rolling years!

Superior power ne'er thwarts their soft delights,

Nor jealous accusations wake their nights.

Laura.

May all those blessings on Dione fall.

Dione.

Grant me Evander, and I share them all.

Shall a fond parent give perpetual strife,

And doom his child to be a wretch for life?

Though he bequeath'd me all these woods and
plains,

And all the flock: the russet down contains;

With all the golden harvests of the year,

Far as where yonder purple mountains rear;

Can these the broils of nuptial life prevent?

Can these, without Evander, give content?

But see, he comes.

Laura.

— I'll to the vales repair,

Where wanders by the stream my fleecy care.

May'st thou the rage of this new flame controul,

And wake Dione in his tender soul! [Exit Laura.

SCENE V.

DIONE, LYCIDAS.

Lycidas.

Say, my Alexis, can thy words impart

Kind rays of hope to clear a doubtful heart?

How didst thou first my pangs of love disclose?

Did her disdainful brow confirm my woes?

Or did soft pity in her bosom rise,

Heave on her breast, and languish in her eyes?

Dione.

How shall my tongue the faltering tale explain?

My heart drops blood to give the shepherd pain.

Lycidas.

Pronounce her utmost scorn; I come prepar'd

To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd?

Dione.

Why should thy fate depend on woman's will?

Forget this tyrant, and be happy still.

Lycidas.

Didst thou beseech her not to speed her flight,

Nor shun with wrathful glance my hated sight?

Will she consent my sighing plaint to hear,

Nor let my piercing cries be lost in air?

Dione.

Can mariners appease the tossing storm,

When foaming waves the yawning deep deform?

When o'er the sable cloud the thunder flies,

Say, who shall calm the terror of the skies?

B b iij

Who shall the lion's famish'd roar assuage?
And can we still proud woman's stronger rage?
Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
Sudden her glances shot resentful flame:
Be dumb, she cries this whining love give o'er,
And vex me with the teasing theme no more.

Lycidas.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her scorn.
Can the mean swain, in humble cottage born,
Can poverty that haughty heart obtain,
Where avarice and strong ambition reign?
If poverty pass by in tatter'd coat,
Curs vex his heels, and stretch their barking throat;
If chance he mingle in the female crowd,
Pride tosses high her head, scorn laughs aloud;
Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
And wonders at the impudence of want.
'Tis vanity that rules all womankind,
Love is the weakest passion of their mind.

Dione.

Though one is by those servile views possess'd,
O Lycidas, condemn not all the rest.

Lycidas.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
And seventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
Yet, if my olive branches dropt with oil,
And crooked snags were brighten'd in my soil,
If lowing herds my fattening meads possess'd,
And my white fleece the tawny mountain dress'd;
Then would she lure me with love-darting glance,
Then with fond mercenary smiles advance.
Though hell with every vice my soul had stain'd,
And froward anger in my bosom reign'd,
Though avarice my coffers cloth'd in rust,
And my joints trembled with enfeebled lust;
Yet, were my ancient name with titles great,
How would she languish for the gaudy bait!
If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
What virtuous woman can her heart defend?

Dione.

Conquests, thus meanly bought, men soon despise,
And justly slight the mercenary prize.

Lycidas.

I know these frailties in her breast reside,
Dire'd her glance, and every action guide.
Still let Alexis' faithful friendship aid,
Once more attempt to bend the stubborn maid.
Tell her, no base-born swain provokes her scorn,
No clown, beneath the sedgy cottage born;
Tell her, for her this sylvan dress I took,
For her my name and pomp of courts forsook;
My lofty roofs with golden sculpture shine,
And my high birth descends from ancient line.

Dione.

Love is a sacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaste desire.
Who thinks true love for lucre to possess,
Shall grasp false flattery and the feign'd caress;
Can we believe that mean, that servile wife,
Who vilely sells her dear-bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour resign,
If in her sight the proffer'd treasure shine.

Lycidas.

Can reason (when by winds swift fires are borne
O'er waving harvests of autumnal corn)

The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then shall reason with a heart in love?

Dione.

Yet let me speak; O may my words persuade
The noble youth to quit this sylvan maid!
Resign thy crook, no more to plains resort,
Look round on all the beauties of the court;
There shall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.
Think, if these offers should thy wish obtain,
And should the rustic beauty stoop to gain;
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The sudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy rash folly thou too late shalt chide,
To poverty and base-born blood ally'd;
Her vulgar tongue shall animate the strife,
And hourly discord vex thy future life.

Lycidas.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That like the galling goad they pierce my heart.
You think fair virtue in my breast resides,
That honest truth my lips and actions guides.
Deluded shepherd, could you view my soul,
You'd see it with deceit and treachery foul;
I'm base, perfidious. Ere from court I came,
Love singled from the train a beauteous dame;
The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd.
Why dost thou tremble? why thus heave thy
sighs?

Why steal thy silent sorrows from thy eyes?

Dione.

Sure the soft lamb hides rage within his breast,
And cooing turtles are with hate possess'd;
When from so sweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
And those meek looks a perjur'd heart disguise.
Ah! who shall now on faithless man depend?
The treacherous lover proves as false a friend.

Lycidas.

When with Dione's love my bosom glow'd,
Firm constancy and truth sincere I vow'd;
But since Parthenia's brighter charms were known,
My love, my constancy and truth are flown.

Dione.

Are not thy hours with conscious anguish stung?
Swift vengeance must o'ertake the perjur'd tongue,
The gods the cause of injur'd love assert,
And arm with stubborn pride Parthenia's heart.

Lycidas.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and state,
Stronger ambition will subdue her hate.

Dione.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that lost maid,
Whose hourly sighs thy faithless oath upbraid!
Think you behold her at the dead of night,
Plac'd by the glimmering taper's paly light,
With all your letters spread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing she reads the perjuries o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful sleep no more.

Lycidas.

Let me forget her.

Dione.

O false youth, relent;
Think should Parthenia to thy hopes consent;

When Hymen joins your hands, and music's voice
Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoice,
Then shall Dione force the crowded hall,
Kneel at thy feet, and loud for justice call:
Could you behold her weltering on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound;
Could you, unmov'd, this dreadful sight survey?
Such fatal scenes shall stain the bridal day.

Lycidas.

The horrid thought sinks deep into my soul,
And down my cheek unwilling sorrows roll.

Dione.

From this new flame you may as yet recede,
Or have you doom'd that guiltless maid shall
bleed?

Lycidas.

Name her no more.—Haste, seek the sylvan fair.

Dione.

Should the rich proffer tempt her listening ear,
Bid all your piece adieu. O barbarous youth,
Can you forego your honour, love, and truth?
Yet should Parthenia wealth and title slight,
Would justice then restore Dione's right?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears;
And bless with honest love your future years?

Lycidas.

I'll in yon shade thy wish'd return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy sighing friend.
[Exit Lycidas.]

Dione.

Should her proud soul resist the tempting bait,
Should she contemn his proffer'd wealth and state;
Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his bosom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
All trembling in the judgment-hall appears;
So shall I stand before Parthenia's eyes,
For as she dooms, Dione lives or dies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, asleep in a Bower.

Lycidas.

MAY no rude wind the rustling branches move;
Breathe soft, ye silent gales, nor wake my love.
Ye shepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the distant echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud shake prolong the shriller note,
Lest she awake; O sleep, secure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for, if she wake, she flies.
While easy dreams compose her peaceful soul,
What anxious cares within my bosom roll!
If tir'd with sighs beneath the beech I lie,
And languid slumber close my weeping eye,
Her lovely vision rises to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and swift would I pursue;
I strive to call, my tongue has lost its sound;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumb'd are bound;
Struggling I wake. Again my sorrows flow,
And not one flattering dream deludes my woe.
What innocence! how meek is every grace!
How sweet the smile that dimples on her face,

Calm as the sleeping seas! but should my sighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry storms would
rise! [crown'd,
Though the fair rose with beauteous blush is
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach, that with inviting crimson blooms,
Deep at the heart the cankering worm consumes;
'Tis thus, alas! those lovely features hide
Disdain and anger and resentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

Lycidas.

Hath proffer'd greatness yet o'ercome her hate?
And does she languish for the glittering bait?
Against the swain she might her pride support;
Can she subdue her sex, and scorn a court?
Perhaps in dreams the shining vision charms,
And the rich bracelet sparkles on her arms;
In fancy'd heaps the golden treasure glows:
Parthenia, wake; all this thy swain bestows.

Dione.

Sleeps she in these close bowers?

Lycidas.

—Lo! there she lies.

Dione.

O may no startling sound unseal her eyes,
And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.
Hence, Lycidas; beyond those shades repose,
While I thy fortune and thy birth disclose.

Lycidas.

May I Parthenia to thy friendship owe?

Dione.

● rather think on lost Dione's woe!
Must she thy broken faith for ever mourn,
And will that juster passion ne'er return?

Lycidas.

Upbraid me not; but go. Her slumbers chase;
And in her view the bright temptation place.

[Exit Lycidas.]

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

Dione.

Now flames the western sky with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quivering streams;
Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their
food,
Now seek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender grafs with dewy crystal bends,
And gathering vapour from the heath ascends.
Shake off this downy rest; wake, gentle maid,
Trust not thy charms beneath the noxious shade.
Parthenia, rise.

Parthenia.

—What voice alarms my ear?

Away. Approach not. Hah! Alexis there!
Let us together to the vales descend,
And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
But let me hear no more that shepherd's name,
Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

Dione.

Can I behold him gasping on the ground,
 And seek no healing herb to staunch the wound?
 For thee continual sighs consume his heart,
 'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding smart.
 Once more I come the moving cause to plead,
 If still his sufferings cannot intercede,
 Yet let my friendship do his passion right,
 And show thy lover in his native light.

Parthenia.

Why in dark mystery are thy words involv'd?
 If Lycidas you mean; know, I'm resolv'd.

Dione.

Let not thy kindling rage my words restrain.
 Know then, Parthenia flights no vulgar swain.
 For thee he bears the scrip and sylvan crook,
 For thee the glories of a court forsook.
 May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
 His honours, his possessions, all are thine.

Parthenia.

If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs, beware;
 Those who most promise are the least sincere.
 The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above,
 And in his pounces bears the trembling dove;
 The pilfering wolf o'erleaps the fold's defence.
 But the false courtier preys on innocence.
 If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs, beware:
 Those who most promise are the least sincere.

Dione.

Alas! thou ne'er hast prov'd the sweets of state,
 Nor known that female pleasure, to be great.
 'Tis for the town ripe clusters load the poles,
 And all our autumn crowns the courtier's bowls;
 For him our woods the red-ey'd pheasant breed,
 And annual coveys in our harvest feed;
 For him with fruit the bending branch is stor'd,
 Plenty pours all her blessings on his board.
 If (when the market to the city calls)
 We chance to pass beside his palace-walls,
 Does not his hall with music's voice resound,
 And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?
 Such are the pleasures Lycidas shall give,
 When thy relenting bosom bids him live.

Parthenia.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
 Who sings a farewell to the parting day;
 At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
 Is not each bush, each spreading tree his own?
 And canst thou think he'll quit his native brier,
 For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
 What then are honours, pomp and gold to me?
 Are those a price to purchase liberty?

Dione.

Think, when the Hymeneal torch shall blaze,
 And on the solemn rites the virgins gaze;
 When thy fair locks with glittering gems are
 grac'd,
 And the bright zone shall sparkle round thy waist;
 How will their hearts with envious sorrow pine,
 When Lycidas shall join his hand to thine!

Parthenia.

And yet, Alexis, all that pomp and show
 Are oft the varnish of internal woe.
 When the chaste lamb is from her sisters led,
 And interwoven garlands paint her head;

The gazing flock, all envious of her pride,
 Behold her skipping by the priestess' side;
 Each hopes the flowery wreath with longing eyes;
 While she, alas! is led to sacrifice!
 Thus walks the bride in all her state array'd,
 The gaze and envy of each thoughtless maid.

Dione.

As yet her tongue resists the tempting snare,
 And guards my panting bosom from despair.

[Aside.]

Can thy strong soul this noble flame forego?
 Must such a lover waste his life in woe?

Parthenia.

Tell him, his gifts I scorn; not all his art,
 Not all his flattery shall seduce my heart.
 Courtiers, I know, are disciplin'd to cheat,
 Their infant lips are taught to lisp deceit;
 To prey on easy nymphs they range the shade,
 And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
 Chaste hearts, unlearn'd in falsehood, they assail,
 And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.
 No. Lycidas shall ne'er my peace destroy,
 I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

Dione.

So strong a passion in my bosom burns,
 Whene'er his soul is griev'd, Alexis mourns!
 Canst thou this importuning ardor blame? [same?]
 Would not thy tongue for friendship urge the

Parthenia.

Yes, blooming swain. You show an honest mind;
 I see it, with the purest flame refin'd.
 Who shall compare love's mean and gross desire
 To the chaste zeal of friendship's sacred fire?
 By whining love our weakness is confess'd!
 But stronger friendship shows a virtuous breast.
 In folly's heart the short-liv'd blaze may glow,
 Wisdom alone can purer friendship know.
 Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays,
 Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
 Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,
 It still is giving, and still burns the same;
 And could Alexis from his soul remove
 All the low images of grosser love;
 Such mild, such gentle looks thy heart declare,
 Fain would my breast thy faithful friendship share.

Dione.

How dare you in the different sex confide?
 And seek a friendship which you ne'er have try'd?

Parthenia.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
 From thy chaste eye no wanton glances dart;
 Thy modest lips convey no thought impure,
 With thee may strictest virtue walk secure.

Dione.

Yet can I safely on the nymph depend,
 Whose unrelenting scorn can kill my friend!

Parthenia.

Accuse me not, who act a generous part;
 Had I, like city maids, a fraudulent heart,
 Then had his proffers taught my soul to feign,
 Then had I vilely stoop'd to sordid gain,
 Then had I sigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
 And for unhappy chains my freedom sold.
 If you would save him, bid him leave the plain,
 And to his native city turn again;

There, shall his passion find a ready cure,
There not one dame resists the glittering lure.

Dione.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
Alas! thou only canst assuage his pain!

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

Lycidas. [*Listening.*

Why stays Alexis? can my bosom bear
Thus long alternate storms of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow disguise,
But love-consenting sparkles in her eyes;
Here will I listen, here, impatient wait.
Spare me, Parthenia, and resign thy hate. [*Aside.*

Parthenia.

When Lycidas shall to the court repair,
Still let Alexis love his fleecy care;
Still let him choose cool grots and sylvan bowers,
And let Parthenia share his peaceful hours.

Lycidas.

What do I hear? my friendship is betray'd;
The treacherous rival has seduc'd the maid, [*Aside.*

Parthenia.

With thee, where bearded goats descend the steep,
Or where, like winter's snow, the nibbling sheep
Clothe the slope hills; I'll pass the cheerful day,
And from thy reed my voice shall catch the lay.
But see, still evening spreads her dusky wings,
The flock, slow-moving from the misty springs,
Now seek their fold. Come, shepherd, let's away,
To close the latest labours of the day.

[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire disasters rend?
A scornful mistress, and a treacherous friend!
Would ye be cozen'd, more than woman can,
Unlock your bosom to perfidious man.
One faithful woman have these eyes beheld,
And against her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
But search as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
Where shall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

Lycidas.

Why starts the swain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidst his path the viper lay?
Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not trust thee near Parthenia's side,
As here she slept?

Dione.

—She straight my call obey'd,
And downy slumber left the lovely maid;
As in the morn awakes the folded rose,
And all around her breathing odour throws;
So wak'd Parthenia,

Lycidas.

—Could thy guarded heart,
When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
Yet on Alexis let my soul depend;
'Tis most ungenerous to suspect a friend.
And thou, I hope, hast well that name profess'd,

Dione.

O could thy piercing eye discern my breast!
Could'st thou the secrets of my bosom see,
There every thought is fill'd with cares for thee;

Lycidas.

Is there, against hypocrisy, defence.
Who clothes her words and looks with innocence?
Say, shepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and
state,
Did not her scorn and suppled pride abate?

Dione.

As sparkling diamonds to the feather'd train,
Who scrape the winnow'd chaff in search of grain;
Such to the shepherdess the court appears:
Content she seeks, and spurns those glittering cares,

Lycidas.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to despise,
'Tis not from courts, from me alone she flies.
Did not my passion suffer like disgrace,
While she believ'd me born of sylvan race?
Dost thou not think, this proudest of her kind
Has to some rival swain her heart resign'd?

Dione.

No rival shepherd her disdain can move;
Her frozen bosom is averse to love.

Lycidas.

Say, art thou sure, that this ungrateful fair
Scorns all alike, bids all alike despair?

Dione.

How can I know the secrets of her heart?

Lycidas.

Answer sincere, nor from the question start.
Say, in her glance was never love confess'd,
And is no swain distinguish'd from the rest?

Dione.

O Lycidas, bid all thy troubles cease;
Let not a thought on her disturb thy peace.
May justice bid thy former passion wake;
Think how Dione suffers for thy sake:
Let not a broken oath thy honour stain,
Recall thy vows, and seek the town again.

Lycidas.

What means Alexis? where's thy friendship flown?
Why am I banish'd to the hateful town?
Hath some new shepherd warm'd Parthenia's
breast?

And does my love his amorous hours molest?
Is it for this thou bid'st me quit the plain?
Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'st this rival swain.
When first my cheated soul thy friendship woo'd,
To my warm heart I took the viperous brood,
O false Alexis!

Dione.

—Why am I accus'd?
Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

Lycidas.

Was not thy bosom fraught with false design?
Didst thou not plead his cause, and give up mine?

Let not thy tongue evasive answer seek;
The conscious crimson rises on thy cheek:
Thy coward conscience, by thy guilt dismay'd,
Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

Dione.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O spare thy friend!

Lycidas.

Seek not detected falsehood to defend.

Dione.

Beware, lest blind suspicion rashly blame.

Lycidas.

Own thyself then the rival of my flame.
If this be she for whom Alexis pin'd,
She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
Behind the thicket's twisted verdure laid,
I witness'd every tender thing she said;
I saw bright pleasure kindle in her eyes,
Love warm'd each feature at thy soft replies.

Dione.

Yet hear me speak.

Lycidas.

—In vain is all defence.

Did not thy treacherous hand conduct her hence?
Haste, from my sight. Rage burns in every vein;
Never approach my just revenge again.

Dione.

O search my heart; there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

Lycidas.

Talk not of truth; long since she left mankind.
So smooth a tongue! and yet so false a heart!
Sure courts first taught thee fawning friendship's arts!

No. Thou art false by nature.

Dione.

—Let me clear

This heavy charge, and prove my trust sincere.

Lycidas.

Boast then her favours; say what happy hour
Next calls to meet her in the appointed bower;
Say, when and where you met.

Dione.

—Be rage suppress.

In stabbing mine, you wound Parthenia's breast.
She said, she still defy'd Love's keenest dart;
Yet purer friendship might divide her heart,
Friendship's sincerer bands she wish'd to prove.

Lycidas.

A woman's friendship ever ends in love.
Think not these foolish tales my faith command;
Did not I see thee press her snowy hand?
O may her passion like thy friendship last!
May she betray thee ere a day be past!
Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my sight,
And thus I spurn the fawning hypocrite.

[Exit Lycidas.]

SCENE VII.

Dione.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendship wrong'd! my constant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my steps where'er I go,
And all my days are overcast with wo.
Long have I strove th' increasing load to bear,
Now faints my soul, and sinks into despair.

O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whose brown cliffs the fowls of darkness dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my sorrows with the tinkling fall.
There seek thy grave. How canst thou bear the
light,
When banish'd ever from Evander's sight!

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

Laura.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept Evander's vows?

Dione.

Can I bear life with these new pangs oppress!
Again he tears me from his faithless breast:
A perjur'd lover first he sought these plains,
And now my friendship like my love disdains.
As I new offers to Parthenia made,
Conceal'd he stood behind the woodbine shade.
He says, my treacherous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my false speeches have misled the maid;
With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives;
What frenzy dictates, jealousy believes.

Laura.

Resign thy crook, put off this manly vest,
And let the wrong'd Dione stand confest;
When he shall learn what sorrows thou hast borne,
And find that nought relents Parthenia's scorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

Dione.

—No, Laura, no.

Should I, alas! the sylvan dress forego,
Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love instructs me to resent;
Our secret enterprise might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of persecuting love.

Laura.

Avoid Parthenia; lest his rage grow warm,
And jealousy resolve some fatal harm.

Dione.

O Laura, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful presence seek,
The silent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By rising sighs my faltering voice be stay'd,
And trembling fear too soon confess the maid.
Haste, Laura, then; his vengeful soul assuage,
Tell him, I'm guiltless; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him that truth sincere my friendship brought,
Let him not cherish one suspicious thought.
Then, to convince him his distrust was vain,
I'll never, never see that nymph again.
This way he went.

Laura.

—See, at the call of night,

The star of evening sheds his silver light
High o'er yon western hill: the cooling gales
Fresh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our shepherds stray,
To close with cheerful walk the sultry day.
Methinks from far I hear the piping swain;
Hark, in the breeze now swells, now sinks the
strain!

Whither I'll seek him.

Dione.

—While this length of glade
Shall lead me pensive through the sable shade;
Where on the branches murmur rushing winds,
Grateful as falling floods to love-sick minds;
O may this path to death's dark vale descend!
There only can the wretched hope a friend.

[*Ex. severally.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE, CLEANTHES (*who lies wounded in a distant part of the stage*).

Dione.

THE moon serene now climbs th' aerial way;
See, at her sight ten thousand stars decay:
With trembling gleam she tips the silent grove,
While all beneath the chequer'd shadows move.
Turn back thy silver axes, downward roll,
Darkness best fits the horrors of my soul.
Rise, rise, ye clouds: the face of heaven deform,
Veil the bright goddess in a sable storm:
O look not down upon a wretched maid!
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,
And light his wandering footsteps to the bower
Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour.
Yet thou hast seen unhappy love like mine;
Did not thy lamp in heaven's blue forehead shine,
When Thisbe sought her love along the glade?
Didst thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
And gild that fatal point that stabb'd her breast?
Soon I, like her, shall seek the realms of rest.
Let groves of mournful yew a wretch surround!
O soothe my ear with melancholy sound!
The village-curs now stretch their yelling throat,
And dogs from distant cots return the note;
The ravenous wolf along the valley prowls,
And with his famish'd cries the mountain howls.
But hark! what sudden noise advances near?
Repeated groans alarm my affrighted ear!

Cleanthes.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the glade.

A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

Dione.

Say then, unhappy stranger, how you bled;
Collect thy spirits, raise thy drooping head.

[*Cleanthes raises himself on his arm.*]

O horrid sight! Cleanthes gasping lies;
And death's black shadows float before his eyes.
Unknown in this disguise, I'll check my wo,
And learn what bloody hand has struck the blow.

[*Aside.*]

Say, youth, ere fate thy feeble voice confounds,
What led thee hither? whence these purple wounds?

Cleanthes.

Stay, fleeting life; may strength a while prevail,
Lest my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale.
Ere the streak'd east grew warm with amber ray,
I from the city took my doubtful way;

Far o'er the plains I sought a beauteous maid,
Who, from the court, in these wide forests stray'd;
Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain,
Try'd every path, and opening glade, in vain;
A band of thieves, forth rushing from the wood
Unsheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
Deep in my breast the barbarous steel is dy'd,
And purple hands the golden prey divide. [swain,
Hence are these mangling wounds. Say, gentle
If thou hast known among the sylvan train
The vagrant nymph I seek?

Dione.

—What mov'd thy care,
Thus, in these pathless wilds, to search the fair?

Cleanthes.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
Ye Naiads, who the mossy fountains love,
Ye happy swains, who range the pastures wide,
Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beside;
If my last gasping breath can pity move,
If e'er ye knew the pangs of slighted love,
Show her, I charge you, where Cleanthes dy'd;
The grass yet reeking with the sanguine tide.
A father's power to me the virgin gave,
But she disdain'd to live a nuptial slave;
So fled her native home.

Dione.

—'Tis then from thee
Springs the foul source of all her misery
Could'st thou, thy selfish appetite to please,
Condemn to endless woes another's peace?

Cleanthes.

O spare me; nor my hapless love upbraid,
While on my heart death's frozen hand is laid!
Go, seek her, guide her where Cleanthes bled;
When she surveys her lover pale and dead,
Tell her, that, since she fled my hateful sight,
Without remorse I sought the realms of night.
Methinks I see her view these poor remains,
And on her cheek indecent gladness reigns!
Full in her presence cold Cleanthes lies,
And not one tear stands trembling in her eyes!
O let a sigh my hapless fate deplore!
Cleanthes now controuls thy love no more.

Dione.

[*Aside.*]

How shall my lids confine these rising woes?

Cleanthes.

O might I see her, ere death's finger close
These eyes forever! might her soften'd breast
Forgive my love with too much ardour prest!
Then I with peace could yield my latest breath.

Dione.

Shall I not calm the sable hour of death,
And show myself before him!—Ha! he dies.
See from his trembling lip the spirit flies! [*Aside.*
Stay yet a while. Dione stands confest.
He knows me not. He faints, he sinks to rest.

Cleanthes.

Tell her, since all my hopes in her were lost,
That death was welcome—

[*Dione.*]

Dione.

What sudden gusts of grief my bosom rend!
A parent's curses o'er my head impend,
For disobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Those very vows Alexander hath betray'd.

See, at thy feet, Cleanthes bath'd in blood !
 For love of thee he trode this lonely wood ;
 Thou art the cruel authorefs of his fate ;
 He falls by thine ; thou by Evander's hate.
 When shall my foul know rest ? Cleanthes slain
 No longer sighs and weeps for thy disdain.
 Thou still art curst with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed.
 How shall a wretch from anxious life be freed !
 My troubled brain with sudden frenzy burns,
 And shatter'd thought now this, now that way
 turns.
 What do I see thus glittering on the plains ?
 Ha ! the dread sword yet warm with crimson
 stains ! *[Takes up the dagger.]*

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

Parthenia.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
 This path directs me to my sylvan bower. *[Aside.]*

Dione.

Why is my soul with sudden fear dismay'd ?
 Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade ?
 O string my arm with force ! *[Aside.]*

Parthenia.

—Methought a noise
 Broke through the silent air, like human voice. *[Aside.]*

Dione.

One well-aim'd blow shall all my pangs remove,
 Grasp firm the fatal steel, and cease to love. *[Aside.]*

Parthenia.

Sure 'twas Alexis. Ha ! a sword display'd !
 The streaming lustre darts across the shade. *[Aside.]*

Dione.

May Heaven new vigour to my soul impart,
 And guide the desperate weapon to my heart ! *[Aside.]*

Parthenia.

May I the meditated death arrest !
[Holds Dione's hand.]
 Strike not, rash shepherd ; spare thy guiltless breast.
 O give me strength to stay the threaten'd harm,
 And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm !

Dione.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow ?
 In giving life, you but prolong my wo.
 O may not thus th' expected stroke impend !
 Unloose thy grasp, and let swift death descend.
 But if yon murder thy red hands hath dy'd ;
 Here. Pierce me deep ; let forth the vital tide.
[Dione quits the dagger.]

Parthenia.

Wait not thy fate ; yet this way turn thy eyes :
 My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.
 Turn then, Alexis ; and Parthenia know,
 'Tis she protects thee from the fatal blow.

Dione.

Must the night-watches by my sighs be told ?
 And must these eyes another morn behold
 Through dazzling floods of tears ? Ungenerous
 maid,
 The friendly stroke is by thy hand delay'd ;

Call it not mercy to prolong my breath ;
 'Tis but to torture me with lingering death.

Parthenia.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part ?
 Whence are these gnawing pangs that tear thy
 heart ?
 Is that that thy friend that lies before thee slain ?
 Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain ?
 Is't Lycidas ?

Dione.

—No. I the stranger found,
 Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
 He said, " As at the rosy dawn of day,
 He from the city took his vagrant way,
 A murdering band pour'd on him from the wood,
 First seiz'd his gold, then bath'd their swords in
 blood."

Parthenia.

You, whose ambition labours to be great,
 Think on the perils which on riches wait.
 Safe are the shepherd's paths ; when sober even
 Streaks with pale light the bending arch of heaven,
 From danger free, through deserts wild he hies,
 The rising smoke far o'er the mountain spies,
 Which marks his distant cottage ; on he fares,
 For him no murderers lay their nightly snares ;
 They pass him by, they turn their steps away ;
 Safe poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
 At home he lies secure in easy sleep,
 No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep ;
 No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
 And drag him to detect the buried gold ;
 Nor starts he from his couch aghast and pale,
 When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
 While he, whose iron coffers rust with wealth,
 Harbours beneath his roof deceit and stealth ;
 Treachery with lurking pace frequents his walks,
 And close behind him horrid murder stalks.
 'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold ;
 There lies a bleeding sacrifice to gold.

Dione.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
 And journey through a tedious vale of tears.
 Had you not rush'd between, my life had flown ;
 And I, like him, no more had sorrow known.

Parthenia.

When anguish in the gloomy bosom dwells,
 The counsel of a friend the cloud dispels.
 Give thy breast vent, the secret grief impart,
 And say what wo lies heavy at thy heart.
 To save thy life, kind Heaven has succour sent,
 The gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

Dione.

No. To prevent, it is beyond thy power ;
 Thou only canst defer the welcome hour.
 When you the lifted dagger turn'd aside,
 Only one road to death thy force deny'd ;
 Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
 Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,
 Can I not headlong fling this weight of wo,
 And dash out life against the flints below ?
 Are there not streams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
 Where my last breath may bubble on the tide ?
 No. Life shall never flatter me again,
 Nor shall to-morrow bring new sighs and pain.

Parthenia.

Can I this burden of thy soul relieve,
And calm thy grief?

Dione.

—If thou wilt comfort give,
Plight me thy word, and to that word be just;
When poor Alexis shall be laid in dust,
That pride no longer shall command thy mind,
That thou wilt spare the friend I leave behind.
I know his virtue worthy of thy breast.
Long in thy love may Lycidas be blest!

Parthenia.

That swain (who would my liberty controul,
To please some short-liv'd transport of his soul)
Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
That 'tis not me, himself alone he loves.
O live, nor leave him by misfortune prest:
'Tis shameful to desert a friend distressed.

Dione.

Alas! a wretch like me no loss would prove,
Would kind Parthenia listen to his love.

Parthenia.

Why hides thy bosom this mysterious grief?
Ease thy o'erburden'd heart, and hope relief.

Dione.

What profits it to touch thy tender breast,
With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redrest?
Let in my heart the fatal secret die,
Nor call up sorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

Lycidas.

If Laura right direct the darksome ways,
Along these paths the pensive shepherd strays.

*[Aside.]**Dione.*

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek,
O would my throbbing sighs my heart-strings
break!
Why was my breast the lifted stroke deny'd?
Must then again the deathful deed be try'd?
Yes. 'Tis resolv'd.

*[Snatches the dagger from Parthenia.]**Parthenia.*

—Ah, hold; forbear, forbear!

Lycidas.

Methought distress with shrieks alarm'd my ear.

Parthenia.

Strike not. Ye gods, defend him from the wound!

Lycidas.

Yes. 'Tis Parthenia's voice, I know the sound.
Some sylvan ravisher would force the maid,
And Laura sent me to her virtue's aid.
Die, villain, die; and seek the shades below.

*[Lycidas snatches the dagger from Dione, and stabs her.]**Dione.*

Whoe'er thou art, I bless thee for the blow.

Lycidas.

Since Heaven ordain'd this arm thy life should
guard,
O hear my vows! be love the just reward.

Parthenia.

Rather let vengeance, with her swiftest speed,
O'ertake thy flight, and recompense the deed!
Why stays the thunder in the upper sky?
Gather, ye clouds; ye forked lightnings, fly:
On thee may all the wrath of Heaven descend,
Whose barbarous hand hath slain a faithful friend.
Behold Alexis!

Lycidas.

—Would that treacherous boy
Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
What rous'd his passion to this bold advance?
Did e'er thy eyes confess one willing glance?
I know, the faithless youth his trust betray'd;
And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

Dione [Raising herself on her arm.]

Breaks not Evander's voice along the glade?
Ha! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
There needed not or poison, sword, or dart;
Thy faithless vows, alas! had broke my heart.

*[Aside.]**Parthenia.*

O tremble, shepherd, for thy rash offence,
The sword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
His gentle soul no brutal passion seiz'd,
Nor at my bosom was the dagger rais'd;
Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
Whelm'd in despair, and stay'd the falling wound.

Dione.

Into what mischiefs is the lover led,
Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
O may he ne'er bewail this desperate deed,
And may, unknown, unwept, Dione bleed.

*[Aside.]**Lycidas.*

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
His conscience had reveng'd an injur'd friend,
Hadst thou not held the stroke. In death he sought
To lose the heart-consuming pain of thought.
Did not the smooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
Plead his own passion, and betray my love?

Dione.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
Lest his rash transport, to revenge the blow,
Should in his dearer heart the dagger stain!
That wound would pierce my soul with double
pain.

*[Aside.]**Parthenia.*

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

Lycidas.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendship true?
Then I'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, speak; unclose those lids again.

[Flings himself on the ground near Dione.]

See at thy feet the barbarous villain kneel!
'Tis Lycidas who grasps the bloody steel,
Thy once-lov'd friend.—Yet, ere I cease to live,
Canst thou a wretched penitent forgive?

Dione.

When low beneath the sable mould I rest,
May a sincerer friendship share thy breast!
Why are those heaving groans? ah! cease to weep!
May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep;

Let this sad tale no speaking stone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.
Let o'er my grave the levelling ploughshare pass,
Mark not the spot; forget that e'er I was.
Then may'st thou with Parthenia's love be blest,
And not one thought on me thy joys molest!
My swimming eyes are overpow'rd with light,
And darkening shadows fleet before my sight:
May'st thou be happy! ah! my soul is free. [*Dies.*]

Lycidas.

O cruel shepherdes, for love of thee [*To Parthenia.*]
This fatal deed was done.

SCENE THE LAST.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, LAURA.

Laura.

— Alexis slain!

Lycidas.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimson stain!
My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the moon her silver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my soul abhors the light;
Shade, shade the murderer in eternal night!

Laura.

No rival shepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chastest, the sincerest maid
That ever sigh'd for love. On her pale face,
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace
Of thy once dear Dione? With wan care
Sunk are those eyes, and livid with despair!

Lycidas.

Dione!

Laura.

— There pure constancy lies dead!

Lycidas.

May Heaven shower vengeance on this perjur'd
head!

As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blasted be the hand that gave the wound!
Off; hold me not. This heart deserves the stroke;
'Tis black with treachery. Yes: the vows are
broke. [*Stabs himself.*]

Which I so often swore. Vain world, adieu!
Though I was false in life, in death I'm true.

[*Dies.*]

Laura.

To-morrow shall the funeral rites be paid,
And these love-victims in one grave be laid.

Parthenia.

There shall the yew her sable branches spread,
And mournful cypress rear her fringed head.

Laura.

From thence shall thyme and myrtle send per-
fume,
And laurel ever-green o'er shade the tomb.

Parthenia.

Come, Laura, let us leave this horrid wood,
Where streams the purple grass with lovers blood;
Come to my bower. And, as we sorrowing go,
Let poor Dione's story feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.—

Laura. [*Pointing to Dione.*]

— Unhappy maid!

Hadst thou a parent's just command obey'd,
Thou yet hadst liv'd — But who shall Love advise?
Love scorns command, and breaks all other ties.
Henceforth, ye swains, be true to vows profess;
For certain vengeance strikes the perjur'd breast.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS TICKELL, Esq.

Containing

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE,
THE ROYAL PROGRESS,
OXFORD,
LETTER TO AVIGNON,
KENSINGTON GARDENS,

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON;
COLIN AND LUCY,
ODES,
EPISTLES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON,

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

THE

POLITICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS TICKELL, Esq.

Containing

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF ADOLESCENTS,
AND THE
MORAL
REFORMATION,
AND THE
MORAL REFORMATION,

THE DEATH OF ADOLESCENTS,
AND THE
MORAL REFORMATION,
AND THE
MORAL REFORMATION,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

It is a long time since I have seen
any thing like this elegant book,
of which I have a copy.
My friend has been, and seen it, and
I feel he would, from the same
And much to be desired, and much to be
EFFECT ON THE DEATH OF ADOLESCENTS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY J. B. ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794

THE LIFE OF TICKELL.

OF Thomas Tickell, it is to be regretted, that the particulars which have been transmitted by his contemporaries, are insufficient to gratify the curiosity which his reputation must excite, and disproportionate to his rank in poetry and literature.

He was the son of the Rev. Richard Tickell, who possessed a considerable living in Cumberland; and was born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, in 1686.

He was educated in his native country; and in April 1701, he became a member of Queen's College in Oxford.

In 1707, he expressed his gratitude to the University, in a poem, intituled *Oxford*, addressed to Lord Viscount Lonsdale.

Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.

In 1708, he took the degree of Master of Arts; and two years afterwards he was chosen Fellow. As he had not complied with the statutes which required him to be in orders before he could be chosen to a Fellowship, he obtained a dispensation from the Crown.

At the university he acquired the character of excelling in classical learning, and in academical exercises; and was distinguished for his ability in versification.

He entered early into life, and became known to Addison and Steele, and other men of high character for talents and literature.

He is said to have first gained the notice of Addison, by his verses in praise of *Rosamond*; in which he censures the Italian opera as a vehicle of melodious absurdity, and compares his softness to Corelli, and his strength to Virgil.

The opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.

The censure of the Italian opera is well founded and strong; and the panegyric on *Rosamond* does not very much exaggerate its merits, except perhaps, in the conclusion.

To those verses, Dr. Johnson observes, it would not have been just to deny regard, for they contain some of the most elegant encomiastic strains; and among the innumerable poems of the same kind, it will be hard to find one with which they need to fear a comparison.

It may deserve observation, that when Pope wrote long afterwards in praise of Addison, he has copied, at least has resembled, Tickell.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.

While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves.
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love which made them wretched made them great.
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.——*Tickell.*

When future ages with delight shall see,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's, looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.——*Pope.*

When Steele began the *Spectator*, with the assistance of Addison and the other wits, Tickell is believed to have contributed frequently to it; but his papers have not been ascertained. Those marked with the letter R, are all Steele's, as are many of those marked with T. It has been said that the latter mark was sometimes used by Tickell. There are more papers marked with R and T, than with any other signature; of these, it is probable, Tickell wrote many, as he was very much with Steele, as well as with Addison, and might be often solicited, as Steele was often in a hurry, to eke out the scanty materials which he had time to provide. He wrote a copy of *Verses to the supposed author of the Spectator*, inserted in No. 632, in which a high praise is bestowed on Steele's papers in the "Tatler," against sharpeners, which produced most beneficial effects.

From felon gamesters the raw squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee.

He was also a contributor to the *Guardian*. All the papers on *Pastoral Poetry*, except one by Pope, in his own praise, are written by Tickell.

When the Tory Ministry were negotiating with France, before the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht, he published *The Prospect of Peace*, a poem, addressed to Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, the Lord Privy-Seal, one of the negotiators, the tendency of which was to reclaim the nation from the pride of conquest, to the pleasures of tranquillity.

To the Whigs, who disapproved of the peace then negotiating, the tendency of Tickell's poem could not be pleasing. Addison, however, in the candor of liberal criticism, overlooking the politics, bestowed in the "Spectator" very great praise on the poetry.

It was read at that time with so much eagerness, that six editions were sold. The quick sale of a composition on a temporary subject is no test of its intrinsic merit; the despicable bigotry of Sacheverell had a much more extensive sale, than Tickell's poem, which deserved a favourable reception, though Dr. Johnson "found it a piece to be approved rather than admired."

On the appearance of *Cato*, when so many made offerings of verses to the author, Tickell, who loved and venerated Addison as a father, contributed a copy of verses, superior, perhaps, to any written on the subject, except the prologue by Pope, and the verses by Jeffries.

Tickell had been a strenuous supporter of the Hanover succession, and other measures, resulting from principles of freedom; and on the accession and arrival of King George, he produced a poem, intitled *the Royal Progress*, which was inserted and praised in "the Spectator," No. 620. The pleasing emotions excited in a benevolent king, by the view of national industry and prosperity, constitute the most beautiful and interesting parts of the poem.

When the friends of the reigning family were apprehensive of designs to its prejudice, he wrote *An Epistle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon*, against the Pretender and his abettors, which, Dr. Johnson says, "stands high among party poems; it expresses contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence. It had the success which it deserved, being five times printed."

He was now patronised at Court; and when Addison went into Ireland as Secretary to Lord Sunderland, he took him thither, and employed him in public business.

At the time of the publication of the first volume of Pope's "Homer," he published the *first Book of the Iliad*, as translated by himself, in apparent opposition to Pope's translation, with an elegant dedication, to the memory of Halifax.

To apologise for presenting his version to the public at such a juncture, this advertisement was prefixed: "I must inform the reader, that when I began this first book, I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad; but I had the pleasure of being diverted from that design, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand; I would not, therefore, be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of *Homer's Odyssey*, wherein I have already made some progress."

Addison declared that the versions were both good, but that Tickell's was the best that ever was made; and with Addison, the wits, his adherents and followers, concurred in opinion.

Pope did not long think Addison an impartial judge; for he considered him as the writer of Tickell's version, and appealed to the people as his proper judges, "and if they are not inclined to condemn me," says he, "I am in little care about the highfliers at Button's."

The reasons for his suspicion have been transcribed by Dr. Johnson, from Spence's MS. Collections.

"There had been a coldness (said Mr. Pope,) between Mr. Addison and me for some time; and we had not been in company together for a good while, any where but at Button's Coffeehouse, where I used to see him almost every day.—On his meeting me there one day in particular, he took me aside; and said he would be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I staid till those people were gone (Budgell and Philips). He went accordingly; and, after dinner, Mr. Addison said, that he had wanted for some time to talk with me; that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the *first Book of the Iliad*; that he designed to print it; and had desired him to look it over; that he must therefore beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book; because, if he did, it would have the air of double dealing. I assured him, that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell, that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself; and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage. I then added, that I would not desire him to look over my first book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on my second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly, I sent him the second book the next morning; and, Mr. Addison, a few days after, returned it, with very high commendations. Soon after, it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the *first Book of the Iliad*, I met Dr. Young in the street; and, upon our falling into that subject, the Doctor expressed a great deal of surprise at Tickell's having had such a translation so long by him. He said, that it was inconceivable to him; and that there must be some mistake in the matter; that each used to communicate to each other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things; that Tickell could not be busied in so long a work there, without his knowing something of the matter; and that he had never heard a single word on it, till on this occasion. This surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell, in relation to this affair, make it highly probable, that there was some underhand dealing in that business; and indeed, Tickell himself, who is a very fair, worthy man, has since, in a manner, as good as owned it to me. When it was introduced into a conversation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope, by a third person, Tickell did not deny it; which, considering his honour and zeal for his departed friend, was the same as owning it."

Upon these suspicions, Pope, always in his "Art of Sinking," quotes this version as the work of Addison; though the circumstances of the publication, not only do not prove that Addison was the translator, but do not even render probable the charge of meanness and dissimulation alleged by Pope against him; the opinions of Young and Steele are no proof.

Addison had a very great affection for Tickell, and might have revised his version, and approved of the publication, to confer a pecuniary obligation on him, by promoting a subscription for his *Odyssey*. But, it is evident, that he had no intention to oppose Pope; for, at the time of the appearance of Tickell's version, opposition to Pope could not do him any material injury. His subscription

was full, and his contract with his bookseller completely performed. Had Addison wished to obstruct Pope's translation, the time for effecting his purpose, would have been when the subscription was beginning. He might then have promoted a subscription for Tickell, which would have interfered with Pope's. The influence of Addison with the Whigs, was fully equal to that of Swift with the Tories. With those, who were of neither party, his recommendation would have had more weight than Swift's, because he was in greater estimation, for elegant literature in general, and particularly for classical knowledge.

The circumstance of the time of publication, which provoked the irritable disposition of Pope, who supposed his character and interest so much concerned, is sufficiently explained by the advertisement above quoted. This advertisement was industriously suppressed, in Pope's publication on the subject. That Addison had any intention of publishing a version of the Iliad, there is no evidence even probable. Had he been actuated by jealousy, envy, or malevolence, it is not probable he would have spoke so highly of Pope's Iliad as he did in "The Freeholder."

"The translation of the first book of the Iliad," says Mr. Nichols, "which has been ascribed to Tickell, was said to be in reality the production of Addison, to prejudice that which Pope had undertaken; a notion certainly without foundation. Mr. Watts the printer, assured a friend of mine, that *the translation of the first book of the Iliad was in Tickell's hand-writing, but much corrected and interlined by Addison.*"

To compare the two translations would be tedious; the superiority is universally allowed to Pope. Tickell has, perhaps, more of the simple majesty of Homer; but his version is inferior to that of Pope, in force, animation, elegance, and harmony.

In 1717, when Addison was appointed Secretary of State, he made Tickell under-secretary. When Addison's ill health obliged him to resign, he so effectually recommended Tickell to the patronage of Craggs, his successor, that he was continued in place till that gentleman's death.

Addison's appointment of Tickell to be his under-secretary, is said to have been displeasing, on some account, to Steele, who warmly opposed it; and his opposition having been reported to Tickell, produced a coldness between them, which might be aggravated by the controversy between Addison and Steele, on the Peerage bill.

His friendship with Addison seems to have continued without abatement; for when that great man died, he left him the charge of publishing his works, which, on his death-bed, he had dedicated to Craggs.

To the works of Addison, which appeared soon after his death, in 4 vols. 4to, he prefixed an account of his life, and an *elegy* on his death, addressed to the Earl of Warwick, his son-in-law, replete with genuine tenderness. It is the effusion of a refined mind, lamenting the death of a friend of the highest intellectual and moral excellence; whose value it completely comprehended, and whose loss it poignantly felt.

In his life of Addison he charged Steele with assuming the credit of Addison's papers in the "Spectator," an imputation from which Steele vindicated himself in the dedication of "the Drummer," to Congreve.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that Craggs, to whom Addison had dedicated his works, died before they were published; and that Lord Warwick, to whom the verses on Addison were dedicated, died likewise before their publication.

Tickell's interest with the great did not expire with his friend. His merit enabled him to retain and improve the footing on which he had been placed by Addison. In 1725, he was appointed secretary to the Lord Justices of Ireland, a place of great honour, trust, and emolument, in which he continued till his death, which happened at Bath, April 23, 1740, in the 54th year of his age.

He was married, and had children; the eldest of whom was the father of Richard Tickell, Esq. one of the Commissioners of the Stamp-office, and author of "The Wreath of Fashion," a poem; "Anticipation of the Debates of the House of Commons," 1778; "The Carnival of Venice," an opera; and other ingenious performances.

He died at Hampton Court, Nov. 4. 1793, universally beloved and lamented, leaving three children by his wife, Miss Linley, the sister of the lovely Mrs. Sheridan, wife of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. who died in 1787.

His poems were printed in the second volume of "The Minor Poets," 1749, and have been frequently reprinted.

Tickell is said to have been a man of most pleasing manners, and of unquestioned honour and integrity. His conversation was gay and lively; he was a very agreeable companion, at least a temperate lover of wine and conviviality, and in domestic relations without censure. His writings discover a good understanding, an extensive knowledge of classical literature, a refined taste, and a feeling heart.

As a poet, he is characterised by elegance of diction, correctness of judgment, tenderness of sentiment, opulence of allusion, and harmony of numbers.

His versification exceeds Addison's, and is inferior to few of the English poets, except Dryden and Pope.

Most of his pieces, particularly *the Prospect of Peace*; *the Royal Progress*; *the Letter to Avignon*; *Oxford*; *Kensington Gardens*; *Epistle to a Lady before Marriage*, and *the Elegy on the death of Addison*, are distinguished by a judicious combination of ornament and simplicity; a happy mixture of sentiment and description, and a rare union of the beauties of style, and the elegancies of versification, with the niceties of method, connection, and arrangement.

Of Tickell, it has been said by Goldsmith, that through all his poetry, there is a strain of *Ballad-thinking* to be found: The remark is just, and to that strain he is not a little indebted for the reception he has met with; whether he had it from reading, or from nature, cannot now be known, as no memoirs of his life are satisfactory enough to inform us of his particular studies. His beautiful ballad of *Colin and Lucy*, probably assumed a tincture of tenderness and simplicity, from his taste for our obscurer writers; a taste which his friend Addison undoubtedly possessed in a degree superior to any of his contemporaries, except Rowe, as appears by his elegant critique on "Chevy Chase," and various scattered notices of a congenial nature in his periodical papers.

"In the few things that Tickell wrote," says Dr. Warton, "there appear to be a peculiar terseness and neatness. Highly elegant and polished are his *Verses on Addison's death*."

"The *Elegy on Addison*," says Dr. Johnson, "could owe none of its beauties to the assistance which might be suspected to have strengthened or embellished his earlier compositions; but neither he nor Addison ever produced nobler lines than are contained in the third and fourth paragraphs; nor is a more sublime or more elegant funeral poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature."

"Of his *Royal Progress*, it is just to say, that it is neither high nor low. Of his *Kensington Gardens*, the versification is smooth and elegant, but the fiction unskilfully compounded of Grecian deities and Gothic fairies. Neither species of these exploded beings could have done much; and when they are brought together, they only make each other contemptible."

"To Tickell, however, cannot be denied a high place among the minor poets; nor should it be forgotten that he was one of the contributors to the *Spectator*."

If by the term *minor poet*, the quantity of his poetry is meant, he is not improperly so called; but if the quality is thereby understood, it is a disparagement. If he cannot be placed in the first rank of poets, he has at least an unexceptionable claim to the second.

P O E M S.

On Queen Caroline's rebuilding the Lodgings of the Black Prince, and Henry V. at Queen's College, Oxford.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,
The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth, [youth;
Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless
And the Fifth Henry, for his first renown,
Out-stripp'd each rival in a student's gown.

In that coarse age were princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell:
Sent from the monarch's to the muse's court,
Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were short;
To couch at curfew-time they thought no scorn,
And froze at matins every winter morn;
They read, an early book, the starry frame,
And lisp'd each constellation by its name;
Art after art still dawning to their view,
And their mind opening as their stature grew.

Yet, whose ripe manhood spread our fame so far,
Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war!
Who, stern in fight, made echoing Cressi ring,
And, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive king!
Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays;
Nor took himself, but gave good heaven, the
praise!

Thy nurselings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd;
To mercy listening, whilst in fields they storm'd;
Fierce to the fierce; and warm th' oppress'd to save;
Through life rever'd, and worship'd in the grave!

In tenfold pride the mouldering roofs shall shine,
The stately work of bounteous Caroline;
And blest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
From heaven behold her rival's fabric rise.
If still, bright saint, this spot deserves thy care,
Incline thee to th' ambitious muse's prayer:
O! could'st thou win young William's bloom to
grace

His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
How would that genius, whose propitious wings
Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,
Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,
And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

TO THE

SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

In courts licentious, and a shameless stage,
How long the war shall wit with virtue wage?

Inchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution through their tingling veins?
Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may
hear;

And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride, [hide;
Thy glass betrays what treacherous love would
Nor harsh thy precepts, but insus'd by stealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor share the fopling's heart:
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit:
From felon gamesters the raw 'squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee.
His miss the frolic viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow templar boast;
And the rash fool, who scorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.

The brainless stripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A fauntering tribe! such born to wide estates,
With yea and no in senates hold debates:
At length despis'd each to his fields retires,
First with the dogs, and king amidst the 'squires;
From pert to stupid, sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

Such reader's scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring
flight,

Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light;
Fame, heaven, and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And visions such as Jove himself might dream;
Man sunk to slavery, though to glory born, [scorn.
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his
Such him's alone could British Virgil lend,
And thou alone deserve from such a friend;
A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,
And fame, when shar'd with him, is double fame.
So, flush'd with sweets by beauty's queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:
Such generous strifes Eugene and Marlborough try,
And as in glory, so in friendship vie.

Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
A muse that pants and languishes for fame;
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things:

Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy, my rhymes,
 The praise of virgins in succeeding times : [see,
 Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall
 But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee. [rise,
 So some weak shoot, which else would poorly
 Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies ;
 Through the new pupil fostering juices flow,
 Thrust forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow
 Aloft ; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
 With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A POEM,

*To his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal, on the Pros-
 pect of Peace.*

" ——— Sacerdos

" Fronde super Mitram, et felici comptus Oli-
 va." ——— VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings, and fields of death, too long
 Have been the subject of the British song.
 Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
 Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain !
 Exhausted themes ! a gentler note I raise,
 And sing returning peace in softer lays.
 Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
 I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade :
 Disbanding hosts are imagin'd to my mind,
 And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
 While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
 And heaven and Anna bless Britannia's isle.

Well sends our queen her mitred Bristol forth,
 For early counsels fam'd, and long-try'd worth ;
 Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld
 The Swede and Saxon from the dusty field ;
 Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,
 To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds ;
 The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
 By leagues to soften earth, and heaven by prayer,
 To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,
 And make the crossier o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Moses, with Jehovah's wand,
 Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,
 Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
 Now turn'd Nile's fattening streams to putrid gore ;
 Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
 And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.

O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings
 flow,
 To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
 (For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
 To style companion, and to make their friend,
 Great Stafford, rich in every courtly grace,
 With joyful pride accepts the second place)
 From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring,
 One hour, oh, listen while the muses sing !
 Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,
 With beating hearts to learn their masters fate,
 One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,
 Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands ;
 The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd,
 May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade :
 Ev'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,
 And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
 Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
 Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
 And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground :
 In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
 Made timorous vows, and brib'd the saints in
 vain ;

As oft his legions did the fight decline,
 Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
 Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
 At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams ;
 On glory past reflects with secret pain,
 On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To Britain's queen the scepter'd suppliant bends,
 To her his crowns and infant race commends,
 Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,
 Nor asks for glory at a price so high.

At her decree, the war suspended stands,
 And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands ;
 Their open brows no threatening frowns disguise,
 But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.

The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
 Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
 Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the view
 In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew ;

At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest
 Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
 In silent rapture each his foe surveys ;

They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.
 Brave minds, how'er at war, are secret friends ;
 Their generous discord with the battle ends ;
 In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
 And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
 And social clarions mix their sprightly sound.
 The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
 And scatter'd armies seek their native land.

The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,
 The manly charms and honours of the war,
 Who hop'd to share his friends illustrious doom,
 And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
 Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
 And, fighting, bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with smiles,
 O'erpay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils ;
 Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,
 For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
 In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,
 When English valour English beauty fires ;
 The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
 Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
 Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
 And smiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
 Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
 And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
 Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,
 And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies :
 His little listening progeny turn pale,
 And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire achievements sings the bard, that tells
 Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,

Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'er-throw,

And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run,
To visit fields, their valiant fathers won; [trace,
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they
Till far Germania shows her blasted face.

Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd:
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame,
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;
Here fled the household, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
On those steep banks, near Danube's raging flood:
The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood:
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,

But plung'd amidst the waves, a desperate throng,
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watery bed,

And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courser on the canvas stands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore;
If chance a generous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:
So, Hoeftet seen, tumultuous passions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempest of the battle rage. [bright,

Charm me, ye powers, with scenes less nobly
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious muse delight,
Content to see the honours of the field
By ploughshares levell'd, or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine.
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;
While shepherds sleep, along the rampard laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man? Oblivion blast his name,
Torn out, and blotted from the list of fame!
Who, fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,
First sunk the filial subject to a slave,
His neighbour's realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd, [heart,
Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his
And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah, curst ambition! to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below.
Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
His year's whole sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
When left a widow, though not yet a bride;
By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead.

Oh, sacred Bristol! then, what dangers prove
The arts, thou smil'st on with paternal love?
Then, mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows;
To shades obscure the glittering sword pursues
The gentle poet, and defenceless muse.

A voice like thine, alone, might then assuage
The warrior's fury, and controul his rage;
To hear thee speak, might the fierce Vandal stand,
And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driven to Scythia's stormy shore
The drum's harsh music, and the cannon's roar;
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain,
Where Tartar clans and grizzly Cossacks reign;
Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons cries,
See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
To death gray heads and smiling infants doom,
Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
The savage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
From pure religion, and impartial laws,
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
And holds in equal scales the rival kings:
Her generous sons in choicest gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs,
With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,
Spread smooth the surge, and clears the lowering
skies.

Light, o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids
crown'd,
The pearly couch and silver turtles bound;
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
Britannia's isle, the ocean's stately queen;
In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader, or what land oppress,
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest?
Say, where have e'er her union-crosses sail'd,
But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd?
Her labours are, to plead th' Almighty's cause,
Her pride, to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
Who conquers wins by brutal strength the prize;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
The king, whose power half Europe's regions own,
Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
In swarms the harness'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice pursued his tedious way
To court our friendship, and our fame survey?
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
And round his empire spread the learned store:
(T' adorn old realms is more than new to raise,
His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)
His bands now march in just array to war,
And Caspian gulfs unusual navies bear;
With Runick lays Smolensko's forests ring,
And wondering Volga hears the muses sing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,
Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd shaft,
Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before.
Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest use of power! O virtuous pride in kings
And like his bounty, whence dominion springs!
Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence
shine,

And ranges myriads under laws divine!
Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
Now o'er his head the polar bear he spies,
And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
With glittering spoils where Indian grottos shine,
Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer suns prepare the ripening gem,
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,
And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;
In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful band,
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast,
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the muse, O Bristol, might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.

Such are the honours grateful Britain pays;
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.
O'er distant times such records shall prevail,
When English numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling song the muse can only yield,
And sooth her soldiers panting from the field,
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their battles in the rural shade,
From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful
glooms,

(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my muse, and softly touch the string:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to sing.

Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown;
Where love and war by turns pavillions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome ap-
pear;

The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall
bound,

And hill on hill reflect the favourite sound.

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.
Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!
The muse admires it, while she strives to blame.

Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,
Or view the courfers stretch in wild career.
This lovely scene shall soothe thy soul to rest,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breast.
With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see
Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free,
No cares, henceforth, shall thy repose destroy,
But what thou giv'st the world thyself enjoy.

Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are
past,

Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last;
Toft through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore.
Our own strict judges our past life we scan,
And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span;
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
Trust future ages, and contented die. [come,

When strangers from far distant climes shall
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,
And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall;
Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword,
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping
Gauls.

Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore
The costly robes that slaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools
brought,

(Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broidery wrought,
Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers, in human crimson dy'd)
Of Churchill's race, perhaps, some lovely boy
Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on
high,

Shall gaze transported on its glittering charms,
And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So, in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
The little loves in sport his sauchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his ponderous
shield:

One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore embrued,
And one the spear, that reeks with Typhon's blood:
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'erblown,
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on,
Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.
But, oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd Albion mourns!
If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
And haunt the mangled mansions, once your own!
Behold what flowers the pious muses strow,
And tears which in the midst of triumph flow;
Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,
Your names the tender matrons heart shall
wound,

And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound.

Accept, great Anne, the tears their memory
draws,
Who nobly perish'd in their sovereign's cause :
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vast price of blood on each victorious day !
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay)
Lamented triumphs ! when one breath must tell,
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer
fell. [narchs pale,

Great Queen ! whose name strikes haughty mo-
On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,
Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
On whose decree the nations anxious wait :
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command ;
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.
Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,
And savage Indians swear by Anna's name ;
The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
The watery kingdoms, and controul the main ;
Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,
Across the seas a formidable line ;
The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd see Dunkirk now a guiltless shore ;
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound ;
Her giant genius takes a mighty stride,
And sets his foot beyond the encroaching tide ;
On either bank the land its master knows,
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, across the raging flood,
Stupendous form ! the vast Colossus stood,
(While at one foot their thronging galleys ride,
A whole hour's sail scarce reach the farther side)
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By Harley's counsels Dunkirk now restor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his sovereign's frown,
And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
And France still trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort so dreadful to our English shore,
Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,
Whose vast expences to such sums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out th' ac-
count, [strain,
Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast towers re-
Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main,
His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendship, Anna, with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
Sees the new glories of the British crown :
Ah ! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite,
Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage,
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm, the sea, o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, vicegerent of the skies,
Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war,
Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Blest change ! the foldier's late destroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land ;
Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our sacred fold ;
On her own works the pious queen shall smile,
And turn her cares upon her favourite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames ;
He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
And his red arm the forked vengeance flings ;
At length, heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the
war,

To roll his orb, and guide his destin'd star,
To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,
These guard the church, and those direct the state,
To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
The church her towery forehead gently rears,
She begs her pious son t' assert her cause,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws ;
With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's earl in careful thought shall stand,
To raise his queen, and save a sinking land.
The wealthiest glebe to ravenous Spaniards known,
He marks, and makes the golden prize our own,
Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the shore with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Hesperian gold,
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes uprearing to th' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride shall every art renew,
(The arts with you, fam'd Harcourt, shall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke the muse's friend.)
With piercing eye some search where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome
maze, [begun,

Whence health from herbs ; from seeds how groves
How vital streams in circling eddies run.
Some teach why round the sun the spheres advance,
In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance, [flow,
How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'er-
And sun-born Iris paints her showery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,
But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage :
Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe com-
mands.

Britain's spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals, and our taste refine,
Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, Prior, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,

New tales shall now be told; if right I see,
 The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
 Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
 Shall raise mock heroes, and fantastic wars;
 Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy name
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;
 With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing. [fine,
 That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's wall con-
 To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
 He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
 To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
 The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.
 Ev'n mine, a bashful muse, whose rude essays
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
 Cherish'd by you in time may grow to fame,
 And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glittering scene dis-
 plays,
 And smit with passion for my country's praise,
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
 Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
 In cloister'd domes the great Philippa's pride,
 Where learning blooms, while fame and worth
 preside,
 Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
 And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unfought,
 Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling
 strings,
 The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
 Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame
 My eager breast to raise the British name,
 Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,
 To woo the muse, whom Addison enjoy'd,
 See that bold swain to heaven sublimely soar,
 Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

"———Ne fortè pudori
 " Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo."

THE opera first Italian masters taught,
 Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
 Britannia's learned theatre disdains
 Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
 And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
 Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
 Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong,
 From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
 And music borrows helps she us'd to give.
 Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans
 knew,

Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
 Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
 The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
 Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
 That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscips how gay the bowery grotto yields,
 Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
 What art can trace the visionary scenes,
 The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,

The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
 The fairy shade, and its eternal maze?
 Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
 And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
 No further could imagination roam,
 Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd
 the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
 When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
 When bards less soft the moving words supply,
 A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain
 (In dirges thus expiring swans complain);
 Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
 And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
 We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
 O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
 And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
 While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
 And hears and tells the story of their loves,
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
 Since love, which made them wretched, makes
 them great.

Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
 Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison,
 Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
 The tribute song an humble subject pays.
 So tries the artless lark her early flight,
 And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.
 Unrival'd as unmatched be still thy fame,
 And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
 Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
 Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;
 While the charm'd reader with thy thought
 complies

Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
 And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
 And sunk to softness all our tragic rage:
 By that alone did empires fall or rise,
 And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
 The sweet infection, mix'd with dangerous art,
 Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
 You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
 Nor from our weakness steel a vulgar fame:
 A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
 And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with generous pleasure glow?
 Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
 Of all his sufferings venerably great;
 Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
 With conscious virtue, and becoming pride!

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
 His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
 'Midst storms and earthquakes, he maintains his
 state,

Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
 His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
 And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes;
Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.

France boasts no more, but fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms, and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word express'd,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast,
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

When Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart,
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.
One, in old fables, and the Pagan strain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main;

Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes some druid, to foretell
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My muse th' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view;
His shining march describe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,

And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.

Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.
O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies
Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise

Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
And such thy gift, celestial Liberty!

Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main,
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales
Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendships of the neighbouring kings;

Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
Takes in the blended interests of mankind,
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By rocks or streams, the mounds which heaven design'd;

The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.

But see! to Britain's isle the squadrons stand,
And leave the sinking towers, and lessening land,
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A watery prospect bounded by the skies:
Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores:
Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; though now the cheerful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs; just whitening to the view.
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarse-responding main.

As in the flood he sails, from either side
He views his kingdom in his rural pride;
A various scene the wide spread landscape yields,
O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
Shade above shade, now rises to the sight;
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.

The sun now rolling down the western way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge enfold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the east breath'd out a prosperous breeze,
Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.

That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect, and their voice the same.
So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled stranger which is which inquire;
Delusion grateful to the smiling fire.

From that fair * hill, where hoary sages boast
To name the stars, and count the heavenly host,
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud town! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
And a vast navy hides his ample bed,
A floating forest. From the distant strand
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright procession, shines along the plain. [ways
So, haply, through the heaven's wide pathless
A comet draws a long extended blaze; [frame,
From east to west burns through the ethereal
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.

Now to the regal towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Resumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
Whom shall the muse from out the shining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her song?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd.
Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease:
Though call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:
For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.

The muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
And sing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful loves supplies,
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

AN IMITATION OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XV.

"Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
"Indictum ore alio: non secus in jugis
"Ex somnis stupet Euias
"Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
"Thracen, ac pede barbaro
"Lustratam Rhodopen." HOR.

As Mar his round one morning took,
(Whom some call earl, and some call duke)

* *Mr. Flamstead's house.*

And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and frost, survey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
An aged wizard six foot high,
With bristled hair and visage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.

The grisly sage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back so round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of snow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.

Into what ill's betray'd, by thee,
This ancient kingdom do I see!
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn!
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I see them dress'd in bonnets blue
(The spoils of thy rebellious crew);
I see the target cast away,
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.

In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike gears,
The shield, the pistol, durk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sally'd out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,
Or, while their neighbours were asleep,
Have carry'd off a lowland sheep.

What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With popish cut-throats, perjurd ruffians,
And Foster's troop of raggamuffins.

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy,
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty,
(A loyal soul) thy troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the fight?
Dost thou not generous Ilay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head?
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?

Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From Thanes and Peers of high renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontroll'd,
With knights, and 'squires, and barons bold,
(His noble household band) advances,
And on the milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars:
And Monro, kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.

But see Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies!
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his prey;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's skill,
From frith to frith, from hill to hill,

Is thus thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter,
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,
—Then down shall fall the king of Perth.

'Tis so decreed: for George shall reign,
And traitors be foresworn in vain.
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyll.
While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,
And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,
Shall burn the clan, and curse poor Jocky.

AN EPISTLE

From a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon.

To thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,
The health, she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends.
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.
Companions in your master's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the royal outlaw's side
You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine, and the right divine,
Say, what new succours does the chief prepare?
The strength of armies? or the force of prayer?
Does he from heaven or earth his hopes derive?
From saints departed, or from priests alive?
Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops with-
stand,

And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand;
Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:
But now, with fears and public cares possess'd,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my rest.
The postboy on my pillow I explore,
And sift the news of every foreign shore,
Studious to find new friends, and new allies;
What armies march from Sweden in disguise;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,
Cross many a region marks the winding way;
From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a mere geographer by love:
But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast
That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most:
Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
And span the distance that between us lies. [pair,

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, des-
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair:
In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.

VOL. VIII.

Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their powers;
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
We reason with such fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,
Against her prelates plead the church's cause,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms
lost;

A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may boast;
Heaven seems through us thy empire to decree;
Those who win hearts, have given their hearts to
thee.

Hast thou not heard that when, profusely gay,
Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sovereign's day,
We stubborn damsels met the public view
In loathsome wormwood, and repenting rue?
What Whig but trembled, when our spotless band
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land!
Who can forget what fears the foe possess'd,
When oaken boughs mark'd every loyal breast!
Less scar'd than Medway's stream the Norman
stood,

When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade?

Those who the succours of the fair despise,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
The female bards, O prince by fortune cross'd,
At least more courage than thy men can boast:
Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street,
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the discontented statesman's thought,
Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,
The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,
Like Philomela darkling in the shade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his easy chair.

Mean while, regardless of the royal cause,
His sword for James no brother sovereign draws,
The Pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,
And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
But lifts them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;
Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy silent grove
The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove;
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the sylvan war:
Thy brindled boars may slumber undisturb'd,
Or grunt secure beneath the chestnut shade.
Inconstant Orleans (still we mourn the day,
That trusted Orleans with imperial sway.)

D d

Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
Far from the call of his desponding friends.
Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace!
And such the terror of the Brunswick race!

Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd,
And sudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd!
For this did heaven display to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the skies!
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red!
And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret
False auguries! th' insulting victor's scorn! [bed!
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn!
O portents construed on our side in vain!
Let never Tory trust eclipse again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye skies!
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders
rise!

To Rome then must the royal wanderer go,
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe?
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in prayer?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
And pole for points of faith his trusty vote!
Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed!
Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
And English heretics curse once a year!
Garnet and Faux shall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may
smoke!

Forbid it, heaven! my soul, to fury wrought,
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
And still the double claim divides my breast.
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:
To James my passion and my weakness guide,
But reason sways me to the victor's side.
Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear!
You know my language, and my heart, sincere.
In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace;
What force had falsehood, when he show'd his
face!

In vain to war our boastful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled:
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
A second Dunkirk in another name:
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious town sees fifty churches rise:
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.
The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his fire: another and the same.
He, blest in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms:

With pain and joy at strife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half sickening at the sight, too well I spy
The father's spirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And strive to hate their innocence in vain.

O princess! happy by thy foes confest!
Blest in thy husband! in thy children blest!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.
Transplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom,
Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair descendents of thy sacred bed,
Wide-branching o'er the western world shall
spread,

Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot
To earthward bending of itself takes root,
Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,
My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend;
Since heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign;
And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain,
Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunswick, O return to me!

Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend:
What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunswick's virtue shall secure thy fame:
Say these invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch, heaven vouchsafes to own:
The world, convinc'd, thy reasons will approve;
Say this to them; but swear to me 'twas love.

AN ODE,

*Occasioned by his Excellency the Earl of Stanhope's
Voyage to France, 1718.*

"Idem

"Pacis eras mediisque belli." HOR.

FAIR daughter once of Windsor's woods!
In safety o'er the rolling floods,
Britannia's boast and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
May winds propitious on his way
The minister of peace convey;
Nor rebel wave, nor rising storm,
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded sails
Already swell with western gales;
Already Albion's coast retires,
And Calais multiplies her spires:
At length has royal Orleans prest,
With open arms, the well-known guest;
Before in sacred friendship join'd,
And now in counsels for mankind:

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repose,

They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bless whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth great Brunswick shall decree
What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea;
From whom the Tuscan grape shall glow,
And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine!
Nor, Ebro, let thy single rage
With half the warring world engage.
Oh! call to mind thy thousands slain,
And Almanara's fatal plain;
While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

PROLOGUE

To the University of Oxford, 1713.

WHAT kings henceforth shall reign, what states
be free,

Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree:
Whose brows the muse's sacred wreath shall fit,
Is left to you the arbiters of wit.

With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate;
Secure, when to these learned seats they come,
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.

Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
Is but the praise of a capricious town;
While, with mock-majesty, and fancy'd power,
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart:
In turn and simile resign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We blush, when plays like these receive applause;
And laugh, in secret, at the tears we cause;
With honest scorn our own success disdain,
A worthless honour, and inglorious gain.

No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear;
Well, what we blush to act, may you to hear,
To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
The work of poets, whom you taught to sing:
Though crown'd with fame, they dare not think
it due,

Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you,
Great Cato's self the glory of the stage,
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Bids here he may be try'd by Roman laws;
To you, O fathers, he submits his cause;
He rests not in the people's general voice,
Till you, the senate, have confirm'd his choice.

Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
To wind the passions, and command the heart;
For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous soul in love with woe;
To raise the shades of heroes to our view;
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew.
How hard the task! how rare the godlike rage!
None should presume to dictate for the stage,
But such as boast a great extensive mind,
Enrich'd by nature, and by art refin'd; [bring,
Who from the ancient stores their knowledge
And tasted early of the muses' spring.

May none pretend upon her throne to sit,
But such as, sprung from you, are born to wit:
Chosen by the mob, their lawless claim we slight:
Yours is the old hereditary right.

THOUGHTS

*Occasioned by the sight of an Original Picture of King
Charles I. Taken at the time of his Trial.*

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

" — Animum pictura pascit inani

" Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine
" vultum." VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the
great,

Be sunk by heaven to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What steady sadness, and august despair!
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'er-
flow,

Thus to survey God's substitute below,
In solemn anguish, and majestic woe.

When spoil'd of empire by unhallowed hands,
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children, and his bosom wife;
Doom'd for the faith, plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The king, the father, and the saint to mourn.
How could'st thou, artist, then thy skill display?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray:
Near thy bold work the stunn'd spectators faint,
Nor see unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'st
paint.

What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
Th' insulting judge, the solemn-mocking show,
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow.

Where then, just heaven, was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamant shield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treason and fraud shall thus the stars regard!
And injur'd virtue meet this sad reward!
So sad, none like, can time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell!
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs, or blasphemy.

O power supreme! How secret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man, would trace thy mystic maze,
With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;
New-mould the spheres, and mend the sky's design,
And found th' immense with his short scanty line.
Do thou, my soul, the destin'd period wait,
When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear;
When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,
And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:

D d i

Then this pale image seem'd t' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb.
While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
And the storm-wings his spotted soul away.

A blast more bounteous ne'er did heaven command

To scatter blessings o'er the British land. [Spain,
Not that more kind, which dash'd the pride of
And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main;
Not those more kind, which guide our floating
towers,

Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours :
'That only kinder, which to Britain's shore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's
doom,

And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.

O Clarke, to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main ;
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn,
Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn.

This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest ;
To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
And, one destroy'd, a thousand kings defend.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON HUNTING.

" Dona cano divûm, lartas venantibus artes,
" Auspicio, Diana, tuo——" GRATIUS.

Horses and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beasts, that range the rural chase,
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the sylvan wars,
I first in British verse presume to raise ;
A venturous rival of the Roman praise.

Let me, chaste queen of woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and sprightly
train :

If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouse the foe, and press the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
And grant me genius for the bold design.
In this soft shade, O sooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre ;
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
The groves to echo and the vales to ring.

* * * * *

Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers distinct the different clans excel,
In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell ;
By wiles ungenerous some surprise the prey,
And some by courage win the doubtful day.
See'st thou the gaze-hound ! how with glance se-
vere

From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer !
How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze ;
The luckless prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane ;
O'er all, the blood-hound boasts superior skill,
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill !

His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
True to the master's voice, and learned horn.
His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew ;
Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen game ;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.

Some hounds of manners vile (nor less we find
Of fops in hounds, than in the reasoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain,
And from the scent divert the wiser train ;
For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
And mar the music with their senseless tone ;
Start at the starting prey, or rustling wind,
And, hot at first, inglorious lag behind.

A sauntering tribe ! may such my foes disgrace !
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.

Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame ?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem.
Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
And sing the chosen worthies of their race ;
How his sire's features in the son were spy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's
bride,

Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.

Good shape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praise the Greek, and some the Roman line ;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,
As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.
Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thousand families of hounds :
First count the sands, the drops where oceans
flow,

Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below.
The task be mine, to teach Britannia's swains,
My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.

Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'st to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind ;
Trufs-thigh'd, straight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd
his paw,

Large-leg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw.
His flat, wide nostrils snuff the savoury steam,
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam ;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew :
He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound ;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board.

The matron bitch whose womb shall best pro-
duce

The hopes and fortune of th' illustrious house,
Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign seed,
For various nature lothes incestuous breed,
Is like the fire throughout. Nor yet displease
Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer ease.

In spring let loose thy pairs. Then all things
prove

The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love ;

Æthereal Jove then glad, with genial showers,
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with
flowers.

Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough,
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great love pervades the deep; to please his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous
weight,

Heav'd by his wayward mirth old ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All nature smiles; come now, nor fear, my love,
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And, sweetly swearing, languish life away.
An altar, bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, best season of the various year;
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So swift, so sweet, when first the world began,
In Eden's bowers, when man's great fire assign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wond'rous to tell! but when, with luckless hand,
Our daring mother broke the sole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to
reign:

Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey;
Rude arts at first; but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career:
Ah, had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.
No pomps I ask, which crowns and sceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the dusty field;
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

And now thy female bears in ample womb
The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
No sport, I ween, nor blast of sprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps un-
born.

Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,
To range thy courts, and bask before the sun;
Near thy full table let the favourite stand,
Strok'd by thy son's, or blooming daughter's hand.
Carefs, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
T' improve her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe.

So, if small things may be compar'd with great,
And nature's works the muses imitate,
So, stretch'd in shades, and lull'd by murmuring
streams,

Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heavenly dreams.
Recluse, serene, the musing prophet lay,
Till thoughts in embryo, ripening, burst their way.

Hence bees in state, and foaming couriers come
Heroes, and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

* * * * *

TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd
And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursued,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
The long list of the graces his godship possess'd:

I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays;
I'm the god of the harp—stop my fairest—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her
again.

Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of physic below:
At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more
fast;

At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then, alter thy phrase,
Bid her view the young bloom, and thy ravishing
rays, [charms,

Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy
And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The lavish praises of the babler, fame:
I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye.
Resolv'd to find some fault, before unspy'd,
And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the vassal heart, that durst rebel,
And, where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and soul away;
All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.

Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Ravish'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.

TO A LADY;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phoenix shines;
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.

Each fabled charm in matchless Cælia meets,
The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets;
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes,
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.

D d iij

Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom
disclose,
Th' untainted lily, and unfolding rose;
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a syren, and you move a grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
While virtue gives, what years shall steal away:
The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phoenix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

In utmost ocean lies a lovely isle,
Where spring still blooms, and greens for ever smile,
Which sees the sun put on his first array,
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day;
When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course;
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.
In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
The happy phoenix keeps his balmy seat,
Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill;
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And flak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
Still he renews his life in these abodes,
Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play;
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds outfly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs enfold,
Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live.

For when a thousand times the summer sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.

So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow.
When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'er-
spread,

It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.

Then, as the silver empress of the night,
O'erclouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So, froz'n with age, and shut from light supplies,
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,

And those fleet wings, for strength and speed re-
nown'd,

Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.

Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Pil'd on a heap Sabaean herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his fire the sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phoebus with persuasive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.

The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
And stops the progress of his heavenly car.
"O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,"
"Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,"
"An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn."
"Thou, on whom heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous
doom

"To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,
"Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
"And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view."

Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic bed
A golden beam he tosses from his head;
Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies.
And straight devours the willing sacrifice,
Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
Sink into strength, and into life expire.

In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
The moon and stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
And nature startles at the doubtful sight;
For, whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
The noblest product of the skill she claims.

Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phoenix starting from the flame,
Obtains at once a son's, and father's name;
And the great change of double life displays,
In the short moment of one transient blaze.

On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,
The balmy nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;
In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
Obstruct his journey through th' ethereal space;
The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king.

Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch
Commanding legions to the dusty field; [yield,
Though sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head surround;

Though rich embroidery paint his purple vest,
And his steed bound in costly trappings drest,
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.

Fam'd for the worship of the sun, there stands
A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god;
Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
The seeds and relics of himself he lays,
Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
The wafted smell to far Pelusian flies,
To cheer old Ocean, and enrich the skies,
With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
And scent the seven-fold channels of the Nile.

Thrice happy Phoenix! heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir;
By death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside;
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away;
'Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,
O'erthrew'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;
When the rash youth enflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and scat'd the deathless gods.
When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER

ON HER MARRIAGE.

From Menage.

THE greatest swain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his foster fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He, 'midst the graceful, of superior grace,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.

Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno, shed,
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed:
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on those,
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;
'The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes;

TO A LADY;

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

THE fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choicest stores that youthful summer yields,
Strephon to fair Eliza hath convey'd,
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them rest
On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
And there regale the smell, and charm the view,
With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.

I

Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
Thy form divine, and beauty's matchless power:
Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips outblush the opening rose:
The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white;
And wreathes of jasmine shed perfumes, beneath
Th' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.

Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair,
How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
The fading lustre of one hastening day.
This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
The roses wither, and the lilies pine.

The garlands fate to thine shall be apply'd,
And what advance thy form, shall check thy pride:
Be wise, my fair, the present hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waste of love;
Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
And that which show'd thy beauty, show its use.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE.

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQUIRE.

As Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting shade:
For Cupid taught the artist hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.

Now he laments a look so falsely fair,
And almost damns, what yet resembles her;
Now he devours it with his longing eyes;
Now fated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips presume to kiss,
And his bold hands the swelling bosom press:
The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.

Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inspires, may life itself impart.
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;
Clasp, new Pygmalion, clasp the seeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enlivening image warms,
Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade,
That she at once shall be, and cease to be a maid.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæsar, having resolved to give battle to Petreius
and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain,
encamped near the enemy in the same field.
The behaviour of their soldiers, at their seeing
and knowing one another, is the subject of the
following verses.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew;
Brother, with brother in unnatural strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life:
Curst civil war then conscience first was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand;

D d iiij

To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run, with transport, to the longing foe :
Here the long lost acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,
Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.

Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
And kisses, broke by sobs, the words of grief ;
Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.
Ah ! generous youths, why thus, with fruitless pain,
Beat ye those breasts ? why gush those eyes in vain ?
Why blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate ?

Why dread the tyrant, whom yourselves make great ?

Bids he the trumpet sound ? the trumpet flight.

Bids he the standards move ? refuse the fight.

Your generals, left by you, will love again

A son and father, when they're private men.

Kind Concord, heavenly born ! whose blissful reign

Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain,

Whose laws the jarring elements controul,

And knit each atom close from pole to pole ;

Soul of the world ! and love's eternal spring !

This lucky hour, thy aid fair goddess bring !

This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes

Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times.

No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none ;

They know their duty, now their friends are known.

Vain wish ! from blood short must the respite be,

New crimes, by love enhanc'd, this night shall see :

Such is the will of fate, and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,

The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare :

On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,

And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground :

Around the fire they talk, one shows his scars,

One tells what chance first led him to the wars ;

Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,

And the mute circle listens to the tale ;

They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate,

Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate ;

Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,

A short-liv'd blessing, but to heighten woe.

When to Petreus first the news was told,

The jealous general thought his legions fold.

Swift with the guards, his headstrong fury drew,

From out his camp he drives the hostile crew ;

Cuts clasping friends asunder with his sword,

And stains with blood each hospitable board.

Then thus his wrath breaks out. ' Oh ! lost to fame !

' Oh ! false to Pompey, and the Roman name !

' Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands ?

' Oh ! die at least ; 'tis all that Rome demands.

' What ! will you own, while ye can wield the sword,

' A rebel standard, and usurping lord ?

' Shall he be sued to take you into place

' Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace ?

' What ? shall my life be begg'd ? inglorious thought !

' And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought !

' The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,

' Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife ;

' But peace would lead to servitude and shame,

' A fair amusement, and a specious name.

' Never had man explor'd the iron ore,

' Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,

' Ne'er had the steed in harness fought the plain,

' Or fleets encounter'd on th' unstable main ;

' Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd,

' Or peace to glorious liberty prefer'd.

' By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,

' Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground ;

' Are you perfidious, who espouse the laws,

' And traitors only in a righteous cause ?

' Oh shame ! in vain through nations far and wide,

' Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,

' Fall'n Pompey ! while thy legions here betray

' Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away.'

He ended fierce. The soldier's rage returns,

His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.

So, haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,

Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands ;

But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,

He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar.

He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,

And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.

Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright

On stubborn fate, or undiscerning night,

Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,

And made the whole malignity their own.

The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,

And breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd before :

Pity a while their hands from slaughter kept.

Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept.

But every blow their wavering rage assures,

In murder hardens, and to blood inures,

Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends descry,

But fires by sons, and sons by fathers die.

Black monstrous rage ! each, with victorious cries,

Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,

Exults in guilt, that throws the only shame

On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE DEDICATION.

WHEN I first entered upon this translation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the Earl of Halifax ; but being prevented from doing myself that honour, by the unspeakable loss which our country hath sustained in the death of that extraordinary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a dedication of it to his memory. The greatness of his name will justify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work, which (if it had deserved his patronage)

is perhaps the only one inscribed to his lordship, that will escape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from such a dedication, that nothing, I could say in it, would be suspected of flattery. Besides that the world would take a pleasure in hearing those things said of this great man, now he is dead, which he himself would have been offended at when living. But though I am sensible, so amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the public, were I able to draw it in its full extent, I should be censured very deservedly, should I venture upon an undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

His consummate knowledge in all kinds of business, his winning eloquence in public assemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the share he had in conveying the supreme power to an illustrious family famous for being friends to mankind, are subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhausted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune, which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of so generous and universal a patron.

He rested not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master; but was acted by that humanity they naturally inspire: which gave rise to many excellent writers, who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to posterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty. And if the succession of men, who excel in most of the refined arts, should not continue; though some may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen; those, who are unacquainted with his lordship's character, will know more justly how to account for it.

The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the Earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that most of those, who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning, were by his influence and example engaged in the same interest.

I hope, therefore, the public will excuse my ambition for thus intruding into the number of those applauded men, who have paid him this kind of homage: especially since I am also prompted to it by gratitude, for the protection with which he had begun to honour me; and do it at a time when he cannot suffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.

TO THE READER.

I must inform the reader, that when I began this first book, I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad: but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publish-

ing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odyssseys, wherein I have already made some progress.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose,
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddess, sing. Full many a hero's ghost
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coast,
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feast for dogs, and every bird of prey.
So did the fire of gods and men fulfil
His stedfast purpose, and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atreides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike son.

What god in strife the princes did engage?
Apollo burning with vindictive rage
Against the scornful king, whose impious pride
His priest dishonour'd, and his power defy'd.
Hence swift contagion, by the god's commands,
Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.

For, wealth, immense the holy Chryses bore,
(His daughter's ransom) to the tented shore:
His sceptre stretching forth, the golden rod,
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god,
Of all the host, of every princely chief,
But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief:

"Great Atreus' sons and warlike Greeks attend,
"So may th' immortal gods your cause befriend,
"So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
"And rich in gather'd spoils to Greece return,
"As for these gifts my daughter you bestow,
"And reverence due to great Apollo show,
"Jove's favourite offspring, terrible in war,
"Who sends his shafts unerring from afar."

Throughout the host consenting murmurs rise,
The priest to reverence, and give back the prize;
When the great king, incens'd, his silence broke
In words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke:

"Hence, dotard, from my sight. Nor ever more
"Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden shore;
"Lest thou stretch forth, my fury to restrain,
"The wreathes and sceptre of thy god, in vain.
"The captive maid I never will resign,
"Till age o'ertake her, I have vow'd her mine.
"To distant Argos shall the fair be led:
"She shall; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
"Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.
"Hence on thy life: nor urge me by thy stay."

He ended frowning. Speechless and dismay'd,
The aged sire his stern command obey'd.
Silent he pass'd, amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows, on the lonely shore:
Far from the camp he pass'd: then suppliant stood;
And thus the hoary priest invoc'd his god:

"Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear.
"Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
"To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs;
"Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redress my wrongs.
"If e'er within thy fane, with wreathes adorn'd,
"The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
"O! hear my prayer. Let Greece thy fury know,
"And with thy shafts avenge thy servant's
"woe."

Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry.
Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky;
Across his breast the glittering bow he flung,
And at his back the well-stor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight:
Then took his stand, the well-aim'd shaft to throw:
Fierce sprung the string, and twang'd the silver bow.

The dogs and mules his first keen arrow flew;
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful dart. The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.

Nine days entire he vex'd th' embattled host,
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coast
Summon'd a council, by the queen's command
Who wields heaven's sceptre in her snowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now en-
close

The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose:

"What now, O Atreus' son, remains in view,
"But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
"Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted powers
"The sword and pestilence at once devours?
"Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,
"Or seek by dreams? for dreams descend from
"Jove.)

"What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
"What vow with-held, what hecatomb unflain:
"And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
"The price of guilt, and turn this curse away."

Thus he. And next the reverend Calchas rose,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
The prince of augurs, whose enlightened eye
Could things past, present, and to come, descry:
Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:

"Me then command'st thou, lov'd of Jove, to
"show

"What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
"First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
"By words to aid me, or by arms defend.
"For I foresee his rage, whose ample sway
"The Argian powers and sceptred chiefs obey.
"The wrath of kings what subject can oppose?
"Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance
"glows,

"Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant youth,
"Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the truth?"

To this Achilles swift replies: "Be bold.

"Disclose, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontroul'd.
"By him, who, listening to thy powerful prayer,
"Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear,
"That, while these eyes behold the light, no hand
"Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand,
"Not Atreus' son. Though now himself he boast
"The king of men, and sovereign of the host."

Then boldly he. "Nor does the god complain
"Of vows with-held, or hecatombs unflain.

"Chryseis to her awful fire refus'd,
"The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd, [call,
"Call down these judgments, and for more they
"Just ready on th' exhausted camp to fall;
"Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
"And hecatombs are sent to soothe the god,

"To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
"The gifts may expiate, and the priest assuage."
He spoke and sat. When, with an angry frown,
The chief of kings upstart from his throne.
Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
Lour in his brows, and sparkle in his eyes:
Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.

"Augur of ills, (for never good to me
"Did that most inauspicious voice decree)
"Forever ready to denounce my woes,
"When Greece is punish'd, I am still the cause;
"And now when Phœbus spreads his plagues a-
"broad,

"And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
"Because my blooming captive I detain,
"And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.
"Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
"Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
"Not Clytemnestra boasts a nobler race,
"A sweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
"In works of female skill hath more command,
"Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.

"Yet she shall go. The fair our peace shall buy:
"Better I suffer, than my people die.
"But mark me well. See instantly prepar'd
"A full equivalent, a new reward.

"Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,
"Your chief should lose his portion of the war:
"In vain your chief; whilst the dear prize I boast,
"Is wrested from me, and forever lost."

To whom the swift pursuer quick reply'd:
"O sunk in avarice, and swollen with pride!
"How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they
"be,

"Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee
"To search anew, and cull the choicest share,
"Amid the mighty harvest of the war?
"Then yield thy captive to the god resign'd,
"Assur'd a tenfold recompense to find,
"When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilion
"down,

"And give to plunder the devoted town."
"Think not (Atrides answer'd) though thou
"shine,

"Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine,
"Think not, thy wiles, in specious words convey'd,
"From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.
"Must I alone bereft sit down with shame,
"And thou insulting keep thy captive dame?
"If, as I ask, the large-soul'd Greeks consent
"Full recompense to give, I stand content.
"If not: a prize I shall myself decree,
"From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.
"While the proud prince, despoil'd, shall rage in
"vain.

"But break we here. The rest let time explain.
"Launch now a well-trimm'd galley from the shore,
"With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:
"Enclose the hecatomb; and then with care
"To the high deck convey the captive fair.
"The sacred bark let sage Ulysses guide,
"Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preside:
"Or thou, O mighty man, the chief shalt be.
"And who more fit to soothe the god than thee?"

" Shameless, and poor of soul," the prince replies,
 And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes,
 " What Greek henceforth will march at thy com-
 " mand,
 " In search of danger on the doubtful strand ?
 " Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
 " Or tempt the secret ambush of the night ?
 " Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free.
 " For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me.
 " Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed
 " The lowing heifer, and the pamper'd steed,
 " On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,
 " And ripen careless of the distant foe,
 " Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
 " Unnumber'd mountains rise, and billows roar.
 " For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,
 " Across the seas, disdainful man, I came ;
 " Yet insolent ! by arbitrary sway,
 " Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,
 " The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
 " And given by suffrage of the Grecian host.
 " What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,
 " But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands ?
 " To me, thus scorn'd, contented, dost thou yield
 " My share of blood in the tumultuous field ;
 " But still the flower of all the spoil is thine ;
 " There claim'st thou most. Nor e'er did I repine.
 " Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it best,
 " With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.
 " To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
 " My ships their crooked prows shall turn from
 " shore.
 " When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
 " What spoils and pillage will be won by thee,
 " Hence ! (cry'd the monarch) hence ! without
 " delay : [stay.
 " Think not, vain man ! my voice shall urge thy
 " Others thou leav'st to the great cause inclin'd,
 " A league of kings thou leav'st, and Jove behind.
 " Of all the chiefs dost thou oppose me most :
 " Outrage and uproar are thy only boast.
 " Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
 " If thou art strong, 'tis Jove hath made thee so.
 " Go, at thy pleasure. None will stop thy way.
 " Go, bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.
 " Thou, nor thy rage, shall my resolves subdue ;
 " I fix my purpose, and my threats renew.
 " Since 'tis decreed I must the maid restore,
 " A ship shall waft her to th' offended power ;
 " But fair Briseis thy allotted prize,
 " Myself will seize, and seize before thy eyes :
 " That thou and each audacious man may see,
 " How vain the rash attempt to cope with me."
 Stung to the soul, tumultuous thoughts began
 This way and that to rend the godlike man.
 To force a passage with his falchion drawn,
 And hurl th' imperial boaster from his throne,
 He now resolves : and now resolves again
 To quell his fury, and his arm restrain.
 While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,
 And half unsheath'd he held the glittering blade ;
 That moment, Juno, whose impartial eye
 Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky :
 She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
 To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd.)

Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprise ;
 Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.
 Then thus with hasty words ? " O ! heavenly-
 " born,
 " Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn ?
 " But thou shalt see (my sword shall make it good)
 " This glutted sand smoke with the tyrant's blood."
 " To soothe thy soul, the blue-ey'd maid replies,
 " (If thou obey my voice) I left the skies.
 " Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this
 " command !
 " Suppress thy wrath, and stay thy vengeful hand.
 " Be all thy rage in tauntful words express'd ;
 " But guileless let the thirsty falchion rest.
 " Mark what I speak. An hour is on its way,
 " When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay. }
 " Suppress thy wrath ; and heaven and me obey." }
 Then he : " I yield ; though with reluctant
 " mind.
 " Who yields to heaven shall heaven propitious find."
 The silver hilt close-grasping, at the word,
 Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sword.
 The goddess, turning, darted from his sight,
 And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
 But fierce Achilles, in a thundering tone,
 Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on :
 " Valiant with wine, and furious from the
 " bowl !
 " Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward soul !
 " War's glorious peril ever slow to share :
 " Aloof thou view'st the field ; for death is there,
 " 'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,
 " And peel the Greeks, at will, who disobey :
 " A tyrant lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd ;
 " For, had they souls, this outrage were thy last.
 " But, thou, my fix'd, my final purpose hear.
 " By this dread sceptre solemnly I swear :
 " By this (which, once from out the forest torn,
 " Nor leaf nor shade shall ever more adorn.
 " Which never more its verdure must renew,
 " Lopp'd from the vital stem, whence first it grew,
 " But given by Jove the sons of men to awe,
 " Now sways the nations, and confirms the law)
 " A day shall come, when for this hour's disdain
 " The Greeks shall wish for me, and wish in vain
 " Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid af-
 " ford,
 " When heaps on heaps shall fall by Hector's sword :
 " Too late with anguish shall thy heart be torn,
 " That the first Greek was made the public scorn."
 He said. And, mounting with a furious bound,
 He dash'd his studded sceptre on the ground ;
 Then sat. Atrides, eager to reply,
 On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
 'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compose,
 The Pylian prince, the smooth-speech'd Nestor
 rose.
 His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he ;
 Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see :
 And, his first race of subjects long decay'd,
 O'er their sons sons a peaceful sceptre sway'd.
 " Alas for Greece ! (he cries) and with what joy
 " Shall Priam hear, and every son of Troy !
 " That you, the first in wisdom as in wars,
 " Waste your great souls in poor ignoble jars !

" Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
 " Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard.
 " Their equals never shall these eyes behold:
 " Cæneus the just, Pirithous the bold,
 " Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
 " Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
 " Theseus unrivall'd in his fire's abodes,
 " And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.
 " They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
 " In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes:
 " Fearless through rocks and wilds their prey pur-
 " sued,
 " And the huge double Centaur race subdued.
 " With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
 " Through regions, far from my sweet native home;
 " They call'd me to the wars. No living hand
 " Could match their valour, or their strength
 " withstand;
 " Yet wot they oft my sage advice to hear.
 " Then listen both, with an attentive ear.
 " Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,
 " Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.
 " Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone
 " Urge him to wrath, who fills that sacred throne.
 " The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
 " By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.
 " Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
 " Thou must obey a power more great than thine.
 " And thou, O king, forbear. Myself will sue
 " Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue:
 " Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,
 " The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host."
 " Wise are thy words, O sire, (the king began)
 " But what can satiate this aspiring man?
 " Unbounded power he claims o'er humankind,
 " And hopes for slaves, I trust, he ne'er shall find.
 " Shall we, because the gods have form'd him
 " strong,
 " Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue!
 " If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well de-
 " spise
 " My name," the prince, precipitate, replies.
 " In vain thou nodd'st from thy imperial throne.
 " Thy vassals seek elsewhere; for I am none.
 " But break we here. The fair, though justly mine,
 " With sword undrawn I purpose to resign.
 " On aught beside, I once for all command,
 " Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand.
 " Come not within my reach, nor dare advance,
 " Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance."
 Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
 The council broke, each takes his separate way.
 Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind;
 Patroclus and his train move slow behind.
 Mean time, a bark was haul'd along the sand,
 Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
 Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.
 The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
 Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care.
 They mount the deck. The vessel takes its flight,
 Bounds o'er the surge, and lessens to the sight.
 Next he ordains along the winding coast
 By hollow'd rites to purify the host.
 A herd of chosen victims they provide,
 And cast their offals on the briny tide,

Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
 In clouds the savoury steam ascend the sky.
 The Greeks to heaven their solemn vows address;
 But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breast.
 Obsequious at his call two heralds stand:
 To them in frowns he gives this harsh command.
 " Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair;
 " Thence swift the female slave Briseis bear.
 " With arms, if disobey'd, myself will come.
 " Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom."
 The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.
 Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way:
 And, now the Myrmidonian quarter past,
 At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
 Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw:
 They too stood silent, with respectful awe,
 Before the royal youth, they neither spoke.
 He guess'd their message, and the silence broke:
 " Ye ministers of gods and men, draw near,
 " Not you, but him whose heralds ye appear,
 " Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring
 " The damsel forth for this disdainful king.
 " But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind,
 " And clear me to the gods and all mankind,
 " Ev'n to your thoughtless king; if evermore
 " My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.
 " Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,
 " Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come,
 " His best defence thus rashly to forego,
 " And leave a naked army to the foe."
 He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
 And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
 Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,
 And oft look'd back slow-moving o'er the strand.
 The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
 Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears alone.
 On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes
 Where black with storms the curling billows rise,
 And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,
 With out-stretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:
 " Since to short life thy hapless son was born,
 " Great Jove stands bound by promise to adorn
 " His stinted course with an immortal name.
 " Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
 " The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,
 " Demands, possesses, and enjoys my prey."
 Near her old fire enthron'd, she heard him weep
 From the low silent caverns of the deep:
 Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
 Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears, [cries]
 Close grasps her darling's hand. " My son (she
 " Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy
 " eyes?
 " Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
 " That both may know it, and that both may
 " share." [groan,
 " Oh! goddess! (cry'd he with an inward
 " Thou know'st it all: to thee are all things
 " known.
 " Eëtian Thebes we sack'd, their ran sack'd towers,
 " The plunder of a people, all was ours.
 " We stood agreed the booty to divide.
 " Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, and glossy-ey'd,
 " Fell to the king; but holy Chryses bore
 " Vast gifts of ransom to the tented shore:

" His sceptre stretching forth (the golden rod
 " Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
 " Of all the host, of every princely chief,
 " But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief.
 " Throughout the host consenting murmurs ran,
 " To yield her to the venerable man;
 " But the harsh king deny'd to do him right,
 " And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.
 " Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry,
 " And dealt his arrows through th' infected sky;
 " The swift contagion sent by his commands,
 " Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Gre-
 " cian bands.
 " The guilty cause a sacred augur show'd,
 " And I first mov'd to mitigate the god.
 " At this the tyrant storm'd, and vengeance vow'd;
 " And now too soon hath made his threatnings
 " good.
 " Chryseis first with gifts to Chrysa sent,
 " His heralds came this moment to my tent,
 " And bore Breteis thence, my beauteous slave,
 " Th' allotted prize, which the leagu'd Grecians
 " gave.
 " Thou goddess, then, and thou, I know, hast
 " power,
 " For thine own son the might of Jove implore.
 " Oft in my father's house I've heard thee tell,
 " When sudden fears on heaven's great monarchs
 " fell,
 " Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
 " And sav'd the mighty thunderer from shame.
 " Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound
 " The fire in chains, and hemm'd their sovereign
 " round.
 " Thy voice, O goddess, broke their idle bands,
 " And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
 " The prodigy, whom heaven and earth revere,
 " Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here.
 " His father Neptune he in strength surpass'd;
 " At Jove's right hand his hideous form he plac'd,
 " Proud of his might. The gods with secret dread,
 " Beheld the huge enormous shape and fled.
 " Remind him then: for well thou know'st the art:
 " Go, clasp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
 " Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
 " Seek the vast verge of his tempestuous main:
 " There let them perish, void of all relief,
 " My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.
 " Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,
 " That the first Greek was made the public scorn."
 " Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er:)
 " Why bore I thee! or nourish'd when I bore!
 " Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,
 " Thou might'st possess the poor remains of life,
 " Thy death approaching now the fates foreshow;
 " Short is thy destin'd term, and full of woe.
 " Ill-fated thou! and oh unhappy I!
 " But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
 " Where, hid in snow, to heaven Olympus swells,
 " And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
 " Mean time, my son, indulge thy just disdain:
 " Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain,
 " Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he
 " cross'd,
 " And fought the distant Ethiopian coast:

" Along the skies his radiant course he steer'd,
 " Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,
 " A bright procession. To the holy feast
 " Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest.
 " To heaven he comes, when twice six days are
 " o'er!
 " Then shall his voice the fire of gods implore,
 " Then to my lofty mansion will I pass,
 " Founded on rocks of ever-during brass:
 " There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
 " No doubt, my son, but I shall melt his heart."
 " She ceas'd: and left him lost in doubtful care,
 " And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.
 " But, safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred stand,
 " The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land.
 " Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
 " Then lowers the lofty mast, and furls the sails;
 " Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
 " And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.
 " The bark now fix'd amidst the rolling tide,
 " Chryseis follows her experienc'd guide:
 " The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
 " A herd of bulls went bellowing o'er the coast.
 " To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
 " He led, and near the altar took his stand,
 " Then gave her joyful to her father's hand.
 " All hail! Atreides sets thy daughter free,
 " Sends offerings to thy god and gifts to thee.
 " But thou entreat the power, whose dreadful
 " sway
 " Afflicts his camp, and sweeps his host away."
 " He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
 " With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.
 " The victims now they range in chosen bands,
 " And offer gifts with unpolluted hands:
 " When with loud voice, and arms uprear'd in air,
 " The hoary priest preferr'd this powerful prayer:
 " Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear:
 " Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
 " About this domethou walk'st thy constant round:
 " Still have my vows thy power propitious found.
 " Rous'd by my prayers ev'n now thy vengeance
 " burns,
 " And smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
 " Hear me once more; and let the suppliant foe
 " Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow."
 " He pray'd: and great Apollo heard his prayer.
 " The suppliants now their votive rites prepare:
 " Amidst the flames they cast the hallow'd bread,
 " And heaven-ward turn each victims destin'd head:
 " Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
 " And from each carcase rend the smoking hide,
 " On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,
 " And chosen morsels round the offering strow:
 " Mysterious rites. Then on the fire divine
 " The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
 " Himself the offering burns. On either hand
 " A troop of youths, in decent order stand.
 " On sharpen'd forks, obedient to the fire,
 " They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire,
 " Adorn the feast, see every dish well stor'd,
 " And serve the plenteous messes to the board.
 " When now the various feasts had cheer'd their
 " souls, [bowls,
 " With sparkling wines they crown the generous

The first libations to Apollo pay,
And solemnise with sacred hymns the day :
His praise in ló Pæans loud they sing,
And soothe the rage of the far-shooting king.
At evening, through the shore dispers'd they sleep,
Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.

When now, ascending from the shades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,
The daughter of the dawn : th' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their course renew.
The breezes freshen : for with friendly gales
Apollo swell'd their wide, distended, sails :
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side.
In safety to the destin'd port they pass'd,
And fix'd their bark with grappling haulsers fast ;
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coast,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.

But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,
Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
Th' assembled chiefs he shun'd with high disdain,
A band of kings : nor sought the hostile plain ;
But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.

Twelve days were past ; and now th' ethereal
train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again :
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
Shot through a big-swoln wave, and pierc'd the
skies.

At early morn she reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the residence of Jove.

On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart she found,
Above the rest. The earth beneath display'd
(A boundless prospect) his broad eye survey'd.
Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard ;
Then, suppliant, with submissive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd :

" If e'er, by rebel deities oppress'd,
" My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request,
" Since to short life my hapless son was born,
" Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
" Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
" Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd
" prey.

" Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
" And doubled honours to my offspring give."

She said. The god vouchsaf'd not to reply
(A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye) :
Once more around his knees the goddesses clung,
And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue :
" Oh ! speak. Or grant me, or deny my prayer.
" Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear ;
" That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
" The most despis'd of all the gods am I."

With a deep sigh the thundering power replies :
" To what a height will Juno's anger rise !
" Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
" My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
" I grant thy suit. But, hence ! depart unseen,
" And shun the sight of heaven's suspicious queen.
" Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
" When Jove propitious hears the powers divine ;

" The sign that ratifies my high command,
" That thus I will : and what I will shall stand."

This said, his kingly brow the fire inclin'd ;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god :
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod,

The goddesses smil'd : and, with a sudden leap,
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.

But Jove repair'd to his celestial towers :
And, as he rose, up-rose th' immortal powers.
In ranks, on either side, th' assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he pass'd.

To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives, Juno silence broke,
And thus, opprobrious her resentments spoke :

" False Jove ! what goddesses whispering did I
see ?

" O fond of counsels, still conceal'd from me !

" To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart

" One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart."

To whom the fire of gods and men reply'd ;

" Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.

" Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,

" Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.

" The thoughts and counsels, proper to declare,

" Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share :

" But, what my secret wisdom shall ordain,

" Think not to reach, for know the thought were
" vain.

" Dread Saturn's son, why so severe ?" replies

" The goddesses of the large majestic eyes. [show ;

" Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide, or

" Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.

" Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen

" To thy high throne, the silver-footed queen,

" Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides

" Aged and hoary in the deep resides.

" Thy nod assures me she was not deny'd :

" And Greece must perish for a madman's pride."

To whom the god, whose hand the tempest forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with
storms, [plain ?

Thus wrathful answer'd : " Dost thou still com-

" Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain !

" Should'st thou disclose the dark event to come,

" How wilt thou stop th' irrevocable doom !

" This serves the more to sharpen my disdain ;

" And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.

" Be silent then. Dispute not my command ;

" Nor tempt the force of this superior hand :

" Lest all the gods, around thee leagu'd, engage

" In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage."

Mute and abash'd she sat without reply,

And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,

Nor further durst th' offended fire provoke ;

The gods around him trembled, as he spoke,

When Vulcan, for his mother sore distress'd,

Turn'd orator, and thus his speech address'd :

" Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line

" Stir up debate among the powers divine,

" If things on earth disturb the blest abodes,

" And mar th' ambrosial banquet of the gods !

" Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
 " Though much more wise than I pretend to be :
 " Let me advise her silent to obey,
 " And due submission to our father pay.
 " Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise,
 " Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies.
 " For should he toss her from th' Olympian hill,
 " Who could resist the mighty monarch's will ?
 " Then thou to love the thunderer reconcile,
 " And tempt him kindly on us all to smile."

He said : and in his tottering hands up-bore
 A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.

" Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,
 " Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment,
 " Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, dismay'd,
 " Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
 " Great Jove shall reign for ever, uncontrol'd :
 " Remember, when I took thy part of old,
 " Caught by the heel he swung me round on high,
 " And headlong hurl'd me from th' etherial sky :
 " From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night ;
 " Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous sight,
 " The Sintians hardly could my breath recal,
 " Giddy and gasping with the dreadful fall."

She smil'd : and, smiling, her white arm display'd

To reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd.
 From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
 And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
 The gods laugh'd out, unwearied, as they spy'd
 The busy skinker hop from side to side.

Thus, feasting to the full, they pass'd away,
 In blissful banquets, all the live-long day,
 Nor wanted melody. With heavenly art
 The muses sung ; each muse perform'd her part.
 Alternate warbling ; while the golden lyre,
 Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
 The sun at length declin'd, when every guest
 Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to rest ;
 Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,
 A masterpiece of Vulcan's matchless skill.
 Ev'n he, the god, who heaven's great sceptre sways,
 And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
 His bed of state ascending, lay compos'd ;
 His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd :
 And at his side, all-glorious to behold,
 Was Juno lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping muse hath stay'd,
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires !
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave !
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of
 kings !

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd ;
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
 Oh, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
 To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
 Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
 In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
 And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven ;
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbodily mind ;
 A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world unwearied does he fly ?
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ;
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell ;
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below ?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
 A task well-suited to thy gentle mind ?
 Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend ;
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart ;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
 Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me ;
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite ;
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight ;
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care ;
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove ;
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious
 song ;

There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures
 grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, when'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other hills, however fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song.

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell,
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship
 try'd,

No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the flow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound:

And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear;
"Which says, I must not stay;
"I see a hand, you cannot see,
"Which beckons me away.
"By a false heart, and broken vows,
"In early youth I die:
"Was I to blame, because his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?
"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone:
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
"Nor think him all thy own.
"To-morrow, in the church to wed,
"Impatient, both prepare!
"But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
"That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
"This bridegroom blithe to meet,
"He in his wedding-trim so gay,
"I in my winding sheet."
She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green;
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

To Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'st thy summer flights in vain,
In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting beauty waits;
The boastful muse, of others fame so sure,
Implores thy aid to make her own secure;
The great, the fair, and, if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the arts solicit thee.

How canst thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe sever'd by the circling main;
Sought by the kings of every distant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd?
That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place,
Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,
Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns;
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line, with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
Vain care of parts; if, impotent of soul,
Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cool statue stiffens in the frame.
Thee nature taught, nor art her aid deny'd,
The kindest mistress, and the surest guide,
To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest light;
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy pallet lie the blended oils,
Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,
And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits, abound;
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life, O since the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth! flames unsubdued by age;
Though wealth, nor fame, now touch thy fated
mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind;
Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine;
Paint on, till fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

Or Marlborough's captains, and Eugenio's friends,
The last, Cadogan, to the grave descends:
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory
sprung, [sung.
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who
From his cold corse though every friend be fled,
Lo! envy waits, that lover of the dead;
Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's herse to mourn;
Thus wept insidious Churchill o'er thy urn;
To blast the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herself had tainted, trim'd anew.
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race.
Take every wish a British heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame.

An hour must come, when thou shalt hear with
rage
Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age:
Nor yet for this decline the generous strife,
These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life,
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Alive, though stain'd by every abject slave,
Secure of fame and justice in the grave.
Ah, no!—when once the mortal yields to fate,
The blast of fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
Or soothe the new inhabitant of light;
Who hears regardless, while fond man, distress'd,
Hangs on the absent, and laments the blest.

Farewell then fame, ill sought through fields
and blood,
Farewell unfaithful promiser of good:
Thou music, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier!
Through life pursued in vain, by death obtain'd,
When ask'd, deny'd us, and when given, disdain'd.

AN ODE,

Inscribed to the Earl of Sunderland, at Windsor.

Thou dome, where Edward first enroll'd
His red-cross knights and barons bold,
Whose vacant seats, by virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have fought:
Where Britain's foremost names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hostile nations moan,
Or brought a blessing on their own:

Once more a son of Spenser waits,
A name familiar to thy gates;
Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
The garter while thy founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted shield,
The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our fires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce sons of war confin'd,
The flower of chivalry, who drew
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew:
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
Or who, in jousts and tourneys skill'd,
Before their ladies eyes renown'd,
Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the list were join'd.
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimson crosses glow'd;
But, on just lawgivers bestow'd,
These emblems Cecil did invest,
And gleam'd on wife Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars;
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler constellations roll;
In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,
And near the Maid the * Balance hung.

Then, Spenser, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.

* Names of constellations.

What though the hero's flame repress'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breast!
Yet who more dauntless to oppose
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
Or view'd with less desiring eye!

The sage who large of soul surveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths, divide,
A nobler name in Windsor's shrine,
Shall leave, if right the muse divine,
Than sprung of old, abhor'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms, and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless muse his brow shall bind,
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
For those, whom bloody garlands crown,
The brass may breathe, the marble frown,
To him through every rescued land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

KENSINGTON-GARDEN.

"— Campos, ubi Troja fuit." — VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighbouring
lands

'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric, stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er
the rest,

Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd, [ny'd,
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause de-
And charm a people to her father's side. [known,

Long have these groves to royal guests been
Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who through gazing crowds, your captive
throng,

Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
'Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies:

If generous anguish for another's pains [veins,
Ere heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,

Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave.
The landskip now so sweet we well may praise:
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded street was seen;
Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pygmy race,
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every shade.
But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight:
There hew'd their houses in the arching rock;
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak;
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth.
Ev'n now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain:
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the shy leveret, or the mother-hare,
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd,
Hath fam'd King Pepin, and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendour of the fairy-race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame:
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows, doubled, shall be thine:

He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy;
Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confess'd;
A foot in height, how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rusty lance!
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd.
She, whom at distance thrones and princedom
view'd,

To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred)
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers distinguish'd and describ'd their use:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid, "There's no herb for love."

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret wo,
The poor shade shivering stands, and must not
break

His painful silence, till the mortal speak:
So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.
He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore
In words so melting, that compar'd with those
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux
Would sound like compliments, from country
clowns [gowns.

To red cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun

All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew:
'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept, ah, luckless pair!
Mid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul express'd:

"All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
"Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:
"Nor moon nor star in heaven's blue arch is seen
"With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
"Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take
"Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
"This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
"A world to me, a multitude in one.
"Oh, sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
"When the sky opens, and the evening dawns!
"Straight as the pink, that towers so high in air,
"Soft as the blow-bell! as the daisy fair!
"Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd
"An infant captive to this blissful shade!
"And blest the hand that did my form refine,
"And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
"Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
"And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
"Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
"Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
"So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
"A race of unknown demi-gods shall rise.
"O speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
"And sweetly swear my rising fears away."

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid re-
plies:

"By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,
"I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
"A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
"Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
"Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
"May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,
"May the keen east wind blight my favourite
"flowers,
"And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers,
"Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade
"There rather pine I a neglected maid,
"Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
"Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,
"Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
"In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine."

She ended: and with lips of rosy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,
Stifled his words. When from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing
sight!)

The monarch issued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
Nor spoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blast
That through the woodland echoed far and wide,
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;

And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
A faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
To love and praise can generous souls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praise, was thine.
Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
Where now the skies high Holland-House in-

vades,
And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
Thy dwelling stood: nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.

For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's
choice,

All fairy shouted with a general voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress'd,
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid,
The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful
bribes

He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes
And ere the night the face of heaven had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Meanwhile, driven back to earth, a lonely way
The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, chok'd with brakes and
thorns

Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
'Twas then a spreading stream, though now its
fame

Obscur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his
breast,

And thus in tears his kindred gods address'd.

"If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd
Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive,
found,

"And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
To grace his offspring, and assert my birth."

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides,
Rous'd at the news, the sea's stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.

As through the Thames her backward course she
guides,

Driven by his current up the refluxing tides,
Along his banks the pigmy legions spread,
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.

Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his fires:

"The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown,

"(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.

"See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom

"Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.

"Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,

"By him Azuriel and his king shall fall."

She said. They bow'd: and on their shields
up-bore

With shouts their new saluted emperor.

Ev'n Oriel smil'd: at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade

By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,

A slave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,

In the short course of one revolving day.

What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,

Felt his heart flutter in his little breast!

His thick embattled troops, with secret pride,

He views extended half an acre wide;

More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,

And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy muse, great Bard*, whose lofty strains

In battle join'd the pigmies and the cranes!

Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,

Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.

But simple I, and innocent of art,

The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,

The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,

And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to
arms,

To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.

Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,

A grove of needles glitter in the air;

Loose in the winds small ribbon-streamers flow,

Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,

And the gay host, that now its march pursues,

Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues,

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,

Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful fight.

In various robes their silken troops were seen,

The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green:

When blooming Brunswick, near the Danube's
flood,

First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades

Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.

In hope already vanquish'd by surprise,

In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;

Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,

And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes: and now in prospect
near,

But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear,

For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,

Wore his prime visier in a magic ring,

* Mr. Addison

A subtle sprite, that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess!
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant: and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy prince defies.

Forbear! rash youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandfire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can
move,

By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
Bat, tost in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
Not so Azuriel's: with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the sevenfold shield, and silken vest,
And lightly raz'd the lover's ivory breast.
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waste he cleaves
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms howe'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mould,
With azure varnish'd, and bedropt with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's
hands,

In its old strength and pristine beauty stands;
The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
And holds secure the coffee's sable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;
And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
Plung'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
The breast, to Kenna sacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes:
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies;
'Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to say,
'Kenna, farewell!' and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore,
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms con-
vey'd,
Through grots, and glooms, and many a coral shade.

The sea's great fire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly car:
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep de-
forms,

And works the madding ocean into storms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting
tides,

Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's
roar

It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The vallies trembled, and the forests shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
Where chok'd in blood was wretched Albion laid;
Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattell'd dwarfs with rage and scorn he
past,

And on their town his eye vindictive cast.

In deep foundations his strong trident cleaves.

And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves;

On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,

Which on the foe with force divine he flung:

Aghast the legions, in th' approaching shade,

Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,

That downward tumbling on the host below

Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.

Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together
lost,

And a whole empire falls to soothe sad Albion's
[ghost.]

Such was the period, long restrain'd by fate,
And such the downfall of the fairy state.

This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,

This dale possess they; and had still possess;

Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,

Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,

Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,

The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.

Now, where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round,

No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,

His towers and people fill one common grave,

A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay

Stunn'd and confounded a whole summer's day,

At length awak'd (for what can long restrain

Unbody'd spirits!) but awak'd in pain:

And as he saw the desolated wood,

And the dark den where once his empire stood,

Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes

In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:

He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,

The long possession of a thousand years.

Through bush, through brake, through groves
and gloomy dales,

Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery
vales,

Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,

And stop'd and started at each rustling wind.

Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands

Disperse and wander into different lands.

Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,

In silent glooms, impervious to the sky;

Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
 Where formidable Neptune never came,
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame;
 Some to dark woods and secret shade retreat:
 And some on mountains choose their airy seat.
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
 Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Mean while sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
 Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,
 And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
 What could she do? the fates alike deny
 The dead to live, or fairy forms to die. [tells

An herb there grows (the same old * Homer
 Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)
 Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
 A stem that bends with flowrets milky white,
 Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
 But secret kept from mortal men below.
 On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
 And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
 When lo! the little shape by magic power
 Grew less and less, contracted to a flower;
 A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
 To virgins sacred, and the snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she
 view'd, [dew'd,
 Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tear's be-
 Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
 And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
 Thus won from death each spring she sees him
 grow,
 And glories in the vegetable snow, [plains,
 Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's
 Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains,
 First leader of the flowery race aspires,
 And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,
 'Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
 Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
 Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
 In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
 It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage,
 Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade,
 Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
 'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna,
 came,

(Kenna, that gave the neighbouring town its name.)
 Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine,
 With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
 She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
 And picture out in plants the fairy town.
 To far-fam'd wife her flight unseen she sped,
 And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
 Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
 And plann'd that landship in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,
 Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
 The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
 And forms the town in all its ancient lines;

* *Odys. Lib. x.*

The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
 And girds the palace with a verdant square;
 Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
 He builds a city as he plants his greens.

With a sad pleasure the aerial maid
 This image of her ancient realms survey'd,
 How chang'd, how fall'n from its primæval state!
 Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
 Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
 And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
 Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
 And grace the grove, where Albion's skinmen reign.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Oh, form'd by nature, and refin'd by art!
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
 By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me?
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
 A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
 O, listen, while thy summers are my theme!
 Ah, soothe thy partner in his waking dream!
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
 Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his ma-
 zy train; [ray'd,
 Or where high Windsor, thick with greens ar-
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
 Already round the visionary seat
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen?
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round;
 And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died.
 Where early larks best tell the morning light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night;
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend;
 And oh! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove,
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade,
 What cheering scents those bordering banks ex-
 hale!

How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
 'Tis that thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
 He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
 Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
 The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn;
 Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
 Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies,
 Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
 The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
 Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
 And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
 Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
 While from thy needle rise the filken flowers,
 And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
 Resume the volume, and deceive the night.

Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress,
 Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest;
 Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every
 sense,
 And to sweet heaven commend thy innocence.
 Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
 Wife, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
 Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
 And specious joys are bought with real woe.
 See Flavia's pendants, large, well-spread, and
 right,
 The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
 Mark how th' embroider'd colonel sneaks away,
 To shun the withering dame that made him gay;
 That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame;
 That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame;
 This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
 And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
 Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
 Acquires strange wants that nature never knew,
 By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
 And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away;
 From goblets high-emboss'd, his wine must glide,
 Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide;
 Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
 And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
 For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
 The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
 This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
 And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
 Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
 Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage.
 And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
 Prone to ambition, to example blind,
 Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
 And the same errors be for ever new.
 Mean while in hope a guiltless country swain,
 My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
 Hail humble shades, where truth and silence dwell!
 Thou noisy town, and faithless court, farewell!
 Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!
 In life's by-road, that winds through paths un-
 known,
 My days, though number'd, shall be all my own.
 Here shall they end, (O, might they twice begin!)
 And all be white the fates intend to spin.

A POEM,

IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

Written under a Fit of the Gout.

"Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra—
 ——— Podagra hæc otia fecit."

HAIL, ancient book, most venerable code!
 Learning's first cradle, and its last abode!
 The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
 By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee.
 Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,
 Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.
 Thee will I sing, in comely waincoat bound,
 And golden verge enclosing thee around;
 The faithful horn before, from age to age,
 Preserving thy invaluable page;

Behind, thy patron saint In armour shines,
 With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines:
 Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
 Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
 Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
 Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.
 Or if to ginger-bread thou shalt descend,
 And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;
 Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
 Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold;
 Thou still shalt be my song—Apollo's choir
 I scorn t' invoke; Cadmus my verse inspire:
 'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
 Of all the learning which has since been taught,
 Soon made complete! for mortals ne'er shall know
 More than contain'd of old the Christ-crofs row;
 What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
 Wise matrons hence, ev'n to our children teach:
 But as the name of every plant and flower
 (So common that each peasant knows its power)
 Physicians in mysterious cant express,
 T' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees;
 So from the letters of our native tongue,
 Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung,
 Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
 And artful men strike out a gainful trade:
 Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
 And heedless youth catch at the shining bait;
 The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
 And * Tau's and Delta's make their mother's stare;
 Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
 And what's uncommon never costs too dear.
 Yet in all tongues the horn-book is the same,
 Taught by the Grecian master, or the English
 dame.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
 In which thou dost all other books excel?
 No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
 Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil;
 In idle pages no errata stand,
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
 No fullsome dedication here is writ,
 Nor flattering verse, to praise the author's wit;
 The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
 Nor various reading to confound the text:
 All parties in thy literal sense agree,
 Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
 Search we the records of an ancient date,
 Or read what modern histories relate,
 They all proclaim what wonders have been done
 By the plain letters taken as they run:
 "† Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
 "And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;
 "His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
 "And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued;
 "In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
 "None could suffice to stem the furious tide,
 "Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
 "And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat."
 Thy heavenly notes, like angels' music, cheer
 Departing souls, and soothe the dying ear.

* The Greek letters T, Δ.

† The advice given to Augustus, by Athenodorus the
 Stoic philosopher.

An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this savory lecture makes:
Great A he gravely read; th' important sound
The empty walls and hallow roof rebound:
Th' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.

Great B, the younker bauls; O heavenly breath!
What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel! great C, pronounc'd the boy;
The grandfire dies with ecstasy of joy.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds.
Of Essex hundreds fame gives this report,
But fame, I ween, says many things in sport.
Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite unknown,

Though few th' extent of thy vast empire own.
Whatever wonders magic spells can do
On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below;
What words profound and dark wise Mahomet spoke,

When his old cow an angel's figure took;
What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,
O mighty book! are all contain'd in you?
All human arts, and every science meet,
Within the limits of thy single sheet:

From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,
And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
And, lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Less frequent now, and less severe the fits:
Loose grew the chains which bound my useless feet;
Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat;
Surprising strength comes every moment on,
I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me cease, my hobling numbers stop,
And at thy handle hang my crutches up.

THERISTES;

OR, THE LORDLING,

The Grandson of a Ericklayer, Great-grandson of a Butcher.

THERISTES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed:
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride,
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward:
Pierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;

Voliva Tabula.—HOR.

Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing,
Judgment weak, and passion strong;
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From his father's scoundrel race,
Who could give the looby such airs;
Were they masons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the muse an answer,
From his atavus and grandfire;
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien,
In his dress and figure seen:
Hence that mean and fordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul:
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep:
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and smile:
Like a butcher doom'd for life,
In his mouth to wear his knife.
Hence he draws his daily food,
From his tenant's vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the mason side.
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount the ladder.
May he at his letter end
Mount alive, and dead descend.
In him tell me, which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of hell?

OXFORD:

A POEM.

Inscribed to Lord Lonsdale, 1707.

"Unum opus est intactæ palladis urbem
"Carminè perpetuo celebrare"—
HOR. I Od. vii.

WHILST you, my lord, adorn that stately seat,
Where shining beauty makes her soft retreat,
Enjoying all those graces, uncontrol'd,
Which noblest youths would die but to behold;
Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
A structure worthy of the founder's toil;
Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale shine
In each descendant of his noble line:
But most transported and surpriz'd we view
His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
Where charms and virtues join their equal grace,
Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely face.

Me fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
To famous Oxford and the muses bear,
Where, of all ranks, the blooming youths combine
To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
And snatch, with smiling joy, the laurel crown,
Due to the learned honours of the gown.
Here I, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
Delude the time with an unhallow'd song,
Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.

Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,
And all the gay variety expose?

For wheresoe'er I turn my wondering eyes,
Aspiring towers and verdant groves arise,
Immortal greens the smiling plains array,
And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

O! might your eyes behold each sparkling
dome,

And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam,
Lest ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,
Though pomp and state the costly seat display,
Where art so nicely has adorn'd the place,
That nature's aid might seem an useless grace;
Yet nature's smiles such various charms impart,
That vain and needless are the strokes of art.
In equal state our rising structures shine,
Fram'd by such rules, and form'd by such design,
That here, at once surpris'd and pleas'd, we view
Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new;
More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes
For warbling muses and inspiring gods.

Great * Vanbrook's self might own each artful
draught

Equal to models in his curious thought,
Nor scorn a fabric by our plans to frame,
Or in immortal labours sing their fame;
Both ways he saves them from destroying fate,
If he but praise them, or but imitate.

See, where the sacred † Sheldon's haughty dome
Rivals the stately pomp of ancient Rome,
Whose form, so great and noble seems design'd
T' express the grandeur of its founder's mind.
Here, in one lofty building, we behold
Whate'er the Latian pride could boast of old.
True, no dire combats feed the savage eye,
And strew the sand with sportive cruelty;
But, more adorn'd with what the muse inspires,
It far outshines their bloody theatres.
Delightful scene! when here, in equal verse,
The youthful bards their godlike queen rehearse,
To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
And sing the plains of Hockley and Judoign.

Next let the muse record our Bodley's feat ‡
Nor aim at numbers, like the subject, great:
All hail, thou fabric, sacred to the Nine,
Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine!
Who to thy praise attempts the dangerous flight,
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write;
His verse, like thee, a lofty dress should wear,
And breathe the genius which inhabits there;
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
And pay that fame, which first thyself didst give.

* Sir John Vanbrugh.

† The Theatre.

‡ The Bodleian Library.

So fountains, which through secret channels flow,
And pour above the floods they take below,
Back to their father ocean urge their way,
And to the sea, the streams it gave, repay.

No more we fear the military rage,
Nurs'd up in some obscure barbarian age;
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine,
From thick-scall'd heroes of the Gothic line,
Though pale the Romans saw those arms advance,
And wept their learning lost in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrors spread,
The living murder, and consume the dead,
In impious fires let noblest writings burn,
And with their authors share a common urn;
Only, ye fates, our lov'd Bodleian spare,
Be IT, and learning's self shall be your care,
Here every art and every grace shall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine,
Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow destruction to the Dardan line,
Whilst good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,
And, with his guardian gods, lulus bears,
Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.

Here still presides each sage's reverend shade,
In soft and easy grandeur laid;
Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Nor time itself their persons shall destroy,
Preserv'd within the living gallery *.

What greater gift could bounteous heaven be-
stow,

Than to be seen above, and read below?
With deep respect I bend my duteous head;
To see the faithful likenesses of the dead;
But O! what muse can equal warmth impart?
The painter's skill transcends the poet's art.
When round the pictur'd founders I descry,
With goodness soft, and great with majesty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their colleges they live;
My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
And pleasing tumults combat in my soul;
An humble awe my downcast eyes betray,
And only less than adoration pay,
Such were the Roman fathers, when o'ercome,
They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome;
Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,
And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.

Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,
Where feasting gods carouse upon the wall;
The nectar, which creating paint supplies,
Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes;
Who view, amaz'd, the figures heavenly fair,
And think they breathe the true Elysian air.
With strokes so bold, great Verrio's hand has
drawn

The gods in dwellings brighter than their own.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each bard of old;
Such lips, I think, did guide his charming tongue,
In such an air as this the poet sung;

* The Picture Gallery.

Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
 And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.
 Quite ravish'd, I pursue each image o'er,
 And scarce admire their deathless labours more.
 See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
 Each shade is critic, and each feature sneers;
 The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
 I more than see a fancied comedy;
 The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,
 And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow.
 But distant awe invades my beating breast,
 To see great Ormond in the paint exprest;
 With fear I view the figure from afar,
 Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
 But near approaches free my doubting mind,
 To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.

Here studious heads the graver tablet shows,
 And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
 The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
 And painted virgins far outshine the true.

Hail, colours, which with nature bear a strife,
 And only want a voice to perfect life;
 The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,
 And pays low homage to the lovely band;
 Within each frame a real fair believes,
 And vainly thinks the mimic canvass lives;
 Till, undeceiv'd, he quits th' enchanting show,
 Pleas'd with the art, though he laments it too.

So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
 And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,
 A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,
 Fit to invite, though not indulge his love;
 The mortal thought he saw his goddess shine,
 And all the lying graces look'd divine;
 But when with heat he clasp'd her fancied charms,
 The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms.

Loth to depart, I leave th' inviting scene,
 Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again;
 But still new objects give a new delight,
 And various prospects bless the wandering sight.

Aloft in state the airy towers arise,
 And with new lustre deck the wondering skies;
 Lo! to what height the schools ascending reach,
 Built with that art which they alone can teach;
 The lofty dome expands her spacious gate,
 Where all the decent graces jointly wait;
 In every shape the god of art resorts,
 And crowds of sages fill th' extended courts.

With wonders fraught the bright museum see,
 Itself the greatest curiosity!
 Where nature's choicest treasure, all combin'd,
 Delight at once, and quite confound the mind;
 Ten thousand splendors strike the dazzled eye,
 And form on earth another galaxy.

Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
 There temples seem to reach their native skies;
 Spires, towers, and groves, compose the various
 show,

And mingled prospects charm the doubting view;
 Who can deny their characters divine,
 Without resplendent, and inspir'd within?
 But, since above my weak and artless lays,
 Let their own poets sing their equal praise.

One labour more my grateful verse renews,
 And rears aloft the low-descending muse;

The building *, parent of my young essays,
 Asks in return a tributary praise.
 Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
 And antique sages tread the pompous height;
 Whilst guardian muses shade the happy piles,
 And all around diffuse propitious smiles.
 Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,
 Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place:
 To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
 The theme at once, and patron of our song.
 Long may he o'er his much-lov'd queen's preside,
 Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide;
 Till after-ages, fill'd with glad surprise,
 Behold his image all majestic rise,
 Where now in pomp a venerable band,
 Princes and queens, and holy fathers, stand.
 Good Eggesfield † claims homage from the eye,
 And the hard stone seems soft with piety;
 The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
 And every marble frown provokes the war;
 Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
 Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
 A fight less noble did the warriors yield,
 Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield;
 Distorting fear the coward's form confess,
 And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast;
 The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,
 And all the soul was in the stone display'd.

Too high, my verse, has been thy daring flight,
 Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
 Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
 And cheerful objects happy songs inspire,
 At once bestow rewards, and thoughts infuse,
 Compose a garland, and supply a muse.

Behold around, and see the living green
 In native colours paints a blooming scene;
 Th' eternal buds no deadly winter fear,
 But scorn the coldest season of the year;
 Apollo sure will bless the happy place,
 Which his own Daphne condescends to grace;
 For here the everlasting laurels grow,
 In every grotto, and on every brow.
 Prospects so gay demand a Congreve's strains,
 To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains;
 Pan yields his empire o'er the sylvan throng,
 Pleas'd to submit to his superior song;
 Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
 And Spenser's shade resigns the rural crown.

Fill'd with great thoughts, a thousand sages
 rove
 Through every field and solitary grove;
 Whose souls, ascending an exalted height,
 Outsoar the drooping muse's vulgar flight,
 That longs to see her darling votaries laid
 Beneath the covert of some gentle shade,
 Where purling streams and warbling birds con-
 spire

To aid th' enchantments of the trembling lyre.

Bear me, some God, to Christ-Church, royal seat,
 And lay me softly in the green retreat,
 Where Aldrich holds o'er wit the sovereign power,
 And crowns the poets which he taught before.

* Queen's College Library.

† Robert Eggesfield, B. D. the founder, 1340.

To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The noblest trophy of the conquer'd isle;
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill
fought,

Unfetter'd, in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels whilst his hero fights;
Pursues the bard, whilst he with honour can,
Equals the poet, and excels the man. [round,

O'er all the plains, the streams, and woods a-
The pleasing lays of sweetest bards resound;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And listening river-gods neglect their urns.
When Codrington * and Steele their verse unrein,
And form an easy, unaffected strain,
A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as soft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harrison, with tuneful skill, [Hill;
Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Cooper's
Old Chaucer from th' Elysian fields looks down,
And sees at length a genius like his own; [low,
Charm'd with his lays, which reach the shades be-
Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul,
The fatal poignard, and envenom'd bowl.

Apollo smiles on Magd'len's peaceful bowers,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flowers,
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every muse was fond of Addison.
Applauded man! for weightier trusts design'd,
For once disdain not to unbend thy mind;
Thy mother Isis and her groves rehearse,
A subject not unworthy of thy verse;
So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise,
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays:
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'st shall give to thee,
Isis, immortal by the poet's skill,
" Shall, in the smooth description, murmur still †;"
New beauties shall adorn our sylvan scene,
And in thy numbers grow for ever green.

Danby's fam'd gift ‡ such verse as thine requires,
Exalted raptures, and celestial fires;
Apollo here should plenteously impart,
As well his singing, as his curing art;
Nature herself the healing garden loves,
Which kindly her declining strength improves,
Baffles the strokes of unrelenting death,
Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.
How sweet the landskip! where, in living trees,
Here frowns a vegetable Hercules!
There fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
And looks yet angry in the mimic scene;
Here artful birds, which blooming arbours show,
Seem to fly higher, whilst they upwards grow,
From the same leaves both arms and warriors rise,
And every bough a different charm supplies.

* The great benefactor to All-souls College.

† Letter from Italy, by Mr. Addison.

‡ The Physic-garden at Oxford.

So when our world the great Creator made,
And, unadorn'd, the sluggish chaos laid,
Horror and Beauty own'd their fire the same,
And Form itself from Parent Matter came,
That lumpish mass alone was source of all,
And Bards and Themes had one original.

In vain the groves demand my longer stay,
The gentle Isis wafts the muse away;
With ease the river guides her wandering stream,
And hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame,
Attempting poets on her banks lie down,
And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon,
Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the streams.

Bless'd we, whom bounteous fortune here has
thrown,

And made the various blessings all our own!
Nor crowns, nor globes, the pageantry of state,
Upon our humble, easy slumbers wait;
Nor aught that is ambition's lofty theme
Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the state,
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,
And learn from fame the rough events of war;
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verse.

See how the matchless youth their hours im-
prove,

And in the glorious way to knowledge move!
Eager for fame, prevent the rising sun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts restrain,
Who leave dull Time, and hasten into man,
Pure to the soul, and pleasing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wise.

Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And, by the lives of heroes, form their own;
Now view the Granique chok'd with heaps of
slain,

And warring worlds on the Pharfalian plain;
Now hear the trumpets clangour from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,
And search the fine-spun arts that made it great,
Correct those errors that its ruin bred,
And bid some long-lost empire rear its ancient
head,

Others, to whom persuasive arts belong
(Words in their looks, and music on their tongue),
Instructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
Learn richly to adorn their native home;
Whilst listening crowds confess the sweet surprise,
With pleasure in their breasts, and wonder in their
eyes.

Here curious minds the latent seeds disclose,
And nature's darkest labyrinths expose;
Whilst greater souls the distant words descry,
Pierce to the outstretch'd borders of the sky,
Enlarge the searching mind, and broad expand
the eye.

O you, whose rising years so great began,
In whose bright youth I read the shining man,
O Lonsdale, know what noblest minds approve,
The thoughts they cherish, and the arts they love,

Let these examples your young bosom fire,
 And bid your soul to boundless height aspire.
 Methinks I see you in our shades retir'd,
 Alike admiring, and by all admir'd :
 Your eloquence now charms my ravish'd ear,
 Which future senates shall transported hear,
 Now mournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,
 And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow,
 Whilst on the paper fancy'd fields appear,
 And prospects of imaginary war ;
 Your martial soul sees Hockstet's fatal plain,
 Or fights the fam'd Ramilia o'er again.

But I in vain these lofty names rehearse,
 Above the faint attempts of humble verse,
 Which Garth should in immortal strains design,
 Or Addison exalt with warmth divine ;
 A meaner song my tender voice requires,
 And fainter lays confess the fainter fires,
 By nature fitted for an humble theme,
 A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream,
 To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
 Whilst Echo's self resounds the flattering lays ;
 Or, whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise,
 Paint roses on her cheeks, and suns within her eyes.

O, did proportion'd height to me belong,
 Great Anna's name should grace th' ambitious song ;

Illustrious dames should round their queen resort,
 And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court ;
 Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,
 But share the ancient honours of his race ; [eyes
 Whilst each fair daughter's face and conquering
 To Venus only should submit the prize.

O matchless beauties ! more than heavenly fair,
 Your looks resistless, and divine your air,
 Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuse,
 And no fond bard shall ask an useless muse ;
 Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
 Give beauty to the song, and music to the lyre.

This charming theme I ever could pursue,
 And think the inspiration ever new,
 Did not the God my wandering pen restrain ;
 And bring me to his Oxford back again.

Oxford, the goddess muse's native home,
 Inspir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome !
 Hadst thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,
 And Pagan muses chose thy lovely seat,

O, how unbounded had their fiction been !
 What fancy'd visions had adorn'd the scene !
 Upon each hill a Sylvan Pan had stood,
 And every thicket boasted of a God ;
 Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
 And not a stream without its nymphs could move ;
 Each summit had the train of Muses show'd,
 And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd ;
 The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
 Had look'd almost as charming as the place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with transports own
 Those fictions by more wond'rous truths outdone ;
 Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
 And Themis smiles from Heaven on this retreat ;
 Our chaster graces own refin'd desires,
 And all our muses burn with vestal fires ;
 Whilst guardian-angels our Apollo's stand,
 Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand
 To bless the happy air, and sanctify the land. }

O pleasing shades ! O ever-green retreats !
 Ye learned grottos ! and ye sacred seats !
 Never may you politer arts refuse,
 But entertain in peace the bashful muse !
 So may you be kind Heav'n's distinguish'd care,
 And may your fame be lasting, as 'tis fair !
 Let greater bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,
 Or taste th' inspir'd Heliconian stream ;
 Yet, whilst our Oxford is the blest abode
 Of every muse, and every tuneful god,
 Parnassus owns its honours far outdone,
 And Isis boasts more bards than Helicon.

A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe,
 But you, my Lord, th' inspiring muse bestow ;
 Grac'd with your name th' unpolish'd poem shines,
 You guard its faults, and consecrate the lines,
 O might you here meet my desiring eyes,
 My drooping song to nobler heights would rise ;
 Or might I come to breathe your northern air,
 Yet should I find an equal pleasure there ;
 Your presence would the harsher climate soothe,
 Hush every wind, and every mountain smooth ;
 Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise,
 And open charming vista's to the eyes ;
 Would make my trifling verse be heard around,
 And sportive echo play the empty sound :
 With you I should a better Phœbus find,
 And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

Containing

THE CHASE,
HOBBINOL,
FIELD-SPORTS,
THE BOWLING-GREEN,



ODES,
EPISTLES,
FABLES,
TALES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

—Attend, ye vocal throng,
SOMERVILE meditates th' adventurous song.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
His numerous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.
From him, ye British youths, a vigorous race,
Imbibe the various science of the *Chase*.

NIXON'S EPISTLE TO SOMERVILE.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1794.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

THE LIFE OF THE NOTARY

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

THE LIFE OF SOMERVILE.

THE family of Somervile was originally from Normandy; and came to England with William the Conqueror, in 1066. Sir Walter de Somervile had a considerable command in the Conqueror's army; and was rewarded for his services, with the lordship of Whichenovre in Staffordshire, and Aston in Gloucestershire. His eldest son, Sir Walter de Somervile, succeeded him in the lordship of Whichenovre; and from him was descended Sir Philip de Somervile, lord of Whichenovre, in the reign of Henry V. who held the lands of Whichenovre, Scirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, of the Earls of Lancaster, by the memorable service of giving a fitch of bacon, as a reward to any husband and wife, who could say, that they never had the least difference, nor contradicted one another, within the space of twelve months after marriage, &c. The male line of the Whichenovre family is long since extinct, having ended in a daughter, married to Stafford Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII. William de Somervile, the second son of the first Sir Walter, having contracted a friendship with David I. King of Scotland, when he was in England, accompanied him to Scotland, and obtained from him the barony of Carnwath in Lanarkshire, where he settled. He was the progenitor of the present Lord Somerville, and the other families of that name in Scotland.

Roger de Somervile, the third son of the first Sir Walter, got from his father the lordship of Aston in Gloucestershire, which, after him, was called Somervile-Aston.

Sir John Somervile, his grandson, obtained by marriage several estates in Warwickshire, which, with Somervile-Aston, descended to Robert Somervile, Esq. his lineal representative, father of William Somervile, the poet, who was born at Edston in Warwickshire, in 1692.

He tells of himself, in his *Ode to General Stanhope*, that he was born near *Avona's winding stream*; and Ramsay, his contemporary and admirer, in an encomiastic epistle addressed to him, on reading several of his excellent poems, gives a metrical, but inaccurate account of his illustrious lineage, and that of his "noble kinsman."

You both from one great lineage spring,
Both from de Somervile, who came
With William, England's conqu'ring king,
To win fair plains and lasting fame.
Whichnour he left to 's eldest son,
That first-born chief you represent;
The second came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'le takes descent.

Of the personal history of Somervile, some dates, and some few facts, scarce more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tombstone, are all the memorials that have descended to posterity.

A poet, while living, it has been well observed, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition and familiar practices: "the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour."

He was educated at Winchester school, and afterward chosen to one of the vacancies in New College, Oxford.

In the places of his education, tradition has preserved no account of his having displayed any uncommon proofs of his genius or literature.

It is probable that he was not negligent of study; and, it is certain, that he made a considerable proficiency in classical learning, and discovered an early propensity to poetry.

It is not known how long he resided at Oxford, or what literary or political connections he formed there; but he seems to have been an early friend to the Hanover succession, and other measures resulting from principles of freedom.

When the Tory ministers of Queen Anne removed the Duke of Marlborough from all his places, he addressed an *Ode* to him, which stands high among the most distinguished compositions of that time.

It was followed, in 1712, by an *Ode*, occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's embarking for Ostend; which, though less elevated, has some fine encomiastic strains.

After the accession of King George, he preserved his attachment to the Whig party; and addressed an *Ode to General Stanhope*, one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State, afterward Earl Stanhope, in which he is constant to his theme, and mingles the praises of Marlborough and Stanhope with appropriate encomiums on Milton, and Addison, and other English poets, whose efforts have been directed to support the cause of freedom.

When Addison purchased an estate in Warwickshire, his native county, he did not miss so fair an occasion of showing his respect for that great man, and of doing honour to the seat of his illustrious ancestors, and the birth-place of the immortal Shakspeare.

Contending nations ancient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name,
Our happier soil the prize shall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.—
Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,
Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakspeare's birth;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides—
Here, on the painted borders of the flood
The babe was born, his bed with roses strew'd;
Here, in an ancient venerable dome,
Opprest with grief, we view the poet's tomb!

His compliment to Addison, as a teacher of moral and religious truth, is expressed with admirable felicity and delicacy.

When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your *CLIO* to the virgin's aid,
Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew,
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.

He was now distinguished as a poet, and came forward among the rest, with verses to the author of the *Essay on Man*, and an *Epistle to Mr. Thomson*, on the first edition of his *Seasons*.

He was no less distinguished as an accomplished gentleman, an active and skilful sportsman, and a useful justice of the peace.

Inheriting an estate of fifteen hundred a-year, he lived chiefly in the country; and set a good example to men of his own class, by devoting part of his time to elegant knowledge; the subjects which his poetry has adorned, show that it is practicable to be at once a skilful sportsman and a man of letters.

He was a man of high spirit; and seems to have practised an unbounded hospitality, and to have been wholly negligent of economy, by which he impaired his fortune, and subjected himself to distresses, which met with but little commiseration from his unfeeling neighbours.

In 1730, he concluded a bargain with James Lord Somerville (who claimed and obtained, in 1722, the ancient peerage that had been dormant since 1618), for the reversion of his estate at his death.

His connection with Lord Somerville probably occasioned his poetical correspondence with Ramsay, who was patronised by that nobleman.

He was the intimate friend of Shenstone, who was his neighbour, and by whom he was too much resembled in his negligence of economy.

"I loved Mr. Somerville," says Shenstone, "because he knew so perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification of money."

In the latter part of his life, he wrote *The Chase*, which raised his reputation very high among sportsmen, and men of letters, and by which he is best known. It is written with equal vigour and elegance, and justly ranks among the best didactic poems in the English language.

It was followed by *Hobbinol*, a burlesque poem, dedicated to Hogarth; and *Field Sports*, a poem on hawking, addressed to Frederick Prince of Wales, and printed in 1742.

"Mr. Somerville's poem upon hawking, called *Field Sports*," says Shenstone, in his letter to Mr. Graves, "was sent to Mr. Lyttleton, to be read to the Prince, to whom it is inscribed. It seems he is fond of hawking."

Of the close of his life, those whom his poems have delighted, will read with pain the following account, copied from the letters of his friend Shenstone.

"Our old friend Somerville is dead! I did not imagine I could have been so sorry as I find myself upon this occasion. *Sublatum quærimus*. I can now excuse all his foibles, impute them to age, and to distress of circumstances; the last of these considerations wrings my very soul to think on. For a man of high spirit, conscious of having (at least in one production) generally pleased the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are very low in every sense; to be forced to drink himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a misery."

He died July 19, 1742, in the 50th year of his age, and was buried at Wotton, near Henley, on Arden.

His estate, inherited from a long line of ancestors, devolved to Lord Somerville, chargeable with a jointure of six hundred a-year to his mother, who lived till ninety.

His *Chase*, *Hobbinol*, and *Field Sports*, have been frequently printed; and are inserted with his *Occasional Poems*, *Translations*, *Fables*, and *Tales*, in the collection of the "English Poets" 1779, and 1790.

From Lady Luxborough's "Letters to Shenstone," p. 211, it appears that he translated *Alzire*, from Voltaire, which was then in MS., in her possession; together with several "little poems and impromptus, which," she says, "are, for the most part, too trivial or too local for the press."

Somerville is, by his contemporaries, allowed to have been a man of very great benevolence, and of very agreeable manners.

Shenstone, who knew him well, has transmitted to posterity a very advantageous idea of his private character, as well as his capacity as a poet.

Near Avon's banks, on Arden's flowery plain,
A tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning wave,
And funny Cotfol' fondly lov'd the swain;
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave.

Oh lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree,
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee!

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear;
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.——*Eleg. xviii.*

He was much esteemed for his amiable and estimable qualities by Lady Luxborough, the sister of Lord Bolingbroke; who "seemed," says Shenstone, "in all respects the female Lord Bolingbroke." Her correspondence with Shenstone exhibits many unequivocal testimonies of her veneration for his virtue and his genius. "I return," says she, "Mr. Somerville's picture. I think it very like Worledge's, and indeed very like Mr. Somerville; but, methinks, it scarcely does him justice, as some of the least agreeable features in his face are rather too strongly marked; as under the eyes, for example; and I think, as he was very fair, the pencil might be fainter. But, upon the whole, had I not another of him, I would not give this for a great sum." In another place: "As to the urn for Mr. Somerville, my present design is to place it under the great double oak, as himself expresses it, "under the oak's protecting shade." It will be like raising a throne as well as a monument for Mr. Somerville; and, could he see it, he would, I believe, think himself more honourably placed, than if he was *kicked* down below one's feet, which might offend his elevated spirit." Again: "Mr. Allen proposes, that below where Mr. Somerville's name, &c. is placed, should be added,

Multis ille bonis flebiliis occidit."

I think with him, that this motto will record him as a man who deserved the esteem of every good man, and was regretted accordingly. But you and I may both be in the right in agreeing to the inscription's being in English.

Sacred to the Memory of
WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQUIRE.

"I am charmed with your thought of alluding to the *Chase*, which you very justly say *would be the most proper ornament, a wreath and French-born*. As the reason of my erecting it is to be plainly understood to mean no more than my esteem for him as a worthy man, and a good poet, who had honoured me with his friendship, I should like the whole to be as plain as possible; that is to say, as far as is consistent with expressing my friendship for Mr. Somerville, and his poetical genius, trophies of which must undoubtedly be on one side the urn. Neither would I have it expensive; but I would express with as much simplicity as possible, my respect for his memory, without flattery or pomp; and that it was my friendship only which made me raise this memorandum of him. So that my first thought of all was, only to have had an altar, without any urn, and something wrote upon it equivalent to what you have put round the blazing altar you drew out in your letter, viz. *Sacred to Friendship*, or to that effect." In her letter, April 25, 1750, she writes: "As to the urn, I told you it was erected. As the motto Mr. Allen, and that you had chose, cannot, in your opinion, be on each side the same plinth, and neither of them singly take in both the moral and the poetical character of Mr. Somerville, nor my friendship, I searched Francis's Horace, with a view to find *one* only that should express, in some measure, the whole. The motto is,

Debita sparge lacryma favillam
Vatis Amici.

This upon the plinth, and under it on the pedestal over the wreath, Mr. Somerville's name in Latin, and ^{H. L.}_{P.} and, at bottom, the date of the year he died, because of the word *favillam*. I do not imagine *Author of the Chase* can be put agreeably into Latin; and, I confess, it appears to me, that the emblematical *born, wreathed with laurel*, will suffice to put all who know him, in mind of that poetical performance, without any explanation by words."

His character as a poet, as given by Dr. Johnson, may be generally allowed, with some exception to his unreasonable dislike of blank verse and burlesque poetry.

"Somerville has tried many modes of poetry; and though perhaps he has not in any reached such excellence as to raise much envy, it may commonly be said, at least, that "he writes very well for a gentleman." His serious pieces are sometimes elevated, and his trifles are sometimes elegant. In his *Verses to Addison*, the couplet which mentions CLIO, is written with the most exquisite delicacy of

praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained. In his *Odes* to Marlborough, there are beautiful lines. His subjects are commonly such as require no great depth of thought, or energy of expression. His *Fables* are generally stale; and therefore excite no curiosity. Of his favourite, *The Two Springs*, the fiction is unnatural, and the moral inconsequential. In his *Tales*, there is too much coarseness, with too little ease of language, and not sufficient rapidity of narration.

“ His great work is his *Chase*, which he undertook in his maturer age, when his ear was improved to the approbation of blank verse; of which, however, his two first lines give a bad specimen. To this poem praise cannot be totally denied. He is allowed by sportsmen, to write with great intelligence of his subject, which is the first requisite to excellence; and, though it is impossible to interest the common readers of verse, in the dangers or pleasures of the chase, he has done all that transition and variety could effect; and has, with great propriety, enlarged his plan, by the modes of hunting used in other countries.

“ With still less judgment did he choose blank verse as the vehicle of *Rural Sports*. If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose—and familiar images in laboured language, have nothing to recommend them but absurd novelty, which, wanting the attractions of nature, cannot please long.—One excellence of the “*Splendid Shilling*,” is, that it is short. Disguise can gratify no longer than it deceives.”

THE WORKS OF SOMERVILLE.

PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recal to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gaieties of life.

"Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris;

"Contendunt ludo, et sulvâ luctantur arenâ :

"Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.

"Arma procul, currûsque virûm miratur inanes.

"Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti

"Per campum pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm

"Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes

"Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos."———VIRG. *Æneid.* vi.

Part on the grassy cirque their pliant limbs
In wrestling exercise, or on the sands
Struggling dispute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief their arms admire, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharness'd
steeds

Graze unrestrain'd; horses, and cars, and arms,
All the same fond desires, and pleasing cares,
Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

I hope, therefore, I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious part of mankind) if at my leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, some of those chases, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result of these rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which, if equally diverting to my readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts

with so many descriptions and digressions, in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this, at least, I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

It is most certain, that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulyssus, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were *μαθηταὶ κυνηγετικῶν*, disciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. Xen. *Cynegetic.* And Pliny observes, those who were designed for great captains, were first taught "certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu:" to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed; with the boldest, in strength; with the most cunning, in craft and subtilty. Plin. *Panegy.* And the Roman emperors, in those monuments they erected, to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do justice to this heroic exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratus was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verse:

"Aptaque venanti Gratus arma dabit."

Lib. iv. *Pont.*

Gratus shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratus, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil, in his third Georgic, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses; and

what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs.

"Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossū."
Georg. iii.

The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. "Pasce sero pingui." He has, it is true, touched upon the Chase, in the 4th and 7th books of the *Æneid*. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me, that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll, given us by Ovid, in his story of *Actæon*, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of *Pere de Montfaucon*, taken from the sepulchre of the *Nafos*, and the arch of *Constantine*, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs followed by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the "*odora canum vis*." Thus *Nemesianus* says,

"Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
"Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia mon-
"strant."

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
And trail the hare unto her secret form.

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those hounds, which he calls *ixvovnges*, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the *Belles Lettres* nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the

most enduring to follow the chase. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, essay, will show the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous *Galen* recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well skilled in human nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio*.

The gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical, but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the *Paradise Lost*, *Mr. Smith's* poem in memory of his friend *Mr. John Philips*, and the *Archbishop of Cambray's* letter to *Monsieur Fontenelle*, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of *Milton*, *Philips*, *Thomson*, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

"En age, segnes,
"Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæ-
"ron,
"Taygetique canes, demitrixque Epidaurusequo-
"rum; [git."
"Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remu-
VIRG. Georg. iii.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingering cares of life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
The hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the generous steed; the hunter's shouts
And cheering cries, assenting woods return.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq.

ON HIS POEM CALLED THE CHASE.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the steep ascent to fame,
 And honours due to deathless merit claim;
 To a weak muse a kind indulgence lend,
 Fond with just praise your labours to commend,
 And tell the world that Somervile's her friend. }
 Her incense guiltless of the forms of art
 Breathes all the huntsman's honesty of heart;
 Whose fancy still the pleasing scene retains
 Of Edric's villa, and Ardenna's plains:
 Joys, which from change superior charms receiv'd,
 The horn hoarse sounding by the lyre reliev'd:
 When the day crown'd with rural chaste delight,
 Relinquishes obsequious to the festive night;
 The festive night awakes th' harmonious lay,
 And in sweet verse recounts the triumphs of the
 day.

Strange! that the British muse should leave so
 long,

The chase, the sport of Britain's kings, unsung!
 Distinguish'd land! by Heaven indulg'd to breed,
 The stout, sagacious hound, and generous steed;
 In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,
 To celebrate the glorious sylvan toil.
 For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,
 God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?
 Our vows are heard.—Attend, ye vocal throng,
 Somervile meditates th' adventurous song.
 Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
 His numerous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.
 From him, ye British youths, a vigorous race,
 Imbibe the various science of the chase;
 And while the well-plann'd system you admire,
 Know Brunswick only could the work inspire;
 A Georgic muse awaits Augustan days,
 And Somervile's will sing, when Frederick's give
 the bays.

JOHN NIXON.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE CHASE.

ONCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,
 And in my bosom feel poetic fire.
 For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
 To pay my humble tribute to thy lays,
 What, though I daily turn each learned sage,
 And labour through the unenlighten'd page:
 Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,
 As flints give fire when aided by the steel.
 Though in sulphureous clouds of smoke confin'd,
 Thy rural scenes spring fresh into my mind.
 Thy genius in such colours paints the chase,
 The real to fictitious joys give place.
 When the wild music charms my ravish'd ear,
 How dull, how tasteless Handel's notes appear!
 Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns,
 He yields—but to the music of thy lines.
 If friends to poetry can yet be found;
 Who without blushing sense prefer to sound;
 Then let this soft, this soul-enslaving band,
 These warbling minstrels, quit the beggar'd land.
 They but a momentary joy impart,
 'Tis you, who touch the soul, and warm the heart.
 How tempting do thy sylvan sports appear!
 Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an ear,
 Might her fond lust of power a while compose,
 And gladly change it for thy sweet repose.
 No fierce, unruly senates, threaten here,
 No axe, no scaffold, to the view appear,
 No envy, disappointment, and despair. }
 Here, blest vicissitude, whene'er you please,
 You step from exercise to learned ease:
 Turn o'er each classic page, each beauty trace,
 The mind unwearied in the pleasing chase.
 Oh! would kind Heaven such happiness bestow,
 Let fools, let knaves, be masters here below.
 Grandeur and place, those baits to catch the wise,
 And all their pageant train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

F f iiiij

THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

"Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema."—VIRG. Georg. iii.

"Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,

"Vitæque, et membris."—HOR. 1 Ep. xviii.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chase. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou great prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal youth
Passing they view, admire and sigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious youth!

And if, in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and innur'd to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage through th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee
The nobler chase of glory shall pursue
Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of
death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height:
So mimic art works leisurely, till time
Improve the piece, or wise experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland-green with purple dye,
New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scour the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at th' unusual sound, and clamorous shout
Unheard before; surpris'd, alas! to find [lord,
Man now their foe, when erst they deem'd their
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood:
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last,
Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smoke a sacrifice
To that all-gracious power, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began

The chase of beasts: though bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's labouring race,
Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food*. So just is Heaven,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-time
Some few improvements made, but short as yet
Of due perfection. In this isle remote,
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
His listening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd isle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis given
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Cheerful his course? and ere his beams decline,
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrival'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race,
In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,
The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vigorous youths, by smiling fortune blest
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor: To rein the steed
Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack,
Opening in consorts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping through every vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; though blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,

And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch
And bask in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the streaming light and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light: if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the muses aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: For use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
And all his future triumphs, must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep
And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way. Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide enclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care:
In a large square th' adjacent field enclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Restless, and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Courting around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye,
Attend their frolics, which too often end

* Gen. chap. ix. ver 3.

In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the
ground,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcase on th' ensanguin'd plain.
O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chase, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful soil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey:
And in imperfect whimperings speaks his joy.

A different hound for every different chase
Select with judgment; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murderous, coursing crew; intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just
Heaven!

And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play: by nature led
A thousand shifts she tries; t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance
blithe,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose
Upward he curls, and his large floe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy!
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints: his ears and legs
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round cat foot, strait ham, and wide-spread
thighs,

And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,

His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in every part
So well proportion'd that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds; but if too small,
The pigmy brood in every furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the sheltering thorn.
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chase,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round
head

Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And shake the forests: The bold Talbot kind
Of these the prime; as white as Alpine snows;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilfering race; well train'd and
skill'd

In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport:
Not more expert in every fraudulent art
Th' arch* felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the footy cloud, and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth; for soon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging heaven!
Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe.
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn

* Cacus, *Virg. Æn. lib. viii.*

Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way :
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers :
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick ; his snuffing nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy ; then with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
'Th' audacious felon ; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues ; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey :
So exquisitely delicate his sense ! [quire

Should some more curious sportsman here in-
Whence this sagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing step by step, or man or brute ?
What guide invisible points out their way,
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain ?
The courteous muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ferous particles evade
'Through th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd.
The panting chase grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires ;
Leaves a long streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks re-
pay,

And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forebode a blustering stormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease ; listless they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invoc'd ; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their
tails

Inverted ; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours ; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead ;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome,
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well bred,
polite,

Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how low,
The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples gingling by his side.
Be thou of other mold ; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remark-
able instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and
in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the
variety of seats or forms of the hare, according
to the change of the season, weather, or wind.
Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts,
interspersed with rules to be observed by those
who follow that chase. Transition to the Asia-
tic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent
manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartar-
ian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and
the history of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes
with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of
mankind.

Nor will it less delight th' attentive sage
T' observe that instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimic's reason's lore,
And oft transcends : Heaven-taught, the roe-buck
swift

Loiters at ease before the driving pack
And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued ; strain'd to excess each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;
Then o'er the lawn he hounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode : With step revers'd
She forms the doubling maze ; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess,

As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp, now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacher-

ous wiles
Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary and close they sit.
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: When summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide waving fields
Of corn full grown, they lead their helpless young:
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert: Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
In the long grafs they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are
shorn;

Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stor'd
And groaning saddles bend beneath their load,
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Saron's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd beagle
climbs

With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread

O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chaunt, nor brook my long delay,
My courser hears their voice; see there, with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play:
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstacy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
The rising sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on! behind the clustering pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud clanging, and thy harsher voice obey:
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves;
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where nature kind
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank
mead

Affords the wandering hares a rich repast;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they
spread,

And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the jostling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along:
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more assur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she
doubts

If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grafs that
clings

Around her head, of the same russet hue
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes

With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman,
bring

(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let
loose

From the dark caverns of the blustering god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while she's spur'd on by
fear,

The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to joy!
See how their courfers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce
print

The grass unbruised; with emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: The riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by
turns

Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track,
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch
The frighted chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy death
Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where these towering
oaks

Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! the hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding
notes,

The pack wide opening load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman
leaves

Th' unfinished furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy! men, boys, and girls,
Desert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds

Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon opening glade
Slips glancing by! while, at the further end,
The puzzling back unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspires
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pondering, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvass wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion tost;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our labouring steeds
We press, we gore; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting; there we breathe a while;
Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrival'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
Sinking he finds: then to the head he springs
With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells,
Sally'd a while, at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage
Recovering all they lost! That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshows. Ah! yet once
more [hand
They're check'd, hold back with speed—on either
They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right,
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chase
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd
secure,

With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!
The sweat, that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce
leaves

A languid scent. And now in open view
See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till, round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threïcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus'
banks,

Return'd their clamorous rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she
lies

A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and stiffens every limb.
Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their master's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they
wind

Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur of the chase;
Hear what the muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sopy, with his numerous host,
Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor: but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword! on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,

And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod:
And potent rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here submit
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court: a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye; one look is death.
A cruel eastern law! (had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray,
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd with stern review,
Through groves of spears, from file to file he darts
His sharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
More numerous of old, which the great king*
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East;
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference; full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chase,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command,
Those execute with speed, and punctual care;
In all the strictest discipline of war:
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high resolve
That flies on wings through all th' encircling line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the sun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb:
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems;

* Xerxes.

And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunter's range
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they
drive

From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they
fly,

Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes; growling along,
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and
fires

At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire,
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the listening
groves [gloom

With sweet complainings. Through the silent
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day they still the chase renew,
At night encamp; till now in straighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd
rage

Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.

So abject is a tyrant in distress!

At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A lifted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in
heaps,

Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd to assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eye, and flushes in his cheek.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The
shouts

Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within
Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd through and through. Despair at last pre-
vails,

When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious
rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Through their tough hides; or at their gaping
mouths

An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the
work

Of death had been complete ; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.
When lo ! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs ? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of power, 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroul'd : here quench your thirst of
blood ;

But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of
wolves heads upon the kings of Wales : from
hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is de-
scribed in all its parts. Censure of an over-nu-
merous pack. Of the several engines to destroy
foxes and other wild beasts. The steel-trap de-
scribed, and the manner of using it. Descrip-
tion of the pit-fall for the lion ; and another for
the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the
tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of
hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal
chase at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an ad-
dress to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

IN Albion's isle, when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain : there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled,
Rich commerce flourish'd ; and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares ; wise, potent, gracious prince !
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks :
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance)
paid

Their tributary wolves ; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
The social troops ; and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas ! the wily fox remain'd.
A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,

Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain :
While in th' adjacent bush, poor Philomel,
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,
With sweeter notes, and more melodious wo.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsmen prepare
The sharpest vengeance. Oh ! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace ! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grafs, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-coloured hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See ! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way, and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark ! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Press to their standard ; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods ; with hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope ; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive ; while from his kennel
sneaks

The conscious villain. See ! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Though high his brush he bear, though tipt with
It gaily shine ; yet ere the sun declin'd [white
Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd ; and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.

Heavens ! what melodious strains ! how beat
our hearts

Big with tumultuous joy ! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony ; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells ; less various, and less sweet,
The trilling notes, when in those very groves,
The feather'd choristers salute the spring.
And every bush in concert joins ; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe ;
He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves ! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling
hound

Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous flead ;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ;
But, in the madness of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course ; but in the brave

True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion flung, we mount aloft:
So ships in winter seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.
What lengths we pass! where will the wand-
ing chase

Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
See my brave pack; how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain!
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goading spur,
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and
view

The strange confusion of the vale below,
Where four vexation reigns; see yon poor jade,
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears;
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides;
He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
For every cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with every nicer cate; no cost,
No labour spar'd; who, when the flying chase
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The numerous train: now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humble insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.
While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights: another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering half ingulf'd. What biting
thoughts

Torments th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curse his cumbersome bulk; and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this
height

Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too
sure

VOL VII.

Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, not yields
To black despair. But one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village
now

The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
Through every homestead, and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:
But, faithful to the track, th' snerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must th' instructive muse (but with respect)
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: slinks behind,
And slyly creeps through the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step: then views, escap'd,
With inward ecstacy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen veterans; they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,
With silence drags his tail: then from the ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd turf; there with nice
hand

Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, when'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By th' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But, if perchance

G g

In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcase hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not even the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But, by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His wathful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
Astonn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coast,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a different kind, and different use!
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds furcharg'd; the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind,
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening gray
Advances flow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste

The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd
ground

Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulf'd
With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce menacing, and wide
Distends his opening paws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innumerable engines forms, t' assail
The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his
troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the desert's wild.
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horse's speed, out-fly the storm, [prey.
And scouring round, make men and beasts their
The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
Haply too near approach; or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And, plunging from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood

Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious muse, intent
On antique tales? While yet the royal stag
Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful
bard,

Charm'd once the listening Dryads, with his song
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred shade,
To glean submits what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior; of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their power, and grace their court
With real splendors, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.

The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal power,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great
lords

To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies; on whom every eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chase array'd?
Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject,
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
While pass the glittering court, and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,

Let loose the general chorus; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries: not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each sex,
In the wild transport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.

How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval and ease from pain!

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quivering bog
Soft yielding to the step? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
The forest opens to our wondering view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waste the world; his the most glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
T'employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the generous steed, that strokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in th' extended vale below:
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heaven, no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scene!
Should some malignant power thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown stag, through woods, bogs,
roads, and streams
Has measur'd half the forest; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he cast the lingering pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views
The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry

Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
 So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
 In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
 The dying shrieks: and the pale threatening ghost
 Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues
 See here his lot; up yon green hill he climbs,
 Pants on its brow a while, sadly looks back
 On his pursuers, covering all the plain;
 But wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight,
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale,
 There mingles with the herd, where once he
 reign'd

Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted power
 Was still rewarded with successful love.

But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men,
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
 Chase him from thence: needless their impious
 deed,

The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
 Black, and imboss'd; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
 Too well distinguish these, and never leave
 Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
 His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.

Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
 Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
 And push him many a league. If haply then
 Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
 Stops full their bold career; passive they stand,
 Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
 As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.

So at their general's voice whole armies halt
 In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood,
 Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
 Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
 With fresh recruited might. The stag, who hop'd
 His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd,
 The dreadful din; he shivers every limb,
 He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe.
 Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
 Breathless, and faint, he falters in his pace,
 And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
 Sustain their load: he pants, he sobs appall'd;
 Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
 His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
 Some prying eye surprise him; soon he rears
 Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
 With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse

The knowing forester; who inly smiles
 At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.
 So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
 Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
 From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
 And bellow through the vales; the moving storm
 Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
 And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
 To his approaching fate. And now in view
 With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
 What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
 Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on every side
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least opening left
 To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
 Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair

Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
 He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
 And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
 These groveling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
 Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
 He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
 That covers well his rear, his front presents
 An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
 The rude encounter, and believe your lives
 Your country's due alone. As now aloof
 The wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd,
 To dare some great exploit; he charges home
 Upon the broken pack, that on each side
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
 He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
 Urges his course with equal violence:
 Then takes the foil, and plunges in the flood
 Precipitant; down the mid stream he wafts
 Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
 Into some winding creek) close to the verge
 Of a small island, for his weary feet
 Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
 His nose alone above the wave draws in
 The vital air; all else beneath the flood
 Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye
 Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
 Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
 The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
 In equal time. The gliding waters leave
 No trace behind, and his contracted pores
 But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
 His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
 At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
 And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
 Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
 Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat
 Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives
 Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and
 wounds

Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
 The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
 Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
 Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
 Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
 These swim the deep, and those crawl up with
 pain

The slippery bank, while others on firm land
 Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,
 Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
 As when some wily corsair boards a ship
 Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
 Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
 Upon her deck he flings; these in the deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
 And clinging climb aloft; while those on board
 Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
 Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
 To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
 His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
 So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
 To plunge at once into the flood below,
 Himself, his foes, in one deep gulf immers'd.
 Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
 In wild disorder once more views the light;

Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack,
Retire submissive, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great prince! from thee what may thy subjects
hope;

So kind, and so beneficent to brutes?

O mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!

Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!

Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd with
thee,

On rocks of adamant it stands secure,

And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles

Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,

And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that
perish,

And God's bright image, man's immortal race.

The brute creation are his property,

Subservient to his will, and for him made.

As hurtful these he kills, as useful those

Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.

Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage

Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now

As vainly preach; the teeming ravenous brutes

Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,

Incumbering all the globe: should not his care

Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,

Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,

And through the deserts range, shivering, forlorn,

Quite destitute of every solace dear,
And every smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree.

Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,

And princes at their tables feast those hounds

His hand presents, an acceptable boon. [urg'd

Ere yet the sun through the bright Ram has

His steepy course, or mother earth unbound

Her frozen bosom to the western gale;

When feather'd troops, their social leagues dis-
solv'd,

Select their mates, and on the leafless elm,

The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest,

Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,

That curl their taper tails, and frisking court

Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes

Flash fires impure; nor rest, nor food they take,

Goaded by furious love. In separate cells

Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars

Annoy the peaceful state. If left at large,

The growling rivals in dread battle join.

And rude encounter; on Scamander's streams

Heroes of old with far less fury fought,

For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.

Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds shall lie,

Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear

A field of blood: like some unhappy town

In civil broils confus'd, while discord shakes

Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,

Staining their impious hands in mutual death.

And still the best lov'd, and bravest fall:

Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care

Prevent: for every longing dame select

Some happy paramour; to him alone

In leagues connubial join. Consider well

His lineage; what his fathers did of old,

Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,

Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake

With thorn sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars in-
woven.

Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.

Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard

His inward habits: the vain babbler shun,

Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.

His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears

With false alarms, and loud impertinence.

Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks

Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge

Devious he strays, there every muse he tries:

If haply then he cross the steaming scent,

Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults

As of the pack supreme, and in his speed

And strength unrival'd. Lo! cast far behind

His vex'd associates pant, and labouring strain

To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach

Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,

Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,

His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.

What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood

Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink;
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter, crawling helpless, blind,
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure
view

The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood: she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chase,
Coursing around; unto the choicest friends
Commit thy valued prize: the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Careless, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd youngster, immature,
Along to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport; his nerves unstring,
And strength unequal; the laborious chase
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The staunch and steady fages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
And subtle doublings of the various chase.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward youngster at the head
Press boldly on in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure; give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the listening pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins
play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Lie fast the rash offender. See! at first

His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
Then, with his load fatigu'd, shall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch; till, breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,
Harsh echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,
Assail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preserve,
Must be the huntsman's care. The staunch old
hounds,

Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,
Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech,
Conduct the staring multitude; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is their span; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well
pleas'd,

Of lesser ills the muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies? Terrific pest! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Through all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian spider's poisonous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching
beams

Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark fullen mood,
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate: with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But, this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.

Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining : deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering ; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall ; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition : his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight ; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd ; till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas !
A yet more dreadful scene ; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry boar
Churning he foams ; and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise ; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays ; and snuffs th' infectious breeze ;
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade : jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foe. If haply towards the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul ; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.
The pack fly diverse ; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence e-
scap'd,

Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze : nor man, nor beast,
He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy
The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped ! no more, alas !
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed ; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd ; no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh ! the secret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies !
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course : the village flies
Alarm'd ; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe ; the doors are
barr'd,

And flying curs by native instinct taught
Shun the contagious bane ; the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find ; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array : [gor'd,
Till, now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
At one short poisonous gasp he breaths his last.

Hence to the kennel, muse, return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe ;
Where horror stalks at large ! insatiate death
Sits growling o'er his prey : each hour presents

A different scene of ruin and distress,
How busy art thou, fate ! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath ! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie ; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil ; not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble
reigns.

Huntsman ! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate ! Ah ! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flames ; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide ; and if surpris'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize [vent :
The wound ; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' e-
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here should the knowing muse recount the means
To stop this growing plague. And here, alas !
Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his separate seat
Confin'd, in fetters bound ; give each his morsel
Apart, his range in open air ; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leaches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure ; but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom a deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night ; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heaven ; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam
Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid : whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil ; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part
Unable to resist : the tender brain
And stomach suffer most ; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent
pains

Pinch sore the sleepless wretch ; his fluttering pulse
Oft intermits ; pensive, and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain ; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares ; at last with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns : for as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites,
Like agitations in his boiling blood

Present like species to his troubled mind;
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting through the
groves,

Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there distress'd he lies, parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink. Till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steep, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briars intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind; where they at will
On the green watery reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears,
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp, nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

The subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool; within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch: whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim; try every root,
And every reedy bank; encourage all
The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh

The fly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the stream; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant; still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheering
sounds

Urge through the breathing brags their mazy way!
Nor quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows! when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the morning dew
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction: while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they
sink

Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See there escap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clammers up the slippery bank
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate: his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd through
and through,
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;

Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :
 Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling strains,
 Proclaim the felon's fate ; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
 Above the wave, in sign of liberty
 Restor'd ; the cruel tyrant is no more.
 Rejoice secure and blest'd ; did not as yet
 Remain, some of your own rapacious kind ;
 And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy ! if ye knew your happy state,
 Ye rangers of the fields ; whom Nature boon
 Cheers with her smiles, and every element
 Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
 From marble pedestals ; nor Raphael's works,
 Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls ?
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold ;
 And at another's cost may feast at will
 Our wondering eyes ; what can the owner more ?
 But vain, alas ! is wealth, not grac'd with power.
 The flowery landskip, and the gilded dome,
 And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
 Through all his wide domain ; the planted grove,
 The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
 Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
 Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
 Is harrow'd day and night ; he mourns, he pines,
 Until his prince's favour makes him great.
 See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes !
 The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
 Devoutly bow to earth ; from every mouth
 The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
 With promises that die as soon as born.
 Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.
 Frown but the monarch ; all his glories fade ;
 He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
 The pageant of a day ; without one friend
 To soothe his tortur'd mind ; all, all are fled.
 For, though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
 The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,
 No wicked interest, bribes the venal heart ;
 But inclination to our bosom leads,
 And weds them there for life ; our social cups
 Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserv'd,
 We speak our inmost souls ; good-humour, mirth,
 Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
 Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere ! what wretch would groan
 Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
 Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
 Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure ?

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your
 care,

Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
 Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
 Th' expanded volume, and submit to adore
 That great creative will, who at a word
 Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
 To this gross clay confin'd flutters on earth
 With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range
 From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way ;
 And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
 Worlds above worlds ; subservient to his voice,
 Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
 Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,
 And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
 Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself : yet this at least
 Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
 Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
 Of wealth or honours ; but enough to raise
 My drooping friends, preventing modest want
 That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,
 Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
 Blooms in my life's decline ; fields, woods, and
 streams,
 Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
 Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
 The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

HOBBINOL ; OR, THE RURAL GAMES.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

IN BLANK VERSE.

" Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
 " Quàm sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.
 " Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
 " Raptat Amor. Juvat ite jugis, quàm nulla priorum
 " Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo."

VIRG. Georg. lib. iii.

TO MR. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my
 patron, being the greatest master in the burlesque
 way. In this indeed you have some advantage of

your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye ;
 yet remember, Sir, that we give speech and mo-
 tion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your
 province is the town ; leave me a small outride in
 the country, and I shall be content. In this, at

least, let us both agree, to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of some service to mankind. I am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

Your most humble servant,

W. S.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourselves into disgrace. We climb the Aonian mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languished; till, grasping still at more, we lose our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

The author of this piece would not thus be *felo de se*, nor would he be murdered by persons unknown. But as he is satisfied, that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle dispersed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he shall soon be exposed to view in such an attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it most prudent, in this desperate case, to throw himself on the mercy of the public; and offer this whimsical work a voluntary sacrifice, in hope that he stands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his last hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

The poets of almost all nations have celebrated the games of their several countries. Homer began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own Milton, who laid his scene beyond the limits of this sublunary world, has found room for descriptions of this sort, and has performed it in a more sublime manner than any who went before him. His, indeed, are sports; but they are the sports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do justice to his countrymen, the British freeholders, who, when dressed in their holiday clothes, are by no means persons of a despicable figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest hero in the Iliad. There is also some use in descriptions of this nature, since nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation, than their sports and diversions. If we see people dancing, even in wooden shoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we are soon convinced of the levity and volatile spirit of those merry slaves. The famous bull-feasts are an evident token of the Quixotism and romantic taste of the Spaniards. And a country-wake is too sad an image of the infirmities of our own people: we see nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenness, and eternal squabble.

Thus much of the subject; it may not be improper to touch a little upon the style. One of the greatest poets and most candid critics of this age has informed us that there are two sorts of burlesque. Be pleased to take it in his own words, Spectator, Numb. 242. "Burlesque (says he) is

" of two kinds. The first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes; the other, great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque runs best in heroic, like the Dispensary; or in doggel, like that of Hudibras. I think, where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the most proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is best done in doggel." Thus far Mr. Addison. If therefore the heroic is the proper measure where the low character is to be raised, Milton's style must be very proper in the subject here treated of; because it raises the low character more than is possible to be done under the restraint of rhyme; and the ridicule chiefly consists in raising that low character. I beg leave to refer to the authority of Mr. Smith, in his poem upon the death of Mr. John Philips. The whole passage is so very fine, and gives so clear an idea of his manner of writing, that the reader will not think his labour lost in running it over.

But here it may be objected, that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in Horace:

"Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult."

Monsieur Boileau, in his dissertation upon the Joconde of de la Fontaine, quotes this passage in Horace, and observes, "Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chose grande en stile bas, aussi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une histoire comique et absurde en termes graves et serieux." But then he justly adds this exception to the general rule in Horace; "à moins que ce serieux ne soit affecté tout exprès pour rendre la chose encore plus burlesque." If the observation of that celebrated critic, Monsieur Dacier, is true, Horace himself, in the same epistle to the Piso's, and not far distant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the burlesque by the help of the sublime, in his note upon this verse:

"Debemur morti nos nostraque: five receptus

"Terrâ Neptunus"——

And upon the five following verses has this general remark: "Toutes ces expressions nobles qu'Horace entasse dans ces six vers servent à rendre plus plaisante cette chute:

"Ne dum verborum stet honos."——

"Car rien ne contribue tant au ridicule que le grand." He indeed would be severe upon himself alone, who should censure this way of writing, when he must plainly see, that it is affected on purpose, only to raise the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale so much, as its being delivered with a grave and serious air. Our imaginations are agreeably surprised, and fond of a pleasure so little expected. Whereas he, who would bespeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous gestures, must play his part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the idea he has raised. It is true, Virgil was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean subject:

"Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere mag-
num [rem.]

"Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus hono-
But tells us for our encouragement in another place,

"In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem

"Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo."

Mr. Addison is of the same opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increased by writing in blank verse. "The English and French (says he) who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or by the pompousness of the whole phrase to wear off any littleness, that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters of the tongue; especially when they write upon *low subjects*." Remarks upon Italy, p. 99. But there is even yet a greater difficulty behind: the writer in this kind of burlesque must not only keep up the pomp and dignity of the style, but an artful sneer should appear through the whole work, and every man will judge, that it is no easy matter to blend together the hero and the harlequin.

If any person should want a key to this poem, his curiosity shall be gratified: I shall, in plain words, tell him, "It is a satire against the luxury, the pride, the wantonness, and quarrelsome temper, of the middling sort of people." As these are the proper and genuine cause of that bare-faced knavery, and almost universal poverty, which reign without controul in every place; and as to these we owe our many bankrupt farmers, our trade decayed, and lands uncultivated; the author has reason to hope that no honest man, who loves his country, will think this short reproof out of season: for, perhaps, this merry way of bantering men into virtue, may have a better effect than the most serious admonitions; since many, who are proud to be thought immoral, are not very fond of being ridiculous.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Proposition. Invocation addressed to Mr. John Philips, author of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Description of the Vale of Evesham. The Seat of Hobbinol; Hobbinol a great man in his village, seated in his wicker smoking his pipe, has one only son. Young Hobbinol's education, bred up with Ganderetta his near relation. Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta chosen king and queen of May. Her dress and attendants. The May-games. Twangdillo the fiddler, his character. The dancing. Ganderetta's extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good music in the Highlands. Milonides, master of the ring, disciplines the mob; proclaims the several prizes. His speech. Pastorel takes up the belt. His character, his heroic

figure, his confidence. Hobbinol, by permission of Ganderetta, accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring. His honourable behaviour, escapes a scowering. Ganderetta's agony Pastorel foiled. Ganderetta not a little pleased.

WHAT old Menalcas at his feast reveal'd
I sing, strange feats of ancient prowess, deeds,
Of high renown, while all his listening guests
With eager joy receiv'd the pleasing tale.

O thou* who late on Vaga's flowery banks
Slumbering secure, with Stiom † well bedew'd,
Fallacious cask, in sacred dreams were taught
By ancient seers, and Merlin prophet old,
To raise ignoble themes with strains sublime,
Be thou my guide; while I thy track pursue
With wing unequal, through the wide expanse
Adventurous range, and emulate thy flights.

In that rich vale ‡, where with Dobunian §
fields

Cornavian || borders meet, far fam'd of old
For Montfort's * hapless fate, undaunted earl;
Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirsty glebe,
And pillages the hills t' enrich the plains;
On whose luxuriant banks flowers of all hues
Start up spontaneous; and the teeming soil
With hasty shoots prevents its owner's prayer:
The pamper'd wanton steer, of the sharp axe
Regardless, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye
His labouring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,
And deems him blest, while on his languid neck
In solemn sloth he tugs the lingering plough.
So blind are mortals, of each other's state
Mis-judging, self-deceiv'd. Here as supreme
Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide extended fields, his large domain.
Th' obsequious villagers, with looks submissive
Observant of his eye, or when with seed
T' impregnate earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clamorous joy the bearded harvest home.

Here, when the distant sun lengthens the nights,
When the keen frosts the shivering farmer warn
To broach his mellow cask, and frequent blasts
Instruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker-chair, whose pliant twigs
In close embraces join'd, with spacious arch
Vault this thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in state, each arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding pillows of the softest down.
In mind compos'd, from short coeval tube
He sucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of smoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he sits, and impotent of thought
Puffs away care and sorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! look down, ye
great,

* Mr. John Philips.

† Strong Herefordshire cyder.

‡ Vale of Evesham.

§ Gloucestershire.

|| Worcestershire.

** Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Evesham.

And view with envious eye the downy nest,
Where soft repose, and calm contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrain'd by power.

One son alone had blest his bridal bed,
Whom good Calista bore, nor long surviv'd
To share a mother's joy, but left the babe
To his paternal care. An orphan niece
Near the same time his dying brother sent,
To claim his kind support. The helpless pair
In the same cradle slept, nurs'd up with care
By the same tender hand, on the same breasts
Alternate hung with joy; till reason dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by slow degrees:
Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
And pleasures erst unfelt. Whene'er with cares
Oppress'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmless prattle sooth'd his troubled soul.
Say, Hobbinol, what ecstasies of joy
Thrill'd through thy veins, when climbing for a
kiss

With little palms they strok'd thy grizly beard,
Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?
Thus from their earliest days bred up, and train'd,
To mutual fondness, with their stature grew
The thriving passion. What love can decay
That roots so deep! now ripening manhood curl'd
On the gay stripling's chin: her panting breasts,
And trembling blushes glowing on her cheeks,
Her secret wish betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted; but her faithful shade,
Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her side.
A frown from him dash'd every rival's hopes.
For he, like Peleus' son, was prone to rage,
Inexorable, swift like him of foot
With ease could overtake his dastard foe,
Nor spar'd the suppliant wretch. And now ap-
proach'd

Those merry days, when all the nymphs and
swains,

In solemn festivals and rural sports,
Pay their glad homage to the blooming spring.
Young Hobbinol by joint consent is rais'd
To imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright Ganderetta tripp'd the jovial queen
Of Maia's gaudy month profuse of flowers.
From each enamel'd mead th' attendant nymphs
Loaded with odorous spoils, from these select
Each flower of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd sweets; each busy hand
Adorns the jocund queen: in her loose hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted cowslips breathe their faint perfumes.
On her refulgent brow, as crystal clear,
As Parian marble smooth, Narcissus hangs
His drooping head, and views his image there,
Unhappy flower! pansies of various hue,
Iris, and hyacinth, and asphodel,
To deck the nymph, their richest liveries wear,
And lavish all their pride. Not Flora's self
More lovely smiles, when to the dawning year
Her opening bosom heavenly fragrance breathes.

See on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd
Thickens amain; the buxom nymphs advance
Usher'd by jolly clowns: distinctions cease

Lost in the common joy, and the bold slave
Leans on his wealthy master, unrepov'd:
The sick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
Round his fond mother's neck the smiling babe
Exulting clings; hard by decrepid age,
Prop'd on his staff with anxious thought revolves
His pleasures past, and casts his grave remarks
Among the heedless throng. The vigorous youth
Strips for the combat, hopeful to subdue
The fair-one's long disdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to her charms.
Soft pity pleads his cause; blushing she views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Resolv'd and obstinately firm he stands;
Danger nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick-spreading elm Twangdillo sits;
One leg on Ister's banks the hardy swain
Lest undismay'd, Bellona's lightning scorch'd
His manly visage, but in pity left
One eye secure. He many a painful bruise
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown Kate's sake, and for his country's weal;
Yet still the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his sounding shell,
And comic phyz, relieves his drooping friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd cat-gut squeals,
He tickles every string, to every note
He bends his plaint neck, his single eye
Twinkles with joy, his active stump beats time:
Let but this subtle artist softly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring swain
Trembles no less, and the fond yielding maid
Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in every vein, from every eye
Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they
bound

Now to brisk airs, and to the speaking strings:
Attentive, in mid-way the sexes meet;
Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press
To strict embrace, as resolute to force
And storm a passage to each other's heart:
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd back they
Recoil disparted: each with longing eyes
Pursues his mate retiring, till again
The blended sexes mix; then hand in hand
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous; down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling sweets refresh
The gazing crowd, and heavenly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,
When Orpheus play'd a lesson to the brutes,
The listening savages; the speckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe
The lion gambol'd. But what heavenly muse
With equal lays shall Ganderetta sing,
When goddess-like she skims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding? every ravish'd eye
The nymph attracts and every heart she wounds,

The most, transported Hobbinol! lo, now,
Now to thy opening arms she skuds along,
With yielding blushes glowing on her cheeks;
And eyes that sweetly languish; but too soon,
Too soon, alas! she flies thy vain embrace,
But flies to be pursued; nimbly she trips,
And darts a glance so tender as she turns,
That with new hopes reliev'd, thy joys revive,
Thy stature's rais'd, and thou art more than man.
Thy stately port, and more majestic air,
And every sprightly motion speaks thy love.

To the loud bag-pipe's solemn voice attend,
Whose rising winds proclaim a storm is nigh.
Harmonious blasts! that warm the frozen blood
Of Caledonia's sons to love or war,
And cheer their drooping hearts, robb'd of the
sun's

Enlivening ray, that o'er the snowy Alps
Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better climes.

Forthwith in hoary majesty appears
One of gigantic size, but visage wan,
Milonides the strong, renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf
He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughest virgin oak in rising aids
His trembling limbs; his bald and wrinkled front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious scar, bespeaks
Submissive reverence. He with countenance grim
Boasts his past deeds, and with redoubled strokes
Marshals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter! like some huge rock he stands,
That breaks th' incumbent waves; they throng-
ing press

In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from superior force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice stentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize. "To him whose active foot
" Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
" This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
" Embroider'd, seam'd with silk, and fring'd with
" gold.

" To him, who best the stubborn hilts can wield,
" And bloody marks of his displeasure leave
" On his opponent's head, this beaver white
" With silver edging grac'd, and scarlet plume.
" Ye taper maidens! whose impetuous speed
" Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender grass,
" See here this prize, this rich lac'd smock be-
" hold,

" White as your bosoms, as your kisses soft.
" Blest nymph! whom bounteous heaven's pe-
" culiar grace

" Allots this pompous vest, and worthy deems
" To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."

The gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd,
In speechless admiration fix'd, unmov'd,
Ev'n he who now each glorious palm displays,
In sullen silence views his batter'd limbs,
And sighs his vigour spent. Not so appall'd
Young Pastorel, for active strength renown'd:
Him Ida bore, a mountain shepherdess;
On the bleak wold the new-born infant lay,

Expos'd to winter snows, and northern blasts
Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
Derive their proud descent, so might he boast
His line paternal: but be thou, my muse!
No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
To wealthy 'squire, or doughty knight, or peer
Of high degree. Him every shouting ring
In triumph crown'd, him every champion fear'd,
From † Kiftsgate to remotest † Henbury.
High in the midst the brawny wrestler stands,
A stately towering object; the tough belt
Measures his ample breast, and shades around
His shoulders broad; proudly secure he kens
The tempting prize, in his presumptuous thought
Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd
Approve his claim. But Hobbinol, enrag'd
To see th' important gifts so cheaply won,
And uncontested honours tamely lost,
With lowly reverence thus accosts his queen.

" Fair goddess! be propitious to my vows;
" Smile on thy slave, nor Hercules himself
" Shall rob us of this palm: that boaster vain
" Far other port shall learn." She, with a look
That pierc'd his inmost soul, smiling applauds
His generous ardour, with aspiring hope
Distends his breast, and stirs the man within:
Yet much, alas! she fears, for much she loves.
So from her arms the Paphian queen dismiss'd
The warrior god, on glorious slaughter bent,
Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd
Her haughty paramour Swift as the winds
Dispel the fleeting mists, at once he strips
His royal robes; and with a frown that chill'd
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd:
But, as becom'd one, whose plain honest heart,
Nor passion foul, nor malice dark as hell,
But honour pure, and love divine, had fir'd,
His hand presenting, on his sturdy foe
Disdainfully he smiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left-hand the belt, and with his right
His shoulder seiz'd fast griping; his right foot
Essay'd the champion's strength: but firm he stood,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, and in his turn
Repaid the bold affront; his horny fist
Fast on his back he clos'd, and shook in air
The cumbersome load. Nor rest, nor pause allow'd,
Their watchful eyes instruct their busy feet;
They pant, they heave; each nerve, each sinew's
strain'd,

Grasping they close, beneath each painful gripe
The livid tumours rise, in briny streams
The sweat distils, and from their batter'd shins
The clotted gore distains the beaten ground.
Each swain his wish, each trembling nymph con-
ceals

Her secret dread; while every panting breast
Alternate fears and hopes depresses or raises.
Thus long in dubious scale the contest hung,
Till Pastorel, impatient of delay,
Collecting all his force, a furious stroke
At his left ankle aim'd; 'twas death to fall,
To stand impossible. O Ganderetta!

† Two Hundreds in Gloucestershire.

What horrors seize thy soul! on thy pale cheeks
The roses fade. But wavering long in air,
Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fallen,
On his right knee he slip'd, and nimbly 'scap'd
The foul disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd rope
The wingy-footed artist, frail support!
Stands tottering; now in dreadful shrieks the
crowd

Lament his sudden fate, and yield him lost:
He on his hams, or on his brawny rump,
Sliding secure, derides their vain distress.
Up starts the vigorous Hobbinol undismay'd,
From mother earth like old Anteus rais'd
With might redoubled. Clamour and applause
Shake all the neighbouring hills, Avona's banks
Return him loud acclaim: with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tiger rushing from his lair,
He grasp'd the wrist of his insulting foe.
Then with quick wheel oblique his shoulder point
Beneath his breast he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his head the sprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd press forward with tumultuous din;
Those to relieve their faint expiring friend,
With gratulations these. Hands, tongues, and
caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, shrill fiddles squeak,
Hoarse bag-pipes roar, and Ganderetta smiles.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fray. Tonforio, Colin, Hilderbrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. Sir Rhadamanth the justice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray. Rhadamanth's speech, tumult appeas'd. Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilts; his character. The Kistsgations consternation, look wistfully on Hobbinol; his speech. The cudgel-playing. Gorgonius knock'd down, falls upon Twandillo; his distress; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

Long while an universal hubbub loud,
Deafening each ear, had drown'd each accent mild;
Till biting taunts and harsh opprobrious words
Vile utterance found. How weak are human
minds!

How impotent to stem the swelling tide,
And without insolence enjoy success!
The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate
With victory, know no restraint, but give
A loose to joy. Their champion Hobbinol
Vaunting they raise, above that earth-born race
Of giants old, who, piling hills on hills,
Pelion on Ossa, with rebellious aim
Made war on Jove. The sturdy mountaineers,
Who saw their mightiest fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours past impair'd, their trophies, won
By their proud fathers, who with scorn look'd
down

Upon the subject vale, fullied, despoil'd,
And level'd with the dust, no longer bear

The keen reproach. But as when sudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain, whose bending ears
Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In footy triumph dreadful rides, upborn
On wings of wind, that with destructive breath
Feed the fierce flames; from ridge to ridge he
bounds

Wide-wasting, and pernicious ruin spreads:
So through the crowd from breast to breast swift
flew

The propagated rage; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder bursting from a cloud, gave signs
Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury soon supplied
With arms uncouth; and tough well-season'd
plants

Weighty with lead infus'd, on either host
Fall thick, and heavy; stools in pieces rent,
And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls, are
hurl'd

With fell intent; like bombs the bottles fly
Hissing in air, their sharp edg'd fragments drench'd
In the warm spouting gore; heaps driven on heaps
Promiscuous lie. Tonforio now advanc'd
On the rough edge of battle: his broad front
Beneath his shining helm secure, as erst
Was thine, Mambrino, stout Iberian knight!
Defied the rattling storm, that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right hand he bore, Herculean club!
Crowds, push'd on crowds, before his potent arm,
Fled ignominious; havock, and dismay,
Hung on their rear. Collin a merry swain,
Blithe as the soaring lark, as sweet the strains
Of his soft warbling lips, that whistling cheer
His labouring team, they toss their heads well
pleas'd,

In gaudy plumage deck'd, with stern disdain
Beheld this victor proud, his generous soul
Brook'd not the foul disgrace. High o'er his head
His ponderous plough-staff in both hands he rais'd;
Erect he stood, and stretching every nerve,
As from a forceful engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding sunk
Beneath the blow, and with its sharpen'd edge
Shear'd both his ears, they on his shoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as thought, the vigorous
youth

Shortening his staff, the other end he darts
Into his gaping jaws. Tonforio fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded teeth and clotted gore
Half-chok'd, he fled; with him the host retir'd,
Companions of his shame; all but the stout,
And erst unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man!
Bold champion of the hills! thy weighty blows
Our fathers felt dismay'd; to keep thy post
Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now sad
Necessity compels; decrepit now
With age, and stiff with honourable wounds,
He stands unterrify'd: one crutch sustains
His frame majestic, th' other in his hand
He wields tremendous; like a mountain boar
In toils enclos'd, he dares his circling foes.
They shrink aloof, or soon with shame repent
The rash assault; the rustic heroes fall
In heaps around. Cuddy, a dextrous youth,

When force was vain, on fraudulent art rely'd :
 Close to the ground low-cowering, unperceiv'd,
 Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
 Cut sheer the frail support, prop of his age :
 Reeling a while he stood, and menac'd fierce
 Th' insidious swain, reluctant now at length
 Fell prone, and plough'd the dust. So the tall oak,
 Old monarch of the groves, that long had stood
 The shock of warring winds and the red bolts
 Of angry Jove, shorn of his leafy shade
 At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
 The cruel woodman spy the friendly spur,
 His only hold; that sever'd, soon, he nods,
 And shakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.

When manly valour fail'd, a female arm
 Restor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
 Black Cindaraxa's busy hand prepar'd
 The smoky viands, she beheld, abash'd,
 The routed host, and all her dastard friends
 Far scatter'd o'er the plain; their shameful flight
 Griev'd her proud heart, for hurried with the
 stream

Ev'n Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.
 A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
 The greasy heroine snatch'd; o'er her pale foes
 The threatening meteor shone, brandish'd in air,
 Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.
 Across the prostrate Hildebrand she strode,
 Dreadfully bright: the multitude appal'd
 Fled different ways, their beards, their hair in flames.
 Imprudent she pursued, till on the brink
 Of the next pool, with force united press'd,
 And waving round with huge two-handed sway
 Her blazing arms into the muddy lake
 The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
 Between the warring elements; of old
 Thus Mulciber, and Xanthus Dardan stream
 In hideous battle join'd. Just sinking now
 Into the boiling deep, with suppliant hands
 She begg'd for life; black-ouze and filth obscene
 Hung in her matted hair; the shouting crowd
 Insult her woes, and, proud of their success,
 The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
 Now, like a gathering storm, the rally'd troops
 Blacken'd the plain. Young Talgol from their
 front,

With a fond lover's haste, swift as the hind,
 That, by the huntsmen's voice alarm'd, had fled,
 Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy brake,
 Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
 Impatient rush'd. But when the fatal tale
 He heard, the dearest treasure of his soul
 Purloin'd his Cindy lost; stiffen'd and pale
 A while he stood; his kindling ire at length
 Burst forth implacable, and injur'd love;
 Shot lightning from his eyes; a spit he seiz'd,
 Just reeking from the fat surloin, a long,
 Unwieldy spear; then with impetuous rage
 Press'd forward on th' embattled host, that shrunk
 At his approach. The rich Avaro first,
 His fleshy rump bor'd with dishonest wounds,
 Fled bellowing: nor could his numerous flocks,
 Nor all th' aspiring pyramids that grace
 His yard well stor'd, save the penurious clown.
 Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collakin,

Nor his fond mother's prayers nor ardent vows
 Of love-sick maids could move relentless fate.
 Where'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance
 He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle swerv'd
 With many an inroad goar'd. Then cast around
 His furious eyes, if haply he might find
 The captive fair; her in the dust he spy'd
 Groveling, disconsolate; those locks, that erst,
 So bright, shone like the polish'd jet, defil'd
 With mire impure; thither with eager haste
 He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid
 Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds
 And weltering in her blood, his trembling hand
 Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance; on her pale
 cheeks

Ghaustly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing storm,
 That on his bare defenceless brow fell thick
 From every arm: o'erpower'd at last, down sunk
 His drooping head, on her cold breast reclin'd.
 Hail, faithful pair! if ought my verse avail,
 Nor envy's spite nor time shall e'er efface
 The records of your fame; blind British bards
 In ages yet to come, on festal days [nymphs
 Shall chant this mournful tale, while listening
 Lament around, and every generous heart
 With active valour glows, and virtuous love,
 How blind is popular fury! how perverse,
 When broils intestine rage, and force controuls
 Reason and law! As the torn vessel sinks,
 Between the burst of adverse waves o'erwhelm'd;
 So fares it with the neutral head, between
 Contending parties bruis'd, incessant peal'd
 With random strokes that undiscerning fall;
 Guiltless he suffers most, who least offends.
 Mundungo from the bloody field retir'd,
 Close in a corner plied the peaceful bowl;
 Incurious he, and thoughtless of events,
 Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapt in the cloud
 That issued from his mouth, and the thick fogs
 That hung upon his brows, but hostile rage
 Inquisitive found out the rusty swain.
 His short black tubedown his furr'd throat impell'd,
 Staggering he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
 The bulky Jordan, that before him stood,
 Seiz'd falling; that its liquid freight disgorg'd
 Upon the prostrate clown; floundering he lay
 Beneath the muddy beverage whelm'd so late
 His prime delight. Thus the luxurious wasp,
 Voracious insect, by the fragrant dregs
 Allur'd, and in the viscous nectar plung'd,
 His filmy pennons struggling flaps in vain,
 Lost in a flood of sweets. Still o'er the plain
 Fierce onset, and tumultuous battle spread;
 And now they fall, and now they rise, incens'd
 With animated rage, while nought around
 Is heard but clamour, shout, and female cries,
 And curses mix'd with groans. Discord on high
 Shook her infernal scourge, and o'er their heads
 Scream'd with malignant joy; when lo! between
 The warring hosts appear'd sage Rhadamanth,
 A knight of high renown. Nor Quixote bold,
 Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
 Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee,
 Great sultan of the vale! thy front severe,
 As humble Indians to their pagods bow,

The clowns submit approach. Themis to thee
Commits her golden balance, where she weighs
Th' abandon'd orphan's sighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives sure redress, comforts the heart
Oppress'd with woe, and rears the suppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
Astonish'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive sword; at thy command,
Stern minister of power supreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs
Blazon'd with royal arms; dispatchful haste
Sits earnest on each brow, and public care.
Encompass'd round with these his dreadful guards,
He spur'd his sober steed, grizzled with age,
And venerably dull; his stirrups stretch'd
Beneath the knightly load; one hand he fix'd
Upon his saddle-bow, the other palm
Before him spread, like some grave orator
In Athens, or free Rome, when eloquence
Subdued mankind, and all the listening crowd
Hung by their ears on his persuasive tongue.
He thus the jarring multitude address'd:

" Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the
flower [broil?
" Of Kiftgate! ah! what means this impious
" Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?
" Are Landen's plains so soon forgot, that thus
" Ye spill that blood inglorious, waste that strength,
" Which, well employ'd, once more might have
compell'd
" The stripling Anjou to a shameful flight?
" Or by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd
" The British standard on Lutetian towers!
" O fight odious, detestable! O times
" Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
" This fact so foul, so riotous, insults
" All law, all sovereign power, and calls aloud
" For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye
know,
" How slow this arm to punish, and how bleeds
" This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.
" O countrymen! all, all, can testify
" My vigilance, my care for public good,
" I am the man, who by your own free choice
" Select from all the tribes, in senates rul'd
" Each warm debate, and emptied all my stores
" Of ancient science in my country's cause.
" Wise Tacitus, of penetration deep,
" Each secret spring reveal'd; Thuanus bold
" Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,
" Rais'd at my call, the British rights confirm'd:
" While Musgrave, How, and Seymour sneer'd in
vain.
" I am the man, who from the bench exalt
" This voice, still grateful to your ears, this voice
" Which breaths for you alone. Where is the
wretch
" Distress'd, who in the cobwebs of the law
" Entangled, and in subtle problems lost,
" Seeks not to me for aid! In shoals they come
" Neglected, feeble clients, nor return
" Unedify'd; scarce greater multitudes
" At Delphi sought the god, to learn their fate
" From his dark oracles. I am the man
" Whose watchful providence beyond the date

" Of this frail life extends, to future times
" Beneficent; my useful schemes shall steer
" The common-weal in ages yet to come. [keep
" Your children's children, taught by me, shall
" Their rights inviolable: and as Rome
" The Sibyl's sacred books, though wrote on leaves
" And scatter'd o'er the ground with pious awe
" Collected; so your sons shall glean with care
" My hallow'd fragments, every scrip divine
" Consult intent, of more intrinsic worth
" Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my friends!
" Hear me, my countrymen! Oh suffer not
" This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
" To sink, with sorrow to the grave." He spake,
And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
The sovereign of the floods o'er the rough deep
His awful trident shakes, its fury falls,
The warring billows on each hand retire,
And foam, and rage no more. All now is hush'd,
The multitude appeas'd: a cheerful dawn
Smiles on the fields, the waving throng subsides,
And the loud tempest sinks, becalm'd in peace.

Gorgonius now with haughty strides advanc'd,
A gauntlet seiz'd, firm on his guard he stood
A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight.
Slaughter his trade; full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand, the bulky beast
Dragg'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,
His iron fist descending, crush'd his skull,
And left him spurning on the bloody floor;
While at his feet the guiltless axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he lost,
Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing stroke
Bruis'd fore the rising arch, and bent his nose:
Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought stage,
Hockleian hero! Nor was more deform'd
The Cyclops blind, nor of more monstrous size,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, severe revenge
Of subtle Ithacus. Terribly gay
In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
Of slaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion shone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe.
For now each combatant, that erst so bold
Vaunted his manly deeds, in pensive mood
Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,
Pale and dismay'd. On Hobbinol at last
Intent they gaze, on him alone their hope,
Each eye solicits him, each panting heart
Joins in the silent suit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their secret wish, and eas'd their doubting minds.

" Ye men of Kiftgate! whose wide spreading
fame
" In ancient days were sung from shore to shore,
" To British bards of old a copious theme;
" Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view
" Your dastard souls. O mean, degenerate race!
" But since on me ye call, each suppliant eye
" Invites my sovereign aid, lo! here I come,
" The bulwark of your fame, though scarce my
brows
" Are dry from glorious toils, just now achiev'd,
" To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I swear,

" By all my great forefathers fair renown,
 " By that illustrious wicker, where they sat
 " In comely pride, and in triumphant sloth
 " Gave law to passive clowns; or on this spot
 " In glory's prime, young Hobbinol expires,
 " And from his dearest Ganderetta's arms
 " Sinks to death's cold embrace; or by this hand
 " That stranger, big with insolence, shall fall
 " Prone on the ground, and do your honour
 right."

Forthwith the hilts he seiz'd; but on his arm
 Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck
 Curl'd in a soft embrace. Honour and love
 A doubtful contest wag'd, but from her soon
 He sprung relentless, all her tears were vain,
 Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleasing mild:

" Ill should I merit these imperial robes,
 " Ensigns of majesty, by general voice
 " Confer'd, should pain, or death itself, avail
 " To shake the steady purpose of my soul.
 " Peace, fair-one! peace! Heaven will protect
 the man,

" By thee held dear, and crown thy generous love."
 Her from the list'd field the matrons sage
 Reluctant drew, and with fair speeches sooth'd.

Now front to front the fearless champions meet;
 Gorgonius, like a tower, whose cloudy top
 Invades the skies, stood lowering; far beneath
 The stripling Hobbinol with careful eye
 Each opening scans, and each unguarded space
 Measures intent. While, negligently bold,
 The bulky combatant, whose heart elate
 Disdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd
 At one decisive stroke to win, unhurt,
 An easy victory; down came at once
 The ponderous plant, with fell malicious rage,
 Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilts,
 Swift interpos'd, elude his effort vain.

The cautious Hobbinol, with ready feet,
 Now shifts his ground, retreating; then again
 Advances bold, and his unguarded shins
 Batters secure: Each well-directed blow
 Bites to the quick; thick as the falling hail,
 The strokes redoubled peal his hollow sides:
 The multitude amaz'd with horror view
 The rattling storm, shrink back at every blow,
 And seem to feel his wounds; inly he groan'd,
 And gnash'd his teeth, and from his blood-shot eye
 Red lightning flash'd; the fierce tumultuous rage
 Shook all his mighty fabric; once again
 Erect he stands, collected, and resolv'd
 To conquer, or to die: swift as the bolt
 Of angry Jove, the weighty plant descends.
 But wary Hobbinol, whose watchful eye
 Perceiv'd his kind intent, slip'd on one side
 Declining; the vain stroke from such an height,
 With such a force impell'd, headlong drew down
 Th' unwieldy champion: on the solid ground
 He fell rebounding breathless, and astunn'd,
 His trunk extended lay; fore maim'd from out
 His heaving breast, he belch'd a crimson flood.
 Full leisurely he rose, but conscious shame
 Of honour lost his failing strength renew'd.
 Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,
 Blacken'd his stormy front; rash, furious, blind,

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And lavish of his blood, of random strokes
 He laid on load; without design or art
 Onward he press'd outrageous, while his foe
 Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
 Wise niggard of his strength. Yet all thy care,
 O Hobbinol! avail'd not to prevent
 One hapless blow; o'er his strong guard the plant
 Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty point impress'd
 His nervous chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
 Convolv'd, yet, thus distress'd, intrepid bore
 His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
 So when th' unwary clown, with hasty step,
 Crushes the folded snake, her wounded parts
 Groveling she trails along, but her high crest
 Erect she bears; in all its speckled pride,
 She swells inflam'd, and with her forked tongue
 Threatens destruction. With like eager haste,
 Th' impatient Hobbinol, whom excessive pain
 Stung to his heart, a speedy vengeance vow'd,
 Nor wanted long the means; a feint he made
 With well-dissembled guile, his batter'd shins
 Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
 Gorgonius, whose long-suffering legs scarce bore
 His cumbrous bulk, to his supporters frail
 Indulgent, soon the friendly hilts oppos'd;
 Betray'd, deceiv'd on his unguarded crest
 The stroke delusive fell; a dismal groan
 Burst from his hollow chest; his trembling hands
 Forsook the hilts, across the spacious ring
 Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly
 To escape the falling ruin. But, alas!
 'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive
 His ponderous trunk: on thee, on helpless thee,
 Headlong and heavy, the foul monster fell.
 Beneath a mountain's weight, th' unhappy bard
 Lay prostrate, nor was more renown'd thy song,
 O fear of Thrace! nor more severe thy fate.
 His vocal shell, the solace and support
 Of wretched age, gave one melodious scream,
 And in a thousand fragments strew'd the plain.
 The nymphs, sure friends to his harmonious mirth,
 Fly to his aid, his hairy breast expose
 To each refreshing gale, and with soft hands
 His temples chase; at their persuasive touch
 His fleeing soul returns; upon his rump
 He sat disconsolate; but when, alas!
 He view'd the shatter'd fragments, down again
 He sunk expiring: by their friendly care
 Once more reviv'd, he thrice essay'd to speak,
 And thrice the rising sobb his voice subdu'd.
 Till thus at last his wretched plight he mourn'd:
 " Sweet instrument of mirth! sole comfort left
 " To my declining years! whose sprightly notes
 " Restor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,
 " Soft healing balm to every wounded heart!
 " Despairing, dying swains, from the cold ground
 " Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call,
 " With ravish'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy.
 " Gay pleasantries, and care-beguiling joke,
 " Thy sure attendants were, and at thy voice
 " All nature smil'd. But, oh, this hand no more
 " Shall touch thy wanton strings, no more with lays
 " Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
 " The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.
 " Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol! and all

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" Thy triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave man!
 " Thy bold exploits? who shall thy grandeur tell
 " Supreme of Kiftgate? See thy faithful bard,
 " Despoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills!
 " Whose vocal cliffs were taught my joyous song.
 " Or thou, fair nymph, Avona, on whose banks
 " The frolic crowd, led by my numerous strains,
 " Their orgies kept, and frisk'd it o'er the green,
 " Jocund and gay, while thy remurmuring streams
 " Danc'd by, well pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly waves [curs'd!"
 " O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head ac-
 So plains the restless Philomel, her nest,
 And callow young, the tender growing hope
 Of future harmony, and frail return
 For all her cares, to barbarous churls a prey;
 Darkling she sings, the woods repeat her moan.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Good eating expedient for heroes. Homer praised for keeping a table. Hobbinol triumphant. Ganderetta's bill of fare. Panegyric upon ale. Gossiping over a bottle. Compliment to Mr. John Philips. Ganderetta's perplexity discovered by Hobbinol; his consolatory speech; compares himself to Guy Earl of Warwick. Ganderetta encouraged, strips for the race; her amiable figure. Fusca the gypsey, her dirty figure. Tabitha her great reputation for speed; hired to the dissenting academy at Tewksbury. A short account of Gamaliel the master, and his hopeful scholars. Tabitha carries weight. The smock race. Tabitha's fall. Fusca's short triumph, her humiliation. Ganderetta's matchless speed. Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The vicissitude of human affairs, experienced by Hobbinol. Mopsa, formerly his servant, with her two children, appears to him. Mopsa's speech; assaults Ganderetta; her flight. Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into custody by constables, and dragged to Sir Rhadamanth's.

THOUGH some of old, and some of modern date,
 Penurious their victorious heroes fed
 With barren praise alone; yet thou, my muse!
 Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
 Behold th' immortal Hobbinol; reward
 With due regalement his triumphant toils.
 Let Quixotte's hardy courage, and renown
 With Sancho's prudent care be meetly join'd.
 O thou of bards supreme, Mæonides!
 What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
 Laden with glorious spoils, and gay with blood
 Of slaughter'd hosts, the victor chief returns.
 Whole Troy before him fled, and men and gods
 Oppos'd in vain: for the brave man, whose arm
 Repell'd his country's wrongs, ev'n he, the great
 Atrides, king of kings, ev'n he prepares
 With his own royal hand the sumptuous feast.

Full to the brim, the brazen cauldrons smoke;
 Through all the busy camp the rising blaze
 Attest their joy; heroes and kings forego
 Their state and pride, and at his elbow wait
 Obsequious. On a polish'd charger plac'd,
 The bulky chine with plenteous fat inlaid,
 Of golden hue, magnificently shines
 The choicest morsels sever'd to the gods,
 The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
 The rich repast divides with Jove; from out
 The sparkling bowl he draws the generous wine;
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd; with unstinted joy
 His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
 Sat the victorious Hobbinol; the crowd
 Transported view, and bless their glorious chief:
 All Kiftgate sounds his praise with joint acclaim.
 Him every voice, him every knee confess,
 In merit, as in right, their king. Upon
 Their flowery turf, earth's painted lap, are spread
 The rural dainties; such as nature boon
 Presents with lavish hand, or such as owe
 To Ganderetta's care their grateful taste
 Delicious. For she long since prepar'd
 To celebrate this day, and with good cheer
 To grace his triumphs. Crystal gooseberries
 Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree
 Defends her luscious fruit with pointed spears.
 The ruby tinctur'd corinth clustering hangs,
 And emulates the grape; green codlings float
 In dulcet creams: nor wants the last year's store;
 The hardy nut, in solid mail secure,
 Impregnable to winter frosts, repays
 Its hoarder's care. The custard's jellied flood
 Impatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.
 Cheesecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
 In well-built pyramids, aspiring stand. [suade
 Black hams, and tongues that speechless can per-
 To ply the brisk carouse, and cheer the soul
 With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
 Deny his precious gifts; here jocund swains,
 In uncouth mirth delighted, sporting quaff
 Their native beverage; in the brimming glass
 The liquid amber smiles. Britons, no more
 Dread your invading foes; let the false Gaul,
 Of rule insatiate, potent to deceive,
 And great by subtle wiles, from the adverse shore
 Pour forth his numerous hosts; Iberia! join
 Thy towering fleets, once more aloft display
 Thy consecrated banners, fill thy sails
 With prayers and vows, most formidably strong
 In holy trumpery, let old Ocean groan
 Beneath the proud Armada, vainly deem'd
 Invincible; yet fruitless all their toils,
 Vain every rash effort, while our fat glebe,
 Of barley grain productive, still supplies
 The flowing treasure, and with fums immense
 Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
 The farmer's courage, arms his stubborn soul
 With native honour, and resistless rage. [flows
 Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'er-
 With Britain's glory, and his country's love.

Here, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs
 Pour out mellifluous streams, the balmy spoils
 Of the laborious bee. The modest maid
 But coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd:

Each lover with observant eye beholds
Her graceful shame, and at her glowing cheeks
Rekindles all his fires, but matrons sage,
Better experienc'd, and instructed well
In midnight mysteries, and feast-rites old,
Grasp the capacious bowl; nor cease to draw
The spumy nectar. Healths of gay import
Fly merrily about; now Scandal fly,
Insinuating, gilds the specious tale
With treacherous praise, and with a double face
Ambiguous wantonness demurely sneers:
Till circling brimmers every veil withdraw,
And dauntless impudence appears unmask'd.
Others apart, in the cool shade retir'd,
Silurian cyder quaff, by that great bard
Enobled, who first taught my groveling muse
To mount aerial. O! could I but raise
My feeble voice to his exalted strains,
Or to the height of this great argument,
The generous liquid in each line should bound
Spirituos, nor oppressive cork subdue
Its foaming rage; but, to the lofty theme
Unequal, muse, decline the pleasing task.

Thus they luxurious, on the grassy turf,
Revel'd at large; while nought around was heard
But mirth confus'd, and undistinguish'd joy,
And laughter far resounding; serious care
Found here no place, to Ganderetta's breast
Retiring; there with hopes and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the soft sigh
Escapes unheeded, spight of all her art;
The trembling blushes on her lovely cheeks
Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glass
She flies abstemious, shuns th' untasted feast:
But careful Hobbinol, whose amorous eye
From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting still the place
Where his dear treasure lay, discover'd soon
Her secret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compassion melts his soul, her glowing cheeks
He kiss'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He press'd to his; then with these soothing words,
Tenderly smiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.

"Courage, my fair! the splendid prize is thine.
"Indulgent fortune will not damp our joys,
"Nor blast the glories of this happy day.
"Hear me, ye swains! ye men of Kistgate! hear:
"Though great the honours by your hands conferr'd,
"These royal ornaments, though great the force
"Of this puissant arm, as all must own,
"Who saw this day the bold Gorgonius fall;
"Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
"And knightly prowess, than that mighty Guy,
"So fam'd in antique song, Warwick's great earl,
"Who slew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight
"Maintain'd a summer's day, and freed this realm
"From Danish vassalage; his ponderous sword,
"And massy spear, attest the glorious deed;
"Nor less his hospitable soul is seen
"In that capacious cauldron, whose large freight
"Might feast a province; yet were I like him,
"The nation's pride, like him I could forego
"All earthly grandeur, wander through the world
"A jocund pilgrim in the lonesome den,
"And rocky cave, with these my royal hands

"Scoop the cold streams with herbs and roots
content,

"Mean sustenance; could I by this but gain
"For the dear fair, the prize her heart desires.
"Believe me, charming maid! I'd be a worm,
"The meanest insect, and the lowest thing
"The world despises, to enhance thy fame."
So cheer'd he his fair queen, and she was cheer'd.

Now with a noble confidence inspir'd,
Her looks assure success, now stripp'd of all
Her cumbrous vestments, beauty's vain disguise,
She shines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a brede
Hung careless, with becoming grace each blush
Varied her cheeks, than the gay rising dawn
More lovely, when the new-born light salutes
The joyful earth, impurpling half the skies.
Her heaving breast, through the thin covering
view'd,

Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,
And lineaments exact, would mock the skill
Of Phidias; nature alone can form
Such due proportion. To compare with her,
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Fair virgin huntress, for the chase array'd,
With painted quiver and unerring bow,
Were but to lessen her superior mien,
And goddess-like deport. The master's hand,
Rare artisan! with proper shades improves
His lively colouring; so here, to grace
Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
Fusca the brown appears, with greedy eye
Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects
Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grim, and with her freckled skin,
Offends the crowd. She of the gypsy train
Had wander'd long, and the sun's scorching rays
Imbrown'd her visage grim; artful to view
The spreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
The love-sick maid, who barter all her store
For airy visions and fallacious hope.
Gorgonius, if the current fame say true,
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had stroll'd,
For him fit mate. Next Tabitha the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchless speed; she many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighbouring mart, for mustard
fam'd,

Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join
The sister floods, and with their liquid arms
Greeting embrace. Here Gamaliel sage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, instructed well
In all the gainful discipline of prayer;
To point the holy leer, by just degrees
To close the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms
T' expose the whites, and with the sightless ball
To glare upon the crowd, to raise or sink
The docile voice, now murmuring soft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again

* Tewksbury in the vale of Evesham, where the
Avon runs into the Severn.

H h ij

in foaming floods of rapturous eloquence,
 Let loose the storm, and thunder through the noise
 The threaten'd vengeance: every muse profane
 Is banish'd hence, and, Heliconian streams
 Deserted, the fam'd Leman lake supplies
 More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
 Hail, happy youths! on whom indulgent Heaven
 Each grace divine bestows: nor yet denies
 Carnal beatitudes, sweet privilege
 Of saints elect! Royal prerogative!
 Here in domestic cares employ'd, and bound
 To annual servitude, frail Tabitha,
 Her pristine vigour lost, now mourns in vain
 Her sharpen'd visage, and the sickly qualms
 That grieve her soul; a prey to love, while grace
 Slept heedless by! Yet her undaunted mind
 Still meditates the prize, and still she hopes,
 Beneath th' unwieldy load, her wonted speed.
 Others of meaner fame the stately muse
 Records not; on more lofty flights intent,
 She spurns the ground, and mounts her native skies.

Room for the master of the ring; ye swains!
 Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high
 The glittering prize, on the tall standard borne,
 Waving in air; before him march in files
 The rural minstrelsy, the rattling drum
 Of solemn sound, and th' animating horn,
 Each huntsman's joy; the tabor and the pipe,
 Companion dear at feasts, whose cheerful notes
 Give life and motion to th' unwieldy clown.
 Ev'n age revives, and the pale puking maid
 Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
 And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
 Counting each careful step, he paces o'er
 Th' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal
 His standard, there himself majestic swells.
 Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
 Th' expected signal, with impatient eyes
 Measure the space between, and in conceit
 Already grasp the warm contested prize.
 Now all at once rush forward to the goal,
 And step by step, and side by side, they ply
 Their busy feet, and leave the crowd behind.

Quick heaves each breast, and quick they shoot
 along, [plain.
 Through the divided air, and bound it o'er the
 To this, to that, capricious fortune deals
 Short hopes, short fears, and momentary joy.
 The breathless throng with open throats pursue,
 And broken accents shout imperfect praise.
 Such noise confus'd is heard, such wild uproar,
 When on the main the swelling surges rise,
 Dash o'er the rocks, and, hurrying through the
 flood,

Drive on each other's backs, and crowd the strand.
 Before the rest till Tabitha was seen,
 Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field;
 Swift as the shooting star that gilds the night
 With rapid transient blaze, she runs, she flies;
 Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure
 The painful course, but drooping sinks away,
 And, like that falling meteor, there she lies
 A jelly cold on earth. Fusca, with joy,
 Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corse
 Insufling bounds; hope gave her wings, and now,

Exerting all her speed, step after step,
 At Ganderetta's elbow urg'd her way,
 Her shoulder pressing, and with poisonous breath
 Tainting her ivory neck. Long while had held
 The sharp contest, had not propitious Heaven,
 With partial hands, to such transcendent charms
 Dispens'd its favours. For as o'er the green
 The careless gypsy, with incautious speed,
 Push'd forward, and her rival fair had reach'd
 With equal pace, and only not o'erpass'd;
 Haply she treads, where late the merry train,
 In wasteful luxury, and wanton joy,
 Lavish had spilt the cyder's frothy flood,
 And mead with custard mix'd. Surpris'd, appall'd,
 And in the treacherous puddle struggling long,
 She slipp'd, she fell, upon her back supine
 Extended lay; the laughing multitude
 With noisy scorn approv'd her ju'd disgrace.
 As the sleek leveret skims before the pack,
 So flies the nymph, and so the crowd pursue.
 Borne on the wings of wind, the dear one flies,
 Swift as the various goddess, nor less bright
 In beauty's prime; when through the yielding air
 She darts along, and with refracted rays
 Paints the gay clouds; celestial messenger,
 Charg'd with the high behests of Heaven's great
 queen!

Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd
 Fond Hobbino! with active leap he seiz'd
 The costly prize, and laid it at her feet.
 Then pausing stood, dumb with excess of joy,
 Expressive silence! for each tender glance
 Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd;
 Less mute the crowd, in echoing shouts, applaud
 Her speed, her beauty, his obsequious love.

Upon a little eminence, whose top
 O'erlook'd the plain, a steep, but short ascent,
 Plac'd in a chair of state, with garlands crown'd,
 And loaded with the fragrance of the spring,
 Fair Ganderetta shone; like mother Eve
 In her gay sylvan lodge, delicious bower!
 Where nature's wanton hand, above the reach
 Of rule, or art, had lavish'd all her store,
 To deck the flowery roof; and at her side
 Imperial Hobbino! with front sublime,
 Great as a Roman consul, just return'd
 From cities sack'd, and provinces laid waste,
 In his paternal wicker fat, enthron'd.
 With eager eyes the crowd about them press,
 Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
 Each voice, each instrument, proclaims their joy
 With loudest vehemence: such noise is heard,
 Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call
 Of Britain's sovereign, the rustic bands
 O'erspread the fields; the subtle candidates
 Dissembled homage pay, and court the fools
 Whom they despise; each proud majestic clown
 Looks big, and shouts amain, mad with the taste
 Of power supreme, frail empire of a day!
 That with the setting sun extinct is lost.

Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbino!
 Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
 Of mortal pride; we play our parts a while,
 And strut upon the stage; the scene is chang'd,
 And offers us a dungeon for a throne.

Wretched vicissitude ! for, after all
His tinsel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly prospect, to his eyes presents
Her, whom his conscious soul abhor'd, and fear'd.
Lo ! pushing through the crowd, a meagre form,
With hasty step, and visage incompas'd !
Wildly she star'd : rage sparkled in her eyes,
And poverty sat shrinking on her cheeks.
Yet through the cloud that hung upon her brows,
A faded lustre broke, that dimly shone
Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face,
Impair'd by time, and shatter'd by misfortunes.
A froward babe hung at her flabby breast,
And tugg'd for life ; but wept, with hideous moan,
His frustrate hopes, and unavailing pains.
Another o'er her bending shoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade twin with envious eye,
As of his share defrauded ; then amain
He also screams, and to his brother's cries
In doleful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effect of lawless love ! O sting
Of pleasure past ! As when a full-freight ship,
Blest in a rich return of pearls or gold,
Or fragrant spice, or silks of costly dye,
Makes to the wish'd-for port with swelling sails,
And all her gaudy trim display'd ; o'erjoy'd
The master smiles ; but if from some small creek,
A lurking corsair the rich quarry spies,
With all her sails bears down upon her prey,
And pales of thunder from her hollow sides
Check his triumphant course ; aghast he stands
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to resist,
And impotent to fly ; all his fond hopes
Are dash'd at once ! nought now, alas ! remains
But the sad choice of slavery or death !
So far'd it with the hapless Hobbinol,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surpris'd by her, whose dreadful face alone
Could shake his steadfast soul. In vain he turns,
And shifts his place averse ; she haunts him still,
And glares upon him, with her haggard eyes,
That fiercely spoke her wrongs. Words swell'd
with sighs

At length burst forth, and thus she storms enrag'd.

" Know'st thou not me ? false man ! not to
" know me

" Argues thyself unknowing of thyself,

" Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with success.

" Is injur'd Mopsa then so soon forgot ?

" Thou knew'st me once, ah ! woe is me ! thou
" didst.

" But if laborious days and sleepless nights,

" If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,

" Inseparable guests, have thus disguis'd

" Thy once-belov'd, thy handmaid dear ; if thine

" And fortune's frowns have blasted all my charms ;

" If here no roses grow, no lilies bloom,

" Nor rear their heads on this neglected face ;

" If through the world I range a slighted shade,

" The ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown ;

" At least know these. See ! this sweet simpering
" babe,

" Dear image of thyself ; see ! how it sprunts

" With joy at thy approach ! see, how it gilds

" Its soft smooth face, with false paternal smiles !

" Native deceit, from thee, base man, deriv'd !

" Or view this other elf, in every art

" Of smiling fraud, in every treacherous leer,

" The very Hobbinol ! ah ! cruel man !

" Wicked, ingrate ! and could'st thou then so
" soon,

" So soon forget that pleasing fatal night,

" When me, beneath the flowery thorn surpris'd

" Thy artful wiles betray'd ? was there a star,

" By which thou didst not swear ? was there a
" curse,

" A plague on earth, thou didst not then invoke

" On that devoted head ; if e'er thy heart

" Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand

" Declin'd the nuptial bond ? but, oh ! too well,

" Too well, alas ! my throbbing breast perceiv'd

" The black impending storm ; the conscious
" moon

" Veil'd in a fable cloud her modest face,

" And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.

" And yet I love thee.—Oh ! could'st thou behold

" That image dwelling in my heart ! but why,

" Why waste I here these unavailing tears ?

" On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing.

" On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,

" All, all my vengeance fall ! ye lightnings, blast

" That face accurs'd, the source of all my woe !

" Arm, arm, ye furies ! arm ; all hell break loose !

" While thus I lead you to my just revenge,

" And thus"—Up starts th' astonish'd Hobbinol

To save his better half. " Fly, fly," he cries,

" Fly, my dear life, the fiend's malicious rage."

Borne on the wings of fear, away she bounds,

And in the neighbouring village pants forlorn,

So the cours'd hare to the close covert flies,

Still trembling, though secure. Poor Hobbinol

More grievous ills attend : around him press

A multitude, with huge Herculean clubs,

Terrific band ! the royal mandate these

Insulting show : arrested, and amaz'd,

Half dead he stands ; no friends dare interpose,

But bow dejected to th' imperial scroll :

Such is the force of law. While conscious shame

Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch

To Rhadamanth's august tribunal dragg'd.

Good Rhadamanth ! to every wanton clown

Severe, indulgent to himself alone.

H h iij

FIELD-SPORTS.

A POEM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

" ———— Hæc incondita solus
 " Montibus, et sylvis, studio jactabat inani."

VIRG. Ecl. ii.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1742.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE several acts of parliament in favour of Falconry are an evident proof of that high esteem our ancestors had conceived for this noble diversion. Our neighbours, France, Germany, Italy, and all the rest of Europe, have seemed to vie with one another, who should pay the greatest honours to the courageous falcon. Princes and states were her protectors; and men of the greatest genius, and most accomplished in all sorts of literature, with pleasure carried the hawk on their fists. But the princes of Asia, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, &c. have greatly out-done us Europeans in the splendor and magnificence of their field-parades, both as huntsmen and falconers. For though the description of flying at the stag and other wild beasts with eagles, may be thought a little incredible, yet permit me to assure the reader that it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the ancient books of falconry give us an account of it, and the relations of travellers confirm it. But what I think puts it out of all dispute, is the description the famous Monsieur de Thou has given us in his Latin poem, "De Re Accipitraria," lately reprinted at Venice in 1735, with an Italian translation and notes.

" Hoc studio Hæmonii circumsonat aula tyranni,
 " Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poscit,
 " Tot pedites adsunt: longo nemus omne remugit
 " Latrantum occursum, venatorumque repulsis
 " Vocibus; heic gemini, neque enim satis esse
 " ferendo
 " Unus tantæ oneri possit, cedente petauro
 " Circum aquilam gestant, aliam totidem inde
 " ministri
 " Impositam subeunt: quarum minor illa vulcri
 " Ore canum voces fingit, nemora avia complens
 " Terrore ingenti: latebris tum excita repente
 " Infelix fera prorumpit: ruit altera demum
 " Sublimis compar magno stridore per auras;

" Involat inque oculos et provolat, atque capaces
 " Expandens per inane sinus, caligine densâ,
 " Horribilique supervolitans cœlum obruit umbrâ.
 " Nec minor intereâ obsistit: sublimis ut illa,
 " Hæc humilis sic terga volans premit et latus
 " urget:
 " Neve gradum referat tetrò, et vestigia vertat,
 " Seu caprea aut cervus sese tulit obvius illis,
 " Rostro atque ungue minax vetat, et cum com-
 " pare vires
 " Alternat socias, artemque remunerat arte.
 " Nec mora, nec requies: furiis exterrita tantis
 " Donec in insidias cæcâ convalle locatas
 " Precipitet rabidis fera mox lanianda Molossis."

I am very much obliged to those gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon hunting: their goodness has encouraged me to make this short supplement to the Chase, and in this poem to give them some account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction, ver. 1. Description of flying at the stag with eagles, after the manner of the Asiatic princes, 7. Description of henn-hawking, 100. Of flying at the river, 179. Partridge-hawking, 232. Daring the lark with an hobby just mentioned, 235. Shooting flying, 241. Setting, 245. Angling, 261. Conclusion, 271.

ONCE more, Great Prince, permit an humble bard
 Prostrate to pay his homage at your feet;
 Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
 Towering aloft, sublime to soar, and sing;
 Sing the heart-cheering pleasure of the fields,
 The choice delight of heroes and of kings.

In earlier times, monarchs of eastern race
 In their full blaze of pride, as story tells,
 Train'd up th' imperial eagle, sacred bird!
 Hooded, with jingling bells, she perch'd on high;
 Not as when erst on golden wings she led

The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,
Mankind her quarry; but a docile slave,
Tam'd to the lure, and careful to attend
Her master's voice. Behold the man renown'd,
Abbas the Great (whom all his sawning slaves
Deem'd king of kings; vain fools! They sure
forgot

Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straits [heaps
Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell on
A dreadful carnage!] See his numerous host 20
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborne
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
Two sister eagles, stately ponderous birds!
The air's a desert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring coverts dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
The ruffet plain, and mimics as she flies
(By many a sleepless night instructed well)
The hound's loud openings, or the spaniel's quest.
What cannot wakeful industry subdue! 30
Mean while that mount on high, and seems to view
A black ascending cloud; when pierc'd the gloom
Of vapours dank condens'd, the sun's bright beams
Pain not her sight: she with expanded sails
Works through th' etherial fluid; then perhaps
Sees through a break of clouds this self-pois'd
orb

Hard by her hand-maid moon. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,
This mole-hill earth, and all its busy ants 40
Labouring for life, which lasts so short a day
Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my soul,
That breath of life, which all men must perceive
But none distinctly know, when once escap'd
From this poor helpless corse, and when on high
Borne on angelic wings, look down with scorn
On this mean lessening world, and knaves grown
rich;

By chance, or fraud, or insolence of power.
Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,
With less ambition nearer earth she tends, 50
As yet scarce visible; and high in air
Pois'd on extended wings, with sharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus some wise general from a rising ground
Observe th' embattled foe, where ferried ranks
Forbid access, or where their order loose
Invites th' attack, and points the way to fate.
All now is tumult, each heart swells with joy,
The falconers shout, and the wide concave rings,
Tremble the forests round, the joyous cries 60
Float through the vales; and rocks, and woods,
and hills

Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the flag,
Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess:
Fear hid him close, strange inconsistent guide!
Now hurries him aghast, with busy feet
Far o'er the spacious plain; he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step
To climb the craggy cliff: the gray-hounds strain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle wheeling flies 70
In airy labyrinths, or with easier wing
Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear

With hideous cries, then peals his forehead broad,
Or at her eyes his fatal malice aims.
The other, like the bolt of angry heaven,
Darts down at once, and fixes on his back
Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine: the blood, and sweat distill'd
From many a dripping furrow, stains the soil.
Who pities not this fury-haunted wretch 80
Embarra's'd thus, on every side distress'd?
Death will relieve him: for the gray-hounds fierce,
Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground:
Groaning he falls; with eyes that swim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies. The grandees press around
To dip their sabres in his boiling blood;
Unseemly joy! 'Tis barbarous to insult
A fallen woe. The dogs, and birds of prey
Insatiate, on his reeking bowels feast, 90
But the stern falconer claims the lion's share.

Such are the sports of kings, and better far
Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws
Of all devouring war. Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind:
But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,
Free-booter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey,
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.
Next will I sing the valiant falcon's fame 100
Aerial fights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray; but bird with bird
Joists in mid air. Lo! at his siege the hern,
Upon the bank of some small purling brook,
Observant stands to take his scaly prize,
Himself another's game. For mark behind
The wily falconer creeps; his grazing horse
Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fist
Th' unhooded falcon sits: with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and, in her wild 110
Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.
Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,
Conscious of danger stretches far away,
With busy pennons and projected beak,
Piercing th' opponent clouds: the falcon swift
Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
Gives vigour to her wings. Another soon
Strains after to support the bold attack,
Perhaps a third. As in some winding creek,
On proud Iberia's shore, the corsairs fly 120
Lurk waiting to surprise a British sail,
Full freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,
Or rich Byzantium; after her r:rey scud,
Dashing the spumy waves with equal oars,
And spreading all their shrouds; she makes the
main

Inviting every gale, nor yet forgets
To clear her deck, and tell th' insulting foe,
In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
So flies the hern pursu'd, but fighting flies.
Warm grows the conflict, every nerve's employ'd;
Now through the yielding element they soar 131
Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove
In trackless mazes through the troubled sky.
No rest, no peace. The falcon hovering flies
Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold
Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow

H h iiij

Full at his destin'd head. The watchful hern
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift
That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
And pointed beak, and gains a length of way. 140
Observe th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd
On this important war, and pleasing hope
Glow in each breast. The vulgar and the great,
Equally happy now, with freedom share
The common joy. The shepherd-boy forgets
His bleating care; the labouring hind lets fall
His grain unsown; in transport lost, he robs
Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.
Where is the tongue can speak the falconer's cares,
'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest tost? 151
His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confess
His inward woe. Now like a wearied stag,
That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;
Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breast
Receives the latent death; down plum she falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas! 161
The falconer in despair, his favourite bird
Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage;
Nor wants he long the means; the hern fatigu'd,
Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth
He drops: his cruel foes wheeling around
Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid; 170
Then muttering inward curses breaks his wings,
And fixes in the ground his hated beak;
Sees with malignant joy the victors proud
Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast.
Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight!
Who fenc'd thine eyrie round with sacred laws.
Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear
Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd.
Now, if the crystal stream delight thee more, 180
Sportsman, lead on, where through the reedy bank
Th' insinuating waters filter'd stray
In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
Gluts on the fattening ouse, or steals the spawn
Of teeming shoals, her more delicious feast.
How do the sun-beams on the glassy plain
Sport wanton and amuse our wondering eyes
With variously-reflected changing rays!
The murmuring stream salutes the flowery mead
That glows with fragrance; nature all around 190
Consents to bless. What sluggard now would sink
In beds of down? what miser would not leave
His bags untold for this transporting scene?
Falconer, take care, oppose thy well-train'd steed,
And sily stalk; unhood thy falcon bold,
Observe at feed the unsuspecting team
Paddling with oary feet: he's seen, they fly.
Now at full speed the falconer spurs away
T' assist his favourite hawk, she from the rest
Has singled out the mallard young and gay, 200
Whose green and azure brightens in the sun.

Swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid sky:
Behoves him now both oar and sail; for see
Th' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds th' aerial course; they rise, they fall,
Now skim in circling rings, then stretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal stroke
The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,
Trufs'd in mid-air bears down her captive prey. 210
'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft the duck
Mistrusts her coward wings, and seeks again
The kind protecting flood: if haply then
The falcon rash aim a decisive blow,
And spring to gripe her floating prey; at once
She dives beneath, and near some osier's root
Pops up her head secure; then views her foe
Just in the grasping of her fond desires,
And in full pride of triumph, whelm'd beneath
The gliding stream. Ah! where are now, proud
bird! 220

Thy stately trappings, and thy silver bells,
Thy glossy plumage, and thy filken crest?
Say, tyrant of the skies! Wouldst thou not now
Exchange with thy but late desponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy polish'd beak,
For her web-feet despis'd? How happy they!
Who, when gay pleasure courts, and fortune smiles,
Fear the reverse, with caution tread those paths
Where roses grow, but wily vipers creep!

These are expensive joys, fit for the great 230
Of large domains possess'd: enough for me
To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,
Or fly the partridge from the bristly field,
Retrieve the covey with my busy train,
Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark.

But, if the shady woods my cares employ,
In quest of feather'd game, my spaniels beat
Puzzling th' entangled copse; and from the brake
Push forth the whirring pheasant; high in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away 240
With hasty wing. Soon from th' uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death
O'ertakes him; and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.

When autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various
hues;

My setter ranges in the new-thorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves 250
One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, aw'd by discipline
Severe, he dares not own; but cautious creeps
Low-cowering, step by step; at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborne
The floating net unfolded flies; then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives rise in vain. 260

Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the scaly glutton. See! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight

My taper angle bends; surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun, and struggling pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares,
And sweet amusements, such each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy. 270

Thus, most illustrious prince, have I presum'd
In my obscure sojourn to sing at ease
Rural delights, the joy, and sweet repast
Of every noble mind: and now perchance
Untimely sing; since from yon neighbouring shore
The grumbling thunder rolls; calm peace alarm'd
Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Sounds harsh in every ear. But righteous heaven!
Britain deserted, friendless, and alone,
Will not as yet despair: shine but in arms,
O prince, belov'd by all! patron profess'd
Of liberty! with every virtue crown'd! [cliffs,
Millions shall crowd her strand; and her white
As Teneriff, or Atlas firm, defy

The break of seas, and malice of her foes;
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Caesar fail'd.

NOTES ON FIELD-SPORTS.

Ver. 18. Straits of Thermopylæ. See the story of Xerxes.

Ver. 103. The place where the hern takes his stand, watching his prey.

Ver. 169. This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk: they generally also break their legs.

Ver. 172. The reward of the hawk made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian, *Soppa*.

Ver. 174. No man was permitted to shoot within 600 yards of the eyrie, or nest of an hern, under great penalties.

Ver. 176. The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Asia in their turbans.

OCCASIONAL POEMS, TRANSLATIONS, FABLES, AND TALES.

"Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus."

PHÆD.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

OF WARWICKSHIRE, ESQ.

On reading several of his Excellent Poems. By Allan Ramsay.

SIR, I have read, and much admire,
Your muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
That gives the bright and cheerful glow.

I conn'd each line with joyous care,
As I can such from sun to sun;
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature and art,
In all your numbers so combine,
As to complete their just desert,
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your muse regard,
When she like Pindar's spreads her wings;
And virtue, being its own reward,
Expresses by the sister springs.

Emotions tender crowd the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind,
"The mighty fall'n on mount Gilbo."

Much surely was the virgin's joy,
Who with the Iliad had your lays;
For e'er, and since the siege of Troy,
We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,
I never yet could think a crime;
But first-rate virtues which inspire
The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boast,
Like your "gilt ass," who stood to bray,
Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him "th' incurious Benchers" hits,
With his own tale, so tight and clean,
That, while I read, streams gush, by fits
Of hearty laughter, from my e'en.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine,
Fontaine and Prior, who have sung
Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine
On Lob, they'd own'd themselves out-done.

The plot's pursued with so much glee,
The too officious "dog and priest,"
The "squire oppress'd," I own for me,
I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an omber game,
And "King revenging captive queen,"
He merits; but had won more fame,
If author of your "Bowling-green."

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, just, and with such ease,
That, while I read, upon my soul!
I wonder how I chance to please.

Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best;
And sure to me laurels belong,
Since British fair, and 'mongst the best,
Somervile's consort likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the sky,
My verses with a Scotian air;
Then saints were not so blest as I.

In her the valued charms unite;
She really is what all would seem,
Gracefully handsome, wise and sweet:
'Tis merit to have her esteem.

Your noble kinsman, her lov'd mate,
Whose worth claims all the world's respect,
Met in her love a smiling fate,
Which has, and must have, good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,
Both from de Somervile, who came,
With William, England's conquering king,
To win fair plains, and lasting fame.

Whichnour he left to's eldest son;
That first-born chief you represent:
His second came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'le takes descent.

On him and you may fate bestow
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long's ye'd wish to live below,
Still blest with all you would desire.

O sir! oblige the world, and spread
In print those and your other lays;
This shall be better'd while they read,
And after-ages sound your praise.

I could enlarge—but if I should
On what you've wrote, my ode would run
Too great a length—Your thoughts so crowd,
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muse,
Who on her Piceland hills ne'er tires:
Nor should (when worth invites) refuse
To sing the person she admires.

AN ODE.

*Humbly inscribed to the Duke of Marlborough, upon his
Removal from all his Places.*

" Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
" Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
" Nec fumit, aut ponit secures,
" Arbitrio popularis auræ."

HOR.

WHEN, in meridian glory bright,
You shine with more illustrious rays,
Above the muse's weaker flight,
Above the poet's praise.
In vain the goddess mounts her native skies,
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to rise;
In vain she toils to do her hero right,
Lost in excess of day, and boundless tracks of light.
The Theban swan with daring wings,
And force impetuous, soars on high,
Above the clouds sublimely sings,
Above the reach of mortal eye.

But what, alas! would Pindar do,
Were his bold muse to sing of you?
Can Chromius' strength be nam'd with yours?
Can mimic fights and sportive war
With Schellembergh's demolish'd towers,
Or Blenheim's bloody field compare?
The bard would blush at Theron's speed,
When Marlborough mounts the fiery steed;
And the despairing foe's pursued
Through towns and provinces subdued.
Fond poet, spare thy empty boast,
In vain thy chariots raise so great a dust;
See Britain's hero with whole armies flies,
To execute his vast designs,
To pass the Scheld, to force the lines,
Swift as thy smoking car, to win th' Olympic prize.
But now, when, with diminish'd light,
And beams more tolerably bright,
With less of grandeur and surprise,
Mild you descend to mortal eyes;
Your setting glories charm us more,
Than all your dazzling pomp before.
Your worth is better understood,
The hero more distinctly view'd,
Glad we behold him not so great as good.
True virtue's amiable face
Improves, when shaded by disgrace;
A lively sense of conscious worth,
Calls all her hidden beauties forth;
Darts through the gloom a lovely ray,
And, by her own intrinsic light, creates a nobler
day.

Let fickle chance with partial hands divide
Her gaudy pomp, her tinsel pride;
Who to her knaves and fools supplies
Those favours which the brave despise.
Let faction raise the saucy crowd,
And call her multitude to arms;
Let envy's vipers hiss aloud,
And rouse all hell with dire alarms:
Go shake the rocks, and bid the hills remove;
Yet still the hero's mind shall be
Unchangeable, resolv'd, and free,
Fix'd on its base, firm as the throne of Jove.
Britons, look back on those auspicious days,
On Ister's banks when your great leader stood,
And with your gasping foes incumber'd all the
flood.

Or when Ramillia's bloody plain
Was fatten'd with the mighty slain;
Or when Blaregnia's ramparts were assail'd,
With force that heaven itself had scal'd.
Did then reviling pens profane
Your Marlborough's sacred name?
Did noisy tribunes then debauch the crowd?
Did their unrighteous votes blaspheme aloud?
Did mercenary tools conspire
To curse the hero whom their foes admire?
No!—The contending nations sung his praise;
While bards of every clime
Exert their most triumphant lays,
No thought too great, no diction too sublime.
Hail, glorious prince! 'tis not for thee we grieve,
For thy invulnerable fame

No diminution can receive,
 Thou, mighty man! art still the same,
 Thy purer gold eludes the flame;
 This fiery trial makes thy virtue shine,
 And persecution crowns thy brows with rays divine.
 But what, alas! shall fainting Europe do?
 How stand the shock of her imperious foe?
 What successor shall bear the weight
 Of all our cares? and prop the state?
 Since thou our Atlas art remov'd,
 O best deserving chief! and therefore best belov'd?
 To your own Blenheim's blissful seat,
 From this ungrateful world retreat;
 A gift unequal to that hero's worth,
 Who from the peaceful Thames led our bold Bri-
 tons forth,
 To free the Danube and the Rhine;
 Who by the thunder of his arms
 Shook the proud Rhône with loud alarms,
 And rais'd a tempest in the trembling Seine.
 After the long fatigues of war,
 Repose your envy'd virtues here;
 Enjoy, my lord, the sweet repast
 Of all your glorious toils,
 A pleasure that shall ever last,
 The mighty comfort that proceeds
 From the just sense of virtuous deeds, [spoils
 Content with endless fame, condemn the meaner
 Pomona calls, and Pan invites,
 To rural pleasures, chaste delights;
 The orange and the citron grove
 Will by your hand alone improve;
 Would fain their gaudy liveries wear,
 And wait your presence to revive the year.
 In this Elysium, more than blest,
 Laugh at the vulgar's senseless hate,
 The politician's vain deceit,
 The fawning knave, the proud ingrate.
 Revolve in your capacious breast
 The various unforeseen events,
 And unexpected accidents, [great.
 That change the flatt'ring scene, and overturn the
 Frail are our hopes, and short the date
 Of grandeur's transitory state.
 Corinthian brass shall melt away,
 And Parian marble shall decay;
 The vast Colossus, that on either shore
 Exulting stood, is now no more;
 Arts and artificers shall die,
 And in one common ruin lie.
 Behold your own majestic palace rise,
 In haste to emulate the skies;
 The gilded globes, the pointed spires:
 See the proud dome's ambitious height,
 Emblem of power and pompous state,
 Above the clouds aspires:
 Yet Vulcan's spight, or angry Jove,
 May soon its towering pride reprove,
 Its painted glories soon efface,
 Divide the ponderous roof, and shake the solid base.
 Material structures must submit to fate.
 But virtue which alone is truly great,
 Virtue like yours, my lord, shall be
 Secure of immortality.

Nor foreign force, nor factious rage,
 Nor envy, nor devouring age,
 Your lasting glory shall impair,
 Time shall mysterious truths declare,
 And works of darkness shall disclose;
 This blessing is reserv'd for you
 T' outlive the trophies to your merit due,
 And malice of your foes.
 If glorious actions, in a glorious cause,
 If valour negligent of praise,
 Deserving, yet retiring from applause,
 In generous minds can great ideas raise:
 If Europe sav'd, and liberty restor'd,
 By steady conduct, and a prosperous sword,
 Can claim in free-born souls a just esteem;
 Britain's victorious chief shall be
 Rever'd by late posterity,
 The hero's pattern, and the poet's theme.

O D E,

*Occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's embarking for
 Osiend, An. 1712.*

"Interque mœrentes amicos.

"Egregius properavit exul."

HOR.

Ye powers, who rule the boundless deep,
 Whose dread commands the winds obey,
 To roll the waters on a heap,
 Or smooth the liquid way:
 Propitious hear Britannia's prayer,
 Britannia's hope is now your care,
 Whom oft to yonder distant shore,
 Your hospitable billows bore,
 When Europe in distress implor'd
 Relief from his victorious sword;
 Who, when the mighty work was done,
 Tyrants repell'd, and battles won,
 On your glad waves, proud of the glorious load,
 Through these your watery realms, in yearly tri-
 umph rode.
 To winds and seas, distress'd he flies,
 From storms at land, and faction's spight:
 Though the more sickle crowd denies,
 The winds, the seas, shall do his virtue right.
 Be hush'd, ye winds! be still, ye seas!
 Ye billows sleep at ease,
 And in your rocky caverns rest!
 Let all be calm as the great hero's breast.
 Here no unruly passions reign,
 Nor servile fear, nor proud disdain,
 Each wilder lust is banish'd hence,
 Where gentle love presides, and mild benevolence.
 Here no gloomy cares arise,
 Conscious honour still supplies,
 Friendly hope, and peace of mind,
 Such as dying martyrs find.
 Serene within, no guilt he knows,
 While all his wrongs sit heavy on his foes.
 Say, muse, what hero shall I sing,
 What great example bring,
 To parallel this mighty wrong,
 And with his graceful woes adorn my song?

Shall brave Themistocles appear
 Before the haughty Persian's throne?
 While conquer'd chiefs confess their fear,
 And shatter'd fleets his triumphs own;
 In admiration fix'd, the monarch stood,
 With secret joy, his glorious prize he view'd,
 Of more intrinsic worth than provinces subdued.
 Or faithful Aristides, sent,
 For being just, to banishment,
 He writ the rigid sentence down,
 He pitied the misguided clown.
 Or him, who, when brib'd orators misled
 The factious tribes, to hostile Sparta fled;
 The vile ingrateful crowd,
 Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud,
 But soon the fools discover'd to their cost,
 Athens in Alcibiades was lost.
 Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
 The great Dictator's fate deplore,
 Camillus against noisy faction bold,
 In victories and triumphs old.
 Ungrateful Rome!
 Punish'd by heaven's avenging doom,
 Soon shall thy ardent vows invite him home,
 The mighty chieftain soon recall,
 To prop the falling capitol,
 And save his country from the perjur'd Gaul.
 Search, muse, the dark records of time,
 And every shameful story trace,
 Black with injustice and disgrace,
 When glorious merit was a crime;
 Yet these, all these, but faintly can express
 Folly without excuse, and madness in excess.
 The noblest object that our eyes can bless,
 Is the brave man triumphant in distress;
 Above the reach of partial fate,
 Above the vulgar's praise or hate, [depress.
 Whom no feign'd smiles can raise, no real frowns
 View him, ye Britons, on the naked shore,
 Resolv'd to trust your faithless vows no more,
 That mighty man! who for ten glorious years
 Surpass'd our hopes, prevented all our prayers.
 A name, in every clime renown'd,
 By nations bless'd, by monarchs crown'd.
 In solemn jubilees our days we spent,
 Our hearts exulting in each grand event.
 Factions applaud the man they hate, [wait.
 And with regret, to pay their painful homage
 Have I not seen this crowded shore,
 With multitudes all cover'd o'er?
 While hills and groves their joy proclaim,
 And echoing rocks return his name.
 Attentive to the lovely form they gaze:
 He with a cheerful smile,
 Glad to revisit this his parent isle,
 Flies from their incense, and escapes their praise.
 Yes, Britons, view him still unmov'd,
 Unchang'd, though less belov'd.
 His generous soul no deep resentment fires,
 But, blushing for his country's crimes, the kind
 good man retires.
 Ev'n now he fights for this devoted isle,
 And labours to preserve his native soil, [pares,
 Diverts the vengeance which just heaven pre-
 Accus'd, disarm'd, protects us with his prayers,

Obdurate hearts! cannot such merit move?
 The hero's valour, nor the patriot's love?
 Fly, goddess, fly this inauspicious place;
 Spurn at the vile degenerate race,
 Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
 In other climes his lasting fame,
 Where honest hearts, unknowing to forget
 The blessings from his arms receiv'd,
 Confess with joy the mighty debt,
 Their altars rescued, and their gods reliev'd.
 Nor fails the hero to a clime unknown,
 Cities preserv'd, their great deliverer own:
 Impatient crowds about him press,
 And with sincere devotion bless.
 Those plains, of ten years war the bloody stage,
 (Where panting nations struggled to be free
 And life exchang'd for liberty)
 Retain the marks of stern Bellona's rage,
 The doubtful hind mistakes the field
 His fruitless toil so lately till'd:
 Here deep intrenchments sunk, and vales appear,
 The vain retreats of Gallic fear;
 There new-created hills deform the plain,
 Big with the carnage of the slain:
 These monuments, when faction's spite
 Has spit its poisonous foam in vain,
 To endless ages shall proclaim
 The matchless warrior's might. [right.
 The graves of slaughter'd foes shall do his valour
 These when the curious traveller
 Amaz'd shall view, and with attentive care
 Trace the sad footsteps of destructive war;
 Successive bards shall tell, [fell,
 How Marlborough fought, how gasping tyrants
 Alternate chiefs confess'd the victor's fame,
 Pleas'd and excus'd in their successor's shame.
 In every change, in every form,
 The Proteus felt his conquering arm:
 Convinc'd of weakness, in extreme despair, [war.
 They lurk'd behind their lines, and wag'd a lazy
 Nor lines nor sorts could calm the soldier's fear,
 Surpris'd he found a Marlborough there.
 Nature, nor art, his eager rage withstood,
 He measur'd distant plains, he forc'd the rapid
 flood,
 He fought, he conquer'd, he pursued.
 In years advanc'd, with youthful vigour warm'd,
 The work of ages in a day perform'd.
 When kindly gleams dissolve the winter snows
 From Alpine hills, with such impetuous haste
 The icy torrent flows;
 In vain the rocks oppose,
 It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the regions waste.
 Stop, goddess, thy presumptuous flight,
 Nor soar to such a dangerous height,
 Raise not the ghost of his departed fame,
 To pierce our conscious souls with guilty shame:
 But tune thy harp to humbler lays,
 Nor meditate offensive praise.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occasioned by his purchasing an Estate in Warwickshire.

—En erit unquam

“ Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!

"En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem,
"Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!"

VIRG.

To the gay town where guilty pleasure reigns,
The wise good man prefers our humble plains:
Neglected honours on his merit wait,
Here he retires when courted to be great,
The world resigning for this calm retreat.
His soul with wisdom's choicest treasures fraught,
Here proves in practice each sublimer thought,
And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.

Great bard! how shall my worthless muse aspire
To reach your praise, without your sacred fire?
From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,
To the best natur'd man secure she flies.

When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid;
Presumptuous folly blush'd, and vice withdrew,
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.
'Tis true, confederate wits their forces join,
Parnassus labours in the work divine:
Yet these we read with too impatient eyes,
And hunt for you through every dark disguise;
In vain your modesty that name conceals,
Which every thought, which every word, reveals,
With like success bright beauty's goddess tries
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
Her graceful port, and her celestial mien,
To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;
Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,
She glides along the plain in majesty confess'd.
Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,
To please at once, and to reform mankind:
Yet, when you write, truth charms with such address,

Pleads virtue's cause with such becoming grace,
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,
He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys:
You touch our follies with so nice a skill,
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.
Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
His great design all ages shall commend,
But more his happy choice in such a friend.
So the fair queen of night the world relieves,
Nor at the sun's superior honour grieves,
Proud to reflect the glories she receives.

When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,
His merits censur'd, and his wounds forgot:
When burnish'd helms and gilded armour rust,
And each proud trophy sinks in common dust:
Fresh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,
He shares the mighty blessings he bestows
His spreading fame enlarges as it flows.
Had not your muse in her immortal strain
Describ'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,
Even Marlborough might have fought, and Dor-
mer bled in vain.

When honour calls, and the just cause inspires,
Britain's bold sons to emulate their fires;
Your muse these great examples shall supply,
Like that to conquer, or like this to die.
Contending nations antient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name;

Our happier soil the prize shall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison,
Ye silvan powers, and all ye rural gods,
That guard these peaceful shades, and blest abodes;
For your new guest your choicest gifts prepare,
Exceed his wishes, and prevent his prayer;
Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,
And as his virtues, let his stores increase.
His lavish hand no deity shall mourn,
The pious bard shall make a just return;
In fasting verse eternal altars raise,
And over-pay your bounty with his praise.

Tune every reed, touch every string, ye swains,
Welcome the stranger to these happy plains,
With hymns of joy in solemn pomp attend
Apollo's darling, and the muses' friend. [groves,
Ye nymphs, that haunt the streams and shady
Forget a while to mourn your absent loves;
In song and sportive dance your joy proclaim,
In yielding blushes own your rising flame:
Be kind, ye nymphs, nor let him sigh in vain.

Each land remote your curious eye has view'd,
That Grecian arts, or Roman arms subdu'd,
Search every region, every distant soil,
With pleasing labour and instructive toil:
Say then, accomplish'd bard! What god inclin'd?
To these our humble plains your generous mind;
Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
Which none know better, or describe so well.
In vain ambrosial fruits invite your stay,
In vain the myrtle groves obstruct your way,
And ductile streams that round the borders stray.
Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,
Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakspeare's birth;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides;
Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant soil,
And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
The babe was born; his bed with roses strow'd:
Here in an ancient venerable dome,
Oppress'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.
Angels unseen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
And in soft elegies complaining mourn!
While the bless'd saint, in loftier strains above,
Reveals the wonders of eternal love.
The heavens, delighted in his tuneful lays,
With silent joy attend their Maker's praise.
In heaven he sings; on earth your muse supplies
Th' important loss, and heals our weeping eyes,
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart,
With equal genius, but superior art.
Hail, happy pair! ordain'd by turns to bless;
And save a sinking nation in distress.
By great examples to reform the crowd,
Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.
When Brutus strikes for liberty and laws,
Nor spares a father in his country's cause;
Justice severe applauds the cruel deed,
A tyrant suffers, and the world is freed,
But, when we see the godlike Cato bleed,
The nation weeps; and from thy fate, oh Rome!
Learns to prevent her own impending doom.
Where is the wretch a worthless life can prize,
When senates are no more, and Cato dies?

Indulgent sorrow, and a pleasing pain,
 Heaves in each breast, and beats in every vein.
 Th' expiring patriot animates the crowd,
 Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,
 The dear-bought purchase of their fathers' blood.
 Fair Liberty her head majestic rears,
 Ten thousand blessings in her bosom bears;
 Serene she smiles, revealing all her charms,
 And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms,
 Faction's repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey,
 Forlorn she sits, and dreads the fatal day,
 When eastern gales shall sweep her hopes away.
 Such ardent zeal your muse alone could raise,
 Alone reward it with immortal praise.
 Ages to come shall celebrate your fame,
 And rescued Britain blest the poet's name.
 So when the dreaded powers of Sparta fail'd,
 Tyrtæus and Athenian wit prevail'd.
 Too weak the laws by wise Lycurgus made,
 And rules severe without the muses' aid:
 He touch'd the trembling strings, the poet's song
 Reviv'd the faint, and made the feeble strong;
 Recall'd the living to the dusty plain,
 And to a better life restor'd the slain.
 The victor-host amaz'd, with horror view'd
 Th' assembling troops, and all the war renew'd;
 To more than mortal courage quit the field,
 And to their foes th' unfinish'd trophies yield.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE IX.

*Inscribed to the Right Honourable James Stanhope, Esq.
 one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, af-
 terwards Earl Stanhope.*

BORN near Avona's winding stream
 I touch the trembling lyre,
 No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,
 Shall the bold muse inspire.
 'Tis immortality's her aim;
 Sublime she mounts the skies,
 She climbs the steep ascent to fame,
 Nor ever shall want force to rise,
 While she supports her flight with Stanhope's name.
 What though majestic Milton stands alone
 Inimitably great!
 Bow low, ye bards, at his exalted throne,
 And lay your labours at his feet;
 Capacious soul! whose boundless thoughts survey
 Heaven, hell, earth, sea;
 Lo, where th' embattled gods appear,
 The mountains from their seats they tear,
 And shake th' empyreal heavens with impious war!
 Yet, nor shall Milton's ghost repine
 At all the honours we bestow
 On Addison's deserving brow,
 By whom convinc'd, we own his work divine,
 Whose skilful pen has done his merit right,
 And set the jewel in a fairer light.
 Enliven'd by his bright essay
 Each flowery scene appears more gay,
 New beauties spring in Eden's fertile groves,
 And by his culture paradise improves.
 Garth, by Apollo doubly blest'd,
 Is by the god entire possess'd:

Age, unwilling to depart,
 Begs life from his prevailing skill;
 Youth, reviving from his art,
 Borrows its charms and power to kill:
 But when the patriot's injur'd fame,
 His country's honour, or his friends,
 A more extensive bounty claim,
 With joy the ready muse attends,
 Immortal honours she bestows,
 A gift the muse alone can give;
 She crowns the glorious victor's brows,
 And bids expiring virtue live.
 Nymphs yet unborn shall melt with amorous flames
 That Congreve's lays inspire;
 And Philips warm the gentle swains
 To love and soft desire.
 Ah, shun, ye fair, the dangerous sounds!
 Alas, each moving accent wounds!
 The sparks conceal'd revive again,
 The god restor'd, resumes his reign,
 In killing joys and pleasing pain.
 Thus does each bard in different garb appear,
 Each muse has her peculiar air,
 And in propriety of dress becomes more fair;
 To each, impartial Providence
 Well-chosen gifts bestows,
 He varies his munificence,
 And in divided streams the heavenly blessing flows.
 If we look back on ages past and gone,
 When infant Time his race begun,
 The distant view still lessens to our sight,
 Obscur'd in clouds, and veil'd in shades of night.
 The muse alone can the dark scenes display,
 Enlarge the prospect, and disclose the day.
 'Tis she the records of times past explores,
 And the dead hero to new life restores,
 To the brave man who for his country died,
 Erects a lasting pyramid,
 Supports his dignity and fame,
 When mouldering pillars drop his name.
 In full proportion leads her warrior forth,
 Discovers his neglected worth,
 Brightens his deeds, by envious rust o'ercastr'd,
 T' improve the present age, and vindicate the past.
 Did not the muse our crying wrongs repeat,
 Ages to come no more should know
 Of Lewis by oppression great
 Than we of Nimrod now:
 The meteor should but blaze and die,
 Depriv'd of the reward of endless infamy.
 Ev'n that brave chief, who set the nations free,
 The greatest name the world can boast,
 Without the muse's aid, shall be
 Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion lost.
 The sculptor's hand may make the marble live,
 Or the bold pencil trace
 The wonders of that lovely face,
 Where every charm, and every grace,
 That man can wish, or heaven can give,
 In happy union join'd, confess
 The hero born to conquer, and to bless.
 Yet vain, alas! is every art,
 Till the great work the muse complete,
 And everlasting fame impart,
 That soars aloft, above the reach of fate.

Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods bestow
 A genius equal to the vast design,
 Whose thoughts sublime in easy numbers flow,
 While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.
 How shall our trembling souls survey
 The horrors of each bloody day;
 The wreaking carnage of the plain
 Incumber'd with the mighty slain,
 The strange variety of death,
 And the sad murmurs of departing breath?
 Scamander's streams shall yield to Danube's
 flood,
 To the dark bosom of the deep pursued
 By fiercer flames, and stain'd with nobler blood.
 The gods shall arm on either side,
 Th' important quarrel to decide;
 The grand event embroil the realms above,
 And faction revel in the court of Jove;
 While heaven, and earth, and sea, and air,
 Shall feel the mighty shock and labour of the war.
 Virtue conceal'd obscurely dies,
 Lost in the mean disguise
 Of abject sloth, depress'd, unknown. [lies,
 Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond
 Till chance, or art, reveal its worth,
 And call its latent glories forth;
 But when its radiant charms are view'd,
 Becomes the idol of the crowd,
 And adds new lustre to the monarch's crown.
 What British harp can lie unstrung,
 When Stanhope's fame demands a song?
 Upward, ye muses, take your wanton flight,
 Tune every lyre to Stanhope's praise,
 Exert your most triumphant lays,
 Nor suffer such heroic deeds to sink in endless night.
 The golden Tagus shall forget to flow,
 And Ebro leave its channel dry,
 Ere Stanhope's name to time shall bow,
 And lost in dark oblivion lie.
 Where shall the muse begin her airy flight?
 Where first direct her dubious way?
 Lost in variety of light,
 And dazzled in excess of day?
 Wisdom and valour, probity and truth,
 At once upon the labouring fancy throng,
 The conduct of old age, the fire of youth,
 United in one breast perplex the poet's song.
 Those virtues which dispers'd and rare
 The gods too thriftily bestow'd,
 And scatter'd to amuse the crowd,
 When former heroes were their care;
 T' exert at once their power divine,
 In thee, brave chief, collected shine.
 So from each lovely blooming face
 Th' ambitious artist stole a grace,
 When in one finish'd piece he strove
 To paint th' all-glorious queen of love.
 Thy provident unbiass'd mind
 Knowing in arts of peace and war,
 With indefatigable care,
 Labours the good of human kind:
 Erect in dangers, modest in success,
 Corruption's everlasting bane,
 Where injur'd merit finds redress,
 And worthless villians wait in vain.

Though fawning knaves besiege thy gate,
 And court the honest man they hate;
 Thy steady virtue charges through,
 Alike unerring to subdue,
 As when on Almanara's plain the scatter'd squadrons flew.
 Vain are th' attacks of force or art,
 Where Cæsar's arm defends a Cato's heart.
 Oh! could thy generous soul dispense
 Through this unrighteous age its sacred influence;
 Could the base crowd from thy example learn
 To trample on their impious gifts with scorn,
 With shame confounded to behold
 A nation for a trifle sold,
 Dejected senates should no more
 Their champion's absence mourn,
 Contending boroughs should thy name return;
 Thy bold Philippias should restore
 Britannia's wealth, and power, and fame,
 Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,
 While tyrants trembled on a foreign shore.
 No swelling titles, pomp, and state,
 The trappings of a magistrate,
 Can dignify a slave, or make a traitor great.
 For, careless of external show,
 Sage nature dictates whom t' obey,
 And we the ready homage pay,
 Which to superior gifts we owe.
 Merit like thine repuls'd an empire gains,
 And virtue, though neglected, reigns.
 The wretch is indigent and poor,
 Who brooding sits o'er his ill-gotten store;
 Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his sin,
 He feels the rigid judge within.
 But they alone are bless'd, who wisely know
 T' enjoy the little which the gods bestow,
 Proud of their glorious wants, disdain
 To barter honesty for gain;
 No other ill but shame they fear,
 And scorn to purchase life too dear:
 Profusely lavish of their blood,
 For their dear friends or country's good,
 If Britain conquer, can rejoice in death,
 And in triumphant shouts resign their breath.

TO DR. MACKENZIE.

O THOU, whose penetrating mind,
 Whose heart benevolent, and kind,
 Its ever present in distress,
 Glad to preserve, and proud to bless:
 Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
 On Caledonian hills to rove;
 But hear our fond united prayer,
 Nor force a county to despair.
 Let homicides in Warwick-lane,
 With hecatombs of victims slain,
 Butcher for knighthood, and for gain;
 While thou pursuest a nobler aim,
 Declining interest for fame.
 Where'er thy Maker's image dwells,
 In gilded roofs, or smoky cells,
 The same thy zeal: o'erjoy'd to save
 Thy fellow-creature from the grave:

For well thy soul can understand
 The poor man's call is God's command;
 No frail, no transient good, his fee;
 But heaven, and blest'd eternity.
 Nor are thy labours here in vain,
 The pleasure over-pays the pain.
 True happiness (if understood)
 Consists alone, in doing good;
 Speak, all ye wife, can God bestow,
 Or man a greater pleasure know?
 See where the grateful father bows!
 His tears confess how much he owes:
 His son, the darling of his heart,
 Restor'd by your prevailing art;
 His house, his name, redeem'd by you,
 His ancient honours bloom anew.
 But oh! what idioms can express
 The vast transcendant happiness
 The faithful husband feels? his wife,
 His better half, recall'd to life:
 See, with what rapture! see him view
 The shatter'd frame rebuilt by you:
 See health rekindling in her eyes!
 See baffled death give up his prize!
 Tell me, my friend, canst thou forbear,
 In this gay scene to claim a share?
 Does not thy blood more swiftly flow?
 Thy heart with secret transports glow?
 Health, life, by heaven's indulgence sent,
 And thou the glorious instrument!

Safe in thy art, no ills we fear,
 Thy hand shall plant Elysium here;
 Pale sickness shall thy triumphs own,
 And ruddy health exalt her throne.
 The fair, renew'd in all her charms,
 Shall fly to thy protecting arms;
 With gracious smiles repay thy care,
 And leave her lovers in despair.
 While multitudes applaud and bless
 Their great asylum in distress,
 My humble muse, among the crowd,
 Her joyful Pœans sings aloud.
 Could I but with Mæonian flight
 Sublimely soar through fields of light,
 Above the stars thy name should shine,
 Nor great Machaon's rival thine!
 But father Phœbus, who has done
 So much for thee his favourite son,
 His other gifts on me bestows
 With partial hands, nor hears my vows:
 Oh! let a grateful heart supply,
 What the penurious powers deny!

THE WIFE.

IMPERIAL Jove (as poets sung of old)
 Was coupled to a more imperial scold,
 A jealous, termagant, insulting jade,
 And more observant than a wither'd maid:
 She watch'd his waters with unweary'd eyes,
 And chas'd the god through every sly disguise,
 Out-brav'd his thunder with her louder voice,
 And shook the poles with everlasting noise.
 At midnight revels when the gossips met,
 He was the theme of their eternal chat:

This ask'd what form great Jove would next devise,
 And when his godship would again Taurise?
 That hinted at the wanton life he led
 With Leda, and with baby Ganymede:
 Scandals and lies went merrily about,
 With heavenly lambs-wool, and nectarial stout.
 Home she returns erect with lust and pride,
 At bed and board alike unsatisfy'd:
 The hen-peck'd god her angry presence flies,
 Or at her feet the passive thunderer lies,
 In vain: still more she raves, still more she storms,
 And heaven's high vaults echo her loud alarms:
 To Bacchus, merry blade, the god repairs,
 To drown in nectar his domestic cares,
 The fury thither too pursues the chase,
 Palls the rich juice, and poisons every glass;
 Wine, that makes cowards brave, the dying strong;
 Is a poor cordial 'gainst a woman's tongue.
 To arms! to arms! th' impetuous fury cries,
 The jolly god th' impending ruin flies:
 His trembling tigers hide their fearful heads,
 Scar'd at a fierceness which their own exceeds;
 Bottles aloft like bursting bombs resound;
 And smoking spout their liquid ruin round;
 Like storms of hail the scatter'd fragments fly,
 Bruis'd bowls and broken glass obscure the sky;
 Tables, and chairs, and stools, together huri'd,
 With universal wreck fright all the nether world.
 Such was the clamour, such great Jove's surprise,
 When by gigantic hands the mountains rise,
 To wrest his thunder, and invade the skies.
 Who would not envy Jove eternal life,
 And wish for godhead clogg'd with such a wife?
 If e'er it be my wayward fate to wed,
 Avert, ye powers, a Juno from my bed!
 Let her be foolish, ugly, crooked, old,
 Let her be whore, or any thing but scold!
 With prayers incessant for my lot I crave
 The quiet cuckold, not the hen-peck'd slave;
 Or give me peace on earth, or give it in the
 grave!

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. MR. MOORE.

Of humble birth, but of more humble mind,
 By learning much, by virtue more refin'd,
 A fair and equal friend to all mankind.
 Parties and sects, by fierce divisions torn,
 Forget their hatred, and consent to mourn;
 Their hearts unite in undissembled woe,
 And in one common stream their sorrows flow.
 Each part in life with equal grace he bore,
 Obliging to the rich, a father to the poor.
 From sinful riots silently he fled,
 But came unbidden to the sick man's bed.
 Manners and men he knew, and when to press
 The poor man's cause, and plead it with success.
 No penal laws he stretch'd, but won by love
 His hearers' hearts, unwilling to reprove.
 When sour rebukes and harsher language fail,
 Could with a lucky jest, or merry tale,
 O'er stubborn souls in virtue's cause prevail.
 Whene'er he preach'd, the throng attentive stood,
 Feasted with manna, and celestial food:
 He taught them how to live, and how to die;
 Nor did his actions give his words the lie.

Go, happy soul! sublimely take thy flight
Through fields of æther, in long tracks of light,
The guest of angels; range from place to place,
And view thy great Redeemer face to face.

Just God! eternal source of power and love!
Whom we lament on earth, give us above!
Oh! grant us our companion and our friend,
In bliss without alloy, and without end!

EPITAPH

Upon Hugh Lumber, Husbandman.

IN cottages and homely cells,
True piety neglected dwells;
Till call'd to heaven, her native seat,
Where the good man alone is great:
'Tis then this humble dust shall rise,
And view his judge with joyful eyes;
While haughty tyrants shrink afraid,
And call the mountains to their aid.

THE HIP. TO WILLIAM COLMORE, ESQ.

The Day after the great Meteor, in March 1715.

THIS dismal morn, when east winds blow,
And every languid pulse beats low,
With face most sorrowfully grim,
And head oppress'd with wind and whim,
Grave as an owl, and just as witty,
To thee I twang my doleful ditty;
And in mine own dull rhymes would find
Music to soothe my restless mind:
But oh! my friend, I sing in vain,
No doggrel can relieve my pain;
Since thou art gone my heart's desire,
And heaven, and earth, and sea conspire,
To make my miseries complete;
Where shall a wretched Hip retreat?
What shall a drooping mortal do,
Who pines for sunshine and for you?
If in the dark alcove I dream,
And you, or Phillis, is my theme,
While love or friendship warm my soul,
My shins are burning to a coal.
If rais'd to speculations high,
I gaze the stars and spangled sky,
With heart devout and wondering eye,
Amaz'd I view strange globes of light,
Meteors with horrid lustre bright,
My guilty trembling soul affright.
To mother earth's prolific bed,
Pensive I stoop my giddy head,
From thence too all my hopes are fled.
Nor flowers, nor grass, nor shrubs appear,
To deck the smiling infant year;
But blasts my tender blossoms wound,
And desolation reigns around.
If sea-ward my dark thoughts I bend,
O! where will my misfortunes end?
My loyal soul distracted meets
Attainted dukes, and * Spanish fleets.
Thus jarring elements unite,
Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with spight,

* An invasion from Spain was then expected.
VOL. VIII.

Successive mischiefs every hour
On my devoted head they pour.
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
'Tis still an endless scene of wo.
'Tis thus disconsolate I mourn,
I faint, I die, till thy return;
'Till thy brisk wit, and humorous vein,
Restore me to myself again.
Let others vainly seek for ease,
From Galen and Hippocrates,
I scorn such nauseous aids as these.
Haste then, my dear, unbrib'd attend,
The best elixir is a friend.

TO A LADY,

Who made me a Present of a Silver Pen.

FAIR-ONE, accept the thanks I owe,
'Tis all a grateful heart can do.
If e'er my soul the muse inspire
With raptures and poetic fire,
Your kind munificence I'll praise,
To you a thousand altars raise:
Jove shall descend in golden rain,
Or die a swan; but sing in vain.
Phœbus the witty and the gay,
Shall quit the chariot of the day,
To bask in your superior ray.
Your charms shall every god subdue,
And every goddess envy you.
Add this but to your bounty's store,
This one great boon, I ask no more:
O gracious nymph, be kind as fair,
Nor with disdain neglect my prayer,
So shall your goodness be confess'd,
And I your slave entirely blest'd;
This pen no vulgar theme shall stain.
The noblest palm your gift shall gain,
To write to you, nor write in vain.

*Presenting to a Lady a White Rose and a Red on the
Tenth of June.*

Is this pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.
But, Celia, should the red be chose,
With gay vermilion bright;
'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,
And in despair turn white.
Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain;
As uncontrollable as fate,
Imperial Love shall reign.
Each haughty faction shall obey,
And whigs and tories join,
Submit to your despotic sway,
Confess your right divine.
Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,
They're tyrants that oppress;
'Tis mercy must support your throne,
And 'tis like heaven to bless.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wandering currents flow,
A large smooth plain extends its verdant brow,
Here every morn while fruitful vapours feed
The swelling blade, and bless the smoking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns: like time, the swain
Whets his unrighteous scythe, and shaves the plain.
Beneath each stroke the peeping flowers decay,
And all th' unripen'd crop is swept away,
The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whiffs his short pipe, or roars a rural song,
With curious eye then thè press'd turf he views,
And every rising prominence subdues.

Now when each craving stomach was well-stor'd,
And church and king had travel'd round the board,

Hither at fortune's shrine to pay their court,
With eager hopes the motley tribe resort;
Attornies spruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
And rosy parsons fat, and orthodox:
Of every sect, whigs, papists, and high-flyers,
Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd squires:
Fox-hunters, quacks, scribblers in verse and prose,
And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaux;
On the green cirque the ready racers stand,
Dispos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand:
Each polish'd sphere does his round brother own,
The twins distinguish'd by their marks are known.
As the strong rein guides the well-manag'd horse,
Here weighty lead infus'd directs their course.
These in the ready road drive on with speed,
But those in crooked paths more artfully succeed.
So the tall ship that makes some dangerous bay,
With a side wind obliquely slopes her way.
Lo! there the silver tumbler fix'd on high,
The victor's prize, inviting every eye!
The champions, or consent, or chance divide,
While each man thinks his own the surer side,
And the jack leads, the skilful bowler's guide.

Bendo strip'd first, from foreign coasts he brought
A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
Where the tumultuous whims to faction prone,
Still jostled monarch Reason from her throne:
More dangerous than the porcupine his quill,
Inur'd to slaughter, and secure to kill.
Let loose, just heaven! each virulent disease,
But save us from such murderers as these:
Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
Th' unpeopled world would sink beneath his rage:
Nor need t' appease the just Creator's ire
A second deluge or consuming fire.
He winks one eye, and knits his brow severe,
Then from his hand launches the flying sphere;
Out of the green the guiltless wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his patients from this nether world:
Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd
Deride his senseless rage, and shout aloud,

Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious priest!
Still late at church, but early at a feast.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace,
His garments black, vermilion paints his face;
His wattles hang upon his stiffen'd band.
His platter feet upon the trigger stand,
He grasps the bowl in his rough brawny hand.

Then squatting down, with his grey goggle eyes
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
Zadoc pursues, and wabbles o'er the plain, [vain;
But shakes his strutting paunch, and ambles on in
For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
The inmate lead the lighter wood misguides.
He sharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
Then on the counter side with pain reclines;
As if he meant to regulate its course,
By power attractive, and magnetic force,
Now almost in despair, he raves, he storms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms:
Unhappy Proteus! still in vain he tries
A thousand shapes, the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his prayers, regardless of his cries.
His puffing cheeks with rising rage inflame,
And all his sparkling rubies glow with shame.

Bendo's proud heart, proof against fortune's frown,

Resolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, surveying all the green,
And measures with his eye the space between,
But, as on him 'twas a peculiar curse,
To fall from one extreme into a worse;
Conscious of too much vigour, now for fear
He should exceed, at hand he checks the sphere,
Soon as he found its languid force decay,
And the too weak impression die away;
Quick after it he scuds, urges behind
Step after step, and now, with anxious mind,
Hangs o'er the bowl, slow-creeping on the plain,
And chides its faint efforts, and bawls amain.
Then on the guiltless green the blame to lay,
Curses the mountains that obstruct his way;
Brazen it out with an audacious face,
His insolence improving by disgrace.

Zadoc, who now with three black mugs had cheer'd

His drooping heart, and his sunk spirits rear'd,
Advances to the trigg with solemn pace,
And ruddy hope sits blooming on his face.
The bowl he pois'd, with pain his hams he bends,
On well-chose ground unto the mark it tends:
Each adverse heart pants with unusual fear,
With joy he follows the propitious sphere;
Alas! how frail is every mortal scheme!
We build on sand, our happiness a dream.
Bendo's short bowl stops the proud victor's course,
Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force.
At Bendo from each corner of his eyes
He darts malignant rays, then muttering flies
Into the bower; there, panting and half dead,
In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.

Muse, raise thy voice, to win the glorious prize,
Bid all the fury of the battle rise:
These but the light-arm'd champions of the field,
See Griper there! a veteran well skill'd;
This able pilot knows to steer a cause
Through all the rocks and shallows of the laws:
Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client saves
On the next plank, and disappoints the waves.
In this, at least, all histories agree,
That, though he lost his cause, he sav'd his fee,
When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
How complaisant the

But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his case,
 And poverty fits shrinking on his face,
 How like a cur he snarls! when at the door
 For broken scraps he quarrels with the poor.
 The farmer's oracle, when rent-day's near,
 And landlords, by forbearance, are severe;
 When huntsmen trespass, or his neighbour's swine,
 Or tatter'd crape extorts by right divine.
 Him all the rich their contributions pay;
 Him all the poor with aching hearts obey:
 He in his swanskin doublet struts along,
 Now begs, and now rebukes, the pressing throng.
 A passage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
 And gently from his hand lets loose the sphere:
 Smooth as a swallow o'er the plain it flies,
 While he pursues its track with eager eyes;
 Its hopeful course approv'd, he shouts aloud,
 Claps both his hands, and justles through the crowd,
 Hovering a while, soon at the mark it stood,
 Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiss'd the wood;
 Loud is th' applause of every betting friend,
 And peals of clamorous joy the concave rend.
 But in each hostile face, a dismal gloom
 Appears, the sad presage of loss to come;
 'Mong these, Trebellius with a mournful air
 Of livid hue, just dying with despair,
 Shuffles about, skews his chop-fallen face,
 And no whipp'd gigg so often shifts his place.
 Then gives his sage advice with wondrous skill,
 Which no man ever heeds, or ever will:
 Yet he persists, instructing to confound,
 And with his cane points out the dubious ground.

Strong Nimrod now, fresh as the rising dawn
 Appears, his sinewy limbs, and solid brawn,
 The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
 Delights, nor pompous balls; but rural sports
 Are his soul's joy. At the horn's brisk alarms
 He shakes the unwilling Phillis from his arms;
 Mounts with the sun, begins his bold career,
 To chase the wily fox, or rambling deer.
 So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
 From savage beasts and monsters freed the land.
 Hark! from the covert of yon gloomy brake,
 Harmonious thunder rolls, the forests shake:
 Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chase,
 Tumultuous transports flush in every face;
 With ears erect the courser paws the ground,
 Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with cheering cries
 resound;

Drive down the precipice (brave youths) with
 speed,
 Bound o'er the river banks, and smoke along the
 mead.

But whither would the devious muse pursue
 The pleasing theme, and my past joys renew?
 Another labour now demands thy song,
 Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th' expecting throng,
 As Nimrod pois'd the sphere: his arm he drew
 Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew,
 Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as
 swift it flew:
 Bowls dash'd on bowls confounded all the plain,
 Safe stood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.
 Assaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
 Escaping by the ruin of their friends.

But now, he stands expos'd, their order broke,
 And seems to dread the next decisive stroke.
 So at some bloody siege, the ponderous ball
 Batters with ceaseless rage the crumbling wall,
 (A breach once made) soon galls the naked town;
 Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.

Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
 Griper beheld, exerting all his art;
 Once more resolves to check his furious foe,
 Block up the passage, and elude the blow.
 With cautious hand, and with less force, he

threw

[flew,

The well-pois'd sphere, that gently circling
 But stopping short, cover'd the mark from view.
 So little Teucer on the well-fought field,
 Securely skulk'd behind his brother's shield.

Nimrod, in dangers bold, whose heart elate,
 Nor courted fortune's smiles, nor fear'd her hate;
 Perplex'd, but not discourag'd, walk'd around,
 With curious eye examin'd all the ground;
 Not the least opening in the front was found.
 Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
 And marks his way, and moderates his might.
 Smooth-gliding o'er the plain, th' obedient sphere
 Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear
 Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in every breast:
 Now rolling nearer to the mark it press'd;
 Then chang'd its course, by the strong bias rein'd,
 And on the foe discharg'd the force that yet re-
 main'd.

Smart was the stroke, away the rival fled,
 The bold intruder triumph'd in his stead.

Victorious Nimrod seiz'd the glittering prize,
 Shouts of outrageous joy invade the skies;
 Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,
 Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID

OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

PROSTRATE on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
 And Israel's beauty on the mountains dies;
 How are the mighty fallen!
 Hush'd be my sorrows, gently fall my tears,
 Lest my sad tale should reach the aliens ears:
 Bid fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
 In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our shame;
 Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe,
 With impious scorn insult our solemn woe.

O Gilboa! ye hills aspiring high,
 The last sad scene of Israel's tragedy:
 No fattening dews be on thy lawns distill'd,
 No kindly showers refresh the thirsty field;
 No hallow'd fruits thy barren soil shall raise,
 No spotless kids that on our altars blaze;
 Lonesome and wild shall thy bleak summits rise,
 Accurs'd by men, and hateful to the skies.
 On thee the shields of mighty warriors lay,
 The shield of Saul was vilely cast away;
 The Lord's anointed, Saul! his sacred blood
 Distain'd thy brow, and swell'd the common
 flood.

How are the mighty fallen!

Where'er their bands the royal heroes led,
 The combat thicken'd, and the mighty bled;

The slaughter'd hosts beneath their falchions die,
And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly;
Unknowing to return, still urge the foe,
As fate inflatiate, and as sure the blow.
The son, who next his conquering father fought,
Repeats the wonders his example taught:
Eager his sire's illustrious steps to trace,
And by heroic deeds assert his race.

The royal eagle thus her ripening brood
Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood:
His darling thus, the forest monarch rears,
A firm associate for his future wars;
In union terrible, they seize the prey,
The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.

In peace united, as in war combin'd,
Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd,
Paternal grace with filial duty vy'd,
And love the knot of nature closer ty'd,
Ev'n fate relents, reveres the sacred band,
And undivided bids their friendship stand.
From earth to heaven enlarg'd, their joys im-
prove,

Still fairer, brighter still they shine above
Blest in a long eternity of love.

Daughters of Israel, o'er the royal urn
Wail and lament; the king, the father, mourn.
Oh! now at least indulge a pious woe,
'Tis all the dead receive, the living can bestow.
Cast off your rich attire and proud array,
Let undissembled sorrows cloud the day:
Those ornaments victorious Saul bestow'd,
With gold your necks, your robes with purple
glow'd:

Quit crowns, and garlands, for the sable weed,
To songs of triumph let dumb grief succeed
Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron
bleed.

How are the mighty fallen!

Though thus distress'd, though thus o'erwhelm'd
with grief,

Light is the burthen that admits relief;
My labouring soul superior woes oppress,
Nor roiling time can heal, nor fate redress.
Another Saul your sorrows can remove,
No second Jonathan shall bless my love.

O Jonathan! my friend, my brother dear!
Eyes, stream afresh, and call forth every tear:
Swell, my sad heart each faltering pulse beat low,
Down sink my head beneath this weight of woe:
Hear my laments, ye hills! ye woods, return
My ceaseless groans; with me, ye turtles, mourn!
How pleasant hast thou been! each lovely grace,
Each youthful charm, fate blooming on thy face:
Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories sprung,
And manna dropt from thy persuasive tongue.
Witness, great heav'n! (from you those ardours
came)

How wonderful his love! the kindest dame
Lov'd not like him, nor felt so warm a flame.
No earthly passion to such height aspires,
And seraphs only burn with purer fires.
In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,
And Israel's cause the pious patriot warms:
In vain, while deaths promiscuous fly below,
Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE ILIAD OF HOMER TRANSLATED.

Go, happy volume, to the fair impart
The secret wishes of a wounded heart:
Kind advocate! exert thy utmost zeal,
Describe my passion, and my woes reveal.
Oft shalt thou kiss that hand where roses bloom,
And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;
On thee her eyes shall shine, thy leaves employ
Each faculty, and sooth her soul with joy.
Watch the soft hour, when peaceful silence reigns,
And Philomel alone like me complains:
When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,
But end a day of calumny in prayer:
O'er Quarles or Bunyan nod, in dreams relent,
Without disguise give all their passions vent,
And mourn their wither'd charms, and youthful
prime mispent.

Then by the waxen taper's glimmering light,
With thee the studious maid shall pass the night;
Shall feel her heart beat quick in every page,
And tremble at the stern Pelides' rage:
With horror view the half-drawn blade appear,
And the desponding tyrant pale with fear;
To calm that soul untam'd, sage Nestor fails,
And ev'n celestial wisdom scarce prevails.
Then lead her to the margin of the main,
And let her hear th' impatient chief complain;
Toss'd with superior storms, on the bleak shores
He lies, and louder than the billows roars.
Next the dread scene unfold of war and blood,
Hector in arms triumphant, Greece subdued;
The partial gods who with their foes conspire,
The dead, the dying, and the fleet on fire.
But tell, oh! tell the cause of all this woe,
The fatal source from whence these mischiefs flow;
Tell her 'twas love deny'd the hero fir'd,
Depriv'd of her whom most his heart desir'd.
Not the dire vengeance of the thundering Jove,
Can match the boundless rage of injur'd love.
Stop the fierce torrent, and its billows rise,
Lay waste the shores, invade both earth and skies:
Confine it not, but let it gently flow,
It kindly cheers the smiling plains below,
And everlasting sweets upon its borders grow.

To Troy's proud walls the wondering maid
convey,
With pointed spires and golden turrets gay,
The work of gods: thence let the fair behold
The court of Priam, rich in gems and gold;
His numerous sons, his queen's majestic pride,
Th' aspiring domes, th' apartments stretching wide,
Where on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,
And weav'd the battles which their lovers fought.
Here let her eyes survey those fatal charms,
The beauteous prize that set the world in arms;
Through gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,
She walks, and every panting heart beats love.
Ev'n sapless age new blossoms at the sight,
And views the fair destroyer with delight:
Beauty's vast power, hence to the nymph make
known,

In Helen's triumphs let her read her own;

Nor blame her slaves, but lay the guilt on fate,
And pardon failings which her charms create.

Rash bard! forbear, nor let thy flattering muse,
With pleasing visions, thy fond heart abuse;
Vain are thy hopes presumptuous, vain thy
prayer,

Bright is her image, and divinely fair:
But oh! the goddess in thy arms is fleeting air.
So dreams th' ambitious man when rich Tokay,
Or Burgundy, refines his vulgar clay:
The white rod trembles in his potent hand,
And crowds obsequious wait his high command;
Upon his breast he views the radiant star,
And gives the word around him, peace or war:
In state he reigns, for one short, busy night,
But soon convinc'd by the next dawning light,
Curses the fading joys that vanish from his
fight.

AN EPISTLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

NEAR fair Avona's silver tide,
Whose waves in soft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted swains,
Your jocund songs and rural strains.
Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in varied beauties show,
Like flowers that on her borders grow.
While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,
His* friendly gift, my valued prize,
Where sister arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty shine,
Alternately my soul is blest.
Now I behold my welcome guest,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artist shown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expressive draught design'd,
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendship, love, benevolence,
Unstudied wit, and manly sense.
Then, as your book I wander o'er,
And feast on the delicious store
(Like the laborious busy bee,
Pleas'd with the sweet variety),
With equal wonder and surprise,
I see resembling portraits rise.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way.
Here the droll figures flyly sneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural scene,
And swains that gambol on the green,
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire, and art.

Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants against the southern wind,
And seeks the stream through unknown ways;
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt such longings, such desires,
As I to view those lofty spires,
Those domes, where fair Edina shrouds
Her towering head amid the clouds.

* Lord Somerville was pleased to send me his own
picture, and Mr. Ramsay's works.

But oh! what dangers interpose!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,
Proud winter floods with rapid force,
Forbid the pleasing intercourse.
But sure we bards, whose purer clay,
Nature has mixt with less alloy,
Might soon find out an easier way.
Do not sage matrons mount on high,
And switch their broom-sticks through the sky;
Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,
From Thule to th' Hesperides†?
And yet the men of Gresham own
That this and stranger feats are done,
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the sky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs must more intensely glow.
Did not the Theban swan take wing,
Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing?
And do not we of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,
Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,
Obscurely lost in clouds and night?

Then climb your Pegasus with speed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed:
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To swell the flood with crimson gore;
Like the Cadmean murdering brood,
Each thirsting for his brother's blood.
For now all hostile rage shall cease;
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honest hands and hearts shall join,
O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I shall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold—oh! take a special care,
T' admit no prying kirkman there;
I dread the penitential chair.
What a strange figure should I make,
A poor abandon'd English rake;
A squire well born, and six foot high,
Perch'd in that sacred pillory?
Let spleen and zeal be banish'd thence,
And troublesome impertinence,
That tells his story o'er again:
Ill-manners and his saucy train,
And self-conceit, and stiff-rumpr pride,
That grin at all the world beside;
Foul scandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;
Fame's busy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair:
Envy, hypocrisy, deceit,
Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To friendship and the world's repose.
But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,
And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toasts, that round the table sail:
While laughter, bursting through the crowd
In volleys, tells our joys aloud.

† The Scilly islands were so called by the ancients.

Hark! the shrill piper mounts on high,
 The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,
 To his far-sounding melody.
 Behold each labouring squeeze prepare
 Supplies of modulated air.
 Observe Croudero's active bow,
 His head still noddling to and fro,
 His eyes, his cheeks, with raptures glow.
 See, see the bashful nymphs advance,
 To lead the regulated dance;
 Flying still, the swains pursuing,
 Yet with backward glances wooing.
 This, this shall be the joyous scene;
 Nor wanton elves that skim the green
 Shall be so blest, so blythe, so gay,
 Or less regard what dotards say.
 My Rose shall then your Thistle greet,
 The Union shall be more complete;
 And, in a bottle and a friend,
 Each national dispute shall end.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE EPISTLE,

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,
 On the receipt, exceeded measure.
 You write with so much spirit and glee,
 Sae smooth, sae strong, correct, and free;
 That any he (by you allow'd
 To have some merit) may be proud.
 If that's my fault, bear you the blame,
 Wha've lent me sic a lift to fame.
 Your ain tours high, and widens far,
 Bright glanting like the first-rate star,
 And all the world bestow due praise
 On the collection of your lays;
 Where various arts and turns combine,
 Which even in parts first poets shine:
 Like Mat and Swift ye sing with ease,
 And can be Waller when you please.
 Continue, sir, and shame the crew
 That's plagu'd with having nought to do,
 Who fortune in a merry mood
 Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
 But has deny'd a genius fit
 For action or aspiring wit;
 Such kenna how t' employ their time,
 And think activity a crime:
 Aught they to either do, or say,
 Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
 When money, their Factotum, 's able
 To furnish them a numerous rabble,
 Who will, for daily drink and wages,
 Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
 Could they, like you, employ their hours
 In planting these delightful flowers,
 Which carpet the poetic fields,
 And lasting funds of pleasure yields;
 Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away;
 Or sleep or loiter out the day,
 Or waste the night damning their faults
 In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls:
 Whence pox and poverty proceed
 An early eild, and spirits dead.
 Reverse of you;—and him you love,
 Whose brighter spirit tours above

The mob of thoughtless lords and beaux,
 Who in his ilka action shows
 " True friendship, love, benevolence,
 " Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense."
 Allow here what you've said your sell,
 Nought can b' exprest so just and well:
 To him and her, worthy his love,
 And every blessing from above,
 A son is given, God save the boy,
 For theirs and every Som'ril's joy.
 Ye wardins round him take your place,
 And raise him with each manly grace;
 Make his meridian virtues shine,
 To add fresh lustres to his line:
 And many may the mother see
 Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, sir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
 Hail, snaw and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
 While Caledonia's hills are green,
 And a' her straths delight the een;
 While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
 And a' the year its beauty shows;
 Before again the winter lour,
 What hinders then your northern tour?
 Be sure of welcome: nor believe
 Those wha an ill report would give
 To Ed'nburgh and the land of cakes,
 That nought what's necessary lacks.
 Here plenty's goddess frae her horn
 Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,
 In blyth abundance;—and yet mair,
 Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
 Nor will North Britain yield for south
 Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
 To any but her sister South.—

True, rugged roads are cursed drieigh,
 And speats aft roar frae mountains high:
 The body tires—poor tottering clay,
 And likes with ease at hame to stay;
 While fauls stride warlds at ilka stend,
 And can their widening views extend.
 Mine sees you, while you chearfu' roam
 On sweet Avona's flowery howm,
 There recollecting, with full view,
 Those follies which mankind pursue;
 While, conscious of superior merit,
 You rise with a correcting spirit;
 And, as an agent of the gods,
 Lash them with sharp satyric rods:
 Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
 O'er hill and dale I see you range,
 After the fox or whidding hare,
 Confirming health in purest air;
 While joy frae heights and dales resounds,
 Rais'd by the hola, horn and hounds:
 Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chase outrun,
 I see the friend and setting sun,
 Invite you to the temperate bicker,
 Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
 The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,
 To save your health by sleeping sound.
 Thus with cool head and healsome breast
 You see new day stream frae the east:
 Then all the muses round you shine,
 Inspiring every thought divine;

Be long their aid—Your years and blessings,
Your servant Allan Ramsay wishes.

TO ALLAN RAMSAY,

Upon his publishing a second Volume of Poems.

HAIL, Caledonian bard! whose rural strains
Delight the listening hills, and cheer the plains!
Already polish'd by some hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careless of censure, like the sun, shine forth,
In native lustre, and intrinsic worth.
To follow nature is by rules to write,
She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.
From her the critic's taste, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain, till she from heaven inspire:
By the same guide instructed how to soar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.

Ye chosen youths! who dare like him aspire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre!
Keep nature still in view; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dangerous steep ascent
To lasting fame. Perhaps a little art
Is needful, to plane o'er some rugged part;
But the most labour'd elegance and care,
T' arrive at full perfection must despair.
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
Alas! some venial sins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due,
Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addison a few;
But those, like mists that cloud the morning ray,
Are lost and vanish in the blaze of day.
Though some intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We still love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her less a goddess than before.
Slight wounds in no disgraceful scars shall end,
Heal'd by the balm of some good-natur'd friend.
In vain shall canker'd Zoilus assail,
While Spence presides, and candour holds the scale.
His generous breast, nor envy fours, nor spite,
Taught by his * founder's motto how to write,
Good manners guides his pen. Learn'd without
pride,

In dubious points not forward to decide,
If here and there uncommon beauties rise,
From flower to flower he roves with glad surprise.
In failings no malignant pleasure takes,
Nor rudely triumphs over small mistakes.
No nauseous praise, no biting taunts offend,
W' expect a censor, and we find a friend.
Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,
Stripp'd of their rags, shall like Ulysses shine,
With more heroic port, and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of sense,
Can e'er atone for lost benevolence.
May Wykeham's sons, who in each art excel,
And rival ancient bards in writing well, [sing,
While from their bright examples taught they
And emulate their flights with bolder wing.
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleness of heart!

* William of Wykeham, "Manners maketh man."

Such critics, Ramsay, jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice insolently blame,
But lur'd by praise the haggard muse reclaim. }
Retouch each line till all is just and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almost complete.
So when some beauteous dame, a reigning toast,
The flower of Forth, and proud Edina's boast,
Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
In all her richest head-geer trimly clad,
The curious hand-maid, with observant eye,
Corrects the swelling hoop that hangs awry;
Through every plait her busy fingers rove,
And now she plies below, and then above,
With pleasing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon smooths, adjusts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full lustre shine,
And Homer's Juno was not half so fine.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

WAS ever work to such perfection wrought;
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze:
So breaks the day upon the shades of night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart, thy great design;
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human wit?

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarse alloy,
Our happiness to love, adore, obey;
To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd,
For this thy work, for every lesser good,
With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.

The muse, which should instruct, now entertains,
On trifling subjects, in enervate strains;
Be it thy task to set the wanderer right,
Point out her way in her aerial flight;
Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
Thy theme sublime, and easy verse, will prove
Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
In virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
The purest morals in the softest lays,
As angels once, so now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming muse shall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

EPISTLE TO MR. THOMSON,

ON THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS SEASONS.

So bright, so dark, upon an April day,
The sun darts forth, or hides his various ray;

So high, so low, the lark aspiring sings,
 Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
 So smooth, so rough, the sea that laves our shores,
 Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest roars.
 Believe me, Thomson, 'tis not thus I write,
 Severely kind, by envy sour'd or spite:
 Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
 Such arts are to my honest soul unknown.
 I read thee over as a friend should read,
 Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you succeed.
 Why should thy muse, born so divinely fair,
 Want the reforming toilet's daily care?
 Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
 And call forth all the glories of her face:
 Studiously plain, and elegantly clean,
 With unaffected speech, and easy mien,
 Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
 Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire.
 Discretely daring, with a stiffen'd rein,
 Firm in thy seat the flying steed restrain.
 Though few thy faults, who can perfection boast?
 Spots in the sun are in his lustre lost:
 Yet ev'n those spots expunge with patient care,
 Nor fondly the minutest error spare.
 For kind and wise the parent, who reproves
 The slightest blemish in the child he loves.
 Read Philips much, consider Milton more;
 But from their dross extract the purer ore.
 To coin new words, or to restore the old,
 In southern bards is dangerous and bold;
 But rarely, very rarely, will succeed,
 When minted on the other side of Tweed.
 Let perspicuity o'er all preside—
 Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.
 The rhiming, jingling tribe, with bells and song,
 Who drive their limping Pegasus along,
 Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to rise
 To scorn the beaten road, and range the skies.
 A genius so refin'd, so just, so great,
 In Britain's isle shall fix the muse's seat,
 And new Parnassus shall at home create:
 Rules from thy works each future bard shall
 draw,
 Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
 And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

TO THE RIGHT MONOURABLE
 LADY ANNE COVENTRY.

Upon viewing her fine Chimney-piece of Shell-work.

THE greedy merchant ploughs the sea for gain,
 And rides exulting o'er the watery plain:
 While howling tempests, from their rocky bed,
 Indignant break around his careful head.
 The royal fleet the liquid waste explores,
 And speaks in thunder to the trembling shores;
 The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear,
 The vanquish'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
 Those quit their chain, and these resign their palm,
 While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.
 The curious sage, nor gain nor fame pursues,
 With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
 Hangs o'er the cliff inquisitive to know
 The secret causes of its ebb and flow;

Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its smooth
 face,
 Or ranks in classes all the fishy race,
 From those enormous monsters of the main,
 Who in their world, like other tyrants, reign,
 To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band,
 Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the strand.
 Yet ev'n their shells the forming hand divine
 Has, with distinguish'd lustre, taught to shine.
 What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
 What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!
 Th' Almighty painter glows in every line:
 How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold design,
 And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
 Justly supreme! let us thy power revere,
 Thou fill'st all space! all-beauteous every where,
 Thy rising sun with blushes paints the morn,
 Thy shining lamps the face of night adorn;
 Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills;
 The vales thy pastures green, and bubbling rills;
 Thy coral groves, thy rocks that amber weep,
 Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep;
 Thy yellow sands distinct with golden ore,
 And these thy variegated shells the shore.
 To all thy works such grandeur hast thou lent,
 And such extravagance of ornament.
 For the false traitor, man, this pomp and show!
 A scene so gay, for us poor worms below!
 No—for thy glory all these beauties rise,
 Yet may improve the good, instruct the wise.

You, madam, sprung from Beaufort's royal line,
 Who, lost to courts, can in your closet shine,
 Best know to use each blessing he bestows,
 Best know to praise the power from whence it flows.
 Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
 Or agat, or Egyptian porphyry—
 More glossy they, their veins of brighter dye.
 See! where your rising pyramids aspire,
 Your guests surpris'd the shining pile admire!
 In future times, if some great Phidias rise,
 Whose chissel with his mistress nature vies,
 Who, with superior skill, can lightly trace
 In the hard marble block the softest face:
 To crown this piece, so elegantly neat,
 Your well-wrought busto shall the whole complete;
 O'er your own work from age to age preside,
 Its author once, and then its greatest pride.

ADDRESS

To his Elbow-chair new-clothed.

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
 If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend;
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
 Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;
 Why shouldst not thou attend my humble lays,
 And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?
 True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;
 But what are trappings and external show?
 To real worth alone I make my court;
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport,
 Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay;
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
 The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;
 Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house!

Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before !
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore !
 'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round ;
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
 Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd ;
 I knew thy worth ; my friend in rags I lov'd ;
 I lov'd thee *more* ; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
 My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
 With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd ;
 And every wayward appetite obey'd.
 But sage experience taught me how to prize
 Myself ; and how, this world : she bade me rise
 To nobler flights regardless of a race
 Of factious emmets ; pointed where to place
 My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure ;
 And, patiently, what heaven has sent, endure ;
 From all the futile cares of business free ;
 Not fond of life, but yet content to be :
 Here mark the fleeting hours ; regret the past ;
 And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies ;
 And all the malice of the storm defies :
 With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,
 Pities the restless crew he left behind ;
 Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone
 On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

SONG.

As o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
 The blissful seat of peace and love,
 Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
 And mingle pleasure with surprise.
 By nature blest in every part,
 Adorn'd with every grace of art,
 This paradise of blooming joys
 Each raptur'd sense, at once, employs.

But when I view the radiant queen,
 Who form'd this fair enchanting scene ;
 Pardon, ye grotts ! ye crystal floods !
 Ye breathing flowers ! ye shady woods !
 Your coolness now no more invites ;
 No more your murmuring stream delights ;
 Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown ;
 My soul's intent on her alone.

PARAPHRASE UPON A FRENCH SONG.

" Venge moi d'une ingrate maitresse,
 " Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvresse."

KIND relief in all my pain,
 Jolly Bacchus ! hear my prayer,
 Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair !
 In thy smiling cordial bowl,
 Drown the sorrows of my soul,
 All thy deity employ,
 Gild each gloomy thought with joy,
 Jolly Bacchus ! save, oh save,
 From the deep devouring grave,
 A poor, despairing, dying swain.

Haste away,
 Haste away,
 Lash thy tigers, do not stay,
 I'm undone if thou delay.
 If I view those eyes once more,
 Still shall love, and still adore,
 And be more wretched than before.
 See the glory round her face !
 See her move !
 With what a grace !—
 Ye gods above !

Is she not one of your immortal race ?—

Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
 Dart like lightning through the sky :
 Would ye in marble temples dwell,
 The dear-one to my arms compel ;
 Bring her in bands of myrtle tied :
 Bid her forget, and bid her hide,
 All her scorn, and all her pride.
 Would ye that your slave repay
 A smoking hecatomb each day ;
 O restore
 The beauteous goddess I adore ;
 O restore, with all her charms,
 The faithless vagrant to my arms !

HUDIBRAS AND MILTON RECONCILED.

TO SIR ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

" Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 " Impavidum ferient ruinæ."—HOR.

DEAR knight, how great a drudge is he
 Who would excel in poetry !
 And yet how few have learnt the art,
 T' inform the head, or touch the heart !
 Some, with a dry and barren brain,
 Poor rogues ! like costive lap-dogs strain ;
 While others with a flux of wit,
 The reader and their friends besh-t.
 Would you (Sir Knight) my judgment know ?
 He still writes worst who writes *so-so*.
 In this the mighty secret lies,
 To elevate and to surprise :
 Thus far my pen at random run,
 The fire was out, the clock struck one.
 When, lo ! strange hollow murmurs from without,
 Invade my ears. In every quarter rous'd,
 The warring winds rush from their rocky caves
 Tumultuous ; the vapours dank, or dry,
 Beneath their standards rang'd, with lowering front
 Darken the welkin. At each dreadful shock
 Oaks, pines, and elms, down to their mother earth
 Bend low their suppliant heads : the nodding
 towers
 Menace destruction, and old Edrick's house
 From its foundation shakes. The bellowing clouds
 Burst into rain, or gild their sable skirts
 With flakes of ruddy fire ; fierce elements
 In ruin reconcil'd ! redoubled peals
 Of ceaseless thunder roar. Convulsions rend
 The firmament. The whole creation stands
 Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits its doom.
 And now perhaps, dear friend, you wonder
 In this dread scene of wind, rain, thunder,

What a poor guilty wretch could do;
Then hear—(for, faith, I tell you true)
I water'd, shook my giddy head,
Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

UPON

MIRANDA'S LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

The sun departing hides his head,
The lily and the rose are dead,
The birds forget to sing;
The cooing turtles now no more
Repeat their amorous ditties o'er,
But watch th' approaching spring.

For soon the merry month of May
Restores the bright all-cheering ray;
Soft notes charm every grove:
The flowers ambrosial incense breathe,
And all above, and all beneath,
Is fragrance, joy, and love.

So when Miranda hence retires,
Each shepherd only not expires:
How rueful is the scene!
How the dull moments creep along!
No sportive dance, nor rural song,
No gambols on the green.

Yet, when the radiant nymph appears,
Each field its richest livery wears,
All nature's blith and gay;
The swains transported with delight,
After a long and gloomy night,
Bless the reviving day.

While thus, indulgent to our prayer
Kind heaven permitted us to share
A blessing so divine;
While smiling hope gave some relief,
And joys alternate sooth'd our grief,
What shepherd could repine?

But now—her fatal loss we mourn,
Never, oh! never to return
To these deserted plains;
Undone, abandon'd to despair,
Alas! 'tis winter all the year
To us unhappy swains.

Ye little loves, lament around;
With empty quivers strew the ground,
Your bows unbent lay down;
Harmless your wounds, pointless your darts,
And frail your empire o'er our hearts,
Till she your triumphs crown.

Ye nymphs, ye fawns, complaining sigh;
Ye graces, let your tresses fly,
The sport of every wind:
Ye mimic echoes tell the woods,
Repeat it to the murmuring floods,
She's gone! she's gone! unkind!

Break, shepherds, break each tuneless reed,
Let all your flocks at random feed,
Each flowery garland tear;
Since wit and beauty quit the plain,
Past pleasures but enhance our pain,
And life's not worth our care.

TO PHYLLIS.

Though close immur'd, poor captive maid!
Young Danaë play'd a wanton's part;
The gold that in her lap was laid,
Soon found a passage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguil'd
By Juno's unrelenting hate,
Amid the bright destruction smil'd,
Enjoy'd her god, and dy'd in state.

The swan on Leda's whiter breast,
Artful deceiver! nestling lay,
With joy she clasp'd her downy guest,
Fond of a bird so soft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit share,
Where interest reigns, or pride, or show?
'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,
The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart shall beat,
Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan?
Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,
For woman loves herself alone.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF HALIFAX,

With the Fable of the two Springs.

O HALIFAX! a name for ever dear
To Phœbus, and which all the Nine revere;
Accept this humble pledge of my esteem,
So justly thine, benevolence my theme.
In mystic tales, and parables, of old
Grave eastern seers instructive lessons told;
Wise Greece from them receiv'd the happy plan
And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.
The matron Truth appears with better grace,
When well-wrought fables veil her reverend face:
Dry precept may instruct, but can't delight,
While pleasing fictions all our powers excite.
Our busy minds each faculty employ,
And range around, and start their game with joy;
Pleas'd with the chase, make the rich prey their
own,

And glory in the conquests they have won.
Fable alone can crown the poet's brow,
Upon his works immortal charms bestow:
And 'twere a sin that method to disprove,
Which Heaven has fix'd by sanctions from above.
My humble muse in calm retirement roves
Near mossy fountains, and near shady groves:
Yet there, ev'n there, her loyal hands would raise
Some rural trophy to her monarch's praise;
Instruct those fountains and those groves to show,
What copious blessings from his bounty flow;
While flowers and shrubs bless his propitious aid,
His urn refreshing, or protecting shade.
Great friend of human kind! thy pious hand
Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.
Let haughty tyrants of false glory dream,
Without remorse pursue the bloody scheme;
To fame forbidden tread the lawless way,
And o'er the ravag'd world extend their sway.

'Tis thine, great George, to guard thy favourite
 isle
 From open force, and every secret wile,
 To raise th' oppress'd, to make the captives smile;
 To pay just heaven what righteous monarchs owe,
 And, like that heaven, to bless the world below:
 To build new temples, to repair the old,
 To bring the straggling sheep into the fold,
 And by wise laws restore an age of gold.
 Ye blissful seats where Tame and Isis join,
 Lovely retirement of the sacred Nine,
 Parent of arts, and once my sweet abode,
 Can ye forget the blessings he bestow'd?
 Can sophistry prevail against that prince,
 Whose mercy and beneficence convince?
 Oh! touch each tuneful string, let every muse
 From all her stores her noblest Pæans choose;
 Pay what she can in tributary lays,
 And to his virtue grant supplies of praise.
 To all the world your grateful hearts make known,
 And in your monarch's fame record your own.
 His fame—which envy's breath can never blast,
 But ages yet to come shall join the past,
 And Brunswick's glory with the world shall last.

A SONG FOR THE LUTE.

GENTLY, my lute, move every string,
 Soft as my sighs, reveal my pain;
 While I, in plaintive numbers, sing
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.
 In vain her airs, in vain her art,
 In vain she frowns when I appear;
 Thy notes shall melt her frozen heart;
 She cannot hate, if she can hear.
 And see she smiles! through all the groves
 Triumphant Iō-Pæans sound:
 Clap all your wings, ye little loves;
 Ye sportive graces, dance around.
 Ye listening oaks, bend to my song;
 Not Orpheus play'd a nobler lay:
 Ye savages, about me throng;
 Ye rocks, and harder hearts, obey.
 She comes, she comes, relenting fair!
 To fill with joy my longing arms;
 What faithful lover can despair,
 Who thus with verse, and music, charms?

THE COQUET.

WHEN tortur'd by the cruel fair
 And almost mad with wild despair,
 My fleeting spirits rove;
 One cordial glance restores her slave,
 Redeems me from the gaping grave,
 And soothes my soul to love.
 Thus in a sea of doubt I'm toss'd,
 Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast;
 What wretch can long endure
 Such odd, perplexing pangs as these,
 When neither mortal the disease,
 Nor yet complete the cure?

Proud tyrant! since to save, or kill,
 Depends on thy capricious will,
 This milder sentence give;
 Reverse my strange, untoward fate,
 Oh! let me perish by thy hate,
 Or by thy kindness live!

THE SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

DEAD to the soft delights of love,
 Spare me, O! spare me, cruel boy:
 Nor seek in vain that heart to move,
 Which pants no more with amorous joy.
 Of old, thy faithful hardy swain,
 (When smit with fair Pastora's charms)
 I serv'd thee many a long campaign,
 And wide I spread thy conquering arms.
 Now, mighty God, dismiss thy slave,
 To feeble age let youth succeed;
 Recruit among the strong and brave,
 And kindly spare an invalid.
 Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares,
 Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains!
 My soul for better guests prepares,
 Reason restor'd, and virtue reigns.
 But why, my Cloc, tell me why?
 Why trickles down this silent tear?
 Why do these blushes rise and die?
 Why stand I mute when thou art here?
 Ev'n sleep affords my soul no rest,
 Thee bathing in the stream I view;
 With thee I dance, with thee I feast,
 Thee through the gloomy grove pursue.
 Triumphant god of gay desires!
 Thy vassal's raging pains remove;
 I burn, I burn, with fierce fires,
 Oh! take my life, or crown my love.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

WHO now regards Chloris, her tears, and her
 whining,
 Her sighs and fond wishes, and awkward repining?
 What a pother is here, with her amorous glances,
 Soft fragments of Ovid, and scraps of romances!
 A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!
 Cold December affects the sweet blossoms of May;
 To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom spurn us,
 Is to quench love's bright torch, and with touch-
 wood to burn us.
 Believe me, dear maids, there's no way of evading;
 While ye pish, and cry nay, your roses are fading;
 Though your passion survive, your beauty will
 dwindle,
 And our languishing embers can never rekindle.
 When bright in your zeniths we prostrate before
 ye,
 When ye set in a cloud, what fool will adore ye?
 Then, ye fair, be advis'd, and snatch the kind
 blessing,
 And show your good conduct by timely possessing.

ANACREONTIC.

TO CLOE DRINKING.

WHEN, my dear Cloe, you resign
 One happy hour to mirth and wine,
 Each glass you drink still paints your face
 With some new victorious grace :
 Charm in reserve my soul surprise,
 And by fresh wounds your lover dies.
 Who can resist thee, lovely fair !
 That wit ! that soft engaging air !
 Each panting heart its homage pays,
 And all the vassal world obeys.
 God of the grape, boast now no more
 Thy triumphs on far Indus' shore :
 Each useless weapon now lay down,
 Thy tigers, car, and ivy crown ;
 Give but this juice in full supplies,
 And trust thy fame to Cloe's eyes.

TO A DISCARDED TOAST.

CELIA, confess 'tis all in vain,
 To patch the ruins of thy face ;
 Nor of ill-natur'd time complain,
 That robs it of each blooming grace.
 If love no more shall bend his bow,
 Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
 If no lac'd fop, nor feather'd beau,
 Despairing at thy feet shall die :
 Yet still, my charmer, wit like thine
 Shall triumph over age and fate ;
 Thy setting beams with lustre shine,
 And rival their meridian height.
 Beauty, fair flower ! soon fades away,
 And transient are the joys of love ;
 But wit, and virtue, ne'er decay,
 Ador'd below, and blest'd above.

THE PERJUR'D MISTRESS.

From Horace, Epod. xv. ad Næram.

'Twas night, and heaven intent with all its eyes
 Gaz'd on the dear deceitful maid ;
 A thousand pretty things she said,
 A thousand artful tricks she play'd,
 From me, deluded me, her falsehood to disguise.
 She clasp'd me in her soft encircling arms,
 She press'd her glowing cheek to mine,
 The clinging ivy, or the curling vine,
 Did never yet so closely twine ; [charms?
 Who could be man and bear the lustre of her
 And thus she swore : by all the powers above,
 When winter storms shall cease to roar,
 When summer suns shall shine no more,
 When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
 Næra then, and not till then, shall cease to love.
 Ah ! false Næra ! perjur'd fair ! but know,
 I have a soul too great to bear
 A rival's proud insulting air,
 Another may be found as fair, [you.
 As fair, ungrateful nymph ! and far more just than

Shouldst thou repent, and at my feet be laid,
 Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
 And all thy former follies mourn,
 Thy proffer'd passion I would scorn :
 The gods shall do me right on that devoted head,
 And you, spruce sir, who insolently gay,
 Exulting, laugh at my disgrace,
 Boast with vain airs, and stiff grimace,
 Your large estate, your handsome face,
 Proud of a fleeting bliss, the pageant of a day :
 You too shall soon repent this haughty scorn ;
 When, fickle as the sea or wind,
 The prostitute shall change her mind,
 To such another coxcomb kind ; [turn.
 Then shall I clap my wings, and triumph in my

TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Who spent the Night in Tears, upon a Report that her
 Brother was to fight a Duel the next Morning.*

PASTORA weeps, let every lover mourn,
 Her grief is no less fatal than her scorn :
 Those shining orbs inflict an equal pain,
 O'erflown with tears, or pointed with disdain.
 When doubts and fears invade the tender breast,
 Where peace, and joy, and love should ever rest ;
 As flowers depriv'd of the sun's genial ray,
 Earthward we bend, and silently decay ;
 In spite of all philosophy can do,
 Our hearts relent, the bursting torrents flow, }
 We feel her pains, and propagate her woe.
 Each mournful muse laments the weeping fair,
 The graces all their comely tresses tear,
 Love drags his wings, and droops his little head,
 And Venus mourns as for Adonis dead.
 Patience, dear maid, nor without cause complain,
 O lavish not those precious drops in vain :
 Under the shield of your prevailing charms, }
 Your happy brother lives secure from harms,
 Your bright resemblance all my rage disarms.
 Your influence unable to withstand,
 The conscious steel drops from my trembling hand ;
 Low at your feet the guilty weapon lies,
 The foe repents, and the fond lover dies.
 Æneas thus by men and gods pursued,
 Feeble with wounds, defil'd with dust and blood,
 Beauty's bright goddess interpos'd her charms,
 And sav'd the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms.

TO DR. M——

READING MATHEMATICS.

VAIN our pursuits of knowledge, vain our care,
 The cost and labour we may justly spare.
 Death from this coarse alloy refines the mind,
 Leaves us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd ;
 All science opens to our wondering eyes,
 And the good man is in a moment wise.

FROM MARTIAL.

EPIG. xlvii.

WOULD you, my friend, find out the true receipt,
 To live at ease, and stem the tide of fate ;

The grand elixir thus you must infuse,
And these ingredients to be happy choose:
First an estate, not got with toil and sweat,
But unincumber'd left, and free from debt:
For let that be your dull forefather's care,
To pinch and drudge for his deserving heir;
Fruitful and rich, in land that's sound and good,
That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood;

That cold nor hunger may your house infest,
While flames invade the skies, and pudding crowns
the feast.

A quiet mind, serene, and free from care,
Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noisy at the bar;
A body sound, that physic cannot mend;
And the best physic of the mind, a friend,
Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,
Thy other self, distinguish'd but by face;
Whose sympathetic soul takes equal share
Of all thy pleasure, and of all thy care.

A modest board, adorn'd with men of sense,
No French ragouts, nor French impertinence,
A merry bottle to engender wit,
Not over-dos'd, but *quantum sufficit*:
Equal the error is in each excess,
Nor dullness less a sin, than drunkenness.

A tender wife dissolving by thy side,
Easy and chaste, free from debate and pride,
Each day a mistress, and each night a bride.
Sleep undisturb'd, and at the dawn of day,
The merry horn, that chides thy tedious stay;
A horse that's clean, sure-footed, swift, and sound,
And dogs that make the echoing cliffs resound;
That sweep the dewy plains, out-fly the wind,
And leave domestic sorrows far behind. [past,
Pleas'd with thy present lot, nor grudging at the
Nor fearing when thy time shall come, nor hop-
ing for thy last.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO MARRIED HIS CAST MISTRESS.

From Horace, Book III. Ode ix.

D. WHILE I was yours, and yours alone,
Proud, and transported with your charms,
I envy'd not the Persian throne,
But reign'd more glorious in your arms.

B. While you were true, nor Suky fair
Had chas'd poor Bruny from your breast;
Not Ilia could with me compare,
So fam'd, or so divinely blest.

D. In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie,
So sweetly sings the warbling fair!
For whom most willingly I'd die,
Would fate the gentle syren spare.

B. Me Billy burns with mutual fire,
For whom I'd die, in whom I live,
For whom each moment I'd expire,
Might he, my better part, survive.

D. Should I once more my heart resign,
Would you the penitent receive?
Would Suky scorn'd atone my crime?
And would my Bruny own her slave?

B. Though brighter he than blazing star,
More fickle thou than wind or sea,
With thee, my kind returning dear,
I'd live, contented die with thee.

A DAINY NEW BALLAD:

Occasioned by a Clergyman's Widow of seventy years of age, being married to a young Exciseman.

THERE liv'd in our good town,
A relick of the gown,
A chaste and humble dame;
Who, when her man of God
Was cold as any clod,
Dropt many a tear in vain.

But now, good people, learn all,
No grief can be eternal;
Nor is it meet, I ween,
That folks should always whimper,
There is a time to simper,
As quickly shall be seen.

For love, that little urchin,
About this widow lurching,
Had flily fix'd his dart;
The silent creeping flame
Boil'd fore in every vein,
And glow'd about her heart.

So when a pipe we smoke,
And from the flint provoke
The sparks that twinkling play;
The touch-wood old and dry
With heat begins to fry,
And gently wastes away.

With art she patch'd up nature,
Reforming every feature,
Restoring every grace:
To gratify her pride,
She stopp'd each cranney wide,
And painted o'er her face.

Nor red, nor eke the white,
Was wanting to invite,
Nor coral lips that pout;
But, oh, in vain she tries!
With darts to arm those eyes
That dimly squint about.
With order and with care,
Her pyramid of hair
Sublimely mounts the sky;
And, that she might prevail,
She bolster'd up her tail,
With rumps three stories high.

With many a rich perfume,
She purify'd her room,
As there was need, no doubt;
For on these warm occasions,
Offensive exhalations
Are apt to fly about.

On beds of roses lying,
Expecting, wishing, dying,
Thus languish'd for her love
The Cyprian queen of old,
As merry bards have told,
All in a myrtle grove.

In pale of mother church,
She fondly hop'd to lurch,
But, ah me! hop'd in vain;
No doctor could be found,
Who this her case profound
Durst venture to explain.

At length a youth full smart,
Who oft by magic art
Had div'd in many a hole;
Or kilderkin, or tun,
Or hoghead, 'twas all one,
He'd found it with his pole.

His art, and eke his face,
So suited to her case,
Engag'd her love-sick heart;
Quoth she, my pretty Diver,
With thee I'll live for ever,
And from thee never part.

For thee my bloom reviving,
For thee fresh charms arising,
Shall melt thee into joy;
Nor doubt, my pretty sweeting,
Ere nine months are completing,
To see a bonny boy.

As ye have seen, no doubt,
A candle when just out,
In flames break forth again;
So shone this widow bright,
All blazing in despatch
Of threescore years and ten.

CANIDIA'S EPITHALAMIUM.

UPON THE SAME.

TIME as malevolent, as old,
To blast Canidia's face,
(Which once 'twas rapture to behold)
With wrinkles and disgrace.

Not so in blooming beauty bright,
Each envying virgin's pattern,
She reign'd with undisputed right
A * priestess of St. Cattern.

Each sprightly soph, each brawny thrum,
Spent his first runnings here;
And hoary doctors dribbling come,
To languish and despair.

Low at her feet the prostrate arts
Their humble homage pay;
To her the tyrant of their hearts,
Each bard directs his lay.

But now, when impotent to please,
Alas! she would be doing;
Reversing nature's wise decrees,
She goes herself a-wooing.

Though brib'd with all her pelf, the swain
Most awkwardly complies;
Press'd to bear arms, he serves in pain,
Or from his colours flies.

So does an ivy, green when old,
And sprouting in decay;

* She was bar-keeper at the Cattern-wheel in Oxford.

In juiceless, joyless arms infold
A sapling young and gay.

The thriving plant, if better join'd,
Would emulate the skies;
But, to that wither'd trunk confin'd,
Grows sickly, pines, and dies.

HUNTING-SONG.

BEHOLD, my friend, the rosy-finger'd morn,
With blushes on her face,
Peeps o'er yon azure hill;
Rich gems the trees enchain,
Pearls from each bush distil,
Arise, arise, and hail the light new-born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, Come away:
Quit, quit the downy bed;
Break from Amynta's arms;
Oh, let it ne'er be said,
That all, that all her charms,

Though she's as Venus fair, can tempt thy stay.

Perplex thy soul no more with cares below,
For what will pelf avail!

Thy courser paws the ground,
Each beagle cocks his tail,
They spend their mouths around,

While health, and pleasure, smiles on every brow.

Try, huntsmen, all the brakes, spread all the plain,
Now, now, she's gone away,
Strip, strip, with speed pursue;
The jocund god of day,
Who fain our sport would view,

See, see, he flogs his fiery steeds in vain.

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys,
On the wings of the wind
The merry beagles fly;
Dull sorrow lags behind:
Ye shrill echoes, reply;

Catch each flying sound, and double our joys.

Ye rocks, woods, and caves, our music repeat:
The bright spheres thus above,
A gay refulgent train,
Harmoniously move
O'er yon celestial plain

Like us whirl along, in concert so sweet.

Now Puss threads the brakes, and heavily flies,
At the head of the pack
Old Fidler bears the bell,
Every foil he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,

Till, forc'd into view, she pants, and she dies.

In life's dull round thus we toil, and we sweat;
Diseases, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting pursue,

Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while we may,
What's decreed by dark fate
Is not in our own power,
Since to-morrow's too late,
Take the present kind hour:

With wine cheer the night, as sports bless the day

A TRANSLATION OF HORACE, EP. X.

Horace recommends a Country Life, and dissuades his Friend from Ambition and Avarice.

HEALTH to my friend lost in the smoky town,
From him who breathes in country air alone,
In all things else thy soul and mine are one;
And like two aged long acquainted doves,
The same our mutual hate, the same our mutual
loves,

Close, and secure, you keep your lazy nest,
My wandering thoughts won't let my pinions rest:
O'er rocks, seas, woods, I take my wanton flight,
And each new object charms with new delight,
To say no more, my friend, I live, and reign,
Lord of myself: I've broke the servile chain,
Shook off with scorn the trifles you desire,
All the vain empty nothings fops admire.
Thus the lean slave of some fat pamper'd priest
With greedy eyes at first views each luxurious
feast;

But, quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat
Their godly viands, and their holy meat:
Wisely ambitious to be free and poor,
Longs for the homely scraps he loth'd before.
Seek'st thou a place where nature is observ'd,
And cooler reason may be mildly heard;
To rural shades let thy calm soul retreat,
These are th' Elysian fields, this is the happy seat,
Proof against winter's cold, and summer's heat,
Here no invidious care thy peace annoys,
Sleep undisturb'd, uninterrupted joys;
Your marble pavements with disgrace must yield
To each smooth plain, and gay enamel'd field:
Your muddy aqueducts can ne'er compare
With country streams, more pure than city air;
Our yew and bays enclos'd in pots ye prize,
And mimic little beauties we despise.
The rose and woodbine marble walls support,
Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court:
But yet in vain all shifts the artist tries,
The discontented twig but pines away and dies.
The house ye praise that a large prospect yields,
And view with longing eyes the pleasure of the
fields;

'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confess,
Th' inimitable charms the peaceful country blest.
In vain from nature's rules we blindly stray,
And push th' uneasy monitrix away:
Still she returns, nor lets our conscience rest,
But night and day inculcates what is best,
Our truest friend, though an unwelcome guest
As soon th' unskilful fool that's blind enough,
To call rich Indian damask Norwich stuff,
Shall become rich by trade, as he be wise,
Whose partial soul and undiscerning eyes
Can't at first sight, and at each transient view,
Distinguish good from bad, or false from true.
He that too high exalts his giddy head
When fortune smiles, if the jilt frowns, is dead:
Th' aspiring fool, big with his haughty boast,
Is the most abject wretch when all his hopes are lost.
Sit loose to all the world, nor aught admire,
These worthless toys too fondly we desire;

Since when the darling's ravish'd from our heart,
The pleasure's over-balance'd by the smart.
Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy loose desires,
For thrifty nature no great cost requires:
A healthy body, and thy mistress kind,
A humble cot, and a more humble mind:
These once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,
From thy poor cell despise the tottering throne,
And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down.
The stag well-arm'd, and with unequal force,
From fruitful meadows chas'd the conquer'd horse;
The haughty beast that stomach'd the disgrace,
In meaner pastures not content to graze,
Receives the bit, and man's assistance prays.
The conquest gain'd, and many trophies won,
His false confederate still rode boldly on;
In vain the beast curs'd his perfidious aid,
He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could per-
suade

The rider from his back, or bridle from his head.
Just so the wretch that greedily aspires,
Unable to content his wild desires;
Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,
Loses a prize worth all his golden ore,
The happy freedom he enjoy'd before.
About him still th' uneasy load he bears,
Spurr'd on with fruitless hopes, and curb'd with
anxious fears.

The man whose fortune fit not to his mind,
The way to true content shall never find;
If the shoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,
In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aside.
But you, my friend, in calm contentment live,
Always well pleas'd with what the god, shall give;
Let not base shining pelf thy mind deprave,
Tyrant of fools, the wise man's drudge and slave;
And me reprove if I shall crave for more,
Or seem the least uneasy to be poor.
Thus much I write, merry, and free from care,
And nothing covet, but thy presence here.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. II.

HAPPY the man, who, free from care,
Manures his own paternal fields,
Content, as his wise fathers were,
T' enjoy the crop his labour yields.
Nor usury torments his breast,
That barter happiness for gain,
Nor war's alarms disturb his rest,
Nor hazards of the faithless main:
Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
With costly noise, and dear debate,
Proclaims an everlasting war;
Nor fawns on villains basely great.
But for the vine selects a spouse,
Chaste emblem of the marriage-bed,
Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,
And grafts more happy in their stead.
Or hears the lowing herds from far,
That fatten on the fruitful plains,
And ponders with delightful care,
The prospect of his future gains.

Or shears his sheep that round him graze,
And droop beneath their curling loads;
Or plunders his laborious bees
Of balmy nectar, drink of gods!

His cheerful head when Autumn rears,
And bending boughs reward his pains,
Joyous he plucks the luscious pears,
The purple grape his finger stains.

Each honest heart's a welcome guest,
With tempting fruit his tables glow,
The gods are bidden to the feast,
To share the blessings they bestow.

Under an oak's protecting shade,
In flowery meads profusely gay,
Supine he leans his peaceful head,
And gently loiters life away.

The vocal streams that murmuring flow,
Or from their springs complaining creep,
The birds that chirp on every bough,
Invite his yielding eyes to sleep.

But, when bleak storms and lowering Jove
Now sadden the declining year,
Through every thicket, every grove,
Swift he pursues the flying deer.

With deep-hung hounds he sweeps the plains;
The hills, the vallies, smoke around:
The woods repeat his pleasing pains,
And echo propagates the sound.

Or, push'd by his victorious spear,
The grisly boar before him flies,
Betray'd by his prevailing fear
Into the toils, the monster dies.

His towering falcon mounts the skies,
And cuts through clouds his liquid way;
Or else with fly deceit he tries
To make the lesser game his prey.

Who, thus possess'd of solid joy,
Would love, that idle imp, adore?
Cloe's coquet, Myrtilla's coy,
And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore.

Adieu, fantastic idle flame!
Give me a profitable wife,
A careful, but obliging dame,
To soften all the toils of life:

Who shall with tender care provide,
Against her weary spouse return,
With plenty see his board supply'd,
And make the crackling billets burn:

And while his men and maids repair
To fold his sheep, to milk his kine,
With unbought dainties feast her dear,
And treat him with domestic wine.

I view with pity and disdain
The costly trifles coxcombs boast,
Their Bourdeaux, Burgundy, Champaign,
Though sparkling with the brightest toast.

Pleas'd with sound manufacture more,
Than all the stum the knaves impose,
When the vain cully treats his whore,
At Brawn's, the Mitre, or the Rose.

Let fops their sickly palates please,
With luxury's expensive store,
And feast each virulent disease
With dainties from a foreign shore.

I, whom my little farm supplies,
Richly on nature's bounty live;
The only happy are the wise,
Content is all the gods can give.

While thus on wholesome cates I feast,
Oh, with what rapture I behold
My flocks in comely order haste
T' enrich with soil the barren fold!

The languid ox approaches slow,
To share the food his labours earn:
Painful he tugs th' inverted plough,
Nor hunger quickens his return.

My wanton swains, uncouthly gay,
About my smiling hearth delight,
To sweeten the laborious day,
By many a merry tale at night.

Thus spoke old Gripe, when bottles three
Of Burton ale, and sea-coal fire,
Unlock'd his breast; resolv'd to be
A generous, honest, country 'squire.

That very night his money lent,
On bond, or mortgage, he call'd in,
With lawful use of six *per cent*.
Next morn, he put it out at ten.

FABLE I.

The Captive Trumpeter.

"— Quo non præstantior alter
"Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu."
VIRG.

A PARTY of hussars of late
For prog and plunder scour'd the plains,
Some French Gens d'Armes surpris'd, and beat,
And brought their trumpeter in chains.

In doleful plight, th' unhappy bard
For quarter begg'd on bended knee,
Pity, Messieurs! In truth 'tis hard
To kill a harmless enemy.

These hands, of slaughter innocent,
Ne'er brandish'd the destructive sword,
To you or yours no hurt I meant,
O take a poor musician's word.

But the stern foe, with generous rage,
Scoundrel! reply'd, thou first shalt die,
Who, urging others to engage,
From fame and danger basely fly.

The brave by law of arms we spare,
Thou by the hangman shalt expire;
'Tis just, and not at all severe,
To stop the breath that blew the fire.

FABLE II.

The bald-pated Welshman, and the Fly.

"— Qui non moderabitur iræ, [mens,
"Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et
"Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto."
HOR.

A 'SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other 'squire,

Hasty and hot; whose peevish honour
 Reveng'd each flight was put upon her,
 Upon a mountain's top one day
 Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray;
 He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
 Exhal'd a sea at every pore:
 At last, such insults to evade,
 Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
 Where, as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
 And wip'd off many a rivulet,
 Off in a pet the beaver flies,
 And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,
 By which, folks of maturer ages
 Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies pages:
 Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
 Ill-natur'd age had cropt his crown,
 Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
 A large smooth plain extends his brow.
 Thus as he lay with numskul bare,
 And courted the refreshing air,
 New persecutions still appear,
 A noisy fly offends his ear.
 Alas! what man of parts and sense
 Could bear such vile impertinence?
 Yet so discourteous is our fate,
 Fools always buz about the great.
 This insect now, whose active spight,
 Teaz'd him with never-ceasing bite,
 With so much judgment play'd his part,
 He had him both in tierce and quart:
 In vain with open hands he tries
 To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
 For now at last, familiar grown,
 He perch'd upon his worship's crown,
 With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
 And stuff'd himself with human gore.
 At last, in manners to excel,
 Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
 But now what rhetoric could assuage
 The furious 'squire, stark mad with rage?
 Impatient at the foul disgrace,
 From insect of so mean a race;
 And plotting vengeance on his foe,
 With double fist he aims a blow:
 The nimble fly escap'd by flight,
 And skip'd from this unequal fight.
 Th' impending stroke with all its weight
 Fell on his own beloved pate.
 Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,
 He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
 And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
 Who by th' unequal strife grows popular and
 great.

Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy
 The wise, the good; yet still 'tis but a fly.
 With puny foes the toil 's not worth the cost,
 Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost:
 Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
 A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage.
 True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings;
 Young Ammon scorns to run with less than
 kings.

VOL. VIII,

FABLE III.

The Ant and the Fly.

"Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,
 "Mutatæ quatiens." HOR.

THE careful ant that meanly fares,
 And labours hardly to supply,
 With wholesome cates and homely tares;
 His numerous working family;
 Upon a visit met one day
 His cousin fly, in all his pride,
 A courtier insolent and gay,
 By Goody Maggot near ally'd:
 The humble insect humbly bow'd,
 And all his lowest congees paid,
 Of an alliance wondrous proud
 To such a huffing tearing blade.
 The haughty fly look'd big, and swore
 He knew him not, nor whence he came
 Huff'd much, and with impatience bore
 The scandal of so mean a claim.
 Friend Clodpate, know, 'tis not the mode
 At court, to own such clowns as thee,
 Nor is it civil to intrude
 On flies of rank and quality.
 I—who, in joy and indolence,
 Converse with monarchs and grandees,
 Regaling every nicer sense
 With olios, soups, and fricassees;
 Who kiss each beauty's balmy lip,
 Or gently buz into her ear,
 About her snowy bosom skip,
 And sometimes creep the Lord knows where!
 The ant, who could no longer bear
 His cousin's insolence and pride,
 Toss'd up his head, and with an air
 Of conscious worth, he thus reply'd:
 Vain insect! know, the time will come,
 When the court-sun no more shall shine,
 When frosts thy gaudy limbs benumb,
 And damps about thy wings shall twine;
 When some dark nasty hole shall hide
 And cover thy neglected head,
 When all this lofty swelling pride
 Shall burst, and shrink into a shade:
 Take heed, lest fortune change the scene:
 Some of thy brethren I remember,
 In June have mighty princes been,
 But begg'd their bread before December.

MORAL.

This precious offspring of a t—d
 Is first a pimp, and then a lord;
 Ambitious to be great, not good,
 Forgets his own dear flesh and blood.
 Blind goddess! who delight'st in joke,
 O fix him on thy lowest spoke;
 And since the scoundrel is so vain,
 Reduce him to his filth again.

K k

FABLE IV.

The Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape.

"Clodius accusat Mæchos, Catilina Cethegum."
Juv.

THE wolf impeach'd the fox of theft,
The fox the charge deny'd;
To the grave ape the case was left,
In justice to decide.

Wise Pug with comely buttocks sate,
And nodded o'er the laws,
Distinguish'd well through the debate,
And thus adjudg'd the cause:

The goods are stole, but not from thee,
Two pickled rogues well met,
Thou shalt be hang'd for perjury,
He for an arrant cheat.

MORAL.

Hang both, judicious brute, 'twas bravely said,
May villains always to their ruin plead!
When knaves fall out, and spitefully accuse,
There's nothing like the reconciling noose.
O hemp! the noblest gift propitious heaven
To mortals with a bounteous hand has given,
To stop malicious breath, to end debate,
To prop the shaking throne, and purge the state.

FABLE V.

The Dog and the Bear.

"—Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
"Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine et irâ
"Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, et extra."

Hor.

TOWSER, of right Hockleian fire,
A dog of mettle and of fire,
With Urfin grim, an errant bear,
Maintain'd a long and dubious war:
Oft Urfin on his back was toft,
And Towser many a collop lost;
Capricious fortune would declare,
Now for the dog, then for the bear.
Thus having try'd their courage fairly,
Brave Urfin first desir'd a parly;
Stout combatant (quoth he) whose might
I've felt in many a bloody fight,
Tell me the cause of all this pother,
And why we worry one another?
That's a moot point, the cur reply'd,
Our masters only can decide.
While thee and I our hearts blood spill,
They prudently their pockets fill;
Halloo us on with all their might,
To turn a penny by the fight.
If that's the case, return'd the bear,
'Tis time at last to end the war;
Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,
To combat in a nobler cause;
Sleep in a whole skin, I advise,
And let them bleed, who gain the prize.

MORAL.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall,
The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.

FABLE VI.

The Wounded Man, and the Swarm of Flies.

"E malis minimum."—

SQUALID with wounds, and many a gaping sore,
A wretched Lazar lay distress'd;
A swarm of flies his bleeding ulcers tore,
And on his putrid carcase feast.

A courteous traveller, who pass'd that way,
And saw the vile Harpeian brood,
Offer'd his help the monstrous crew to slay,
That rioted on human blood.

Ah! gentle sir, th' unhappy wretch reply'd,
Your well-meant charity refrain;
The angry gods have that redress deny'd,
Your goodness would increase my pain.

Fat, and full-fed, and with abundance cloy'd,
But now and then these tyrants feed;
But were, alas! this pamper'd brood destroy'd,
The lean and hungry would succeed.

MORAL.

The body politic must soon decay,
When swarms of insects on its vitals prey;
When blood-suckers of state, a greedy brood,
Feast on our wounds, and fatten with our blood.
What must we do in this severe distress?
Come, doctor, give the patient some redress:
The quacks in politics a change advise,
But cooler counsels should direct the wise.
'Tis hard, indeed; but better this, than worse;
Mistaken blessings prove the greatest curse.
Alas! what would our bleeding country gain,
If, when this viperous brood at last is slain,
The teeming Hydra pullulates again;
Seizes the prey with more voracious bite,
To satisfy his hungry appetite?

FABLE VII.

The Wolf and the Dog.

"Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema tri-
"umphum
"Ducere maluerim, quam ter capitolia curru
"Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugur-
"thæ." Luc.

A PROWLING wolf that scour'd the plains,
To ease his hunger's griping pains;
Ragged as courtier in disgrace,
Hide-bound, and lean, and out of case;
By chance a well-fed dog espy'd,
And being kin, and nearly'd,
He civilly salutes the cur,
How do you, cuz? Your servant, sir!
O happy friend! how gay thy mien!
How plump thy sides how sleek thy skin!
Triumphant plenty shines all o'er,
And the fat melts at every pore!

While I, alas ! decay'd and old,
With hunger pin'd, and stiff with cold,
With many a howl, and hideous groan,
Tell the relentless woods my moan.
Pr'ythee, my happy friend, impart
Thy wond'rous, cunning, thriving art.
Why, faith, I'll tell thee as a friend,
But first thy surly manners mend;
Be complaisant, obliging, kind,
And leave the wolf for once behind.
The wolf, whose mouth began to water,
With joy and rapture gallop'd after,
When thus the dog : At bed and board,
I share the plenty of my lord ;
From every guest I claim a fee,
Who court my lord by bribing me :
In mirth I revel all the day,
And many a game at romps I play :
I fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
And twenty such diverting tricks.
'Tis pretty, faith, the wolf reply'd,
And on his neck the collar spy'd :
He starts, and without more ado
He bids the abject wretch adieu :
Enjoy your dainties, friend ; to me
The noblest feast is liberty.
The famish'd wolf upon these desert plains,
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.

MORAL.

Thus bravely spoke the nurse of ancient Rome,
Thus the starv'd Swifs, and hungry Grifons roam,
On barren hills, clad with eternal snow,
And look with scorn on the prim slaves below.
Thus Cato 'scap'd by death the tyrant's chains,
And walks unhackled in th' Elysian plains.
Thus, Britons, thus your great forefathers stood
For liberty, and fought in seas of blood.
To barren rocks, and gloomy woods confin'd,
Their virtues by necessity refin'd,
Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could shake their
steady mind.
No faucy Druid then durst cry aloud,
And with his slavish cant debauch the crowd :
No passive legions in a scoundrel's cause
Pillage a city, and affront the laws.
The state was quiet, happy, and serene,
For Boadicea was the Briton's queen ;
Her subjects their just liberties maintain'd,
And in her people's hearts the happy monarch
reign'd.

FABLE VIII.

The Oyster.

“ — In jus
“ Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uter-
“ que.” Hor.

Two comrades, as grave authors say,
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define)
Had found an oyster in their way.
Contest and foul debate arose,
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel fee'd.

The parson of the place, good man !
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began :

Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute,
I'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.

Give me the oyster then—'tis well—
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And, smiling, gives to each a shell.

Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat ;
I thank you for my dainty treat,
God bless you both, and live in peace.

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense ;
Nor thrust your neighbours into goals
For every slight offence.

Banish those vermin of debate,
That on your substance feed ;
The knaves, who now are serv'd in plate,
Would starve, if fools agreed.

FABLE IX.

The Sheep and the Bush.

“ Lætus forte tuâ vives sapienter.” Hor.

A SHEEP, well-meaning brute ! one morn
Retir'd beneath a spreading thorn,
A pealing storm to shun ;
Escap'd indeed both rain and wind,
But left, alas ! his fleece behind :
Was it not wisely done ?

MORAL.

Beneath the blast while pliant osiers bend,
The stubborn oak each furious wind shall rend ;
Discreetly yield, and patiently endure,
Such common evils as admit no cure.
These fate ordains, and Heaven's high will hath
sent :
In humble littleness submit content.
But those thy folly brings, in time prevent.

FABLE X.

The Frog's Choice.

“ Ω πόποι, οἷον ὅη νῦν θείας βροτοὶ ἀπὸ πόντου·
Εξ ἡμεῶν γὰρ φασὶ κακ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῆσι κατασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μοῖρον ἀλγὶ ἔχουσιν.”

In a wild state of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.

At length the lawless rout,
 Taught by their sufferings, grew devout :
 An embassy to Jove they sent,
 And begg'd his highness would bestow
 Some settled form of government,
 A king to rule the fens below.
 Jove, smiling, grants their odd request,
 A king th' indulgent power bestow'd,
 (Such as might suit their genius best)
 A beam of a prodigious size,
 With all its cumbersome load,
 Came tumbling from the skies.
 The waters dash against the shore,
 The hollow caverns roar ;
 The rocks return the dreadful sound,
 Convulsions shake the ground.
 The multitude with horror fled,
 And in his oozy bed
 Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
 And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
 A frog more resolute and bold,
 Peeping with caution from his hold ;
 Recover'd from his first surprise,
 As o'er the wave his head he popt,
 He saw—but scarce believ'd his eyes,
 On the same bank where first he dropt,
 Th' imperial lubber lies,
 Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content :
 Is this the monarch Jove has sent,
 (Said he) our warlike troops to lead ?
 Ay ! 'tis a glorious prince indeed !
 By such an active general led,
 'The routed mice our arms shall dread,
 Subdued shall quit their claim :
 Old Homer shall recant his lays,
 For us new trophies raise,
 Sing our victorious arms, and justify our fame.
 Then laughing impudently loud,
 He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.
 'The croaking nations with contempt
 Behold the worthless indolent,
 On wings of winds, swift scandal flies,
 Libels, lampoons, and lies,
 Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
 With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
 And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers address,
 And once more Jove grants their request :
 A stork he sends of monstrous size,
 Red lightning flashing in his eyes ;
 Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
 The gazing crowds press'd to his court ;
 Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
 And only not adore.
 Addresses of congratulation,
 Sent from each loyal corporation,
 Full-freight with truth and sense,
 Exhausted all their eloquence.
 But now, alas ! 'twas night ; kings must have meat ;
 The Grand Vizier first goes to pot,
 Three Bassas next, happy their lot !
 Gain'd Paradise by being eat.
 And this, said he, and this is mine,
 And this, by right divine :

In short, 'twas all for public weal,
 He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.
 Again they beg Almighty Jove,
 This cruel tyrant to remove.
 With fierce resentment in his eyes,
 The frowning thunderer replies ;
 Those evils which yourselves create,
 Rash fools ! ye now repent too late ;
 Made wretched by the public voice,
 Not through necessity, but choice ! [curse,
 Be gone !—Nor wrest from heaven some heavier
 Better bear this, this stork, than worse.

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
 Not heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
 Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
 The leeks and onions which we loath'd before :
 Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,
 With plenty starv'd, and ev'n with health diseas'd.
 With partial eyes each present good we view,
 Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
 Ye powers above, who make mankind your care,
 To bless the suppliant, reject his prayer !

FABLE XI.

Liberty and Love ; or, the two Sparrows.

“ — Dos est uxor, lites.” OVID.

A SPARROW and his mate,
 (Believe me, gentle Kate)
 Once lov'd like I and you ;
 With mutual ardour join'd,
 No turtles e'er so kind,
 So constant, and so true.
 They hopp'd from spray to spray,
 They bill'd, they chirp'd all day,
 They cuddled close all night ;
 To bliss they wak'd each morn,
 In every bush and thorn,
 Gay scenes of new delight.
 At length the fowler came,
 (The knave was much to blame)
 And this dear pair trapp'd ;
 Both in one cage confin'd,
 Why, faith and troth, 'twas kind ;
 Nay, hold—that must be scann'd.
 Fair liberty thus gone,
 And one coop'd up with one,
 'Twas awkward, new, and strange ;
 For better and for worse,
 O dismal, fatal curse !
 No more abroad to range.
 No carols now they sing,
 Each droops his little wing,
 And mourns his cruel fate ;
 Clouds on each brow appear,
 My honey, and my dear,
 Is now quite out of date.
 They pine, lament, and moan,
 'Twould melt an heart of stone,
 To hear their sad complaint :
 Nor he supply'd her wants,
 Nor she refrain'd from taunts,
 That might provoke a fain.

Hard words improve to blows;
For now, grown mortal foes,
They peck, they scratch, they scream;
The cage lies on the floor,
The wires are stain'd with gore,
It swells into a stream.

Dear Kitty, would you know
The cause of all this woe,
It is not hard to guess;
Whatever does constrain,
Turns pleasure into pain,
'Tis choice alone can bless.

When both no more are free,
Infernal I must be,
And you lose all your charms;
My smother'd passion dies,
And even your bright eyes,
Necessity disarms.

Then let us love, my fair,
But unconstrain'd as air,
Each join a willing heart;
Let free-born souls disdain
To wear a tyrant's chain,
And act a nobler part.

FABLE XII.

The two Springs.

" — Errat longè meâ quidem sententiâ
" Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius
" Vi quod sit, quàm illud quod amicitia adjungi-
" tur." TER.

Two sister springs, from the same parent hill,
Born on the same propitious day,
Through the cleft rock distil:
Adown the reverend mountain's side,
Through groves of myrtle glide,
Or through the violet beds obliquely stray.
The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
From them receives her high renown,
From them the curling vine
Her clusters big with racy wine,
To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
And her vermilion blush the rose.
The gracious streams in smooth meanders flow,
To every thirsty root dispense
Their kindly cooling influence,
And paradise adorns the mountain's brow.
But oh! the sad effect of pride!
These happy twins at last divide.
" Sister (exclaims th' ambitious spring)
" What profit do these labours bring?
" Always to give, and never to enjoy,
" A fruitless and a mean employ!
" Stay here inglorious if you please,
" And loiter out a life of indolence and ease:
" Go, humble drudge, each thistle rear,
" And nurse each shrub, your daily care,
" While, pouring down from this my lofty source,
" I deluge all the plain,
" No dams shall stop my course,
" And rocks oppose in vain.

" See where my foaming billows flow,
" Above the hills my waves aspire,
" The shepherds and their flocks retire,
" And tallest cedars as they pass in sign of homage
" bow.
" To me each tributary spring
" Its supplemental stores shall bring,
" With me the rivers shall unite,
" The lakes beneath my banners fight,
" Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
" Shall own their fame eclips'd by mine;
" Both gods and men shall dread my watery sway,
" Nor these in cities safe, nor in their temples
" they."

Away the haughty boaster flew
Scarce bade her sister stream a cool adieu,
Her waves grow turbulent and bold,
Not gently murmuring as of old,
But roughly dash against the shore,
And toss their spumy heads, and proudly roar.
The careful farmer with surprise,
Sees the tumultuous torrent rise;
With busy looks the rustic band appear, [year.
To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the
All hands unite, with dams they bound
The rash rebellious stream around;
In vain she foams, in vain she raves,
In vain she curls her feeble waves,
Besieg'd at last on every side,
Her source exhausted and her channel dry'd, }
(Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)
A shallow pond she stands confin'd,
The refuge of the croaking kind.
Rushes and sags, an inbred foe,
Choke up the muddy pool below;
The tyrant sun on high
Exacts his usual subsidy;
And the poor pittance that remains,
Each gaping cranny drains.
Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,
A nameless nothing, in oblivion lost.
Her sister spring, benevolent and kind,
With joy sees all around her blest,
The good she does, into her generous mind
Returns again with interest.
The farmer oft invokes her aid
When Sirius nips the tender blade;
Her streams a sure elixir bring,
Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual spring,
Where'er the gardener smooths her easy way,
Her ductile streams obey.
Courteous she visits every bed,
Narcissus rears his drooping head, }
By her diffusive bounty fed.
Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn,
Rich in the blessings she bestows
All nature smiles where'er she flows.
Enamour'd with a nymph so fair,
See where the river gods appear,
A nymph so eminently good,
The joy of all the neighbourhood;
They clasp her in their liquid arms,
And riot in th' abundance of her charms,

Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton streams they
join'd,

Like Arethusa she, as lovely, and as kind,
Now swell'd into a mighty flood,
Her channel deep and wide,
Still she persists in doing good,
Her bounty flows with every tide.
A thousand rivulets in her train
With fertile waves enrich the plain :
The scaly herd, a numerous throng,
Beneath her silver billows glide along,
Whose still increasing shoals supply
The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury :
Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage gaze,
And with their tuneful notes resound her praise.
Here flocks and herds in safety feed,
And fatten in each flowery mead :
No beasts of prey appear

The watchful shepherd to beguile,
No monsters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious shark, nor wily crocodile ;
But Delia and her nymphs, chaste sylvan queen,
By mortals prying eyes unseen,
Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders
green.

Here merchants, careful of their store,
By angry billows tost,
Anchor secure beneath her shore,
And bless the friendly coast.
Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her surface ride :
The busy trader on her banks appears,
An hundred different tongues she hears.
At last, with wonder and surprise,
She sees a stately city rise ;
With joy the happy flood admires
The lofty domes, the pointed spires ;
The porticos, magnificently great,
Where all the crowding nations meet ;
The bridges that adorn her brow,
From bank to bank their ample arches stride,
Through which her curling waves in triumph
glide,

And in melodious murmurs flow.
Now grown a port of high renown,
The treasure of the world her own,
Both Indies with their precious stores,
Pay yearly tribute to her shores.
Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled stream,
Nor father Thames himself of more esteem.

MORAL.

The power of kings (if rightly understood)
Is but a grant from heaven of doing good ;
Proud tyrants, who maliciously destroy,
And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy ;
Humbled in dust, soon to their cost shall know
Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe ;
While gracious monarchs reap the good they sow :
Blessing, are blest'd ; far spread their just renown,
Consenting nations their dominion own,
And joyful happy crowds support their throne.
In vain the powers of earth and hell combine,
Each guardian angel shall protect that line,
Who by their virtues prove their right divine.

FABLE XIII.

The Bald Bachelor.

Being a paraphrase upon the Second Fable in the
Second Book of Phædrus.

" Frigidus in venerem senior, frustra que laborem
" Ingratum trahit : et si quando at prælia ventum
" est,
" Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,
" Incassum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis
" Præcipue."— VIRG. Georg. lib. iii.

A BACHELOR, who, past his prime,
Had been a good one in his time,
Had scour'd the streets, had whor'd, got drunk,
Had fought his man, and kept his punk :
Was sometimes rich, but oftener poor,
With early duns about his door ;
Being a little off his mettle,
Thought it convenient now to settle :
Grew wondrous wise at forty-five,
Resolving to be grave, and thrive.
By chance he cast his roguish eye
Upon a dame who liv'd hard by ;
A widow debonair and gay,
October in the dress of May ;
Artful to lay both red and white,
Skill'd in repairs, and, ev'n in spite
Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.
But he, whose heart was apt to rove,
An arrant wanderer in love ;
Besides this widow, had Miss Kitty,
Juicy and young, exceeding witty :
On her he thought, serious or gay,
His dream by night, his toast by day ;
He thought, but not on her alone,
For who would be confin'd to one ?
Between them both strange work he made ;
Gave this a ball, or masquerade ;
With that, at serious ombre play'd :
The self-same compliments he spoke,
The self-same oaths he swore, he broke ;
Alternately on each bestows
Frail promises and short-liv'd vows.
Variety ! kind source of joy !
Without whose aid all pleasures cloy ;
Without thee, who would ever prove
The painful drudgeries of love ?
Without thee, what indulgent wight
Would read what we in garrets write !
But, not to make my tale perplex'd,
And keep more closely to my text ;
'Tis fit the courteous reader know
This middle-aged man had been a beau.
But, above all, his head of hair
Had been his great peculiar care ;
To which his serious hours he lent,
Nor deem'd the precious time mispent.
'Twas long, and curling, and jet black,
Hung to the middle of his back ;
Black, did I say ? Ay, once 'twas so,
But cruel time had smok'd the beau,
And powder'd o'er his head with snow.

As an old horse that had been hard rid,
 Or from his master's coach discarded,
 Forc'd in a tumbrel to go filler,
 Or load for some poor rogue a miller;
 On his grave noddle, o'er his eyes,
 Black hairs and white promiscuous rise;
 Which chequer o'er his reverend pate,
 And prove the keffel more sedate:
 So with this worthy 'squire it far'd,
 Yet he nor time nor labour spar'd,
 But, with excessive cost and pains,
 Still made the best of his remains.
 Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,
 Each morn in modish ringlets curl'd it;
 Now made his comely tresses shine,
 With orange-butter, jessamine;
 Then with sweet powder and perfumes
 He purify'd his upper rooms.
 So when a jockey brings a mare,
 Or horse, or gelding, to a fair,
 Though he be spavin'd, old, and blind,
 With founder'd feet, and broken wind;
 Yet, if he's master of his trade,
 He'll curry well, and trim the jade,
 To make the cheat go glibly down,
 And bubble some unwary clown.
 What woman made of flesh and blood,
 So sweet a gallant e'er withstood?
 They melt, they yield, both, both are smitten,
 The good old puss, and the young kitten;
 And, being now familiar grown,
 Each look'd upon him as her own;
 No longer talk'd of dear, or honey,
 But of plain downright matrimony.
 At that dread word his worship started,
 And was (we may suppose) faint-hearted;
 Yet, being resolv'd to change his state,
 Winks both his eyes, and trusts to fate.
 But now new doubts and scruples rise,
 To plague him with perplexities;
 He knew not which, alas! to choose,
 This he must take, and that refuse.
 As when some idle country lad
 Swings on a gate, his wooden pad;
 To right, to left, he spurs away,
 But neither here nor there can stay;
 Till, by the catch surpris'd, the lout
 His journey ends, where he set out:
 Ev'n so this dubious lover stray'd,
 Between the widow and the maid;
 And, after swinging to and fro,
 Was just *in equilibrio*.
 Yet still a lover's warmth he shows,
 And makes his visits and his bows;
 Domestic grown, both here and there,
 Nor Pug, nor Shock, were half so dear:
 With bread and butter, and with tea,
 And madam's toilet, who but he?
 There fix'd a patch, or broke a comb;
 At night, the widow's drawing-room.
 O sweet vicissitude of love!
 Who would covet heaven above,
 Were men but thus allow'd to rove?
 But, alas! some curs'd event,
 Some unexpected accident,

Humbles our pride, and shows the odds
 Between frail mortals and the gods:
 This by the sequel will appear
 A truth most evident and clear.
 As on the widow's panting breast
 He laid his peaceful head to rest,
 Dreaming of pleasures yet in store,
 And joys he ne'er had felt before;
 His grizly locks appear display'd,
 In all their pomp of light and shade,
 Alas! my future spouse, said she,
 What do mine eyes astonish'd see?
 Marriage demands equality.
 What will malicious neighbours say,
 Should I, a widow young and gay,
 Marry a man both old and gray?
 Those hideous hairs!—with that a tear
 Did in each crystal sluice appear;
 She fetch'd a deep sigh from her heart,
 As who should say, Best friends must part!
 Then mus'd a while; there is but one,
 But this expedient left alone,
 To save that dear head from disgrace;
 Here, Jenny, fetch my tweaser-case.
 To work then went the treacherous fair,
 And grubb'd up here and there a hair:
 But, as she meant not to renew
 His charms, but set her own to view;
 And by this foil more bright appear,
 In youthful bloom when he was near,
 The cunning gipsy nipt away
 The black, but slyly left the gray.
 O Delilah! perfidious fair!
 O sex ingenious to ensnare!
 How faithless all your doings are!
 Whom nature form'd your lord, your guide,
 You his precarious power deride,
 Tool of your vanity and pride.
 The 'squire, who, thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt
 What the deceitful traitress meant;
 Thrice kiss'd her hand, and then retir'd,
 With more exalted thoughts inspir'd:
 To his fair Filly next repairs,
 With statelier port, and youthful airs.
 Lord! sir—(said she) you're mighty gay,
 But I must tell you by the way,
 That no brood goose was e'er so gray.
 Here, let this hand eradicate
 Those foul dishonours of your pate,
 For she, poor thing! whose virgin heart,
 Unskill'd in every female art,
 In pure simplicity believ'd
 His youth might this way be retriev'd;
 At least his age disguis'd, and she,
 From spiteful prudes, and censure free;
 With earnest diligence and care,
 Grubb'd by the roots each grizzled hair;
 Some few black hairs she left behind,
 But not one of the silver kind.
 But when she saw what work she'd made,
 His bald broad front, without a shade,
 And all his hatchet face display'd,
 With scarce six hairs upon a side,
 His large out-spreading lugs to hide:

She laugh'd, she scream'd; and Nan and Bess,
 In concert laugh'd, and scream'd no less.
 Home sculk'd the 'squire, and hid his face,
 Sore smitten with the foul disgrace:
 Softly he knock'd, but trusty John,
 Who knew his hour was twelve, or one,
 Rubb'd both his eyes, and yawn'd, and swore,
 And quickly blunder'd to the door.
 But starting back at this disaster,
 Vow'd that old Nick had hagg'd his master:
 The landlady, in sore affright,
 Fell into fits, and swoon'd out-right;
 The neighbourhood was rais'd, and call'd,
 The maids miscarry'd, children bawl'd,
 The cur, whom oft his bounty fed,
 With many a scrap and bit of bread;
 Now own'd him not, but in the throng
 Growl'd at him as he sneak'd along.
 To bed he went, 'tis true, but not
 Or clos'd his eyes, or slept one jot;
 Not Nisus was in such despair,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom and his hair:
 Not ev'n Belinda made such moan,
 When her dear favourite lock was gone.
 He fum'd, he ray'd, he curs'd amain,
 And all his past life ran o'er again;
 Damn'd every female bite to Tyburn,
 From mother Eve, to mother Wyburn,
 Each youthful vanity abjur'd,
 Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd;
 And, having lost by female art
 This darling idol of his heart,
 Those precious locks, that might out-vie
 The trim-curl'd God who lights the sky;
 Resolv'd to grow devout and wise,
 Or what's almost the same—precise;
 Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd most odly,
 Was very slovenly and godly
 (For nothing makes devotion keen,
 Like disappointment and chagrin):
 In fine, he set his house in order,
 And piously put on a border.

MORAL.

To you, gay sparks, who waste your youthful
 Old Æsop sends this monitory rhyme; [prime,
 Leave, leave, for shame your trulls at Sh—er hall,
 And marry in good time, or not at all.
 Of all the monsters Smithfield e'er could show,
 There's none so hideous as a batter'd beau.
 Trust not the noon of life, but take the morn;
 Will Honeycomb is every female's scorn.
 Let him be rich, high-born, book-learn'd, and
 wife,
 Believe me, friends, in every woman's eyes,
 'Tis back, and brawn, and sinew, wins the prize.

FABLE XIV.

The Fortune Hunter.

"Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et

"Iudum insolentem ludere pertinax

"Transmutat incertos honores." HER.

CANTO I.

SOME authors, more abstruse than wife,
 Friendship confine to stricter ties,

Require exact conformity,
 In person, age, and quality;
 Their humours, principles, and wit,
 Must, like exchequer tallies, hit.
 Others, less scrupulous, opine
 That hands and hearts in love may join,
 Though different inclinations sway,
 For Nature's more in fault than they.
 Whoe'er would sift this point more fully,
 May read St. Evremond and Tully;
 With me the doctrine shall prevail
 That's *à propos* to form my tale.

Two brethren (whether twins or no
 Imports not very much to know)
 Together bred; as fam'd their love
 As Leda's brats begot by Jove:
 As various too their tempers were;
 That brisk, and frolic, debonair;
 This more considerate and severe.
 While Bob, with diligence would pore
 And con by heart his battle door,
 Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,
 Or switch'd his hobby round the room.
 The striplings now too bulky grown,
 To make dirt-pies, and lounge at home,
 With aching hearts to school are sent,
 Their humours still of various bent:
 The silent, serious, solid boy,
 Came on apace, was daddy's joy,
 Construed, and pars'd, and said his part,
 And got *Quæ-genus* all by heart.
 While Franky, that unlucky rogue,
 Fell in with every whim in vogue,
 Valued not Lilly of a straw,
 A rook at chuck, a dab at taw.
 His bum was often brush'd, you'll say,
 'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day:
 So leeches at the breech are fed,
 To cure vertigos in the head.
 But, by your leave, good doctor Freind,
 Let me this maxim recommend;
 "A genius can't be forc'd;" nor can
 You make an ape an alderman:
 The patch-work doublet well may suit,
 But how would furs become the brute?
 In short, the case is very plain,
 When maggots once are in the brain,
 Whole loads of birch are spent in vain.
 Now to pursue this hopeful pair
 To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,
 Would take more ink than I can spare.
 Nor shall I here minutely score
 The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
 The laundresses turn'd up by Frank,
 With many a strange diverting prank;
 'Twould jade my muse, though better fed,
 And kept in body clothes and bread,
 When bristles on each chin began
 To sprout, the promise of a man,
 The good old gentleman expir'd,
 And decently to heaven retir'd:
 The brethren, at their country seat,
 Enjoy'd a pleasant, snug retreat;
 Their cellars and their barns well stor'd,
 And plenty smoking on their board:

Ale and tobacco for the vicar,
 For gentry sometimes better liquor.
 Judicious Bob had read all o'er
 Each weighty stay'd philosopher,
 And therefore rightly understood
 The real from th' apparent good;
 Substantial blifs, intrinsic joys,
 From bustle, vanity, and noise;
 Could his own happiness create,
 And bring his mind to his estate:
 Liv'd in the same calm, easy round,
 His judgment clear, his body sound;
 Good humour, probity, and sense,
 Repaid with peace and indolence:
 While rakish Frank, whose active soul
 No bounds, no principle control,
 Flies o'er the world where pleasure calls,
 To races, masquerades, and balls;
 At random roves, now here, now there,
 Drinks with the gay, and toasts the fair.
 As when the full-fed resty steed
 Breaks from his groom, he flies with speed;
 His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
 Upon his back his tail he bears,
 His main upon his shoulders curls,
 O'er every precipice he whirls,
 He plunges in the cooling tides,
 He laves his shining pamper'd sides,
 He snuffs the females on the plain,
 And to his joy he springs amain,
 To this, to that, impetuous flies,
 Nor can the stud his lust suffice;
 Till nature flags, his vigour spent,
 With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,
 The humble beast returns content,
 Waits tamely at the stable door,
 As tractable as e'er before.
 This was exactly Franky's case;
 When blood ran high he liv'd apace;
 But pockets drain'd, and every vein,
 Look'd silly, and came home again.
 At length extravagance and vice,
 Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
 Sunk his exchequer; cares intrude,
 And duns grow troublesome and rude.
 What measures shall poor Franky take
 To manage wisely the last stake,
 With some few pieces in his purse,
 And half a dozen brats at nurse?
 Pensive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
 Now bit his nails, then scratch'd his head,
 At last resolv'd: Resolv'd! on what?
 There's not a penny to be got;
 The question now remains alone,
 Whether 'tis best to hang or drown.
 Thank you for that, good friendly devil!
 You're very courteous, very civil;
 Other expedients may be try'd,
 The man is young, the world is wide,
 And, as judicious authors say,
 "Every dog shall have his day;"
 What if we ramble for a while?
 Seek Fortune out, and court her smile,
 Act every part in life to win her,
 First try the saint, and then the sinner;

Prefs boldly on; flighted, pursue;
 Repuls'd, again the charge renew;
 Give her no rest, attend, entreat,
 And stick at nothing to be great.
 Fir'd with these thoughts, the youth grew vain,
 Look'd on the country with disdain;
 Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
 And dream a lazy life away;
 Thinks poverty the greatest sin,
 And walks on thorns till he begin:
 But first before his brother laid
 The hopeful scheme, and begg'd his aid,
 Kind Bob was much abash'd, to see
 His brother in extremity,
 Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,
 A beggar, and not worth a groat.
 He griev'd full sore, gave good advice,
 Quoted his authors grave and wise,
 All who with wholesome morals treat us,
 Old Seneca and Epictetus.
 What's my unhappy brother doing?
 Whither rambling? whom pursuing
 An idle, tricking, giddy jade,
 A phantom, and a fleeting shade;
 Grasp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,
 The false jilt fawns, then a fond smile;
 On that she leers, he like the rest
 Is soon a bubble and a jest;
 But live with me, just to thyself,
 And scorn the bitch, and all her pelf;
 Fortune's ador'd by fools alone,
 The wise man always makes his own.
 But 'tis, alas! in vain t' apply
 Fine sayings and philosophy,
 Where a poor youth's o'erheated brain,
 Is sold to interest and gain,
 And pride and fierce ambition reign.
 Bob found it so, nor did he strive
 To work the nail that would not drive;
 Content to do the best he could,
 And as became his brotherhood,
 Gave him what money he could spare,
 And kindly paid his old arrear,
 Bought him his equipage and clothes,
 So thus supply'd away he goes,
 For London town he mounts, as gay
 As tailors on their wedding-day.
 Not many miles upon the road,
 A widow's stately mansion stood;
 What if dame Fortune should be there?
 (Said Frank) 'tis ten to one, I swear:
 I'll try to find her in the crowd,
 She loves the wealthy and the proud.
 Away he spurs, and at the door
 Stood gallant gentry many a score,
 Penelope had never more.
 Here tortur'd cats-gut squeals amain,
 Guittars in softer notes complain,
 And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
 Frank, with a careless, easy mien,
 Sung her a song, and was let in.
 The rest with envy burst, to see
 The stranger's odd felicity.
 Low bow'd the footman at the stairs,
 The gentleman at top appears;

And is your lady, sir, at home?
 Pray walk into the drawing-room.
 But here my muse is too well bred,
 To prattle what was done or said;
 She lik'd the youth, his dress, his face,
 His calves, his back, and every grace:
 Supper was serv'd, and down they sit,
 Much meat, good wine, some little wit.
 The grace-cup drunk, or dance, or play;
 Frank chose the last, was very gay,
 Had the good luck the board to strip,
 And punted to her ladyship.

The clock strikes one, the gentry bow'd,
 Each to his own apartment show'd;
 But Franky was in piteous mood,
 Slept not a wink; he raves, he dies,
 Smit with her jointure and her eyes.
 Restless as in a lion's den,
 He sprawl'd and kick'd about till ten:
 But, as he dreamt of future joys,
 His ear was startled with a noise,
 Six trumpets and a kettle-drum;
 Up in a hurry flies the groom,
 Lord, sir! get dress'd, the colonel's come:
 Your horse is ready at the door,
 You may reach Uxbridge, sir, by four.
 Poor Franky must in haste remove,
 With disappointment vex'd, and love;
 To dirt abandon'd, and despair,
 For lace and feather won the fair.

Now for the town he jogs apace,
 With leaky boots and sun-burnt face;
 And, leaving Acton in his rear,
 Began to breathe sulphureous air.
 Arriv'd at length, the table spread,
 Three bottles drunk, he reels to bed.
 Next morn his busy thoughts begun,
 To rise and travel with the sun;
 Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round,
 But how dame Fortune might be found,
 Was the momentous grand affair,
 His secret wish, his only care.
 Damme, thought Franky to himself,
 I'll find this giddy wandering elf;
 I'll hunt her out in every quarter.
 Till she bestow the staff or garter:
 I'll visit good Lord Sunderland,
 Who keeps the jilt at his command;
 Or else some courteous duchess may
 Take pity on a runaway.
 Dress'd to a pink, to court he flies,
 At this levee, and that he plies;
 Bows in his rank, an humble slave,
 And meanly fawns on every knave;
 With maids of honour learns to chat,
 Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.
 Fortune he sought from place to place,
 She led him still a wild-goose chase;
 Always prepar'd with some excuse,
 The hopeful youngster to amuse;
 Was busy, indispos'd, was gone
 To Hampton-court, or Kensington;
 And, after all her wiles and dodgings,
 She slipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.
 Jaded, and almost in despair,
 A gamester whisper'd in his ear;

Who would seek Fortune, sir, at court?
 At H—l's is her chief resort;
 'Tis there her midnight hours she spends,
 Is very gracious to her friends;
 Shows honest men the means of thriving,
 The best, good-natur'd goddess living.
 Away he trudges with his rook,
 Throws many a main, is bit, is broke;
 With dirty knuckles, aching head,
 Disconsolate he sneaks to bed.

CANTO II.

How humble, and how complaisant,
 Is a proud man reduc'd to want!
 With what a silly, hanging face,
 He bears his unforeseen disgrace!
 His spirits flag, his pulse beats low,
 The gods, and all the world his foe;
 To thriving knaves a ridicule,
 A butt to every wealthy fool.
 For where is courage, wit, or sense,
 When a poor rake has lost his pence?
 Let all the learn'd say what they can,
 'Tis ready money makes the man;
 Commands respect where'er we go,
 And gives a grace to all we do.
 With such reflections Frank distress'd,
 The horrors of his soul express'd:
 Contempt, the basket, and a gaol,
 By turns his restless mind assail;
 Aghast the dismal scene he flies,
 And death grows pleasing in his eyes:
 For since his rhino was all flown,
 To the last solitary crown,
 Who would not, like a Roman, dare
 To leave that world he could not share?
 The pistol on his table lay,
 And death fled hovering o'er his prey;
 There wanted nothing now to do,
 But touch the trigger, and adieu.
 As he was saying some short prayers,
 He heard a wheezing on the stairs,
 And looking out, his aunt appears;
 Who from Moorfields, breathless and lame,
 To see her graceless godson came:
 The salutations being past,
 Coughing, and out of wind, at last
 In his great chair she took her place,
 How does your brother? is my niece
 Well marry'd? when will Robin settle?
 He answer'd all things to a tittle;
 Gave such content in every part,
 He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.
 "Godson," said she, "alas! I know
 Matters with you are but so-so:
 "You're come to town, I understand,
 "To make your fortune out of hand;
 "Your time and patrimony lost,
 "To beg a place, or buy a post.
 "Believe me, godson, I'm your friend;
 "Of this great town, this wicked end
 "Is ripe for judgment; Satan's seat,
 "The sink of sin, and hell complete.
 "In every street of trulls a troop,
 "And every cook-wench wears a hoop;

"Sodom was less deform'd with vice,
 "Lewdness of all kinds, cards and dice."
 Frank blush'd (which, by the way, was more
 Than ever he had done before);
 And own'd it was a wretched place,
 Unfit for any child of grace.
 The good old aunt o'erjoyed to see
 These glimmerings of sanctity;
 "My dear," said she, "this purse is yours,
 "It cost me many painful hours;
 "Take it, improve it, and become
 "By art and industry a plumb.
 "But leave, for shame, this impious street,
 "All over mark'd with cloven feet;
 "In our more holy quarter live,
 "Where both your soul and stock may thrive;
 "Where righteous citizens repair,
 "And heaven and earth the godly share,
 "Gain this by jobbing, that by prayer.
 "At Jonathan's go smoke a pipe,
 "Look very serious, dine on tripe;
 "Get early up, late close your eyes,
 "And leave no stone unturn'd to rise:
 "Then each good day at Salter's-Hall
 "Pray for a blessing upon all."

Lowly the ravish'd Franky bows,
 While joy sat smiling on his brows;
 And without scruple, in a trice,
 He took her money and advice.
 Not an extravagant young heir,
 Beset with duns, and in despair,
 When joyful tidings reach his ear,
 And dad retires by heaven's commands,
 To leave his chink to better hands;
 Not wandering sailors almost lost,
 When they behold the wish'd-for coast;
 Not culprit when the knot is plac'd,
 And kind reprove arrives in haste;
 E'er felt a joy in such excess,
 As Frank reliev'd from this distress.
 A thousand antic tricks he play'd,
 The purse he kiss'd, swore, curs'd and pray'd;
 Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,
 And hugg'd his unexpected store;
 Built stately castles in the air,
 Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair;
 Pick'd out his title and his place,
 Was scarce contented with your Grace.
 Strange visions working in his head,
 Frantic, half mad, he strolls to bed;
 Sleeps little; if he sleeps, he dreams
 Of sceptres, and of diadems.
 "Fortune," said he, "shall now no more
 "Trick and deceive me as of yore:
 "This passport shall admittance gain,
 "In spite of all the jilt's disdain:
 "'Tis this the tyrant's pride disarms,
 "And brings her blushing to my arms;
 "This golden bough my wish shall speed,
 "And to th' Elysian fields shall lead."
 The morn scarce peep'd, but up he rose,
 Impatient huddled on his clothes;
 Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
 And to 'Change-Alley whirl'd away.
 'Tis here dame Fortune every day
 Opens her booth, and shows her play;

Here laughing sits behind the scene,
 Dances her puppets here unseen,
 And turns her whimsical machine.
 Powel, with all his wire and wit,
 To her great genius must submit:
 Exact at twelve the goddess shows.
 And fame aloud her trumpet blows;
 Harangues the mob with shams and lies,
 And bids their actions fall, or rise.
 Old Chaos here his throne regains;
 And here in odd confusion reigns;
 All order, all distinction lost,
 Now high, now low, the fools are tost.
 Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
 Their giddy heads, there in despair
 Sits humbled pride, with downcast look,
 Bankrupts restor'd, and misers broke,
 Strange figures here our eyes invade,
 And the whole world in masquerade;
 A carman in a hat and feather,
 A lord in frieze, his breeches leather:
 Tom Whiplash in his coach of state,
 Drawn by the tits he drove of late:
 A colonel of the bold train-bands,
 Selling his equipage and lands.
 Hard by a cobbler bidding fair,
 For the gold chain, and next lord mayor:
 A butcher blustering in the crowd,
 Of his late purchas'd 'scutcheon proud,
 Retains his cleaver for his crest,
 His motto too beneath the rest,
 "Virtue and merit is a jest."
 Two toasts with all their trinkets gone,
 Padding the streets for half a-crown:
 A daggled countess and her maid,
 Her house-rent and her slaves unpaid,
 A tailor's wife in rich brocade.
 All sects, all parties, high and low,
 At fortune's shrine devoutly bow;
 Nought can their ardent zeal restrain,
 Where each man's godliness is gain.
 From taverns, meeting-houses, stews,
 Atheists and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
 Statesmen and fidlers, beaux and porters,
 Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
 As human race of old began
 From stones and clods, transform'd to man,
 So from each dunghill, strange surprise!
 In troops the recent gentry rise,
 Of mushroom growth, they wildly stare,
 And ape the great with awkward air:
 So Pinkethman upon the stage,
 Mounting his ass in warlike rage,
 With simpering Dicky for his page,
 In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
 Burlesques the prince of Ammon's race.
 Industrious Frank, among the rest,
 Bought, sold, and cavil'd, bawl'd and press'd;
 Lodg'd in a garret on the spot,
 Follow'd instructions to a jot,
 The praying part alone forgot.
 Learnt every dealing term of art,
 And all th' ingenious cant by heart;
 Nor doubted but he soon should find
 Dame Fortune complaisant and kind.

After her oft he call'd aloud,
 But still she vanish'd in the crowd;
 Now with smooth looks and tempting smiles
 The faithless hypocrite beguiles;
 Then with a cool and scornful air,
 Bids the deluded wretch despair;
 Takes pet without the least pretence,
 And wonders at his insolence.
 Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
 And between hopes and fears perplex'd;
 His patience quite worn out at last
 Resolves to throw one desperate cast.
 " 'Tis vain," said he, " to whine and woo,
 " 'Tis one brisk stroke the work must do.
 " Fortune is like a widow won,
 " And trackles to the bold alone;
 " I'll push at once and venture all,
 " At least I shall with honour fall."
 But, curse upon the treacherous jade,
 Who thus his services repaid;
 When now he thought the world his own,
 He bought a bear, and was undone.

CANTO III.

As here is something in a face,
 An air, and a peculiar grace,
 Which boldest painters cannot trace;
 That more than features, shape, or hair,
 Distinguishes the happy fair;
 Strikes every eye, and makes her known
 A ruling toast through all the town:
 So in each action 'tis success
 That gives it all its comeliness;
 Guards it from censure and from blame,
 Brightens and burnishes our fame.
 For what is virtue, courage, wit,
 In all men, but a lucky hit?
 But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,
 The wisest conduct nought avails;
 The man of merit soon shall find
 The world to prosperous knaves inclin'd,
 Himself the last of all mankind.
 Too true poor Frank this thesis found,
 Bankrupt; despoil'd, and run aground,
 In durance vile detain'd and lost,
 And all his mighty projects crost:
 With grief and shame at once oppress'd,
 Tears swell his eyes, and sighs his breast;
 A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
 Where shall he turn? what measures take?
 Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite,
 By his own greedy appetite;
 He mourns his fatal lust of pelf,
 And curses Fortune and himself:
 In limbo pent, would fain get free,
 Importunate for liberty.
 So when the watchful hungry mouse,
 At midnight prowling round the house,
 Winds in a corner toasted cheese,
 Glad the luxurious prey to seize;
 With whiskers curl'd, and round black eyes,
 He meditates the luscious prize,
 Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
 The rigorous decrees of fate;

Restless his freedom to regain,
 He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
 The wretched captive thus distress'd,
 His busy thoughts allow no rest:
 Fond on each project to depend,
 Kind hope his only faithful friend;
 Odd whimsies floating in his brain,
 He plots, contrives, but all in vain,
 Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
 As when the shipwreck'd wretch is tost
 From wave to wave, and almost lost,
 Beat by the billows from the shore,
 Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
 The friendly plank he grasp'd before:
 So Frank, when all expedients fail,
 To save his carcase from a gaol,
 Eat up with vermin and with care,
 And almost sinking in despair,
 Resolves once more to make his court
 To his old aunt, his last resort:
 Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
 Then blots his paper with his tears,
 Ransacks his troubled soul, to raise
 Each tender sentiment and phrase;
 And every lame excuse supplies
 With artful colouring and disguise;
 Kind to himself, lays all the blame
 On Fortune, that capricious dame:
 In short informs her all was lost,
 And sends it by the penny-post.
 Soon as the ancient nymph had read
 The fatal scroll, she took her bed,
 Cold palsies seize her trembling head;
 She groans, she sighs, she sobs, she smears
 Her spectacles and beard with tears;
 Her nose that wont to sympathise
 With all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,
 Adown in pearly drops distils,
 Th' united stream each chasm fills.
 Geneva now, nor Nants will do,
 Her toothless gums their hold let go;
 And on the ground, O fatal stroke!
 The short coæval pipe is broke:
 With vapours chok'd, entranc'd she lies,
 Belches, and prays, and f—ts, and dies,
 But sleep, that kind restorative,
 Recall'd her soul, and bid her live;
 With cooler thoughts the case she weigh'd,
 And brought her reason to her aid.
 Away she hobbles, and with speed
 Resolves to see the captive freed;
 Wipe off this stain and foul disgrace,
 And vindicate her ancient race.
 With her a sage director comes,
 More weighty than a brace of plumbs,
 A good man in the city cant,
 Where cash, not morals, makes the saint.
 T' improve a genius so polite,
 The clumsy thing was dubb'd a knight:
 Fortune's chief confident and friend,
 Grown fat by many a dividend;
 And still her favour he retains,
 By want of merit and of brains;
 On her top spoke sublime he sits,
 The jest and theme of sneering wits;

For fools in fortune's pillory plac'd
 Are mounted to be more disgrac'd.
 This rich old Hunk, as Woodcock wife,
 Was call'd the younker to advise :
 " Young man," said he, " refrain from tears,
 " While joyful tidings bless thine ears ;
 " Up and be doing, boy, and try
 " To conquer fate by industry ;
 " For know that all of mortal race,
 " Are born to losses and disgrace :
 " Ev'n I broke twice, I, heretofore
 " A tailor despicably poor,
 " In every hole for shelter crept,
 " On the same bulk, botch'd, lous'd, and slept,
 " With scarce one penny to prepare
 " A friendly halter in despair ;
 " My credit like my garment torn,
 " Threadbare, and ragged, over-worn :
 " But soon I patch'd it up again,
 " These busy hands, this working brain,
 " Ne'er ceas'd from labour, pain, and sweat,
 " Till fortune smil'd, and I was great.
 " Now at each pompous city feast,
 " Who but Sir Tristram ? Every guest
 " Respectful bows. In each debate,
 " My nod must give the sentence weight :
 " On me prime ministers attend,
 " And — Aislabie's my friend :
 " In embryo each bold project lies,
 " Till my consenting purse supplies.
 " This hand—nay do not think me vain,
 " Soften'd the Swede, and humbled Spain.
 " To me the fair, whom all adore,
 " Address their prayers, and own my power ;
 " When the poor toast by break of day
 " Has punted all her gold away,
 " Undress'd, and in her native charms,
 " She flies to these indulgent arms ;
 " She curls each dimple in her face
 " To win the good Sir Tristram's grace ;
 " Offers her brilliants with a smile,
 " That might an achoret beguile ;
 " And when my potent aid is lent,
 " Away the dear-one wheels content.
 " He that can money get, my boy,
 " Shall every other good enjoy ;
 " Be rich, and every boon receive,
 " That man can wish, or Heaven can give.
 " Now to the means, dear youth, attend,
 " By which thy sorrows soon shall end :
 " Thy good old aunt resolves to bail
 " Her hopeful godson out of gaol ;
 " But what is freedom to the poor ?
 " The man who begs from door to door
 " Is free ; in lazy wretchedness
 " He lives, till Heaven his substance bless ;
 " But, having learnt to cog and chouse,
 " To cut a purse, or break a house,
 " Then soon he mends his own apparel,
 " Eats boil'd and roast, and taps his barrel ;
 " Drinks double bub, with all his might,
 " And hugs his doxy every night :
 " Thy sprightly genius ne'er shall lie
 " Depress'd by want and penury ;
 " Go, with a prosperous merry gale,
 " To the South Seas adventurous sail ;

" Fat Plenty dwells on these rich shores,
 " Abundance opens all her stores ;
 " Ingots and pearls for beads are sold,
 " And rivers glide on sands of gold ;
 " Profit and Pleasure hand in hand,
 " Smile on the fields, and bless the land ;
 " The swains unlabour'd harvests reap,
 " Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap,
 " Fortune is always true and kind,
 " Nor veers, as here, with every wind ;
 " Not, as in these penurious isles,
 " Retail her blessings and her smiles ;
 " But deals by wholesale with her friends,
 " And gluts them with her dividends.
 " Then haste, set sail, the ship's unmoor'd,
 " And waits to take thee now on board."
 The youth o'erjoy'd this project hears,
 From his flock-bed his head he rears,
 And waters all his rags with tears.
 In short, he took his friend's advice,
 Pack'd up his baggage in a trice ;
 Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
 With all Potosi in his view.

CANTO IV.

BEHOLD the youth just now set free
 On land, immur'd again at sea ;
 Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
 In quest of other worlds for gold.
 He who so late regal'd at ease,
 On olives, soups, and fricassees ;
 Drank with the witty and the gay,
 Sparkling Champaign, and rich Tokay ;
 Now breaks his fast with Suffolk cheese,
 And bursts at noon with pork and pease ;
 Instead of wine, content to sip,
 With noisy tars, their nauseous flip :
 Their breath with chew'd mundungus sweet,
 Their jests more fulsome than their meat.
 While thunder rolls, and storms arise,
 He snoring in his hammock lies ;
 In golden dreams enjoys the night,
 And counts his bags with vast delight.
 Mountains of gold erect his throne,
 Each precious gem is now his own ;
 Kind Jove descends in golden fleet,
 Pactolus murmurs at his feet ;
 The sea gives up its hoarded store,
 Possessing all he covets more.
 O gold ! attractive gold ! in vain
 Honour and conscience would restrain
 Thy boundless universal reign.
 To thee each stubborn virtue bends,
 The man oblig'd betrays his friends ;
 The patriot quits his country's cause,
 And sells her liberty and laws ;
 The pious prude's no longer nice,
 And ev'n lawn sleeves can flatter vice.
 At thy too absolute command,
 Thy zealots ransack sea and land :
 Where'er thy beams thy power display,
 The swarming insects haste away,
 To bask in thy refulgent ray.
 Now the bold crew with prosperous wind,
 Leave the retreating land behind ;

Fearless they quit their native shore,
 Albion's cliffs are seen no more.
 Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
 Their rigging and their tackle torn;
 Danger in various shapes appears,
 Sudden alarms, and shivering fears.
 Here, might some copious bard dilate
 And show fierce Neptune drawn in state;
 While guards of Triton's clear his way,
 And Nereids round his chariot play;
 Then bid the stormy Boreas rise,
 And forked lightning cleave the skies;
 The ship nigh foundering in the deep,
 Or bounding o'er the ridgy steep:
 Describe the monsters of the main,
 The Phocæ, and their finny train,
 Tornados, hurricanes, and rain.
 Spouts, shoals, and rocks of dreadful size,
 And pirates lurking for their prize;
 Amazing miracles rehearse,
 And turn all Dampier into verse.
 My negligent and humble muse
 Less ambitious aims pursues;
 Content with more familiar phrase,
 Nor deals in such embroider'd lays;
 Pleas'd if my rhyme just measure keeps,
 And stretch'd at ease my reader sleeps.
 Hibernian matrons thus of old,
 Their soporific stories told;
 To sleep in vain the patient strove,
 Perplex'd with business, cross'd in love;
 Till soothing tales becalm'd his breast,
 And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.
 Suffice it only to recite,
 They drank all day, they snor'd all night:
 And, after many moons were past,
 They made the wish'd-for shores at last.
 Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
 Leap'd joyful on the golden strand;
 Open'd his toy-shop in the port,
 Trinkets of various size and sort;
 Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
 Bath-metal rings, and knives, and scissars;
 And in one lucky day got more
 Than Bubble-boy in half a score:
 For Fortune now, no longer coy,
 Smil'd on her darling favourite boy;
 No longer from his arms retir'd,
 But gave him all his heart desir'd,
 Ah! thoughtless youth! in time beware,
 And shun the treacherous harlot's snare;
 The wiser savages behold,
 Who truck not liberty for gold;
 Proof against all her subtle wiles,
 Regardless of her frowns or smiles;
 If frugal Nature want supplies,
 The lance or dart unerring flies:
 The mountain boar their prey descends,
 Or the fat kid regales their friends;
 The jocund tribe, from sun to sun,
 Feast on the prize their valour won.
 Cease, babbling muse, thy vain advice,
 'Tis thrown away on avarice:
 Bid hungry lions quit their prey,
 Or streams that down the mountains stray

Divert their course, return again,
 And climb the steep from whence they came.
 Unblest with his ill-gotten store,
 Th' insatiate youth still craves for more;
 To counsel deaf, t' examples blind,
 Scrapes up whatever he can find.
 Now master of a vessel grown,
 With all the glittering freight his own,
 To Fortune still he makes his court,
 And coasts along from port to port.
 Each rolling tide brings fresh supplies,
 And heaps on heaps delight his eyes.
 Through Panama's delicious bay,
 The loaded vessel ploughs her way;
 With the rich freight oppress'd the sails,
 And summons all the friendly gales,
 Frank on her deck triumphant stood,
 And view'd the calm transparent flood;
 Let book-learn'd sots, said he, adore
 Th' aspiring hills that grace thy shore;
 Thy verdant isles, the groves that bow
 Their nodding heads, and shade thy brow;
 Thy face serene, thy gentle breast.
 Where syrens sing, and halcyons rest;
 Propitious flood! on me bestow
 The treasures of thy depths below;
 Which long in thy dark womb have slept,
 From age to age securely kept.
 Scarce had he spoke, when, strange surprise!
 Th' indignant waves in mountains rise,
 And hurricanes invade the skies;
 The ship against the shoals was struck,
 And in a thousand pieces broke;
 But one poor trusty plank, to save
 Its owner from the watery grave;
 On this he mounts, is cast on shore,
 Half dead, a bankrupt as before:
 Spiritless, fainting, and alone,
 On the bare beach he makes his moan.
 Then climbs the ragged rock, t' explore
 If aught was driving to the shore,
 The poor remains of all his store:
 With greedy diligence prepar'd
 To save what'er the waves had spar'd.
 But, oh! the wretch expects in vain
 Compassion from the furious main;
 Men, goods, are sunk. Mad with despair
 He beat his breast, he tore his hair:
 Then leaning o'er the craggy steep,
 Look'd down into the boiling deep;
 Almost resolv'd to cast himself,
 And perish with his dear, dear self.

CANTO V.

If Heaven the thriving trader bless,
 What fawning crowds about him press!
 But, if he fail, distress'd and poor,
 His mob of friends are seen no more;
 For all men hold it meet to fly
 Th' infectious breath of poverty.
 Poor Frank, deserted and forlorn,
 Curses the day that he was born:
 Each treacherous crony hides his face,
 Or starts whene'er he haunts the place.

His wealth thus lost, with that his friends,
On Fortune still the youth depends :
One smile, said he, can soon restore
A bankrupt wretch, and give him more ;
She will not, sure, refuse her aid ?
Fallacious hope ! for the false jade
That very day took wing, was flown,
And on her wonted journey gone
(Intent her costly goods to sell)
From Panama to Portobel :

Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
And groan beneath the precious ware,
The goddess rides sublime in air ;
And hence conveys a fresh supply,
For pride, debate, and luxury.
Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,
Like a staunch hound the chase pursues,
Takes the same rout, doubles his speed,
Nor doubts her help in time of need.

O'er the wide waste, through pathless ways,
The solitary pilgrim strays ;
Now on the swampy desert plain,
Through brakes of mangroves works with pain ;
Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the torrid zone.
With berries and green plantains fed,
On the parch'd earth he leans his head ;
Fainting with thirst, to heaven he cries,
But finds no stream but from his eyes.
Ah, wretch ! thy vain laments forbear,
And for a worse extreme prepare ;
Sudden the lowering storms arise,
The bursting thunder rends the skies,
Aflant the ruddy lightning flies ;
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And gives a short, but dreadful day :
With pealing rain the woods resound,
Convulsions shake the solid ground.
Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear,
The wolves around him howl for food,
The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,
And canibals more fierce than they
(Monsters who make mankind their prey)
Riot and feast on human gore,
And, still insatiate, thirsts for more.
Half dead at every noise he hears,
His fancy multiplies his fears ;
Whate'er he read or heard of old,
Whate'er his nurse or Crusoe told,
Each tragic scene his eyes behold :
Things past as present fear applies.
Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.

At length the sun began to peep,
And gild the surface of the deep,
Then on the reeking moisture fed,
The scatter'd clouds before him fled,
The rivers shrunk into their bed :
Nature revives ; the feather'd throng
Salute the morning with a song.
Frank with his fellow-brutes arose,
Yet dreaming still he saw his foes,
Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
And starting, doubts if yet he lives.
At last his spirits mend their pace,
And hope sat dawning on his face ;

Ev'n such is human life, said he,
A night of dread and misery,
Till heaven relents, relieves our pain,
And sun-shine days return again.
O Fortune ! who dost now bestow,
Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,
Do not thy faithful slave destroy,
But give th' alternative of joy.
Then many a painful step he takes,
O'er hills and vales, through woods and brakes ;
No sturdy desperate buccancer
E'er suffer'd hardships more severe.
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No dangers can divert his mind ;
His tedious journey he pursues,
At last his eye transported views
Fair Portobel, whose rising spires
Inflame his heart with new desires.
Secure of Fortune's grace, he smiles,
And flattering hope the wretch beguiles.
Though nature calls for sleep and food,
Yet stronger avarice subdued ;
Ev'n shameful nakedness and pain,
And thirst and hunger, plead in vain :
No rest he gives his weary feet,
Fortune he seeks from street to street ;
Careful in every corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,
Wherever busy crowds resort,
The change, the market, and the port ;
In vain he turns his eye-balls round,
Fortune was no where to be found ;
The jilt, not many hours before,
With the Plate-fleet had left the shore
Laughs at the credulous fool behind,
And joyful scuds before the wind.
Poor Frank forsaken on the coast,
All his fond hopes at once are lost.
Aghast the swelling sails he views,
And with his eye the fleet pursues,
Till, lessen'd to his wearied sight,
It leaves him to despair and night.
So when the faithless Theseus fled
The Cretan nymph's deserted bed,
Awak'd, at distance on the main,
She view'd the prosperous perjur'd swain,
And call'd th' avenging gods in vain.
Prostrate on earth till break of day,
Senseless and motionless he lay,
Till tears at last find out their way ;
Gush like a torrent from his eyes,
In bitterness of soul he cries,
" O Fortune ! now too late I see,
" Too late, alas ! thy treachery.
" Wretch that I am, abandon'd, lost,
" About the world at random tost,
" Whither, oh, whither shall I run ?
" Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.
" In the dark mines go hide thy head
" Accurs'd, exchange thy sweat for bread,
" Skulk under ground, in earth's dark womb
" Go, slave, and dig thyself a tomb :
" There's gold enough ; pernicious gold !
" To which long since thy peace was sold ;
" Vain helpless idol ! canst thou save
" This shatter'd carcase from the grave ?

" Restless disturber of mankind,
 " Canst thou give health, or peace of mind?
 " Ah, no! deceiv'd the fool shall be
 " Who puts his confidence in thee.
 " Fatally blind, my native home
 " I left, in this rude world to roam;
 " O brother! shall I view no more
 " Thy peaceful bowers? fair Albion's shore?
 " Yes (if kind Heaven my life shall spare)
 " Some happy moments yet I'll share,
 " In thy delightful blest retreat,
 " With thee condemn the rich and great;
 " Redeem my time mispent, and wait
 " Till death relieve th' unfortunate."

Adversity, sage useful guest,
 Severe instructor, but the best;
 It is from thee alone we know
 Justly to value things below;
 Right reason's ever faithful friend,
 To thee our haughty passions bend;
 Tam'd by thy rod, poor Frank at last
 Repents of all his follies past;
 Resign'd, and patient to endure
 Those ills, which Heaven alone can cure.
 With vain pursuits and labours worn,
 He meditates a quick return,
 Longs to revisit yet once more,
 Poor prodigal! his native shore.
 In the next ship for Britain bound,
 Glad Frank a ready passage found;
 Nor vessel now, nor freight his own,
 He fears no longer Fortune's frown;
 No property but life his share,
 Life a frail good not worth his care;
 Active and willing to obey,
 A merry mariner, and gay,
 He hands the sails, and jokes all day.
 At night no dreams disturb his rest,
 No passions riot in his breast;
 For, having nothing left to lose,
 Sweet and unbroken his repose:
 And now fair Albion's cliffs are seen,
 And hills with fruitful herbage green:
 His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
 His faltering tongue bursts from his eyes.
 At length, thus hail'd the well-known land,
 And kneeling kiss'd the happy strand.
 " And do I then draw native air,
 " After an age of toil and care?
 " O welcome parent isle! no more
 " The vagrant shall desert thy shore,
 " But, flying to thy kind embrace,
 " Here end his life's laborious race."
 So when the flag, intent to rove,
 Quits the safe park and sheltering grove,
 Tops the high pale, strolls unconfin'd,
 And leaves the lazy herd behind,
 Blest in his happy change a while,
 Corn fields and flowery meadows smile,
 The pamper'd beast enjoys the spoil;
 Till on the next returning morn,
 Alarm'd, he hears the fatal horn;
 Before the staunch, blood-thirsty hounds,
 Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds,
 With clamour every wood resounds:

He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,
 He seeks the distant stream in vain,
 And now, by sad experience wise,
 To his dear home the rambler flies;
 His old enclosure gains once more,
 And joins the herd he scorn'd before.

Nor are his labours finish'd yet,
 Hunger and thirst, and pain and sweat,
 And many a tedious mile remains,
 Before his brother's house he gains.
 Without one doit his purse to bless,
 Nor very elegant his dress;
 With a tarr'd jump, a crooked hat,
 Scarce one whole shoe, and half a hat;
 From door to door the stroller skipp'd,
 Sometimes reliev'd, but oftener whipp'd;
 Sun-burnt and ragged, on he fares,
 At last the mansion-house appears,
 Timely relief for all his cares.
 Around he gaz'd, his greedy sight
 Devours each object with delight;
 Through each known haunt transported roves,
 Gay smiling fields, and shady groves,
 Once conscious of his youthful loves.
 About the hospitable gate
 Crowds of dejected wretches wait;
 Each day kind Bob's diffusive hand,
 Cheer'd and refresh'd the tatter'd band,
 Proud the most godlike joy to share,
 He fed the hungry, cloth'd the bare.
 Frank amongst these his station chose,
 With looks revealing inward woes;
 When, lo! with wonder and surprise,
 He saw dame Fortune in disguise;
 He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes.
 Her fawning smiles, her trickling air,
 Th' egregious hypocrite declare;
 A gipsy's mantle round her spread,
 Of various dye, white, yellow, red;
 Strange feats she promis'd, clamour'd loud,
 And with her cant amus'd the crowd:
 There every day impatient ply'd,
 Push'd to get in, but still deny'd;
 For Bob, who knew the subtle whore,
 Thrust the false vagrant from his door.
 But, when the stranger's face he view'd,
 With no deceitful tears bedew'd,
 His boding heart began to melt,
 And more than usual pity felt:
 He trac'd his features o'er and o'er,
 That spoke him better born, though poor,
 Though cloth'd in rags, genteel his mien,
 That face he somewhere must have seen:
 Nature at last reveals the truth,
 He knows, and owns the hapless youth.
 Surpris'd, and speechless, both embrace,
 And mingling tears o'erflow each face;
 Till Bob thus eas'd his labouring thought,
 And this instructive moral taught.
 Welcome, my brother, to my longing arms,
 Here on my bosom rest secure from harms;
 See Fortune there, that false delusive jade,
 To whom thy prayers and ardent vows were paid:
 She (like her sex) the fond pursuer flies;
 But slight the jilt, and at thy feet she dies

Now safe in port, indulge thyself on shore,
Oh, tempt the faithless winds and seas no
more;

Let unavailing toils, and dangers past,
Though late, this useful lesson teach at last,
True happiness is only to be found
In a contented mind, a body sound,
All else is dream, a dance on fairy ground:
While restless fools each idle whim pursue,
And still one wish obtain'd creates a new,
Like froward babes, the toys they have, detest,
While still the newest trifle pleases best:
Let us, my brother, rich in wisdom's store,
What Heaven has lent, enjoy, nor covet more;
Subdue our passions, curb their saucy rage,
And to ourselves restore the golden age.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED,

A TALE.

A VICAR liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent,
Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
For against every merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful pastor; but his sheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that every day
Run riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vex'd,
Thump'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke as well as pray;
Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At christenings and each jovial feast,
He singled out the sinful beast:
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very fly,
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole parish was with ease
Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chrysoptom and Austin fail.

VOL. VIII.

THE OFFICIOUS MESSENGER,

A TALE.

MAN, of precarious science vain,
Treats other creatures with disdain;
Nor Pug nor Shock have common sense,
Nor even Pol the least pretence,
Though she prates better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It seems, is nature's puppet-show;
But clock-work all, and mere machine,
What can these idle gimcracks mean?
Ye world-makers of Gresham-hall,
Dog Rover shall confute you all;
Shall prove that every reasoning brute
Like Ben of Bangor can dispute;
Can apprehend, judge, syllogize;
Or like proud Bently criticize:
At a moot point, or odd disaster,
Is often wiser than his master.
He may mistake sometimes, 'tis true,
None are infallible but you.
The dog whom nothing can mislead
Must be a dog of parts indeed:
But to my tale; hear me, my friend,
And with due gravity attend.
Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the setting breed,
Rang'd high, was stout, of nose acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.
In parallel lines his ground he beat,
Not such as in one centre meet,
In those let blundering doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down close he sinks, and eyes his prey.
Though different passions tempt his soul,
True as the needle to the pole,
He keeps his point, and panting lies,
The floating net above him flies,
Then, dropping, sweeps the fluttering prize.
Nor this his only excellence:
When surly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the sport deny'd,
Still faithful to his master's side,
A thousand pretty pranks he play'd,
And cheerful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the spit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
And forty such diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge, nor wise Gadbury,
Could find lost goods so soon as he;
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And seek the glove you hid before,
Still his unerring nose would wind it,
If above ground, was sure to find it;
Whimpering for joy his master greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.
But hold—it cannot be deny'd,
That useful talents misapply'd,
May make wild work. It hapt one day,
'Squire Lobb, his master, took his way,

L 1

New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,
 To compliment a neighbouring knight;
 In his best trowsers he appears
 (A comely person for his years);
 And clean white drawers, that many a day
 In lavender and rose-cakes lay.
 Across his brawny shoulders strung,
 On his left side his dagger hung;
 Dead-doing blade! a dreadful guest,
 Or in the field, or at the feast.
 No Franklin carving of a chine
 At Christide, ever look'd so fine.
 With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,
 Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
 A while they travell'd, when within
 Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din:
 Then warring winds, for want of vent,
 Shook all his earthly tenement.
 So in the body politic
 (For states sometimes, like men, are sick)
 Dark faction mutters through the crowd,
 Ere bare-fac'd treason roars aloud:
 Whether crude humours undigested
 His labouring entrails had infested,
 Or last night's load of bottled ale,
 Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol:
 The cause of this his awkward pain,
 Let Johnston or let H——th explain;
 Whose learned noses may discover,
 Why nature's stink pot thus ran over.
 My province is th' effect to trace,
 And give each point its proper grace,
 Th' effect, O lamentable case!
 Long had he struggled, but in vain,
 The factious tumult to restrain:
 What should he do? Th' unruly rout
 Press'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
 T' unbutton, and to let all out.
 The trowsers soon his will obey!
 Not so his stubborn drawers, for they,
 Beneath his hanging paunch close ty'd,
 His utmost art and pains defy'd:
 He drew his dagger on the spot,
 Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
 In the same road just then pass'd by
 (Such was the will of destiny)
 The courteous curate of the place,
 Good-nature shone o'er all his face;
 Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,
 And deeming slaughter must ensue,
 Off from his hack himself he threw,
 Then without ceremony seiz'd
 The 'squire impatient to be eas'd.
 "Lord! Master Lobb, who would have thought
 "The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought;
 "Is suicide so slight a fault?
 "Rip up thy guts, man! What—go quick
 "To hell? Outrageous lunatic!
 "But, by the blessing, I'll prevent
 "With this right hand, thy foul intent."
 Then gripp'd the dagger fast: the 'squire,
 Like Pelus' son, look'd pale with ire;
 While the good man like Pallas stood,
 And check'd his eager thirst for blood,
 At last, when both a while had strain'd,
 Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd.

The curate in all points obey'd,
 Into the sheath returns the blade:
 But first th' unhappy 'squire he swore,
 T' attempt upon his life no more.
 With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
 And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
 But was it so, friend Lobb? I own,
 Misfortune seldom comes alone;
 Satan supplies the swelling tide,
 And ills on ills are multiply'd.
 Subdued and all his measures broke,
 His purpose and intent mistook;
 Within his drawers, alas! he found
 His guts let out without a wound:
 For, in the conflict straining hard,
 He left his postern gate unbarr'd;
 Most wofully bedawb'd, he moans
 His piteous case, he sighs, he groans.
 To lose his dinner, and return,
 Was very hard, not to be borne:
 Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
 Will make a fool a man of parts.
 The sharp-set 'squire resolves at last,
 Whate'er beset him, not to fast;
 He mus'd a while, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
 At last on this expedient hits;
 To the next brook with sober pace
 He tends, preparing to uncase,
 Straddling and muttering all the way,
 Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
 The coast now clear, no soul in view,
 Off in a trice his trowsers drew;
 More leisurely his drawers, for care
 And caution was convenient there:
 So fast the plaister'd birdlime stuck,
 The skin came off with every pluck,
 Sorely he gaul'd each brawny ham;
 Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
 Forbids a bashful muse to name.
 Not without pain the work achiev'd,
 He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd;
 Then, with nice hand and look sedate,
 Folds up his drawers, with their rich freight,
 And hides them in a bush, at leisure
 Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure:
 The trusty Rover lay hard by,
 Observing all with curious eye.
 Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
 And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
 Brisk as a snake in merry May,
 That just has cast his slough away,
 Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
 As he presum'd both sweet and clean;
 For, oh! amongst us mortal elves,
 How few there are smell out themselves!
 With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,
 And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly
 On others' faults implacably.
 But where's that ear, that eye, that nose,
 Against its master will depose?
 Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,
 Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear,
 Yet romps about me every day,
 Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.
 Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
 Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills.

Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
What fatal secrets he bestows :
Let him destroy each day a score,
'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
In fine, self-love bribes every sense,
And all at home is excellence.

The 'squire arriv'd in decent plight
With reverence due salutes the knight ;
Compliments past, the dinner-bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
To greedy Lobb ! Th' Orphean lyre
Did ne'er such rapturous joy inspire ;
Though this the savage throng obey,
That hunger tames more fierce than they.
In comely order now appear
The footmen loaded with good cheer,
Her ladyship brings up the rear.
Simpering she lisps, " Your servant, sir—
" The ways are bad, one can't well stir
" Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind
" To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
" She's well, I hope—Master, they say,
" Comes on apace—How's Miss, I pray ?"
Lobb bow'd, and cring'd ; and, muttering low,
Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.
These weighty points adjusted, soon
My lady brandishes her spoon.
Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had chose his seat :
When, oh ! th' effluvia of his bum
Begin amain to scent the room,
Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume.
The flickering footman stopt his nose ;
The chaplain too, under the rose,
Made awkward mouths ; the knight took snuff ;
Her ladyship began to huff ;
" Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—
" 'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
" Dogs in their place are good, I own—
" But in the parlour—foh !—be gone."

Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinished bone,
Banish'd for failings not his own ;
No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,
And favourite Virgin fawn'd in vain.
The servants, to the stranger kind,
Leave trusty Rover still behind ;
But Lobb, who would not seem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brows, bids him get out :
By signs expresses his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or through mistake or spight
(Grave authors have not set us right) ;
Fled back the very way he came,
And in the bush soon found his game ;
Brought in his mouth the savoury load,
And at his master's elbow stood.
O Lobb ! what idioms can express
Thy strange confusion and distress,
When on the floor the drawers display'd
The fulsome secret had bewray'd ?
No traitor, when his hand and seal
Produc'd his dark designs reveal,

E'er look'd with such a hanging face,
As Lobb half dead at this disgrace.
Wild-staring, thunder-struck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter shake the room ;
Each fash thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heart-strings almost break ;
The chaplain giggled for a week ;
Her ladyship began to call,
For hartshorn, and her Abigail ;
The servants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conscious of his foul mistake,
Trusts to his heels to save his life ;
The 'squire sneaks home, and beats his wife ;

THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM :

A TALE.

FRANK PLUME, a spark about the town,
Now weary of intriguing gown,
Thought it advisable to wed,
And choose a partner of his bed,
Virtuous and chaste—Aye, right—but where
Is there a nymph that's chaste as fair ?
A blessing to be priz'd, but rare.
For continence penurious heaven
With a too sparing hand has given ;
A plant but seldom to be found,
And thrives but ill on British ground.
Should our adventurer haste on board,
And see what foreign foils afford ?
Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
And jealous dons have Argus' eyes,
Where the rich casket, close immur'd,
Is under lock and key secur'd ?
No—Frank, by long experience wise,
Had known these forts took by surprise ;
Nature in spite of art prevail'd,
And all their vigilance had fail'd.
The youth was puzzled—should he go
And scale a convent ? would that do ?
Is nuns-flesh always good and sweet ?
Fly-blown sometimes, not fit to eat.
Well—he resolves to do his best,
And prudently contrives this test ;
If the last favour I obtain,
And the nymph yield, the case is plain :
Marry'd, she'll play the same odd prank
With others—she's no wife for Frank.
But, could I find a female heart
Impregnable to force or art,
That all my batteries could withstand,
The sap, and even sword in hand ;
Ye gods ! how happy should I be,
From each perplexing thought set free ;
From cuckoldom, and jealousy !
The project pleas'd. He now appears,
And shines in all his killing airs,
And every useful toy prepares,
New opera tunes, and billet-doux,
The clouded cane, and red-heel'd shoes ;
Nor the clock-stocking was forgot,
Th' embroider'd coat, and shoulder-knot :

L. I ij

All that a woman's heart might move,
 The potent trumpery of love.
 Here importunity prevails,
 There tears in floods, or sighs in gales.
 Now, in the lucky moment try'd,
 Low at his feet the fair one dy'd,
 For Strephon would not be deny'd.
 Then, if no motives could persuade,
 A golden shower debauch'd the maid,
 The mistress truckled, and obey'd.
 To modesty a sham pretence
 Gain'd some, others impertinence;
 But most, plain downright impudence.
 Like Cæsar, now he conquer'd all,
 The vassal sex before him fall;
 Where'er he march'd, slaughter ensued,
 He came, he saw, and he subdued.
 At length a stubborn nymph he found,
 For bold Camilla stood her ground;
 Parry'd his thrusts with equal art,
 And had him both in tierce and quart:
 She kept the hero still in play,
 And still maintain'd the doubtful day.
 Here he resolves to make a stand,
 Take her, and marry out of hand.
 The jolly priest soon ty'd the knot,
 The luscious tale was not forgot,
 Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.
 The posset drunk, the stocking thrown,
 The candles out, the curtains drawn,
 And sir and madam all alone;
 "My dear (said he) I strove, you know,
 "To taste the joys you now bestow,
 "All my persuasive arts I try'd,
 "But still relentless you deny'd;
 "Tell me, inexorable fair,
 "How could you, thus attack'd, forbear?"
 "Swear to forgive what's past (she cry'd);
 "The naked truth shan't be deny'd."
 He did; the baggage thus reply'd:
 Deceiv'd so many times before
 By your false sex, I rashly swore,
 To trust deceitful man no more.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT:

A TALE.

"For shame, said Ebony, for shame,
 "Tom Ruby, troth, you're much to blame,
 "To drink at this confounded rate,
 "To guzzle thus, early and late."
 Poor Tom, who just had took his whet,
 And at the door his uncle met,
 Surpris'd and thunder-struck, would fain
 Make his escape, but, oh! in vain.
 Each blush, that glow'd with an ill grace,
 Lighted the flambeaux in his face;
 No loop-hole left, no slight pretence,
 To palliate the foul offence.
 "I own (said he) I'm very bad—
 "A sot—incurably mad—
 "But, sir—I thank you for your love,
 "And by your lectures would improve:
 "Yet, give me leave to say, the street
 "For conference is not so meet.

"Here in this room—nay, sir, come in—
 "Expose, chastise me for my sin;
 "Exert each trope, your utmost art,
 "To touch this senseless, flinty heart.
 "I'm conscious of my guilt, 'tis true,
 "But yet I know my frailty too;
 "A slight rebuke will never do
 "Urge home my faults—come in, I pray—
 "Let not my soul be cast away."
 Wife Ebony, who deem'd it good
 T' encourage by all means he could
 These first appearances of grace,
 Follow'd up stairs, and took his place.
 The bottle and the crust appear'd,
 And wily Tom demurely sneer'd.
 "My duty, sir!"—"Thank you, kind Tom!"—
 "Again, an't please you!"—"Thank you!"
 "Come—"
 "Sorrow is dry—I must once more—"
 "Nay, Tom, I told you at the door
 "I would not drink—what! before dinner?—
 "Not one glass more, as I'm a sinner—
 "Come, to the point in hand; is't fit
 "A man of your good sense and wit
 "Those parts which heaven bestow'd should drown,
 "A butt to all the sots in town?
 "Why, tell me, Tom—what fort can stand
 "(Though regular, and bravely man'd)
 "If night and day the fierce foe plies
 "With never-ceasing batteries;
 "Will there not be a breach at last?"—
 "Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what's past."
 "But if nor interest, nor fame,
 "Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,
 "Hast not a conscience, man? no thought
 "Of an hereafter? dear are bought
 "These sensual pleasures."—"I relent,
 "Kind sir—but give your zeal a vent—"
 Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still
 Took care his uncle's glass to fill,
 Which as his hurry'd spirits sunk,
 Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
 Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
 Old Ebony stuck to his text,
 Grown warm, like any angel spoke,
 Till intervening hickups broke
 The well-strung argument. Poor Tom
 Was now too forward to reel home.
 That preaching still, this still repenting,
 Both equally to drink consenting,
 Till both brimful could swill no more,
 And fell dead drunk upon the floor.
 Bacchus, the jolly god, who fate
 Wide-straddling o'er his tun in state,
 Close by the window side, from whence
 He heard this weighty conference;
 Joy kindling in his ruddy checks,
 Thus the indulgent godhead speaks:
 "Frail mortals know, reason in vain
 "Rebels, and would disturb my reign.
 "See there the sophister o'erthrown,
 "With stronger arguments knock'd down
 "Than e'er in wrangling schools were known!
 "The wine that sparkles in this glass
 "Smooths every brow, gilds every face:

" As vapours when the sun appears,
 " Far hence anxieties and fears :
 " Grave ermine smiles, lawn sleeves grow gay,
 " Each haughty monarch owns my sway,
 " And cardinals and popes obey :
 " Ev'n Cato drank his glass, 'twas I
 " Taught the brave patriot how to die
 " For injur'd Rome and liberty ;
 " 'Twas I who with immortal lays
 " Inspir'd the bard that sung his praise.
 " Let dull unsociable fools
 " Loll in their cells, and live by rules ;
 " My votaries, in gay delight
 " And mirth, shall revel all the night ;
 " Act well their parts on life's dull stage,
 " And make each moment worth an age."

THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIMED :

A TALE.

IN those blest days of jubilee,
 When pious Charles set England free
 From canting and hypocrisy ;
 Most graciously to all restoring
 Their ancient privilege of whoring ;
 There liv'd, but 'tis no matter where,
 The son of an old cavalier ;
 Of ancient lineage was the 'squire,
 A man of mettle and of fire ;
 Clean-shap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,
 Made a good figure at a ball,
 And only wanted wherewithal.
 His pension was ill-paid and strait,
 Full many a loyal hero's fate :
 Often half starv'd, and often out
 At elbows, an hard case, no doubt.
 Sometimes perhaps a lucky main
 Prudently manag'd in Long-Lane
 Repair'd the thread-bare beau again ;
 And now and then some secret favours,
 The kind returns of pious labours,
 Enrich'd the strong and vigorous lover,
 His honour liv'd a while in clover.
 For (to say truth) it is but just,
 Where all things are decay'd but lust,
 That ladies of maturer ages
 Give citron water and good wages.

Thus far Tom Wild had made a shift,
 And got good helps at a dead list ;
 But John, his humble meagre slave,
 One foot already in the grave,
 Hide-bound as one of Pharaoh's kine,
 With good Duke Numps was forc'd to dine :
 Yet still the thoughtful serious elf
 Would not be wanting to himself ;
 Bore up against both tide and wind,
 Turn'd every project in his mind,
 And each expedient weigh'd, to find
 A remedy in this distress.
 Some god—(nay, fir, suppose no less,
 For in this hard and knotty case,
 T' employ a god is no disgrace ;
 Though Mercury be sent from Jove,
 Or Iris wing it from above)

Some god, I say, inspir'd the knave,
 His master and himself to save.

As both went supperless to bed
 One night (first scratching of his head)
 " Alas !" quoth John, " fir, 'tis hard fare
 " To suck one's thumbs, and live on air ;
 " To reel from pillar unto post,
 " An empty shade, a walking ghost ;
 " To hear one's guts make piteous moan,
 " Those worst of duns, and yet not one,
 " One mouldy scrape to satisfy
 " Their craving importunity.
 " Nay—good your honour please to hear :"
 (And then the varlet dropt a tear)
 " A project form'd in this dull brain,
 " Shall set us all adrift again ;
 " A project, fir, nay, let me tell ye,
 " Shall fill your pockets, and my belly.
 " Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,
 " Who purchas'd at any easy rate,
 " Your manor-house and fine estate.
 " Nay, stare not, fir : by G— 'tis true
 " The devil for once has got his due :
 " The rascal has left every penny,
 " To his old maiden sister Jenny :
 " Go, clasp the dowdy in your arms,
 " Nor want you bread, though she want charms ;
 " Cajole the dirty drab, and then
 " The man shall have his mare again ;
 " Clod-Hall is your's, your house, your rents,
 " And all your lands, and tenements."
 " Faith, John," said he, (then lick'd his chops)
 " This project gives indeed some hopes :
 " But curst hard the terms, to marry,
 " To stick to one, and never vary ;
 " And that one old and ugly too :
 " Frail mortals tell me what to do ?"
 " For that," said John, " trust me ; my treat
 " Shan't be one ill-dress'd dish of meat ;
 " Let but your honour be my guest,
 " Variety shall crown the feast."
 " 'Tis done," reply'd Tom Wild, " 'tis done,
 " The flag hangs out, the fort is won ;
 " Ne'er doubt my vigorous attacks,
 " Come to my arms, my * Sycorax ;
 " Bold in thy right we mount our throne,
 " And all the island is our own."

Well—forth they rode, both Squire and
 John ;

Here might a florid bard make known,
 His horse's virtues, and his own ;
 A thousand prodigies advance,
 Retailing every circumstance.
 But I, who am not over-nice,
 And always love to be concise,
 Shall let the courteous reader guess
 The squire's accoutrements and dress.

Suppose we then the gentle youth
 Laid at her feet, all love, all truth ;
 Haranguing it in verse and prose,
 A mount her forehead white with snows,
 Her cheeks the lily and the rose ;

* See Dryden's *Tempest*, altered from Shakspeare.

Her ivory teeth, her coral lips,
 Her well-turn'd ears, whose ruby tips
 Afford a thousand compliments,
 Which he, fond youth, profusely vents:
 The pretty dimple in her chin,
 The den of love, who lurks within.
 But, oh! the lustre of her eyes,
 Nor stars, nor moon, nor sun suffice,
 He vows, protests, raves, sinks, and dies.
 Much of her breasts he spoke, and hair,
 In terms most elegant and rare;
 Call'd her the goddess he ador'd,
 And in heroic fustian soar'd.
 For, though the youth could well explain
 His mind in a more humble strain;
 Yet Ovid and the wits agree,
 That a true lover's speech should be
 In rapture and in simile.

Imagine now, all points put right,
 The fiddles and the wedding-night;
 Each noisy steeple rock'd with glee,
 And every bard sung merrily:
 Gay pleasure wanton'd unconfin'd,
 The men all drunk, the women kind:
 Clod-Hall did ne'er so fine appear,
 Floating in posset and strong beer.
 Come, muse, thou flatt'ring house-wife, tell,
 Where's our friend John? I hope he's well;
 Well! Ay, as any man can be,
 With Susan in the gallery.
 Sue was a lass buxom and tight,
 The chamber maid and favourite;
 Juicy and young, just fit for man,
 Thus the sweet dialogue began.

"Lard, sir," quoth Sue, "how brisk, how
 gay,

"How spruce our master look'd to-day!
 "I'm sure no king was e'er so fine,
 "No sun more gloriously can shine."
 "Alas, my dear, all is not gold
 "That glisters, as I've read of old,
 "And all the wise and learned say,
 "The best is not without alloy."

"Well, master John, name if you can
 "A more accomplish'd gentleman.
 "Beside (else may I never thrive)
 "The best good-natur'd 'squire alive."
 "John shrugg'd, and shook his head. "Nay sure
 "You by your looking so demure
 "Have learnt some secret fault; if so,
 "Tell me, good John, nay pr'ythee do,
 "Tell me, I say, I long to know.
 "Safe as thy gold in thy strong box,
 "This breast the dark deposit locks,
 "These lips no secrets shall reveal."

"Well—let me first affix my seal:
 Then kiss'd the soft obliging fair.
 "But hold—now I must hear you swear,
 "By all your virgin charms below,
 "No mortal e'er this tale shall know."
 She swore; then thus the cunning knave,
 With look most politic and grave,
 Proceeds: "Why—faith and troth, dear Sue,
 "This jewel has a flaw, 'tis true;
 "My master's generous, and all that,
 "Not faulty but unfortunate."

"Why will you keep one in suspense?
 "Why teaze one thus?"—"Have patience,
 "The youth has failings, there's no doubt,
 "And who, my Suky, is without?
 "But should you tell—nay that I dread"—
 "By heaven, and by my maidenhead—
 "Now speak, speak quick."—"He who denies
 "Those pouting lips, those roguish eyes,
 "Must sure be more than man—then know,
 "My dearest, since you'll have it so;
 "My master Wild not only talks
 "Much in his sleep, but also walks;
 "Walks many a winter night alone,
 "This way and that, up stairs and down:
 "Now, if disturb'd, if by surprise
 "He's rous'd, and slumbers quit his eyes;
 "Lord, how I tremble! how I dread
 "To speak it! Thrice beneath the bed,
 "Alas! to save my life I fled:
 "And twice behind the door I crept,
 "And once out of the window leapt.
 "No raging bedlam just got loose
 "Is half so mad; about the house
 "Frantic he runs; each eye-ball glares,
 "He raves, he foams, he wildly stares;
 "The family before him flies,
 "Whoe'er is overtaken dies.
 "Opiates, and breathing of a vein,
 "Scarce settle his distemper'd brain,
 "And bring him to himself again.
 "But, if not cross'd, if let alone
 "To take his frolic, and be gone;
 "Soon he returns from whence he came,
 "No lamb more innocent and tame."

Thus having gain'd her point, to bed
 In haste the flickering gipsy fled;
 The pungent secret in her breast
 Gave such sharp pangs, she could not rest:
 Prim'd, charg'd, and cock'd, her next desire
 Was to present, and to give fire.
 Sleepless the tortur'd Susan lay,
 Tossing and tumbling every way,
 Impatient for the dawn of day.
 So labours in the sacred shade,
 Full of the god, the Delphic maid:
 So wind, in hypocondrics pent,
 Struggles and heaves to find a vent;
 In labyrinths intricate it roars,
 Now downward sinks, then upward soars;
 Th' uneasy patient groans in vain,
 No cordials can relieve his pain;
 Till at the postern gate, enlarg'd,
 The bursting thunder is discharg'd.
 At last the happy hour was come,
 When call'd into her lady's room;
 Scarce three pins stuck into her gown,
 But out it bolts, and all is known.
 Nor idle long the secret lies,
 From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,
 And grows amain in strength and size:
 For fame, at first of pigmy birth,
 Walks cautiously on mother earth;
 But soon (as ancient bards have said)
 In clouds the giant hides her head.
 To council now the gossips went,
 Madam herself was president;

Th' affair is banded *pro* and *con*,
 Much breath is spent, few conquests won.
 At length dame Hobb, to end the strife,
 And madam Blouse the parson's wife,
 In this with one consent agree,
 That, since th' effect was lunacy
 If wak'd, it were by much the best,
 Not to disturb him in the least:
 Ev'n let him ramble if he please;
 Troth, 'tis a comical disease;
 The worst is to himself: when cold
 And shivering he returns, then fold
 The vagrant in your arms; he'll rest
 With pleasure on your glowing breast.
 Madam approv'd of this advice,
 Issued her orders in a trice;

"That none henceforth presume to stir,
 Or thwart th' unhappy wanderer."

John, when his master's knock he heard,
 Soon in the dressing-room appear'd,
 Archly he look'd, and slyly leer'd.

"What game?" says Wild. "Oh! never more,

"Pheasants and partridge in great store;

"I wish your ammunition last!"

And then reveal'd how all had past.

Next thought it proper to explain

His plot, and how he laid his train:

"The coast is clear, sir, go in peace,

"No dragon guards the golden fleece."

Here, muse, let fable night advance,

Describe her state with elegance;

Around her dark pavilion spread

The clouds; with poppies crown her head;

Note well her owls, and bats obscene;

Call her an *Æthiopian* queen;

Or, if you think 'twill mend my tale,

Call her a widow with a veil;

Of specters and hobgoblins tell,

Or say 'twas midnight, 'tis as well.

Well then—'twas midnight, as was said,

When Wild starts upright in his bed,

Leaps out, and, without more ado,

Takes in his room a turn or two;

Opening the door, soon out he stalks,

And to the next apartment walks;

Where on her back there lay poor Sue,

Alas! friend John, she dreamt of you.

Wak'd with the noise, her master known,

By moon-light and his brocade gown,

Frighted she dares not scream, in bed

She sinks, and down she pops her head;

The curtains gently drawn, he springs

Between the sheets, then closely clings.

Now, muse, relate what there he did:

Hold, impudence!—it must be hid!—

He did—as any man would do

In such a case—did he not, Sue?

Then up into the garret flies,

Where Joan, and Dol, and Betty lies;

A leash of lasses all together,

And in the dog-days—in hot weather;

Why, faith, 'twas hard—he did his best,

And left to Providence the rest.

Content the passive creatures lie,

For who in duty could deny?

Was non-resistance ever thought

By modern casuists a fault?

Were not her orders strict and plain?

All struggling dangerous and vain?

Well, down our younker trips again;

Much wishing, as he reel'd along,

For some rich cordial warm and strong.

In bed he quickly tumbled then,

Nor wak'd next morn till after ten.

Thus night by night he led his life,

Blessing all females but his wife;

Much work upon his hands there lay,

More bills were drawn than he could pay;

No lawyer drudg'd so hard as he,

In Easter Term or Hillary;

But lawyers labour for their fee:

Here no self-interest or gain,

The pleasure balances the pain.

So the great sultan walks among

His troop of lasses fair and young:

So the town-bull in Opentide,

His lowing lovers by his side,

Revels at large in nature's right,

Curb'd by no law, but appetite;

Frisking his tail, he roves at pleasure,

And knows no stint, and keeps no measure.

But now the ninth revolving moon

(Alas! it came an age too soon;

Curse on each hasty fleeting night!)

Some odd discoveries brought to light,

Strange tympanies the women seize,

An epidemical disease;

Madam herself with these might pass

For a clean-shap'd and taper lass.

'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,

For hoops were not then *à la-mode*;

Sue, being question'd, and hard press'd,

Blubbering the naked truth confess'd:

"Were not your orders most severe,

"That none should stop his night-career?

"And who durst wake him? troth not I;

"I was not then prepar'd to die."

"Well Sue, said she, thou shalt have grace,

"But then this night I take thy place,

"Thou mine, my night-clothes on thy head,

"Soon shall he leave thee safe in bed:

"Lie still, and stir not on thy life,

"But do the penance of a wife;

"Much pleasure hast thou had; at last

"'Tis proper for thy sins to fast."

This point agreed, to bed she went,

And Sue crept in, but ill-content:

Soon as th' accustom'd hour was come,

The younker sally'd from his room,

To Sue's apartment whipt away,

And like a lion seiz'd his prey;

She clasp'd him in her longing arms,

Sharp-set, she feasted on his charms.

He did whate'er he could; but more

Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*

Fain would he now clope, she clasp'd

Him still, no bur e'er stuck so fast.

At length the morn with envious light

Discover'd all: in what sad plight

L 1 iiiij

Poor man, he lay! abash'd, for shame
 He could not speak, not ev'n one lame
 Excuse was left. She, with a grace
 That gave new beauties to her face;
 And with a kind obliging air
 (Always successful in the fair),
 Thus soon reliev'd him from despair.
 "Ah! generous youth, pardon a fault,
 "No foolish jealousy has taught;
 "'Tis your own crime, open as day,
 "To your conviction paves the way.
 "Oh! might this stratagem regain
 "Your love! let me not plead in vain;
 "Something to gratitude is due,
 "Have I not given all to you?"
 Tom star'd, look'd pale, then in great haste
 Slipp'd on his gown; yet thus at last
 Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he stood,
 "I will, my dear, be very good."

THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT:

A TALE.

In days of yore, when belles and beaux
 Left masquerades and puppet-shows,
 Deserted ombre and basset,
 At Jonathan's to squeeze and sweat;
 When sprightly rakes forsook champaign,
 The play-house, and the merry main,
 Good mother Wyburn and the stews,
 To smoke with brokers, stink with Jews:
 In fine, when all the world run mad
 (A story not less true than sad);
 Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known
 To all this chaste and sober town,
 Got every penny he could rally,
 To try his fortune in 'Change-Alley:
 In haste to loll in coach and six,
 Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks,
 Amongst his brother lunatics,
 Transported at his first success,
 A thousand whims his fancy bless,
 With scenes of future happiness.
 How frail are all our joys below!
 Mere dazzling meteors, flash and show!
 Oh, fortune! false deceitful whore!
 Caught in thy trap with thousands more,
 He found his rhino funk and gone,
 Himself a bankrupt, and undone.
 Ned could not well digest this change,
 Forc'd in the world at large to range;
 With Babel's monarch turn'd to grass,
 Would it not break an heart of brass?
 'Tis vain to sob and hang the lip;
 One penny left, he buys a flip,
 At once his life and cares to lose,
 Under his ear he fits the noose.
 An hook in an old wall he spies,
 To that the fatal rope he ties:
 Like Curtius now, at one bold leap
 He plung'd into the gaping deep;
 Nor did he doubt in hell to find
 Dealings more just, and friends more kind.
 As he began to twist and sprawl,
 The loosen'd stones break from the wall;

Down drops the rake upon the spot,
 And after him an earthen pot:
 Reeling he rose, and gaz'd around,
 And saw the crock lie on the ground;
 Surpris'd, amaz'd, at this odd sight,
 Trembling, he broke it in a fright;
 When, lo! at once came pouring forth
 Ingots, and pearls, and gems of worth.
 O'erjoy'd with fortune's kind bequest,
 He took the birds, but left the nest;
 And then, to spy what might ensue,
 Into a neighbouring wood withdrew;
 Nor waited long. For soon he sees
 A tall black man sculk through the trees;
 He knew him by his shuffling pace,
 His thread-bare coat and hatchet face:
 And who the devil should it be,
 But sanctify'd Sir Timothy!
 His uncle by his mother's side,
 His guardian, and his faithful guide.
 This driveling knight, with pockets full,
 And proud as any Great Mogul,
 For his wife conduct had been made
 Director of the jobbing trade:
 And had most piously drawn in
 Poor Ned and all his nearest kin.
 The greedy fools laid out their gold,
 And bought the very stock he sold;
 Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,
 By *bocus pocus*, to himself;
 And, to secure the spoils he got,
 Form'd this contrivance of the pot.
 Here every night, and every morn,
 Devout as any monk new shorn,
 The prostrate hypocrite implores
 Just heaven to bless his hidden stores;
 But, when he saw dear mammon flown,
 The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,
 No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,
 No thief when beadles flay his back,
 No losing rook, no carted whore,
 No sailor when the billows roar,
 With such a grace e'er curs'd and swore.
 Then, as he por'd upon the ground,
 And turn'd his haggard eyes around,
 The halter at his feet he spy'd,
 "And is this all that's left?" he cry'd:
 "Am I thus paid for all my cares,
 "My lectures, repetitions, prayers?
 "'Tis well—there's something sav'd at least,
 "Welcome, thou faithful, friendly guest;
 "If I must hang, now all is lost,
 "'Tis cheaper at another's cost;
 "To do it at my own expence,
 "Would be downright extravagance."
 Thus comforted, without a tear,
 He fix'd the noose beneath his ear,
 To the next bough the rope he ty'd,
 And most heroically dy'd.
 Ned, who behind a spreading tree,
 Beheld this tragi-comedy,
 With hearty curses rung his knell,
 And bid him thus his last farewell.
 "Was it not, uncle, very kind,
 "In me, to leave the rope behind?"

" A legacy so well bestow'd,
 " For all the gratitude I ow'd.
 " Adieu, Sir Tim ; by heaven's decree,
 " Soon may thy brethren follow thee,
 " In the same glorious manner swing,
 " Without one friend to cut the string;
 " That hence rapacious knaves may know,
 " Justice is always sure, though slow."

A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH:

A TALE.

JACK DIMPLE was a merry blade,
 Young, amorous, witty, and well made;
 Discreet?—Hold, sir—nay, as I live,
 My friend, you're too inquisitive:
 Discretion, all men must agree,
 Is a most shining quality,
 Which like leaf-gold makes a great show,
 And thinly spread sets off a beau.
 But, sir, to put you out of pain,
 Our youngster had not half a grain,
 A leaky blab, rash, faithless, vain.
 The victories his eyes had won,
 As soon as e'er obtain'd, were known;
 For trophies rear'd, the deed proclaim
 Spoils hung on high expose the dame,
 And love is sacrific'd to fame.
 Such insolence the sex alarms,
 The female world is up in arms;
 Th' outrageous Bacchanals combine,
 And brandish'd tongues in concert join.
 Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
 'T' escape so terrible a foe?
 Seek shelter on the Libyan shore,
 Where tigers and where lions roar?
 Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
 And trust the wily crocodile?
 'Tis vain to shun a woman's hate,
 Heavy the blow, and sure as fate.
 Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,
 But not so talkative and loud,
 With silence and with care suppress'd
 The glowing vengeance in her breast,
 Resolv'd, by stratagem and art,
 To make the saucy villain smart.
 The cunning baggage had prepar'd,
 Pomatum, of the finest lard,
 With strong astringents mix'd the mess,
 Alom, and vitriol, &c. S.
 Arsenic, and bole. But I want time
 To turn all Quincy into rhyme,
 'Twould make my diction too sublime.
 Her grandame this receipt had taught,
 Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,
 An able styptic (as 'tis said)
 To fodder a crack'd maidenhead.
 This ointment being duly made,
 The jilt upon her toilet laid:
 The sauntering cully soon appears,
 As usual, vows, protests, and swears;
 Careless an opera tune he hums,
 Plunders her patch-box, breaks her combs,
 As up and down the monkey play'd,
 His hand upon the box he laid,
 The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,
 The treacherous Pandora smiles,

" What's this?" cries Jack. " That box!" said she.
 " Pomatum; what else should it be?"
 But here 'tis fit my reader knows
 'Twas March, when blustering Boreas blows,
 Stern enemy to belles and beaux.
 His lips were sore; rough, pointed, torn,
 The coral bristled like a thorn.
 Pleas'd with a cure so *à-propos*,
 Nor jealous of so fair a foe,
 The healing ointment thick he spread,
 And every gaping cranny fed.
 His chops begin to glow and shoot,
 He strove to speak, but, oh! was mute,
 Mute as a fish, all he could strain,
 Were some horse gutturals forc'd with pain.
 He stamps, he raves, he sobs, he sighs,
 The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
 He thought but could not speak a curse,
 His lips were drawn into a purse.
 Madam no longer could contain,
 Triumphant joy bursts out amain;
 She laughs, she screams, the house is rais'd,
 Through all the street th' affair is blaz'd:
 In shoals now all the neighbours come,
 Laugh out, and press into the room.
 Sir Harry Taudry and his bride,
 Miss Tulip deck'd in all her pride;
 Wife Madam Froth, and widow Babble,
 Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble.
 So great a concourse ne'er was known
 At Smithfield, when a monster's shown;
 When bears dance jiggs with comely mien,
 When witty Punch adorns the scene,
 Or frolic Pug plays Harlequin.
 In vain he strives to hide his head,
 In vain he creeps behind the bed,
 Ferreted thence, expos'd to view,
 The crowd their clamorous shouts renew:
 A thousand taunts, a thousand jeers,
 Stark dumb, the passive creature hears.
 No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,
 And pelted in the pillory,
 His face besmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
 With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,
 Was e'er so maul'd. Phyllis, at last,
 To pay him for offences past,
 With sneering malice in her face,
 Thus spoke, and gave the *coup-de-grace*:
 " Lard! how demure, and how precise
 " He looks! silence becomes the wife.
 " Vile tongue! its master to betray,
 " But now the prisoner must obey,
 " I've lock'd the door, and keep the key.
 " Learn hence, what angry woman can,
 " When wrong'd by that false traitor man;
 " Who boasts our favours, soon or late,
 " The treacherous blab shall feel our hate."

THE WISE BUILDER:

A TALE.

Wise Socrates had built a farm,
 Little, convenient, snug, and warm,
 Secur'd from rain and wind:
 A gallant whisper'd in his ear,
 " Shall the great Socrates live here,
 " To this mean cell confin'd?"

"The furniture's my chiefest care,"
 Reply'd the sage; "here's room to spare,
 "Sweet sir, for I and you;
 "When this with faithful friends is fill'd,
 "An ampler palace I shall build;
 "Till then, this cot must do."

THE TRUE USE OF THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A TALE.

TOM CAREFUL had a son and heir,
 Exact his shape, genteel his air,
 Adonis was not half so fair.
 But then, alas! his daughter Jane
 Was but so-so, a little plain.
 In mam's apartment, as one day
 The little romp and hoyden play,
 Their faces in the glass they view'd,
 Which then upon her toilet stood;
 Where, as Narcissus vain, the boy
 Beheld each rising charm with joy;
 With partial eyes survey'd himself,
 But for his sister, poor brown elf,
 On her the self-enamour'd chit
 Was very lavish of his wit.
 She bore, alas! what'er she could,
 But 'twas too much for flesh and blood;
 What female ever had the grace
 To pardon scandal on her face?
 Disconsolate away she flies,
 And at her daddy's feet she lies;
 Sighs, sobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
 And tears, that readily obey'd;
 Then aggravates the vile offence,
 Exerting all her eloquence:
 The cause th' indulgent father heard,
 And culprit summon'd soon appear'd;
 Some tokens of remorse he show'd,
 And promis'd largely to be good.
 As both the tender father press'd
 With equal ardour to his breast,
 And smiling kiss'd, "Let there be peace,"
 Said he; "let broils and discord cease:
 "Each day, my children, thus employ
 "The faithful mirror; you, my boy,
 "Remember that no vice disgrace
 "The gift of heaven, that beauteous face:
 "And you, my girl, take special care
 "Your want of beauty to repair
 "By virtue, which alone is fair."

MAHOMET ALI BEG:

OR, THE FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

A LONG descent, and noble blood,
 Is but a vain fantastic good,
 Unless with inbred virtues join'd,
 An honest, brave, and generous mind.
 All that our ancestors have done,
 Nations reliev'd, and battles won;
 The trophies of each bloody field,
 Can only then true honour yield,
 When, like Argyll, we scorn to owe,
 And pay that lustre they bestow;
 But, if, a mean degenerate race,
 Slothful we faint, and slack our pace,
 Lag in the glorious course of fame,
 Their great achievements we disclaim.

Some bold plebeian soon shall rise,
 Stretch to the goal, and win the prize.
 For, since the forming hand of old,
 Cast all mankind in the same mold;
 Since no distinguish'd clan is blest
 With finer porcelain than the rest;
 And since in all the ruling mind
 Is of the same celestial kind;
 'Tis education shows the way
 Each latent beauty to display;
 Each happy genius brings to light,
 Conceal'd before in shades of night:
 So diamonds from the gloomy mine,
 Taught by the workman's hand to shine,
 On Cloe's ivory bosom blaze,
 Or grace the crown with brilliant rays.
 Merit obscure shall raise its head,
 Though dark obstructing clouds o'erspread;
 Heroes, as yet unsung, shall fight
 For slaves oppress'd, and injur'd right;
 And able statesmen prop the throne,
 To Battle-Abbey-Roll * unknown.
 Sha Abbas, with supreme command,
 In Persia reign'd, and bless'd the land;
 A mighty prince, valiant and wise,
 Expert, with sharp discerning eyes,
 To find true virtue in disguise.
 Hunting (it seems) was his delight,
 His joy by day, his dream by night:
 The sport of all the brave and bold,
 From Nimrod, who, in days of old,
 Made men as well as beasts his prey,
 To mightier George, whose milder sway
 Glad happy crowds with pride obey.
 In quest of his fierce savage foes,
 Before the sun the monarch rose,
 The grizly lion to engage,
 By baying dogs provok'd to rage;
 In the close thicket to explore,
 And push from thence the bristled boar:
 Or to pursue the flying deer,
 While deep-mouth'd hounds the vallies cheer;
 And echo from repeating hills
 His heart with joy redoubled fills.
 Under a rock's projecting shade,
 A shepherd boy his seat had made,
 Happy as Cræsus on his throne,
 The riches of the world his own.
 Content on mortals here below,
 Is all that heaven can bestow.
 His crook and scrip were by him laid,
 Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
 His flocks securely couch'd around,
 And seem'd to listen to the sound.
 Returning from the chase one day,
 The king by chance had lost his way:
 Nor guards, nor nobles, now attend;
 But one young lord, his bosom friend.
 Now tir'd with labour, spent with heat,
 They sought this pleasant cool retreat;
 The boy leap'd active from his seat,
 And, with a kind obliging grace,
 Offer'd the king unknown his place.

* A record which contained the names of the chief men
 that came over with the Conqueror.

The Persian monarch, who so late,
 Lord of the world, rul'd all in state;
 On cloth of gold and tiffue trod,
 Whole nations trembling at his nod;
 With diamonds and with rubies crown'd,
 And girt with fawning slaves around;
 Behold him now : his canopy
 Th' impending rock, each shrub, each tree,
 That grew upon its shaggy brow,
 To their great prince observant bow;
 Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
 And blest him with a friendly shade,
 On the bare flint, he sits alone,
 And, oh! would kings this truth but own,
 The safer and the nobler throne!
 But where do I digress? 'tis time
 To check this arrogance of rhyme.
 As the judicious monarch view'd
 The stripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
 With native modesty subdued;
 The blush that glow'd in all its pride
 Then trembled on his cheeks and dy'd.
 He grew inquisitive to trace
 What soul dwelt in that lovely case:
 To every question, serious, gay,
 The youth reply'd without delay;
 His answers for the most part right,
 And taking, if not apposite:
 Unstudy'd, unaffected sense,
 Mix'd with his native diffidence.
 The king was charm'd with such a prize,
 And stood with wonder in his eyes;
 Commits his treasure to the care
 Of the young lord; bids him not spare
 For cost, or pains, t' enrich his breast
 With all the learning of the east.
 He bow'd, obey'd, well cloth'd, well fed,
 And with his patron's children bred;
 Still every day the youth improv'd,
 By all admir'd, by all belov'd.

Now the first curling down began
 To give the promise of a man;
 To court he's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
 In lower posts, yet still he gain'd
 By candour, courtesy, and skill,
 The subjects love, the king's good will.
 Employ'd in greater matters now,
 No flatteries, no bribes, could bow
 His stubborn soul; true to his trust,
 Firm, and inexorably just,
 In judgment ripe, he soon became
 A Walpole, or a Walsingham;
 And, wakeful for the public peace,
 No dragon guards the golden fleece
 With half that vigilance and care.
 His busy eyes kenn'd every where;
 In each dark scheme knew how to dive,
 Though cunning Dervises contrive
 Their plots, disguis'd with shams and lies,
 And cloak'd with real perjuries.
 Now high in rank the peer is plac'd,
 And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;
 No bounds his master's bounties know,
 His swelling coffers overflow,
 And he is puzzled to bestow;

Perplex'd and studious to contrive
 To whom, and how, not what to give;
 His pious frauds conceal the name,
 And screen the modest man from shame.
 Whoe'er would heavenly treasures raise,
 Must grant the boon, escape the praise.
 But his immense and endless gain
 No private charities could drain:
 On public works he fix'd his mind,
 The zealous friend of human kind.
 Convenient inns on each great road
 At his own proper costs endow'd,
 To weary caravans afford
 Refreshment, both at bed and board.
 From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
 Nations remote with Ali dine;
 In various tongues his bounty's blest,
 While with surprise the stranger guest
 Does here on unbought dainties feast:
 See stately palaces arise,
 And gilded domes invade the skies.
 Say, muse, what lords inhabit here?
 Nor favourite eunuch, prince, nor peer?
 The poor, the lame, the blind, the sick,
 The idiot, and the lunatic.
 He curb'd each river's swelling pride,
 O'er the reluctant murmuring tide
 From bank to bank his bridges stride.
 A thousand gracious deeds were done,
 Bury'd in silence and unknown.

At length, worn out with years and care,
 Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young heir
 Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,
 By his stern father kept in awe;
 To the seraglio's walls confin'd,
 Barr'd from the converse of mankind.
 Strange jealousy! a certain rule,
 To breed a tyrant and a fool.
 Still Ali was prime minister,
 But had not much his master's ear;
 Walk'd on unfaithful, slippery ground,
 Till an occasion could be found
 To pick a quarrel; then, no doubt,
 As is the mode at court—turn out.
 Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,
 With them convers'd, by them was led;
 Beardless, half-men! in whose false breasts,
 Nor joy, nor love, nor friendship, rests.
 There spight and pining envy dwell,
 And rage as in their native hell;
 For, conscious of their own disgrace
 Each excellence they would debase,
 And vent their spleen on human race.
 This Ali found. Strange senseless lies
 And inconsistent calumnies
 They buz into the monarch's ears,
 And he believes all that he hears.
 "Great prince," said they, "Ali, your slave—
 "Whom we acknowledge wise and brave—
 "Yet pardon us—we can't but see
 "His boundless pride and vanity:
 "His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
 "In their own channels taught to glide.
 "Each beggar, and each lazy drone,
 "His subject, more than yours, is grown:

" And for a palace leaves his cell,
 " Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
 " His inns for travellers provide,
 " Strangers are list'd on his side:
 " In his own house how grand the scene!
 " Tissues and velvets are too mean,
 " Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expence!
 " Suspected, bold, magnificence!
 " Whence can this flood of riches flow?
 " Examine his accounts, you'll know:
 " Your eye on your exchequer cast,
 " The secret will come out at last."

Ali next morn (for 'twas his way
 To rise before the dawn of day)
 Went early to the council-board,
 Prostrate on earth, his king ador'd.
 The king, with countenance severe,
 Look'd sternly on his minister:
 " Ali," said he, " I have been told,
 " Great treasures, both in gems and gold,
 " Were left, and trusted to your care;
 " 'Mong these, one gem exceeding rare,
 " I long to view; which was (they said)
 " A present from the sultan made,
 " The finest that the world e'er saw,
 " White, large, and fair, without a flaw."
 Th' unblemish'd Ali thus reply'd,
 " Great sir! it cannot be deny'd,
 " 'Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,
 " The Great Mogul has not its peer.
 " Please it your majesty, to go
 " Into the treasury below,
 " You'll wonder at its piercing ray,
 " The sun gives not a nobler day."

Together now they all descend;
 Poor Ali had no other friend,
 But a soul faithful to its trust,
 The sure asylum of the just.
 In proper classes now are seen
 The diamonds bright, and emeralds green;
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, next appear,
 Dispos'd in rows with nicest care.
 The king views all with curious eyes,
 Applauds with wonder and surprise,
 Their order and peculiar grace,
 Each thing adapted to its place;
 The rest with envious leer behold,
 And stumble upon bars of gold.
 Next, in an amber box, is shown
 The noblest jewel of the crown:
 " This, sir," said he, " believe your slave,
 " Is the fine gem the sultan gave;
 " Around it dart its beams of light,
 " No comet e'er was half so bright."
 The king with joy the gem admires,
 Well-pleas'd, and half-convinc'd, retires.
 " Ali," said he, " with you I dine;
 " Your furniture, I'm told, is fine."
 Wife Ali, for this favour show'd,
 Humbly with lowest reverence bow'd.

At Ali's house now every hand
 Is busy at their lord's command;
 Where at th' appointed hour resort
 The king and all his splendid court.
 Ali came forth his prince to meet,
 And, lowly bowing, kiss'd his feet.

On all his compliments bestows,
 Civil alike to friends and foes.
 The king, impatient to behold
 His furniture of gems and gold,
 From room to room the chase pursued,
 With curious eyes each corner view'd,
 Ransack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er,
 Each closet search'd, unlock'd each door;
 But all he found was plain and coarse,
 The meanest Persian scarce had worse;
 These Ali for convenience bought,
 Nor for expensive trifles fought.
 One door a prying eunuch spy'd,
 With bars and locks well fortify'd,
 And now, secure to find the prize,
 Show'd it the king with joyful eyes.
 " Ali," said he, " that citadel
 " Is strong, and baricadoed well?
 " What have you there?" Ali reply'd,
 " Oh, sir, there's lodg'd my greatest pride;
 " There are the gems I value most,
 " And all the treasures I can boast."
 All now convinc'd of his disgrace,
 Triumph appear'd in every face.
 The monarch doubted now no more;
 The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,
 When, lo! upon the wall appear
 His shepherd's weeds hung up with care,
 Nor crook nor scrip was wanting there;
 Nor pipe that tun'd his humble lays,
 Sweet solace of his better days!
 Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breast,
 And thus the wondering king address'd:
 " Great Prince! your Ali is your slave,
 " To you belong whate'er I have;
 " Goods, house, are yours, nay yours this head,
 " For speak the word, and I am dead:
 " These moveables, and these alone,
 " I may with justice call my own.
 " Your royal sire, Abbas the Great,
 " Whom nations prostrate at his feet
 " On earth ador'd; whose soul at rest,
 " In paradise a welcome guest,
 " * Enjoys its full, and fragrant bowers,
 " Or wantons upon beds of flowers,
 " While the pure stream, in living rills,
 " From rocks of adamant distils,
 " And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,
 " Fair daughters of that blest abode:
 " By his command, I left the plain,
 " An humble, but contented swain.
 " Nor sought I wealth, nor power, nor place;
 " All these were owing to his grace;
 " 'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
 " And fix'd me here, in this high seat,
 " The mark of envy. Much he gave,
 " But yet of nought depriv'd his slave:
 " He touch'd not these. Alas! whose spite,
 " Whose avarice, would these excite?
 " My old, hereditary right!
 " Grant me but these, Great Prince, once more,
 " Grant me the pleasure to be poor,
 " This scrip, these homely weeds, I'll wear,
 " The bleating flocks shall be my care;

* Such is the Paradise the Turks expect.

"Th' employ that did my youth engage,
 "Shall be the comfort of my age."
 The king, amaz'd at such a scorn
 Of riches, in a shepherd born;
 "How soars that soul," said he, "above
 "The courtier's hate, or monarch's love!
 "No power such virtue can efface,
 "No jealous malice shall disgrace.
 "Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
 "But this is to be truly great."
 While tears ran trickling down his face,
 He clasp'd him in a close embrace;
 Then caus'd himself to be undrest,
 And cloth'd him in his royal vest:
 The greatest honour he could give,
 Or Persian subjects can receive.

THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

TELL me, my noble generous friend,
 With what design, and to what end,
 Do greedy fools heap up with care
 That pelf, which they want heart to share?
 What other pleasure can they know,
 But to enjoy, or to bestow?
 Acts of benevolence and love
 Give us a taste of heaven above;
 We imitate th' immortal powers,
 Whose sun-shine, and whose kindly showers,
 Refresh the poor and barren ground,
 And plant a paradise around:
 But this mean, sneaking avarice,
 Is a collection of all vice.
 Where this foul weed but taints the place,
 Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace;
 The soul a desert waste remains,
 And ghastly desolation reigns.
 But where will these grave morals tend?
 Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend;
 The province of my humbler vein,
 Is not to preach, but entertain.

Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,
 Was good for nothing, but to save;
 Mammon his God; to him alone
 He bow'd, and his short creed was known:
 On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,
 "A penny sav'd's a penny got."
 This rich poor man was jogging down,
 Once on a time, from London town;
 With him his son, a handy lad:
 To dress his daddy—or his pad:
 Among his dealers he had been,
 And all their ready cash swept clean.
 Gripe, to save charges on the road,
 At each good house cramm'd in a load:
 With boil'd and roast his belly fill'd,
 And greedily each tankard swill'd:
 How savoury, how sweet the meat!
 How good the drink when others treat!
 Now on the road Gripe trots behind,
 For weighty reasons (as you'll find):
 The boy soon long'd to take a whet,
 His horse at each sign made a set,
 And he spurr'd on with great regret.
 This the old man observ'd with pain,
 "Ah! son," said he, "the way to gain
 "Wealth (our chief good) is to abstain;

"Check each expensive appetite,
 "And make the most of every mite:
 "Consider well, my child, O think
 "What numbers are undone by drink!
 "Hopeful young men! who might be great,
 "Die well, and leave a large estate;
 "But, by lewd comrades led astray,
 "Guzzling, throw all their means away.
 "Tom Dash, of parts acute and rare,
 "Can split a fraction to a hair;
 "Knows Wingate better than his creed,
 "Can draw strong ale, or a weak deed;
 "By precedents a bond can write,
 "Or an indenture tripartite;
 "Can measure land, pasture, or wood,
 "Yet never purchas'd half a rood.
 "Whom all these liberal arts adorn,
 "Is he not rich! as sheep new shorn!
 "The reason need not far be sought,
 "For three-pence gain'd, he spends a groat.
 "There's Billy Blowse, that merry fellow,
 "So wondrous witty when he's mellow;
 "Ale and mundungus, in despite
 "Of nature, make the clown polite.
 "When those rich steams chafe his dull head,
 "What flowers shoot up in that hot-bed!
 "His jests, when fogs his temples shroud,
 "Like the sun bursting through a cloud,
 "Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd:
 "They laugh, each wag's exceeding gay,
 "While he, poor ninny! jokes away
 "By night, whate'er he gets by day.
 "To these examples I might add
 "A 'squire or two, troth full as bad;
 "Who, doom'd by heaven for their sins,
 "Mind nothing but their nipperkins:
 "But these, at this time, shall suffice;
 "By saving, boy, that is, be wise."

Now, muse, come hold thy nose, and tell
 What doleful accident befel;
 His horse set hard, an ancient hack,
 That twice ten years carry'd a pack,
 But such a cargo ne'er before;
 He had him cheap, and kept him poor;
 His bowels stuff'd with too much meat,
 He sat uneasy in his seat,
 And riggled often to and fro,
 With painful gripings gnaw'd below.
 His distance yet in hope to gain,
 For the next inn he spurs amain;
 In haste alights, and scuds away,
 But time and tide for no man stay.
 No means can save whom heaven has curst,
 For out th' impetuous torrent burst.
 Struck dumb, aghast at first he stood,
 And scratch'd his head in pensive mood:
 But, wisely judging 'twas in vain
 To make an outcry, and complain,
 Of a bad bargain made the best,
 And lull'd his troubled soul to rest.
 Back he return'd with rueful face,
 And shuffled through the house apace;
 My landlady screams out in haste,
 "Old gentleman, ho!—where so fast?
 "Before you go, pray pay your shot,
 "This young man here has drunk a pot."

"A pot!" said Gripe; "oh, the young rogue!"
 "Ah, ruinous, expensive dog!"
 And, muttering curses in his ear,
 Look'd like a witch with hellish leer;
 But, finding 'twas in vain to fret,
 Pull'd out his catskin, paid the debt.

This point adjusted, on they fare,
 Ambrosial sweets perfume the air:
 The younker, by the fragrant scent,
 Perceiving now how matters went,
 Laugh'd inwardly, could scarce contain,
 And kept his countenance with pain.
 At last he cries, "Now, sir, an't please,
 "I hope you're better, and at ease."
 "Better, you booby!—'tis all out"—
 "What's out?" said he. "You drunken lout!"
 "All in my trowfers—well—no matter—
 "Not great—th' expence of soap and water;
 "This charge—if times are not too hard,
 "By management may be repair'd:
 "But, oh! that damn'd confounded pot!
 "Extravagant, audacious sot;
 "This, this indeed, my soul does grieve,
 "There's two-pence lost without retrieve!"

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

At Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
 And lay their laurels at her feet;
 The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
 They bow, and by whose aid they dine:
 Colonel Brocade among the rest
 Was every day a welcome guest.
 One night as carelessly he stood,
 Cheering his reins before the fire,
 (So every true-born Briton should)
 Like that, he chaf'd, and fum'd, with ire.
 "Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard,
 "That no man's honour can be spar'd;
 "If I but sup with Lady Duchs, }
 "Or play a game at ombre, such is
 "The malice of the world, 'tis said,
 "Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
 "'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
 "If Madam Doodle would be witty,
 "And I am summon'd to the city,
 "To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
 "What won't such hellish malice do?
 "If I but catch her in a corner,
 "Humph—'tis, Your servant, Colonel Horner:
 "But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
 "I prove it, it shall cost them dear;
 "I swear by this dead-doing blade,
 "Dreadful examples shall be made:
 "What—can't they drink bohea and cream,
 "But (d—n them) I must be their theme?
 "Other men's business let alone,
 "Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
 As thus he rav'd with all his might
 (How insecure from Fortune's spight,
 Alas! is every mortal wight!)
 To show his ancient spleen to Mars,
 Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—
 Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet!
 And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
 Hard by, and in the corner, fate
 A Bencher grave, with look sedate,

Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
 And reading over last week's post;
 He saw the foe the fort invade,
 And soon smelt out the breach he made:
 But not a word—a little fly
 He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
 A side-long glance sometimes he sent,
 To bring him news, and watch th' event.
 At length, upon that tender part
 Where honour lodges (as of old
 Authentic Hudibras has told)
 The blustering colonel felt a smart.
 Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
 Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounce'd about the room;
 Then turning short, "Zounds, sir!" he cries—
 "Pox on him, had the fool no eyes?"
 "What! let a man be burnt alive!"
 "I am not, sir, inquisitive"
 (Reply'd Sir Gravity) "to know
 "Whate'er your honour's pleas'd to do;
 "If you will burn your tail to tinder,
 "Pray what have I to do to hinder?
 "Other mens business let alone,
 "Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
 Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
 Laid down his penny at the bar;
 And, wrapping round his frieze furtout,
 Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

THE BUSY INDOLENT:

A TALE.

JACK CARELESS was a man of parts,
 Well skill'd in the politer arts,
 With judgment read, with humour writ:
 Among his friends past for a wit:
 But lov'd his ease more than his meat,
 And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
 T' expose themselves by being great. }
 At no levees the suppliant bow'd;
 Nor courted for their votes the crowd:
 Nor riches nor preferment sought,
 Did what he pleas'd, spoke what he thought.
 Content within due bounds to live,
 And what he could not spend, to give:
 Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
 And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
 Reform the state, lay down the law,
 And talk of lords he never saw;
 Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
 And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
 Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
 Though he had never stirr'd from home:
 'Tis true he travel'd with great care,
 The tour of Europe—in his chair.
 Was loth to part without his load,
 Or move till morning peep'd abroad.
 One day this honest, idle rake,
 Nor quite asleep, nor well awake,
 Was lolling in his elbow chair,
 And building castles in the air;
 His nipperkin (the port was good)
 Half empty at his elbow stood,
 When a strange noise offends his ear,
 The din increas'd as it came near,
 And in his yard at last he view'd
 Of farmers a great multitude;

Who that day, walking of their rounds,
 Had disagreed about their bounds;
 And sure the difference must be wide,
 Where each does for himself decide.
 Volleys of oaths in vain they swear,
 Which burst like guiltless bombs in air; [oaf!]
 And, "Thou'rt a knave!" and, "Thou'rt an
 Is banded round with truth enough.
 At length they mutually agree,
 His worship should be referee,
 Which courteous (Jack consents to be:
 Though for himself he would not budge)
 Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
 A conscience of this point he made,
 With pleasure readily obey'd,
 And shot like lightning to their aid.
 The farmers, summon'd to his room,
 Bowing with awkward reverence come.
 In his great chair his worship sate,
 A grave and able magistrate:
 Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
 And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
 In a short speech, he first computes
 The vast expence of law disputes,
 And everlasting chancery suits.
 With zeal and warmth he railed then
 Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talesters!
 And recommended in the close,
 Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
 Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
 Perus'd records, heard evidence,
 Observ'd, reply'd, hit every blot,
 Unravel'd every Gordian knot;
 With great activity and parts,
 Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts;
 And, without fees, or time mispent,
 By strength of ale and argument,
 Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.
 Trusty, who at his elbow sate,
 And with surprise heard the debate,
 Astonish'd, could not but admire
 His strange dexterity and fire;
 His wise discernment and good sense,
 His quickness, ease, and eloquence.
 "Lord! sir," said he, "I can't but chide:
 "What useful talents do you hide!
 "In half an hour you have done more
 "Than Puzzle can in half a score,
 "With all the practice of the courts,
 "His cases, precedents, reports."
 Jack with a smile reply'd, "'Tis true,
 "This may seem odd, my friend, to you,
 "But give me not more than my due.
 "No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
 "But hastens to decide the cause:
 "Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
 "Will struggle to be free again.
 "So lazy men and indolent,
 "With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
 "Exert their utmost powers and skill,
 "Work hard; for what? Why, to sit still.
 "They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,
 "For ev'n sloth prompts to industry.
 "Therefore, my friend, I freely own
 "All this address I now have shown,

"Is mere impatience, and no more,
 "To lounge and loiter as before:
 "Life is a span, the world an inn—
 "Here, firrah, t' other nipperkin."

THE YEOMAN OF KENT:

A TALE.

A YEOMAN bold (suppose of Kent)
 Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;
 Manur'd his own paternal land,
 Had always money at command,
 To purchase bargains, or to lend,
 T' improve his stock, or help a friend:
 At Cressy and Poictiers, of old,
 His ancestors were bowmen bold;
 Whose good yew bows, and sinews strong,
 Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long;
 For England's glory, strew'd the plain
 With barons, counts, and princes slain.
 Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
 For his delight was doing good:
 At every mart his word a law,
 Kept all the shuffling knaves in awe.
 How just is heaven, and how true,
 To give to such desert its due!
 'Tis in authentic legions said,
 Two twins at once had bless'd his bed;
 Frank was the eldest, but the other
 Was honest Numps, his younger brother;
 That, with a face effeminate,
 And shape too fine and delicate,
 Took after his fond mother Kate,
 A Franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
 No heart of oak was half so tough,
 And true as steel, to cuff, or kick,
 Or play a bout at double stick,
 Who but friend Numps? While Frank's delight
 Was more (they say) to dance, than fight;
 At Whiston-ales king of the May,
 Among the maids, brisk, frolic, gay,
 He tript it on each holiday.
 Their genius different, Frank would roam
 To town; but Numps, he staid at home.
 The youth was forward, apt to learn,
 Could soon an honest living earn;
 Good company would always keep,
 Was known to Falstaff in East-cheap:
 Threw many a merry main, could bully,
 And put the doctor on his cully;
 Ply'd hard his work, and learnt the way,
 To watch all night, and sleep all day.
 Flush'd with success, new rigg'd, and clean,
 Polite his air, genteel his mien:
 Accomplish'd thus in every part,
 He won a buxom widow's heart.
 Her fortune narrow; and too wide,
 Alas! lay her concerns, her pride:
 Great as a duchess, she would scorn
 Mean fare, a gentlewoman born;
 Poor and expensive! on my life
 'Twas but the devil of a wife.
 Yet Frank, with what he won by night,
 A while liv'd tolerably tight;

And spouse, who sometimes sate till morn
At cribbage, made a good return.
While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,
She laid a bantling to the youth;
But whether 'twas his own or no,
My authors don't pretend to know.
His charge enhanc'd, 'tis also true
A lying-in 's expensive too,
In cradles, whittles, spice-bowls, sack,
Whate'er the wanton gossips lack;
While scandal thick as hail-shot flies,
Till peaceful bumpers seal their eyes.
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
And visit the good man his fire;
In the stage-coach he seats himself,
Loaded with madam and her elf;
In her right hand the coral plac'd,
Her lap a China orange grac'd:
Pap for the babe was not forgot;
And lullaby's melodious note,
That warbled in his ears all day.
Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way.

Frank, to the mansion-house now come,
Rejoic'd to find himself at home;
Neighbours around, and cousins went
By scores, to pay their compliment.
The good old man was kind, 'tis true,
But yet a little shock'd, to view
A 'squire so fine, a sight so new.
But above all, the lady fair
Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
Scarce a shrieve's wife at an assize
Was dress'd so fine, so roll'd her eyes:
And master too in all his pride,
His silver rattle by his side,
Would shake it oft, then shrilly scream,
More noisy than the yeoman's team;
With tassels and with plumes made proud,
While jingling bells ring out aloud.
The good old dame, ravish'd outright,
Ev'n doated on so gay a sight;
Her Frank, as glorious as the morn;
Poor Numps was look'd upon with scorn.

With other eyes the yeoman sage
Beheld each youth; nought could engage
His wary and discerning heart,
But sterling worth and true desert.
At last, he could no longer bear
Such strange sophisticated ware;
He cries (enrag'd at this odd scene)
"What can this foolish coxcomb mean,
"Who, like a pedlar with his pack,
"Carries his riches on his back?
"Soon shall this blockhead sink my rents,
"And alienate my tenements,
"Which long have stood in good repair,
"Nor sunk, nor rose, from heir to heir;
"Still the same rent without advance,
"Since the Black Prince first conquer'd France:
"But now, alas! all must be lost,
"And all my prudent projects crost.
"Brave honest race! Is it thus then
"We dwindle into gentlemen?
"But I'll prevent this foul disgrace,
"This butterfly from hence I'll chase."

He saddles Ball without delay,
To London town directs his way;
There at the Herald's office he
Took out his coat, and paid his fee,
And had it cheap, as wits agree.
A lion rampant, stout and able,
Argent the field, the border sable;
The gay escutcheon look'd as fine,
As any new-daub'd country sign.
Thus having done what he decreed,
Home he returns with all his speed:
"Here, son," said he, "since you will be
"A gentleman in spite of me;
"Here, sir, this gorgeous bauble take,
"How well it will become a rake!
"Be what you seem: this is your share;
"But honest Numps shall be my heir;
"To him I'll leave my whole estate,
"Lest my brave race degenerate.

THE HAPPY LUNATIC.

TO DOCTOR M——. A TALE.

WHEN saints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
As sinners now in Drury-Lane;
Wrapt up in mysteries profound,
A saint perceiv'd his head turn round:
Whether the sweet and savoury wind,
That should have been discharg'd behind,
For want of vent had upward fled,
And seiz'd the fortrefs of his head;
Ye sage philosophers, debate:
I solve no problems intricate.
That he was mad, to me is clear,
Else why should he, whose nicer ear
Could never bear church-music here,
Dream that he heard the blest above,
Chanting in hymns of joy and love?
Organs themselves, which were of yore
The music of the scarlet whore,
Are now with transport heard. In fine,
Ravish'd with harmony divine,
All earthly blessings he defies,
The guest and favourite of the skies.
At last, his too officious friends
The doctor call, and he attends;
The patient cur'd, demands his fee.
"Curse on thy farting pills and thee,"
Reply'd the saint: "ah! to my cost
"I'm cur'd; but where's the heaven I lost?
"Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,
"Who'd barter paradise for sense?"
Ev'n so bemus'd (that is, posselt),
With raptures fir'd, and more than blest?
In pompous epic, towering odes,
I strut with heroes, feast with gods;
Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,
For me they touch each golden lyre.
Happy delusion! kind deceit!
Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat;
Your eye severe, traces each fault,
Each swelling word, each tinsel thought.
Cur'd of my frenzy, I despise
Such trifles, stript of their disguise,
Convinc'd, and miserably wise.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM PATTISON.

Containing

ABELARD TO ELOISA,
ROSAMOND TO HENRY,
HENRY TO ROSAMOND,
TARICO TO INKLE,
MORNING CONTEMPLATION,
HOUR-GLASS.

ODES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,
EPIGRAMS,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The honours which from verse their source derive,
Shall both surmount detraction, and survive;
And poets have unquestion'd right to claim,
If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

CONGREVE'S EPISTLE TO HALIFAX.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE;

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

OF
WILLIAM PATTERSON.

THE LIFE OF THE AUNT.

The poems which form the basis of
this work (written in 1810, and 1811)
and have been republished in 1812.
It was the first, and the last, of the
series.

PRINTED BY W. B. ROYAL LONDON.

THE LIFE OF PATTISON.

OF the personal history of William Pattison, a youth of a very extraordinary genius, few particulars have been transmitted by his contemporaries; and for these we are chiefly indebted to the anonymous editor of his poems, who was enabled to perform "this act of justice to his memory," by a casual acquaintance, the inspection of his literary correspondence, and the communications of his friends "in the north, and at Cambridge."

As the researches which have been made in the two seminaries of Appleby, and Sidney College, to which this unfortunate scholar belonged, have furnished no new memorials of his person or his genius, the present writer must content himself with repeating the few melancholy incidents, which have hitherto formed the slender history of his life.

He was born at Peasmarsh, near Rye, in the county of Sussex, in 1706, of a family in no respect illustrious; his father being a farmer at that place, who rented a considerable estate belonging to the Earl of Thanet.

In his early childhood, having discovered the most promising marks of lively parts, and a great propensity to learning, and his father being unable to give him a suitable education, he obtained the patronage of the Earl of Thanet, who placed him at the free-school of Appleby, in Westmoreland, under the tuition of Mr. Banks, a teacher of eminent learning and abilities.

After the death of Mr. Banks, he continued about two years under the care of his successor, Mr. Thomas Nevinson of Queen's College, Oxford, during which time he chiefly applied himself to the study of classical literature and poetry.

About this time, he became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Noble, schoolmaster at Kirkby Stephen, a man of letters, and an excellent critic in poetry, who used frequently to read the classics with him, taught him how to discern the beauties and the faults of authors, described to him the difference between false wit and judicious writing, and gave him such instructions towards the advancement of his knowledge, and the refinement of his taste, as proved very advantageous to him in the prosecution of his studies.

Mr. Nevinson being presented to a living in Northumberland, resigned the school, and was succeeded by Mr. Richard Yates of Queen's College (the presentation to the school being in that College), under whose care he continued about a year.

While he was at school, he happened to contract a debt, of about ten pounds, for books, to three booksellers in Penrith, who rudely demanded payment. Having no money, nor any friend who could advance him that sum, he wrote an *Ode upon Christmas Day*, and presented it to Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart. at Edenhall, who was so much pleased with it, that he ordered his chaplain to pay immediately what money he owed for books.

Some time after, he addressed an *Ode to John Tuston, Esq.*, nephew to the Earl of Thanet, in which his acknowledgments to the Tuston family are finely expressed, and for which he was very handsomely rewarded.

Shortly after, he ridiculed the pretensions of three poetical coxcombs, who, at that time, pestered the school with their nonsensical rhymes, by the following transposition of Dryden's fine epigram on Milton,

M m ij

THE LIFE OF PATTISON.

*Three poetasters in one age were born,
And all at once did Appleby adorn;
The first in penury of thought surpass,
In rumbling cant the next, in both the last;
The force of dulness could no farther go,
To make a third, she joined the former two.*

Though he avowed, upon every occasion, the obligations he was under to the Thanet family, yet he had the misfortune, by some misunderstanding, to experience the neglect of his noble patron before he left Appleby; in consequence of which, his election to Queen's College, Oxford, pursuant to the foundation, was prevented, and he returned home to his parents. He left Appleby school in 1723; and the year following, he was sent to Sidney College, Cambridge, "wholly through means of his mother's indulgence, whom he ever declared to be the most tender, as his father was one of the most rigid parents."

As soon as he was settled in the University, he wrote an Epistle to a Friend in the north, which contains an elegant and interesting description of a college life.

At Cambridge, as at Appleby, poetry was his favourite pursuit, and angling the chief alleviation of his studies; for he was always averse to the public disputations, and on a particular occasion, shewed his resentment at being carried to the schools by the wranglers.

*As the brute world to father Adam came,
Requesting, with inquiring looks, a name,
To every beast a title he assign'd,
And nominated all the sylvan-kind.
So savage multitudes about me throng;
Did Adam's talent but to me belong!
Yet though they cheat the world by their disguise,
They are but asses to poetic eyes.*

He was considered as a youth of much hope; and the proofs which he exhibited of intellectual energy, and literary powers, procured him the acquaintance of the most distinguished scholars in the University.

While his poetical compositions obtained him a high reputation among men of wit and learning, his companionable talents, and the festivity of his conversation, procured him a ready admission to the circles of elegance and fashion.

Few men came into company better qualified to please, or to instruct; but it was his misfortune to split on the rock of misapplication; for he made that which should have been only an amusement, his principal pursuit, and suffered himself to be deluded from the rugged paths of study, by the fascination of elegant society, and the dreams of a warm and voluptuous imagination. This latter disposition led him into some juvenile imprudences, which exposed him to the censure of his tutor, whose temper, it is said, was ill qualified to reconcile him to the discipline of the College.

The grounds of the quarrel between him and his tutor cannot at this time be known; but it appears, from his epistolary correspondence, that "the rigour with which his tutor treated him was not easy to brook, and he could very ill bear restraint;" and he tells of himself, "that it was the threats of expulsion, and the dread of such a scandal, which made him cut his name out of the College book."

He left the University, whatever was the cause, in thoughtless gaiety, by deputing his gown to make his apology in the following verses, which he pinned upon it, at his departure:

*Whoever gives himself the pains to stoop,
And take my venerable tatters up,
To his presuming inquisition I,
In loco Pattisoni thus reply:
Tir'd with the senseless jargon of the gown,
My master left the college for the town;
Where, from pedantic drudgery secur'd,
He laughs at follies, which he once endur'd;
And scorns his precious minutes to regale,
With wretched college wit, and college ale;*

THE LIFE OF PATTISON.

Far nobler pleasures open to his view,
Pleasures for ever sweet, for ever new!
Bright wit, soft beauty, and ambition's fire
Inflame his bosom, and his muse inspire;
While to his few, but much endearing friends,
His love and humble service he commends.

His most sincere friends expressed their concern at his departure, and strongly urged him either to return, or at least to make an apology for his behaviour to the master and fellows of the college. The former he could not be persuaded to, but the latter he readily complied with, in a state of his case, which he transmitted in a letter to one of his friends.

"The world is ever inclined," says he, "to suspect us of partiality, when we speak of ourselves; and it is unnatural for a person to condemn himself, when he has an *adversary* so ready as mine to deal with, I was going to say, so powerful, without considering the *validity* of his *accusations*, which must be *proved*. If they are found to be *true*, I shall, with a great deal of resignation, *submit* to the *censures* of *mankind*; and when he has honestly acquitted himself from the *same charge* to his *conscience*, I invite him to *throw the first stone*. Here is a field of *satire* opened for me; but I scorn to draw upon a naked man, and shall content myself. But I hope, the absolute necessity of *such a proceeding* will, in some measure, excuse me to that usual indulgence, which the *master* and the *fellows* have ever favoured me with, especially since it is the last offence I am likely to be guilty of."

In support of the charge against his tutor, the following authorities are produced from his epistolary correspondence.

"I advise you," says Mr. Wase, of Sidney College, "to send a decent epistle to the master, with an impartial account of the ill treatment which you have met with under B——; display therein his *severe usage* in moving terms, and urge, that he was the chief cause of your *abrupt departing hence*. B—— is not as yet returned; the fellows begin in an open manner to complain of his *misbehaviour* to them, and *disbonesty* to his creditors; they have met together twice, to consult some means of redressing the *grievance* of college *servants* and *others*."

"B—— threatens," says Mr. Wase in another letter, "to give you trouble; but on what score is unknown to me. He seems exceedingly incensed at your leaving college, counter to his permission; and, for the defence of his own reputation with regard to you, exposes his accounts, and letters from your friends, to every curious eye, and takes no small pains to enumerate, in emphatical words, what mighty services he has done, and what vast kindnesses he always showed you, whilst in college. He opened his books, to my view, yesterday morning, wherein I perceive you stand indebted to him, all matters justly calculated, but for a mere trifle; for he has your *caution-money* in his custody, being ten pounds, and exhibition money, &c. to receive on your account; all which will near amount to a complete disbursement of himself, &c."

"I know of no severities from his tutor," says Mr. Webber, of Peasmarsh, "but what were necessary to make him sensible of his doings, and to know to whom he was indebted for his favours, which I am sure he was to Mr. B——."

The last account, if not wholly true, is rendered extremely probable, by the circumstances that may reasonably be supposed to have misguided a young, enthusiastic, ambitious mind, like that of Pattison. But whatever offices of friendship his tutor might shew him while under his care, it was ungenerous to expose his private affairs after his departure; all obligations being cancelled, when a public declaration is made of them.

The apology which he made, to avert the reproach of expulsion, met with a reception so very favourable, as renders it sufficiently probable, that he had not been guilty of any of those gross immoralities, which require the infliction of the severest statutable animadversion. So unwilling was the society to lose him, that his exhibition was kept in suspense for some time, in expectation of his return to college. His friends took occasion, from this circumstance, to renew their solicitations, and with some hopes of success. "I will be at Cambridge," says he, in a letter to Mr. Wase, "by next *Division*; for I am afraid I cannot dispatch affairs before."

But he only talked of returning: his determination, which seems never to have been very steady, soon yielded to the fascinating pleasures of irresistible London. "I meet every day," he adds,

"with very great encouragement among persons of distinction, and, in short, live so happily, that I begin to be in love with the town."

This happiness was but of short duration; and his life became the forfeit of his imprudence, in not returning to college, after his friends had prepared the way for his kind reception.

Upon his leaving the University, in 1726, he had recommendations to many persons of distinguished rank and abilities in London, by whom he was encouraged to publish a collection of his poems by subscription. He seems to have been introduced to Pope, to whom he addressed an *epistle*, and who promoted the subscription to his Miscellany; and he lived in habits of familiar intimacy and correspondence with Eusden and Harte.

When the persons of distinction, by whom he was caressed and applauded, became quite tired out, by repeated acts of friendship, he subsisted, for some time, on the casual profits of the subscription, till, at length, that resource failed, and he appears, by the following letter, to have been reduced to such extreme indigence, as to be no longer able to procure the necessaries of life.

"If you was ever touched," says he, "with a sense of humanity, consider my condition; what I am, my proposals will inform you; what *I have been*, Sidney College, in Cambridge, can witness; what *I shall be* some few hours hence, I tremble to think.—Spare my blushes!—I have not enjoyed the common necessaries of life for these two days."

What effect this application met with is unknown; a suspicion is insinuated, that it was disregarded, as well as a similar application to Southerne; but it would be a dishonour to human nature to suppose, that so small a request as only a subscription to his miscellany, met with a denial.

In this distress, which was aggravated by a drooping indisposition, he found a friend in Mr. H. Curll, bookseller in the Strand, who received him into his house, in the beginning of June 1727, where he remained about a month, chiefly employed in transcribing his poems for the press, in order to fulfil his engagements to his subscribers.

Shortly after, when a considerable part of the collection was printed, he was seized with the small pox, and attended by Dr. Pellet (by the recommendation of his friend Eusden), who had him conveyed to the house of a nurse, eminent for her skill and care in that disease, in St. Clement's parish.

No care was wanting on the part of Dr. Pellet to have saved him, and the greatest hopes appeared of his recovery; but he had *laid his afflictions to heart*, and all medicinal prescriptions were ineffectual. A sudden and unexpected turn of the disease put an end to his life, and to the hopes he had raised in all that knew him, of becoming one of the most eminent poets of our nation, July 11. 1727, in the 21st year of his age. He was buried in the upper church yard, belonging to St. Clement Danes in the Strand.

On his death bed, he expressed a strong desire to be reconciled to his father, who had withdrawn the allowance he made him at Cambridge; but he not only, while he was alive, denied him this satisfaction, but even refused, after his death, to perform the last offices to his remains.

The editor of his poems observes, "that though the small-pox contributed to deprive us of so great a genius, yet it was his dying declaration: *His heart was broke, through the misfortunes he had fallen under*; which," he adds, "I wish I could not say, were wholly owing to himself. It must be declared, that his sufferings were inexpressible; and to sum up all in the words of his friend Mr. Harte: *He was miserably unfortunate, to my knowledge.*"

The Miscellany, for which he took subscriptions, was printed for H. Curll, in the Strand, in 1728, under the title of, *The Poetical works of Mr. William Pattison, late of Sidney College, Cambridge*; which included *Verses to Mr. John Saunders, The Hour-Glass, The Nightingale and Shepherd, The Court of Venus, Orpheus and Eurydice, and Verses to Mr. Mitchell*, published in his lifetime.

It appears, by his letters, that he intended to print a second volume of *Miscellanies*, which were transcribed for the press by himself, consisting of seven epistles of an intended version of Ovid; *Sappho to Phaon, Paris to Helen, Penelope to Ulysses, Ariadne to Theseus, Oenone to Paris, Dido to Æneas, Laodamia to Proteuslaus*, with some other *classical translations and occasional poems*. He intended also, to write a poem on *Angling*, in five cantos.

The compiler of this collection thinks he has seen somewhere the *Poetical Works of Pattison* mentioned in *two* volumes; but the second volume, if it was indeed printed, has eluded his inquiries.

The poems which were published, and those which were printed, but not published, in his lifetime, with the omission of a few little pieces offensive to decency, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

Of his familiar manners and habits of study, the following account is given by one of the friends of his youth, and the companions of his studies :

" Mr. Pattison was a man of great speculation, and consequently a lover of solitude. Of all the books he ever read, Spenser's "*Faery Queen*" delighted him most. He had read that book through several times ; and I do not question, but his mind received a richness from these romantic representations and paradisaical descriptions. He was no less pleased to see any of these representations realized. There is a place near Appleby, which, by reason of the near resemblance it has to some descriptions in Cowley, he called *Cowley's Walk*. On one side of the walk is a huge rock, grown over with moss, and ivy climbing to the sides of it, and, in some parts, little trees spring out of the crevices of the rock. At the bottom thereof grows a wild row of trees, but very irregular ; and indeed every part of it looks aged and venerable. In this rock there is a cave naturally arched over the top, in form of a canopy, and the borders of the arch are edged round with ivy, which hangs down and overshades the place, and from hence he called it *Hederinda*. At the foot of this cave, there runs a stream of water quite through the walk, and the walk is a level plain, which has on one hand the water, and the trees and a precipice on the other. In winter time it looks very full of horror, when nothing remains but rugged rocks and empty wastes ; whereas in the spring time, the singing of the birds, the fragrantcy of the flowers, and the murmuring of the stream, greatly contribute to the embellishment of the place, and render it exceedingly delightful. Many an agreeable afternoon has he amused away in this place with a friend or two, and many a moonlight night has he retired thither to indulge himself in that sadly pleasing melancholy which the awful solemnity of the place necessarily produces.

" He was a great admirer of angling. A great inducement to his becoming a fisher, might probably proceed from that pleasant gloom of thought, which the murmuring of the stream naturally inspired him with, and which is the same cast of mind, that inclined him to admire *Cowley's Walk*. He was so much a lover of this diversion, that he used frequently to sit up late, and sometimes whole summer nights, upon the banks of his *Ituna*, with his angle in his hand. Here he used very often to write verses ; and I have heard him say, that many of his lines owed their smoothness and harmony to these streams. Here it was he wrote that agreeable philosophical poem, *The Morning Contemplation*.

" He was naturally of a facetious fancy, and showed a greater mastery in no kind of writing more than in the burlesque manner. Add to this, that his panegyric was always genteel, but never fustian, and his satire poignant, but never scurrilous."

Next to the "*Faery Queen*," he was an enthusiastic admirer of Browne's "*Britannia's Pastorals*," " an imperfect copy of which he had purchased for a shilling, and which, through his misfortunes, was the whole library he left behind him."

The friend, to whom he addressed the *Epistle* from Cambridge, says, in a letter, " that even at school an early fondness after *Ovid's Epistles* began to dawn in his breast ;" and, " that as to a new translation, he knew none more equal to the undertaking." He farther confirms his opinion, by the specimen Pattison sent him, in this definitive sentence of his versification, " your's is that in *Englisch*, which *Ovid's* is in *Latin*." His friend, Harte, sent him a letter, only two days before his death, containing some judicious remarks on his version of *Ovid*, which is preserved in the *Memoirs of his Life*, and is the most valuable article in his epistolary correspondence.

To his amiable qualities, and agreeable manners, his school-fellows and fellow-collegians bear ample testimony. He loved and esteemed, and was esteemed and beloved by Mr. Taylor, Mr. Roche, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Hulse, Mr. Ward, Mr. Wase, and Mr. Bunce of Cambridge ; and held an amicable correspondence with Pope, Eusden, and Harte, and retained the affectionate regard of Mr. Yates, of Appleby school, Mr. Noble, of Kirkby Stephen school, and of his dear friend and school-fellow, designed under the poetical name of *Florio*. Benevolence of disposition, and sensibility of temper, in an excessive degree, seem to have been his peculiar characteristics. If, in some in-

stances, he courted too assiduously, the company of particular circles, it ought to be observed, that one so able to communicate as well as to receive pleasure, was always welcome. He was, by constitutional temper, as well as by benevolent dispositions, and by sprightly talents, a most agreeable companion. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his companionable talents, and endearing qualities, procured him no useful connection, nor any solid and lasting advantage. He brought cares on himself, as many other young men of genius have done, to drive away care from others, who, placed by fortune above injury, first seduced him from the great work of life, and then suffered him, after much anxiety and much trouble, to die of a broken heart.

As a poet, the pretensions of Pattison seem not to have been hitherto sufficiently considered or allowed. His compositions, though little known, are characterised by a degree of tenderness, terseness, refinement, and harmony, which entitles them to the attention of the readers of poetry. They possess a considerable portion of the strong imagination of Spenser and Milton, and the rich melody of Dryden and Pope. The piece of most conspicuous merit in his works, is the *Epistle of Abelard to Eloisa*, in answer to Pope's inimitable *Epistle of "Eloisa to Abelard"*. It is evidently the production of a man of sensibility and genius; and for flowing description, passionate language, picturesque imagery, and pathetic exclamation, is only inferior to the production of Pope, of which it is an imitation, even to the cadence of the verse. It is impossible to read it without experiencing the alternate impulse of desire, pity, or rage; and lastly, the freezing languor of irrecoverable despair. It has not been exceeded by the compositions of Cawthorne and Warwick on the same subject. The *Epistles of Rosamond to Henry*, and *Henry to Rosamond*, abound in natural and tender sentiments, and apposite imagery. The fragment of an *Epistle from Yarrico to Inkle* is truly Ovidian; it is much to be regretted, that it is unfinished. The *Morning Contemplation* abounds in excellent morality, enlivened by a variety of appropriate imagery, and many of the ornaments of true poetry. The *verses on the 5th of November* are vigorously written. They abound in sublime description, vivid imagery, and striking metaphors.

The *College Life* contains some animated, expressive, and harmonious lines. The liveliness of the description evinces a most vigorous imagination. The *Hour Glass* deserves every praise. The morality and the poetry are equally conspicuous. His translations from *Strada*, *Claudian*, and *Virgil*, are, in general, classical and spirited, and remarkable for the harmony and elegance of the verse. His *Festum Lustrale* shews what a master he was of the Latin language. The description is lively, humorous, and just. Of his *amatory*, *humorous* and *occasional* pieces, the poetical merit is much beyond his years; but they are scarcely to be inspected with all the severity of criticism. Considerable allowances are to be made for the exercises of a school-boy, for the incorrect effusions of momentary passion; for a few lines thrown together to please a female, or to amuse a school-fellow; and perhaps not less for the hasty and involuntary productions of indigence and necessity, calculated for the sole purpose of procuring a subsistence.

"He had an uncommon genius," says Mr. Webber, "for English poetry, and he was so taken with it, as to be negligent of other arts of learning, even of such as must be necessary for the composition of a good poet."

"It is too late now to say, that I wish he had behaved so, as to tarry longer where he was, giving the world now and then a specimen of what they might hope from him in time, and then have launched forth, as his judgment, when more mature, should direct him."

The life of Pattison, whose talents raised him high in the opinion of his intimate acquaintance and friends, but failed to procure him the comforts or even the necessities of life, cannot conclude more properly than in the emphatic words of Dr. Johnson, which the writer of this narrative wishes were written in letters of adamant, on the heart of every man of genius in the world.

"Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember, that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

DEDICATION,

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

As the Laurel and the Myrtle, are the undoubted trophies of your worth, the Bays is always sure of finding your protection.

And when your Lordship is assured, that, the author of these poems desired they might be placed next to those of his dear friend Mr. Harte, it is but fulfilling his request to ask this favour, which, it is hoped, will not be denied by your Lordship.

If posterity can be told he had the honour to please a Mordaunt, the remainder of his papers shall speedily be offered up at the shrine of merit; if otherwise, warned by the fate of their predecessors, it is resolved that, with their author, they shall rest in peace.

I am,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

LUCASIA,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

O D E.

To John Tufton, Esq. Nephew to the Earl of Thanet.

NOR heaps of gold nor monuments as high
 As the ambition of the great,
 Can buy one moment tow'rd's eternity,
 Or change the fix'd decrees of fate;
 'Tis verse alone can give a name,
 And crown our actions with eternal fame:
 Thus mighty Cæsar's triumphs live,
 Not in his monuments, but those his poets give.
 In fields of death, the bleeding warriors toil,
 And brave the loudest storms of fate;
 They die to make eternal fame their spoil,
 And pawn their life for being great:
 To virtue, verse this fame can give,
 Virtue by verse, by virtue poets live;
 For her they tune their numbers high;
 For virtue is the burning glass of poetry.
 But, ah! where does this heavenly goddess
 dwell?
 Where does her blessed seat remain?
 We search the palace, and the hermit's cell,
 We search, but search, alas, in vain!
 Gold is the load-stone of the great,
 And vulgar souls must catch the glitt'ring bait;
 The scale of justice sinks with gold,
 And impious bribes to win the cause, must damn
 the soul.
 In Tufton, muse behold the deity,
 With him begin to grace your song;
 All that is great, and good in him, you see,
 To him your voice, and lyre, belong;
 He rais'd you from a low degree,
 Then let your numbers raise him to the sky;
 Offer what gifts the muse can give,
 He gave you fame, then make his fame to live.
 But, ah, my muse, your colours are too faint,
 Your strength too weak, your theme too great,
 Alas! in vain, your pencil strives to paint,
 What mortal cannot imitate:
 But if he smile, then stretch your wing,
 And tune his praises on a bolder string;
 Then ev'ry tongue shall speak his fame,
 And critics spare my verse, protected with his
 name.
 Thus gold, at first, is but a sluggish mass,
 Whilst it lies cover'd in the earth;

But when 'tis coin'd, the awful monarch's face
 Makes it a god, and gives it birth;
 The world the sudden god adore,
 And humbly own his universal power;
 Sceptres and kings are in his hand,
 And nature reverences his supreme command.

*To my School-Fellow, Mr. William Pattison, upon
 his Departure from Appleby School.*

LEND me thy muse, thy merits to proclaim,
 And give thy worth its just intrinsic fame;
 My muse too humble, and my lays too slow,
 My wings too slender, and my verse too low.
 To me a while, my friend, thy muse impart,
 Grief chills my vigour, and disarms my heart;
 Thy verse alone can tell thy boundless praise,
 Thy lays alone are worthy of thy lays.

Say, never-dying, ever tuneful nine,
 How oft the bard attended at your shrine,
 How oft he rais'd the voice, and tun'd the string,
 How oft he sung your fame,—how oft shall sing.

Ye verdant trees, that in green order rear
 Your waving tresses in the fluid air;
 In a more formidable prospect stand,
 With nodding foilage on poetic land.
 Ye purling streams, that run by Cowley's side,
 Have learn'd, by him, in smoother feet to glide;
 His verse discover'd Hederinda's shade,
 With age and ivy, memorable made:
 The rock affords her never-dying bays,
 To crown her poet with immortal praise.

Your lovely Laura's name shall never die,
 But live coeval with eternity.
 Venus, and all the goddesses around,
 Drest in your verse, with surer light'nings wound
 The little loves, and smiles in numbers roll,
 And Cupid's arrows steal upon the soul.

But now no more the Naiads prattling play,
 But in soft silence slumber out the day;
 Cupid's full quiver, and the court of love,
 The chequer'd scene of Hederinda's grove,
 No more, alas! its wonted joy displays,
 He's gone, that dress'd them in vivific lays:
 He's gone—in Homer no delights abound,
 No sweet variety in Virgil's found,
 Nor music which can heal a lover's wound!
 Sorrow, like the prismatic glass does show
 One undistinguish'd spectacle of woe;

His presence ev'ry sweetest joy improv'd
Still lov'd, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

December 7th, 1723.

YARICO TO INKLE:

AN EPISTLE.

DEAR, faithless man! if e'er that cruel breast
Love's pleasing toys, and soft delights, confess;
Distress like mine, may sure thy pity move,
For tender pity is the child of love!
But can compassion from thy bosom flow?
Source of my wrongs, and fountain of my woe!
Wilt thou repentant, soften at my grief,
Melt at my tears, and lend a late relief!
What have I done? ah! how deserv'd thy hate?
Or was this vengeance treasur'd up by fate?
Then will I mourn my fate's severe decree,
Nor charge a guilt so black, so base on thee;
For O! I know, ah no! I knew, thy mind
Soft as the dove, and as the turtle kind;
How have I seen thy gentle bosom move,
And heave, contagious, to some tale of love!
How have I heard thee paint the faithfull'st pair,
Describe their bliss, and e'en their raptures share!
Then have thy lips, with sweet transition swore
Thy love more lasting, and thy passion more!

And what, is truth, if signs like these deceive!
Signs! that might win the wariest to believe.

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THE COLLEGE LIFE.

TO A FRIEND.

Sid. Coll. Cantab. March 15. 1724-5.

SIR,

FROM sacred shades, and academic groves,
Where, lost in thought, a musing fancy roves;
What kind endearing numbers shall I send,
To meet the critic in the fondling friend?

Here learned solitudes salute our eyes,
And the gay scenes in real raptures rise;
Through classic shades majestic domes aspire,
And dimly from the piercing eye retire.
Deep through the groves old Cam serenely flows,
Free from the prattling Naiads babbling noise.
His nymphs in gentle silence move along,
And hear their murmurs in some soft'ning song;
Till by the forcing torrent borne away,
They mourn because they can no longer stay:
Poetic hills the wide horizon bound,
And wall the learned paradise around.

But yet—though all things with my soul agree,
Pall'd are my joys, and tasteless without thee;
These visionary pleasures but renew
The real happiness I found in you;
Where venerable Cowley's sacred shade
The sweetest scene of solitude is made;
When stretch'd at ease, amusingly we lay,
How tunefully the minutes danc'd away.

Oh! soothe me, fancy, with some pleasing dream,
And gently waft me to Ituna's stream—

Hark! the soft, balmy, breathing breezes blow—
Hark! Hederinda's warbling murmurs flow—
Here oft I left the busy world behind,
And found the better part, in you refin'd.

But would you know how I divide my time,
Betwixt my studies, business, and my rhyme?

Wak'd, by the promise of a day, we rise,
And with our souls salute the dawning skies;
All summon'd, to devotion's fane repair,
And piously begin the day with prayer;
Thence, led by reason's glimmering light, descry
The dark recesses of philosophy;
Through classic groves the wily wanton trace,
And logically urge the puzzling chase.

But when the sounds of the presaging bell
Noon's pleasurable invitation tell;
Moods, methods, figures, swim before my sight,
And syllogisms wing their airy flight.
Confus'd the fairy vision flits away—
And no ideas, but of dinner, stay.

Thus, fabled hags, at midnight's solemn noon,
With magic spells enchant the labouring moon;
But when the cock proclaims the springing light,
Each horrid phantom disappears in night.

Now, those, whom recreating toils invite,
Pour'd on the plain, indulge their lov'd delight;
Now flies aloft in air the whirling ball,
Anxious, the learned rabble wait its fall;
Pursu'd by wafting caps the fury flies,
Rises in height, and lessens in the skies.

Thus healthfully refresh'd, we leave the plain,
For pleasure oft repeated, is but pain.
Next we survey the vast capacious ball,
And take long journies o'er the learned wall;
Or from her tender birth Britannia trace, [race.
And all her glories center'd in great Brunswick's
The dark original of time renew,
And bring three thousand wond'ring years to view.

Now to the muses soft retirements fly,
Or soar with Milton, or with Waller sigh;
Each fav'rite bard o'er pays my curious view,
For who can fail to please who charms like you.

To find us thus, Apollo takes his way,
To sooth the sultry labours of the day;
The tuneful muses charm his list'ning ears,
And in soft sounds he bears away his cares.

Thus, dearest Florio, thus my faithful friend,
In learned luxury my time I spend;
Till length'ning shades the setting sun display,
And falling dews lament the falling day:
Then, lost in thought, where aged Cam divides
Those verdant groves that paint his azure tides,
With musing pleasure I reflect around,
And stand enchanted on poetic ground.
Straight to my glancing thought those bards appear,
That fill'd the world with fame, and charm'd us
Here Spenser, Cowley, and that awful name [here:
Of mighty Milton, flourish'd into fame;
From these amusing groves, his copious mind,
The blooming shades of paradise design'd.
In these retirements, Dryden fann'd his fire,
And gentle Waller tun'd his tender lyre;

Hail! happy bards, whilst thus I think I hear
Your tuneful melody improve my ear,
With rev'rence I approach each sacred shade,
Perhaps by your creating numbers made.
Delusion helps my fancy as I walk,
Hears waters murmur, and soft echoes talk;
Through the dim shade its sacred poet fees,
Or hears his music in the wafted breeze.

Here Locke and Newton through the world were
known,

And made unravell'd nature's works their own;
Too soon we lost those fav'rites of the sky,
Yet, Florio may the double loss supply.
Haste, then, my friend, nor let me mourn your stay,
Lo! the world suffers by your long delay—
Let prosp'rous fortune on your will attend,
And in your happy wishes bless your friend.

THE JEALOUS SHEPHERD:

A PASTORAL.

It happen'd once upon a summer's day,
When lads and lassies go to making hay;
The weary mowers laid themselves adown,
To take a bottle and a nap at noon;
When Bootyflub (for so was call'd the swain
That languish'd under Dorothy's disdain)
While others slept, by love was kept awake,
To mourn his fate, and mend his Dolly's rake.

Dolt as I am, (complains the love-sick lout)
Not to consider what I am about?
Here I employ my little stock of art,
But who, alas! shall mend my broken heart?
None can that work perform but Dorothy,
And that will ne'er be done by cruelty;
For still she persecutes me with disdain,
Laughs at my woes, and banters all my pain.

Ah, Dolly! Dolly! can you be so dull,
To leave your lover for a fopish fool?
A butterfly the cabbages destroys,
On you a butterfly his breath employs—
I say no more—my meaning you may guess—
Perhaps you had been pleas'd, had I said less.

But yet there was a time, or else I dream'd,
When Bootyflub in your good graces seem'd;
Then, if you knew I kiss'd a lass at town,
How have I seen you pout, and fret, and frown?
Nay, once you told me, that I need not roam,
For charity should still begin at home.
These jealous hints, or I mistake them, prove
The greatest and the surest signs of love;
Yet, if you lov'd, methinks you cou'd not be
So kind to Floripert, so cross to me.

Remember, how, to jealousy betray'd,
You scolded at the parson's pretty maid;
When with inquiring looks you pass'd the house,
And catch'd me keeping up the damsel's cows;
Your scornful eyes with jealous fury burn'd,
On her they glanc'd, and then on me they
turn'd;

I took the hint, and fear'd what might ensue,
So stooping, seem'd to buckle up my shoe,
Then left the lass, and sneak'd away to you.

Alas! alas! that I your love believ'd!
I lov'd, and in my turn am thus deceiv'd,
Nor dare I of my cruel fate complain,
Or, if I do, alas! 'tis all in vain.
For ever curst be that detested day,
When from the last May-fair we took our way,
Remember how you forg'd a false excuse
Your easy natur'd lover to abuse.
No fondling father call'd you back again,
A better reason! 'twas your fondling swain;
And if I meet him e'er alone, I vow,
I'll surely beat the puppy black and blue.
I mark'd the watchful coxcomb all the day,
And kept him from his meditated prey;
Invited him to exercise the ball,
And bravely give, or bravely ward a fall:
So should we both our pleading merits show,
And you, though blind, the difference might know:
But all I urg'd, I urg'd alas! in vain,
Nor would he glory give, nor could he gain.

Ah, Dolly! Dolly! where were all your vows,
When cheese-cakes lur'd you to the tavern-house;
Your vows were as your cheese-cakes sweet, yet
weak!

And can you both alike together break?
But if you do so—you, with equal ease, [please.
Can make new vows, and cheese-cakes when you

And could you then your Bootyflub forget,
And in another's lap so kindly sit?
Around his neck your fondling arms you flung,
And learn'd the silly catches which he sung.
Whilst unconcern'd at home you hear me sing,
Or tunefully torment the rosin'd string;
Your favour every way I try to gain,
But dance, or fiddle; sing, or pipe; in vain.

Oh learn at last a flatterer to hate,
And think on Susan Silly's cruel fate:
Her pride poor honest Hobbinol despis'd,
And vainly Tommy Taudry's folly priz'd.
But now, too late, she sees herself undone,
Her portion squander'd, and her honour gone—
What better canst thou hope from such a flame,
But love refuses what my rage would name.

How chang'd is Dolly now, from what she was
When first—Ah, had I never spy'd the lass!
The very time I perfectly can tell,
For love remembers every thing too well!

Sure, I can ne'er forget the Sunday morn,
Though from her mem'ry so soon 'tis worn:
A goodly bible in my hand I took,
And very gravely thought to read my book;
When through the window, by a luckless chance,
Heedless, I cast a customary glance;
'Twas there I saw the pretty Dolly walk,
Fair, and upright as roses on their stalk:
So trimly was the tidy damsel dress'd,
That, spite of all the flowers, she seem'd the best.
Sometimes to smell a pretty rose she stopp'd,
Pleas'd with the smell, the pretty rose she cropp'd;
Then in her snowy breast the fav'rite plac'd,
Her sweeter breast the blushing fav'rite grac'd;
But then! how did I wish myself between
Her swelling bosom, and the flower, unseen?

But as I wish'd, I found a pleasing smart,
I know not how, begin to melt my heart:
Nay, all my limbs with such a shiv'ring shook,
That I the chillness for an ague took.
Ah, had it been one, I had felt less harm,
For I can cure an ague with a charm!
Now, all my spells and charms but trifles prove,
Far stronger are the magic charms of love.

But when I found she smil'd to see me look,
I pleas'd as well, soon laid aside my book,
And, boldly blithsome, to the garden went,
Where she, as well as I, knew what I meant,
Yet seemingly my searching sight to shun,
Behind an apple-tree the gipsy run;
But soon I found the amorous deceit,
And forc'd a kiss, to reconcile the cheat.
But forc'd it so, that when she seem'd to strive
To keep it most, the more she seem'd to give.
Remember then, my lovely faithless maid,
What oaths, what vows, what promises, you made;
Think for your own, if not your lover's sake,
How bad it is a binding oath to break.

But while I thus these silly tales repeat,
I find myself already in a sweat:
What shall I do, too well she knows my love,
And her coy coldness does the scorner prove.

Well then—when shadows length'ning o'er the
vale,
Call forth the milk-maid, with her cleanly pail,
To my old sweat-heart Cicily will I go,
And more than all my former kindness show;
Conduct the girl along the crowded mead,
And to tease Dolly, through the pasture lead;
Perhaps I'll whisper out some secret place,
And kiss her too before her jealous face;
Then let her rival cry, and frown, and fret,
And in my cruelty her own forget.
Then let her be as much, or more afraid
Of Cicily, than she was the parson's maid.
So shall my scorn, and counterfeit disdain
Revive her love, if any love remain.

Sid. Col. April 5. 1725.

TO MR. JOHN SAUNDERS,

Occasioned by a sight of some of his Paintings at Cambridge.

WHEN nature, from her unexhausted mine,
Resolves to make some mighty science shine;
Her embryo seeds inform the future birth
Improve the soul, and animate the earth;
From thence, an Homer, or Apelles, rise,
A Shakspeare, or a Saunders, strike our eyes;
And, lo! the promis'd wonder charms my view,
The old Apelles rivall'd in the new!
See! like the sun, his beams their pow'r disclose,
Like him, he paints his progress, as he goes;
Renews the opening spring's enlivening dye,
Or bids rich autumn ripen to the eye.

Let some, elaborately vain, impart
The cold effects of industry, and art,
The warmer draughts deserve a nobler name,
Nature's thy art, as nature is thy theme,

Taught by thy touch, the lily fairer blows,
A softer damask blushes in the rose,
And a more gay creation from thy pencil flows. }
Nor flowers, nor fruits alone, improv'd we see,
But beauty owes her empire half to thee:
How bloom Belinda's never-fading charms!
How, in thy paint, the fair perfection warms!
What pure vermilion tinctures every grace!
How all the goddess brightens in her face!
The mimic rolling eye, now seems to move,
Dawns into life, and kindles into love;
Struck, at each look, a captive of thy art,
I sigh! and fancy arrows in my heart:
Confounded at thy nice creative hand, [stand.
Think the draught lives, and, like some picture,

Would thus each nymph, with providential care,
Ensure her charms, and shine for ever fair,
How might she brave the dire, detested rage,
Of spleen, small-pox, or all-devouring age!
Then, when old time should bid the roses die,
Pale the red pouting lip and dim the sparkling eye,
Then might the fair a bright reversion save,
Bloom in her death, and triumph in her grave:
Then Cælia, spight of that bewitching frown,
Would see thy paint more lasting than her own.

But lo! more glorious aims thy hand pursues,
More glorious scenes attract the ravish'd muse:
Silent I stand, and, lost in wonder see,
A godhead shrouded in mortality!
What majesty eclips'd the shades display!
How the light kindles with eternal day!
What beams of love! what pitying tears are seen!
Meltingly sad, yet solemnly serene!

O happy artist! live for ever blest! [thy breast?
Whence dawn'd this heaven-sprung image in
Sure some kind angel, studious in thy art,
Ting'd the bright dyes, and quicken'd every part;
Hence, like their great original they shine,
Appear as human, but are all divine!
What may not now thy lively touch command?
What may not owe new glories to thy hand?
Thy wond'rous hand not only nature drew,
But copied ev'n the Lord of Nature too.

Sid. Col. Feb. 9. 1725-6.

TO MR. SAUNDERS,

Occasioned by the breaking of the Glass of Mr. Eusden's Picture.

OFT have I thought thy wonder-working art,
Could more than nature's outward form impart,
But now my eyes convinc'd the truth believe,
For lo! the picture more than seems to live,
Pleas'd to decide mistrusting reason's strife,
Breaks through the glass, and startles into life.

BURLESQUE.

DEAR HULSE,

WHEN Ovid in his exile wrote,
Low was his verse, and barren was his thought;
My case is just the same, and for to mock it,
The muse keeps equal tenor with my pocket;
And for th' assurance of a moderate poet,
I think these lines are proof enough to show it.

Rest that, howe'er, as 'twill—can I be-fong ye,
Se as to get a little cash among ye;

This week, by carrier Hafwel, you may send it,
And, may the gods that guard the roads defend it!
With that inspir'd, a gorgeous sword I'll buy me,
And, plum'd with hopes, to good Sir Robert
hie me.

Present myself with this new-modell'd trifle,
Which, should he chance to like, I'll lay my life,
he'll

Make every wish, a bard can frame, succeed,
And then my muse, and I, are made indeed! [me,
But stay—One word forgot—with love commend
To all such honest fellows as befriend me
With their subscriptions—But I cannot on
For rhyme—And so excuse your Pattison.

P. S. Septemb. the twenty-fifth, or twenty-sixth
As to my lodging, for a date, t'en't fix'd.

N. B. For memorandum, you may put once
More, your direction to your friend, at Button's.

A SESSION OF THE CAMBRIDGE POETS.

By a vacant preferment Apollo thought fit
To settle the bays, and establish a wit,
For his trusty friend Roche, by much merit and
grace,

Had obtain'd in Elysium the laureat's place;
Accordingly, to the fam'd borders of Cam,
Descended the god, with a goddess's hight fame,
The figure she wore, as Dan Virgil declares,
Was illumin'd with eyes, and becluster'd with ears,
(And faith, as you'll find, she had of them all,
To pick one good poet, and hear ev'ry cali.)
A trumpet she blew, for a trumpet she bore,
As the laudable custom informs us of yore.

Thick as bees, when they swarm to the tinkling
brass,

The bards flock around her, and darken the place;
Each pretender, for such was Apollo's command,
Brought his works, and conducted his muse in his
hand:

But, good Lord! how his godship at first was
amaz'd,

To find the chaste nine to such numbers were
rais'd?

However, to banish immodest suspicions,
He order'd a silence, and heard the petitions.

B——ll * first, as the candidates jostled along,
With a gate most affected, emerg'd from the
throng.

Apollo observ'd somewhat odd in his look,
And, giving a beck, thus the goddess bespoke:
Pr'thee, what's that same fellow? Some half-wit-
ed beau?

I don't know as ever I've seen him till now —
Nor can I remember, I think, replies Fame,
To have heard of his worth, or so much as his name:
But odds, I will lay, by those papers there brought,

* A junior bachelor of Trinity-College, who, in a translation of a poem printed in the University, at his own cost, impertinently begged pardon for the word *emerg'd* in its proper sense.

'Tis the same, who the place in the Memoirs has
bought—— *

Say you so, cries Apollo, and is he so vain?
Yet pshaw; 'tis the only place that he can gain.
The bard now elate with ambition appear'd,
Propos'd his pretence, and desir'd to be heard;
When Apollo straight bid him his labours produce,
And, for his authority, bring him his muse.
More hasty, than wisely, the labours were shown,
But, alas! for the muse, the fly gipsy was flown,
For her birth it was mortal, nor could her feign'd
power

Stand the test of the godhead she mimick'd before;
O'eraw'd by the deity no longer could stay,
But, like Spenser's false Florimel, faded away!

De V——I in the tumult ran bawling aloud,
And swore that he ought to be heard by the god,
And heard too he was, for the god cut him short,
And ask'd what pretensions could draw him to
court!

What pretension! cries he; but the godhead replies,
Before you are witty, pray learn to be wise,
And if, as they say, you are lunatic grown,
For I hear you converse with my sister the moon,
In secret confinement, a purge or two try,
And let your own essay bum-fodder supply.

Next Ch——y roll'd onward, a bard of renown,
For bulk and bombast super-eminent grown,
Of lampoons and Pindarics huge bundles he
brought,

But the burden was light, because barren of thought,
From railing at friends, falsely smiling he came,
Detraction his pleasure, ambition his aim.

But Apollo soon knew him, notwithstanding all art,
For your gods, at first sight, can discover the heart.
And told him, that pride, and inhuman backbitings,
Were the worst of all evils,—except his own writ-
Ay, I see, cries the god, I see your excuse—[ings;
But hang it, that's nothing in shape of a muse!—
I suppose that it's term'd, by you mortals here, fa-
ture, [ture.

But we gods have thought fit to bename it ill-na-
Besides such a bulk, for high flights was ne'er
made well——

And I mortally hate the remembrance of Shadwell.

Little R——th took the hint, and right archly
declar'd,

That if body diminutive distinguish'd the bard,
Then his cause it was just,—but to humour the joke,
With an affable air, thus the deity spoke:
And told him, he could not heroics right suit,
For his body, at full length, was scarce more than
one foot.

Ho, Ward! cries the god, as he saw him stand by,
Come forward a little, and don't be so shy—
I know you are modest; but harkee between us,
Here, look ye this token, 'twas sent you by Venus—
For her ladyship told me, some few days ago,
She came down in the form of a nymph † that you
know,

* It is credibly reported, that he gave a certain sum for the mention of his performances in the memoirs of literature.
† Mrs. F——er.

And, pleas'd with a copy or two of your verses,
Presents you this myrtle—'twas wreath'd by
the graces—
Here, take't,—'tis as good as my laureat's
place is.

Hulse next he beheld with poetical rage,
And told him, 'twas pity he was not at age;
Nor mind, cries the god, those dull fools, that de-
fire to
Eclipse that bright merit—they ne'er can aspire to;
Just so, in a morning, I see, as I rise
Black fogs, and dull vapours usurping my skies—
But two dramatists here, the mere scum of the
gang,
Broke the simile short, and began to harangue;
Four acts of a play, cries the one I have writ,
And had I a plot, then the work were complete;
My characters—go, cries the god, scribbling elf,
And learn first to get thee a good one thyself.

As Pattison stood unconcern'd in the crowd,
Apollo beheld him, and call'd him aloud;
Declaring his manners, though perhaps not his wit,
His identical self to a nicety hit;
Alike their employments, alike their delight,
Both rambled all day, and both tippled all night;
Both us'd the same haunts, both pursu'd the like
game,

And Laura and Thetis but differ'd in name.
Now the bard, without doubt, the reason acquir'd,
But Woman and Fate, both against him conspir'd,
For, unhappily! just as he drew up more nigh,
A pretty tight damsel came tripping it by;
No longer the laurel attracted his eyes,
They were fix'd on a far more desirable prize—
His highness he thank'd; but resigning his lays,
Declar'd, that a nymph was far better than bays.

Apollo now, tir'd with debates and confusion,
Was glad to draw his affairs to conclusion,
And, sick at the numbers still swarming around,
Thrice Tayr he call'd, but no Tayr was found:
Not here? (cries the god) oh! I guess at his stay—
He stole a few poems of mine t'other day—
But, however, I forgive him the cunning device,
And, since his are my labours, be his too my prize.
1725-6.

ROSAMOND TO HENRY:

AN EPISTLE.

Qualis populeâ mærens Philomela sub Umbrâ
Flet Noctem ramoque sedens, miserabile Carmen
Integrat, et mæstis latè Loca Questibus implet.
VIRG. Georg.

FROM these lone shades, and ever-gloomy bowers,
Once the dear shade of Henry's foster hours!
What tender strains of passion can impart
The pangs of absence to an amorous heart!
Far, far too faint the powers of language prove,
Language that flow interpreter of love!
Souls pair'd like ours, like ours to union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought;
O then, by that mysterious art, divine
The wild impatience of my breast, by thine!

And to conceive what I would say to thee,
Conceive, my love, what thou would'st say to me!

As in the tenderness of soul I sigh,
Methinks I hear thy tender soul reply;
And as in thought, o'er heaps of heroes slain,
I trace thy progress on the fatal plain,
Perhaps thy thought explores me through the
grove,

And, soft'ning, steals an interval of love.
In the deep covert of a bow'ring shade
Describes my posture, languishingly laid!
Now, sadly solac'd with the murmur'ing springs,
Now, melting into tears, the softest things!
And how the feign'd ideas all agree!
So bowers the shade, so melt my tears for thee!
Here, as in Eden, once we blissful lay:
How oft night stole, unheeded, on the day!
Our soft-breath'd raptures charm'd the listening
grove,

And all was harmony, for all was love!

But hark! the trumpet sounds! see discords
rise!

'Tis honour calls; from me my Henry flies!
Honour, to him, more bright than Rosamonda's
eyes!

Not thus my honour with his passion strove,
His sighs I pity, and indulg'd his love:
He then cry'd, honour was an empty name,
And love a sweeter recompence than fame.

Oh! had I liv'd in some obscure retreat,
Securely fair, and innocently sweet;
How had I bless'd some humble shepherd's arms!
How kept my fame as spotless as my charms!
Then, hadst thou ne'er beheld these eyes of mine,
Nor they bewail'd the fatal power of thine!
Dear fatal power! to me for ever dear—
Fix'd in my tender breast, and rooted there!
For ever in my tender breast remain—
And be for ever a delightful pain!

With what surprise those glories first I view'd,
That in one moment my whole heart subdu'd!
With such resistless beams, so fierce they shone,
Not such the dazzling radiance of thy crown!
Sent from thy crown I never felt a dart;
The lover, not the monarch, won my heart:
Nor e'er the monarch with such charms appears,
As when the lovers soften'd dress he wears:
As when he, silent, deigns my breast to seek,
And looks such language, as no tongue can speak.

Whene'er my crimes (if love a crime can be,
If 'tis a crime to live, and die for thee!)
In hideous forms arise, and cloud my soul,
One thought on Henry can that gloom controul:
No more my breast alternate passions move,
The frosts of honour melt before the fires of love.

Again, I must repeat that fatal hour, [bower;
Which snatch'd my Henry from his Woodstock
When mad Bellona, with tumult'ous cries,
The hero rous'd, and drown'd the lover's sighs.
Stretch'd on my downy couch, at ease I lay,
And sought by reading to beguile the day;
With am'rous strains I sooth'd a grateful fire,
And all the woman glow'd with soft desire.

Till, as I wish'd, I heard the vocal breeze,
Proclaim my Henry rustling through the trees;
O'erjoy'd, I ran to meet thy longing arms,
And taste a dear remembrance of thy charms;
But soon I saw some sad conceal'd surprise,
Fade on thy cheeks, and languish on thy eyes;
Through each dissembled smile, a sorrow stole,
And whisper'd out the secret of thy soul.
What this could mean, uncertain to divine.
No fault I knew, yet fear'd some fault was mine.
But soon thy love dispell'd those airy fears,
Dispell'd alas!—but brought too solid cares.
For as with hands, entwin'd in hands, we walk'd,
Of love, and hapless lovers, still thou talk'd:
Thy tears of pity answer'd each sad moan,
And in their seeming mis'ries, wept thy own.
“I cannot leave her!”—I o'erheard thee say,—
Pierc'd to the soul, I sunk, and dy'd away.
What art restor'd me, thou alone can'st tell,
For thy kind arms embrac'd me, as I fell.
My opening eyes, fix'd on thy beauties, hung,
And my ears drunk the cordial of thy tongue.
Again my thoughts return with killing pain,
Within thy arms I sink, and swoon again:
Again thou dost my sweet physician prove,
From death to life alternately I move,
Now dead by anguish, now reviv'd by love.
But when, without disguise, truth I found,
My agonizing sorrows knew no bound:
My locks I tore, then, all entranc'd, I lay,
Till by degrees my grief to words gave way,
And soft I cry'd,—Oh! stay, my Henry, stay.
One moment more! add yet, and yet, a kiss!—
Oh! give me thine, and take my soul in this!
Farewell!—perhaps, farewell for ever!—oh!
Who can sustain so dire a weight of woe?

Ah, wretched maid! alas, a maid no more!
No herbs that spotless title can restore!
Ah, who shall now protect thy injur'd fame?
Who shield thy weakness from th' assaults of
shame?

Who lull thy anxious soul to balmy rest,
If Henry, dearest Henry, flies thy breast?

Yet, though he flies, your wings, ye angels,
spread,
And hover, guardians, o'er my Henry's head,
Who knows but this kind pray'r is pour'd too late,
And he already struggles with his fate?
Already, wounded, pants, and gasps in death,
And Rosamonda is his latest breath?

Propitious Heaven! vouchsafe a gracious ear!
Grant, these be only phantoms of my fear:
Heav'n still is gracious, if true suppliants pray;
And lo!—the foul chimæras fleet away!
Transporting prospects to my wishes rise,
Beam on my soul, and brighten in my eyes!
He lives! he lives! I see his banner spread,
And laurels, wreath'd round the gay victor's head!
Ye winds! convey the news to Albion's floods!
Ye floods! rebound it to the joyous woods!
Ye joyous woods! your tuneful choirs prepare
To hail my hero from the toils of war!

Delusive scenes! too beautiful to stay!
They fade in visionary streaks away.

Alas! no lovely Henry now is nigh!
His genius took his form to soothe my eye.
No more I seem his melting voice to hear!
Peace! babbling fountains! nor abuse my ear.
Ye flowers! ye streams! ye gales, no longer move!
For ah! how strong is fancy, join'd with love!

O! frail inconstancy of mortal state!
One hour dejected, and the next elate!
Rais'd by false hopes, or by false fears deprest,
How different passions sway the human breast!
Now smiling pleasures, with fair charms, invite,
Now frowning horrors, with black trains, affright.
Future distrusts the present joys controul,
And fancy triumphs o'er the reas'ning soul.

As mid the trees I solitary rove,
The trees awake some image of my love:
Where'er their arms in am'rous foldings join,
My longing arms I spread to fold in thine.
The beauteous flow'rs thy face reflected bear,
(If flow'rs in beauty may with thee compare),
Their wasted fragrances thy breath inspire,
And my soul kindles with ideal fire!

The thick-weav'd shades, and grove encircling
grove,
Are emblems of th' eternity of love,
My blushing guilt the crimson roses paint,
And I, like roses, unsupported faint:
Like their's my youthful charms (if charms) con-
sume,
For love, a closer canker, eats my bloom.

How blest might other nymphs survey these
scenes,
Fountains and shades, and hills, and flow'ry greens?
Prospects on prospects, might detain the sight,
And still variety give new delight.
But, I with thee, should find in deserts ease;
Without thee, not even Paradise could please.
Wilds, by thy presence, gardens would appear,
Gardens are wilds since Henry is not here.
Let grottos sink, or porticos arise?
Heedless I view them with unpleasur'd eyes:
Their mantling umbrage cools the noon-day fire,
But what can cool a lover's fierce desire?

In the deep bosom of a darksome shade,
By baleful yew and mournful cypress made;
A widow turtle weeps her ravish'd love,
And sorrowfully solaces the grove,
Sometimes my passion I aloud disclose;
The widow'd turtle, answering, cooes her woes.

Bred by my hand, my sorrow's sad relief,
A little linnet learns to sigh my grief;
Taught by my voice, and by obedience tame,
The pretty lisper whistles Henry's name:
Perch'd on my head, the sylvan syren sings,
And tunes the harsher notes of gurgling springs.

Embosom'd in a vale, thou know'st the shade,
Fast by the murmurs of a soft cascade;
There, while one night full beams of Cynthia play,
(Warm was the night) with wand'rings tir'd, I lay,
Till, by degrees, the falling waters clos'd
My eye-lids, and my weary'd limbs repos'd.
Sudden the fairy monarch I behold,
Near he approach'd, and thus my fate foretold:

'Twas the same Oberon*, that once we saw
Circle the green, and give his dancers law.)

Unhappy nymph! thy beauty is thy crime,
And must such beauty perish in its prime!
No more great Henry shall enjoy these charms
Nor thou ill fated fair adorn his arms!
Cropt like an opening rose thy fall I fear!
But rise and supplicate the vengeance near.

Then (as methought) I wak'd with threaten'd
woes

Emerging from thick shades, a phantom rose.
One hand sustain'd—a short, but naked sword,—
And one a golden bowl, with poison stor'd.
The jealous queen, the frowning form express'd,
It spoke, and aim'd the dagger at my breast.

Arise! nor ask thy crime—but choose thy fate,
Know prayers are vain—repentance is too late!
Vengeance is mine—Here! drink this poison'd
Or this keen dagger drinks thy guilty soul? [bowl,
It ceas'd: convulsions in my bosom strove,
My curdling blood scarce in stiff tides could move.
Thrice I cry'd Henry, with a feeble sound,
And thrice I started at the sad rebound!
Ev'n echo now grew frightful: with surprise
Trembling I lay, nor dar'd t' unveil my eyes,
Till warbling birds proclaim'd the morning light,
And told me 'twas a vision of the night;
Yet not the morn could chase my gloomy care,
But winds and trees, alarm'd my soul with fear;
While waving boughs, that in the sun-beams
play'd,

Seem'd to show daggers in each pointed shade.

Why was I form'd with such a coward mind?
The sport of shadows, or a rustling wind!
Nerves, better strung, did manly spirits warm,
Glad would I part with every female charm,
Then, cas'd in steel, the front of battle dare,
And, with great Henry, rouse the soul of war!
This arm shall guard the hero from the foe,
Repel the storm, or intercept the blow;
And should my weakness in the warrior fail,
The soft-beseeching woman should prevail;
For thee, I'll soothe each proud insulting foe,
And melt him with petitionary woe;
With thee, in every hardy hazard join,
In dangers save thy life, to make it mine.
By night, compose thy harass'd soul to rest,
And hush it on the pillow of my breast;
With patient eyes eternal vigils keep,
And court good angels to protect thy sleep.

Alas! in vain I urge my frustrate will,
I find myself a feeble woman still;
The feeble woman to my breast returns,
For Henry's gone, and Rosamonda mourns!
O! see my eyes their streaming anguish pour,
O! hear my sighs increase the swelling shower;
What can I more than shed my tears and sighs?
Poor woman's strength alone in weakness lies?

But whether is ungovern'd fancy flown?
Thoughts of impossibilities be gone!
Guilt claims no miracles, nor heav'n conspires
To aid my crimes, and fan my lawless fires.

* *King of the fairies.*
VOL. VIII.

Life irksome grows; detested is the light,
And my soul dreads the visions of the night.
Swift let me to some hallow'd convent go.—
Can I for ever Henry leave?—ah! no:—
But O lost innocence!—I lost a name:—
O honour!—broken is the bubble, fame.
Are my sins monstrous? Do invented crimes,
Alike unknown to past, or present times,
Demand red vengeance? Some peculiar curse?—
Crowds stand recorded for the same,—or worse.
Have I, unpitying, heard the poor complain,
Or seen the wretched weep, and weep in vain?
Have I my flame feign'd for a sordid end?
E'er wrong'd a foe, or e'er betray'd a friend?
Not to my charge such crimes has malice brought,
Love, only love, is my unbounded fault:
A fault, that sure may heav'n to pity move,
Since half of heav'n ('tis said) consists in love.

Ah! foolish nymph!—Here, view the queen!
the laws!—

But there, view Henry, as th' enchanting cause!
By such a cause the priestesses would retire,
And quit the vestal for a nobler fire.

I will again th' immortal powers implore;
Brave Henry for Britannia's sake restore!
In him she lives, to him her joys are due,
And only sends her earliest thanks to you.
But oh! my lord, my darling lord, beware!
Tempt not too bold the dangers of the war!
Think, when thou seest the fate impelling dart,
O! think it aim'd at Rosamonda's heart!
Were but each breast as soft as mine! no more
Should tumults rise, or martial thunders roar:
Heroes should scorn the glories of the field,
And the fam'd laurel to the myrtle yield:
For sweeter passions, sweeter strifes inspire,
And love alone should set the soul on fire.

May then these eyes in tears no longer mourn,
But cheerful hail their Henry's wish'd return!
O! swift, victorious, hush the war's alarms!
Swift, if thy Rosamonda boasts some charms,
Fly on the wings of love, and conquest to her
arms!

October 20. 1725.

HENRY TO ROSAMOND:

AN EPISTLE.

SHALL then his beauteous Rosamonda mourn,
Nor Henry's soul the soft complaint return!
O cease, my fair! I deeply feel thy smart,
And all thy sorrows double in my heart:
Far from my breast, ye scenes of war! remove,
Far from my breast, be every scene but love;
Soft rising thoughts as when, in Woodstock-
bowers,
Joyful, we lov'd away the laughing hours.

Now midnight-rest relieves the soldier's care,
Hush'd are the drums, and every voice of war;
Faint gleam the fires along the dewy field,
And faint the noise, that sleeping couriers yield;
Yet love, the lordly tyrant of my breast,
Alarms my soul, and interrupts my rest;
In vain a nation's cares the monarch move,
For ah! far greater is the monarch Love!

N 4

Warm from my lips, thy tender letter lies,
And every word is magic to my eyes;
Weeping, I read, and hear thy soft-breath'd woes,
And all the warrior in the lover lose:
Then I by fancy vanish'd joys restore,
Feast on false love, and act past pleasures o'er.
Fancy can soothe my soul with pleasing dreams
While tented Galia, bowery Woodstock seems;
Led by delusive steps, in thought, I rove,
Through well known greens, and every winding
grove.

There, haply on some flowery bank reclin'd
My sweet-reposing Rosamonda find;
When then (for then thy secret thoughts I see)
In pious slumbers breath'st thy soul to me;
Dissolv'd with joy, and feasting on thy charms,
I clasp thee in imaginary arms;
And then—ah then!—I seem sincerely blest—
Then only Rosamonda, knows the rest—

O glories! empires! crowns! how weak ye prove,
If thus out-rivalled by a dream of love!
O love! what toys thy real sweets bestow,
When ev'n their shadows can transport me so!
O blest ecstatic! blest relief from cares!
Thus let me lose my soul in softer wars!
By love's transporting sighs my sweet alarms,
Nor worlds, but Rosamonda crown my arms!
In her alone, my full desires agree,
Her charms are empires, glories, all to me!

THE HOUR GLASS.

As in my silent study late I fate,
Intent on poet's poor precarious state,
Around my sight a sudden dimness play'd,
And ting'd the taper with a blew shade;
When to my eyes appear'd that watchful pow'r
Which measures out the sandy-streaming hour,
An human form the meagre phantom wore,
And on its brow a faded laurel bore,
On me were fix'd its looks, whilst thus it spoke,
And sounds like these the solemn silence broke.
"At length the time is come to tell a truth
"To thee, to thee alone, O fated youth!
"Then mark my story well—in happier days,
"Like thine my bosom panted after praise;
"Foe to the grave fatigues of life I strove
"To grow immortal in a myrtle grove:
"Lost there, I lavish'd out my little store,
"Destin'd to live poetically poor;
"What slender gains my labours brought I spent,
"And through the glass my luscious profit went;
"From thence, with fictitious inspiration warm'd,
"A vain eternity's reversion charm'd;
"My fate I blest'd—for future fame reserv'd!
"For that I glory'd!—and for that I—starv'd!
"Thence by some powerful transmigration turn'd,
"In these repentant streams my folly mourn'd:
"Here, as you see, my fleeting minutes pass,
"Still, as of old, devoted to the glass.
"As once too humble for proud rooms of state,
"In homely cottages I seek my fate,
"And find my vast poetic promis'd land
"All dwindled to this little barren sand;
"With which advise, ye youthful sons of rhyme,
"In abler studies to employ your time;

"Warn'd by my fate, to learn, for learn you must
"That all your fame, like mine, but turns to dust."

THE CAMBRIDGE BEAUTIES.

By an Admirer of the Fair Sex.

Ye gentle nymphs, to whom my lays belong;
Approve my numbers, and assist my song;
Soft smiling may your bright'ning eyes inspire—
At once the poet's, and the lover's fire:
So shall the muse each magic charm rehearse,
So shall each charm be lasting as her verse.

Bless'd in my choice! what blooming beauties
rise!

How court my numbers with inspiring eyes!
O could my lays like gentle Waller move,
Like gentle Waller, tune the soul to love;
Bright as my theme, each easy note should shine,
And Sacharissas smile in ev'ry line.
To Aurenelia, fam'd Carlisle should yield,
And Waller own his fav'rite fair excell'd:
Had charms like her's inspir'd his lofty lays,
How had he grown immortal in her praise!
How might the muse her wonted gift receive,
And poetry from beauty learn to live!

When Sylvia smiles, methinks she smiles to prove
Her charms superior to the power of love.
Gay sportive Cupids flutter round the fair,
Pant on her breast, and wanton in her hair;
With ev'ry lock, a new adorer gain,
And ev'ry ringlet is a lover's chain;
The orbit ringlets, soft dissolving down,
Flow on her breast, and half her bosom drown;
Through the bright shades, her panting bubbles
heave,
Like swans emerging from a silver wave.

On Delia's cheeks, eternal roses bloom,
Her ruby lips exhale a sweet perfume;
Her ruby lips indulge a mutual kiss,
And blush luxuriant in their envy'd bliss.

When bright Belinda leads the sprightly dance,
With ev'ry step our captive hearts advance;
Her magic charms the soft enchantress prove,
And on her breast descends the god of love
Smiling, she seems to imitate those airs,
That form their regularity by her's;
Moves, as the soul-dissolving numbers move;
And musically swims the maze of love:
On the soft sounds, her gentle motions flow,
And sail along magestically slow:
Her waving arms in snowy circles play,
And all the easy conqueror display;
Melodious music warbles love's alarms,
Sounds the soft charge, and sings her conqu'ring
charms.

When Flora sings, ye gods! 'tis heaven to hear,
We listen to the music of the sphere;
Our ravish'd sight confirms the sweet surprise,
And owns the angel, by her heav'nly eyes.

But, oh! my muse, your tuneful'st charms pre-
pare,
Harmonious, as your Aurenelia's fair.

Where'er she looks, her eyes like lightnings wound,
When e'er she speaks, there's music in the sound;
From her dear lips such melting softness flows,
Soft as when Zephyrs kiss the silken rose:
But when the wondrous charmer talks of love,
Good gods! what raptures in our bosom move!
How each discourse our soul transported warms,
And, if 'tis possible, improves her charms.

O ever beauteous, ever lovely fair,
Pride of my verse, and object of my care.
O take me, clasp me, melting in thy arms,
Unfold thy sweets, and open all thy charms.
On those dear breasts for ever let me rove,
Those breasts to me the true poetic grove!
On those soft hills for ever let me sing,
And sip thy sacred Heliconian spring.

Were Paris here to judge fair beauty's prize,
How might these brighter goddesses surprise;
How could his choice the doubtful favour place,
When a new Venus shines in ev'ry face?
But since that task, that pleasing task I claim,
O Venus guide me to a brighter flame:
To Aurenelia's charms my wishes move,
Warm her cold heart, and tune her breast to love;
There, let my soul a nobler prize impart,
And for an apple, give my bleeding heart.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

In my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
Too soon my soul the well known name confess'd,
My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast;
Through my whole frame a guilty transport
glow'd
And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.

O Eloisa! art thou still the same?
Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of peace, and heav'n
From thy soft soul this fatal passion driven?
Alas! I thought you disengag'd, and free,
And can you still, still sigh, and weep for me?
What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
Can save me from a love, a faith like thine?
Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave;
When not these gloomy cloister's solemn walls,
O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls;
When my dread vows, in vain, their force oppose,
Opposing love, alas! how vain are vows!
In fruitless penance here I wear away
Each tedious night, each sad revolving day:
I fast, I pray; and with deceitful art
Veil thy dear image from my tortur'd heart.
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
I hope, despair, repent, but still I love.
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
For thou, not God, my Eloise art there.
To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
No longer by its wand'ring fires misled;
In learn'd disputes, harsh precepts I infuse,
And give that counsel, I want power to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave, and wise,
Have quench'd each milder sparkle in my eyes;

Each lovely feature of this well-known face,
By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace:
O Eloisa! would the fates once more
(Indulgent to thy wish) this form restore,
How wouldst thou from these arms with horror
start,
To miss those charms, familiar to thy heart!
Nor could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
To speak thy Abelard, but love of thee:
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair;
Have Abelard the gay, the young remov'd,
And in the hermit, sunk the man you lov'd.

Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread;
Lost to the world, from all its interest free,
And torn from all my soul held dear in thee;
Ambition, with its train of frailties, gone,
All loves, all forms forgot, but thine alone.

Amidst the blaze of day, and dusk of night,
My Eloisa rises to my sight;
Veil'd, as in Paraclete's sea-bath'd tow'rs,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours;
I hear the sigh, see the swift-falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pine with all her cares.
O vows! O converts! your stern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart;
Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show,
Let other tears, for sin, repentant flow;
Low to the earth, my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my contrite soul.
Forgiving pow'r! your gracious call I meet,
Who first empower'd this rebel heart to beat!
Who through this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends diffus'd life's active flame:
O change the temper of this throbbing breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest!
Let springing grace, fair faith and hope remove,
The fatal traces of voluptuous love;
Voluptuous love from his soft mansion tear,
And leave no tracks of Eloisa there.

Are these the wishes of thy inmost soul?
Would I its softest tend'rest peace controul?
Would I, thus touch'd, this gloomy heart resign
To the cold substance of the marble shrine?
Transform'd like these pale saints that round me
move,

O bless'd insensibles! that knew not love!
Ah! rather let me keep this hapless flame,
Adieu, false honour, unavailing fame!
Not your harsh rules, but tender love, supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes:
I feel the traitor melt around my heart, [dart!
And through my veins with treach'rous influence
Inspire me heav'n! assist me, grace divine!
Aid me ye saints! unknown to crimes like mine!
You, while on earth, all pangs severe could prove,
All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeless love.
An holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt;
A sympathizing grief alone can cure,
The hand that heals, must feel, what I endure.
Thou Eloise! alone, canst give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside in peace;

Restore me to my long lost heav'n of rest,
And take thyself from my reluctant breast:
If crimes, like mine, could an allay receive,
That blest'd allay, thy wond'rous charms must
give.

Thy form, which first my heart to love inclin'd,
Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind:
I saw thee as the new-blown blossoms fair,
Sprightly as light, and soft as summer air;
Wit, youth, and beauty, in each feature shone,
Blest'd by my fate, I gaz'd, and was undone!
There dy'd the gen'rous fire, whose vig'rous flame,
Enlarg'd my soul, and led me on to fame;
Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could
move,

My heart, insensible to all but love!
Snatch'd from myself, my learning tasteless grew,
And vain philosophy oppos'd to you.

A train of woes we mourn; nor should we mourn,
The hours that cannot, ought not to return;
As once to love, I sway'd thy yielding mind,
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd!
To virtue now let me thy breast inspire,
And fan, with zeal divine, the holy fire;
Teach you to injur'd heav'n, all chang'd, to turn,
And bid thy soul with sacred raptures burn.
O that my own example could impart
This noble warmth to thy soft trembling heart!
That mine, with pious undissembled care,
Might aid the latent virtue struggling there!
Alas, I rave! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a breast o'erwhelm'd with crimes, like
mine:

Too sure I find (whilst I the fortune prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love)
On black despair, my forc'd devotion built,
Absence, to me, has greater pangs than guilt.

Ah! yet my Eloisè, thy charms I view,
Yet my sighs break, and my tears flow for you;
Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain,
I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent in vain!
Haste Eloisa, haste, thy lover free,
Amidst thy warmer pray'rs, O think of me!
Wing with thy rising zeal my grov'ling mind:
And let me mine, from thy repentance find:
Ah! labour, strive, thy love, thyself controul,
The change will sure affect my kindred soul:
In blest concert our purer sighs shall grieve,
And, Heav'n assisting, shall our crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, lost in vain,
Faintly th' unequal combat you sustain:
If not to heaven you feel your bosom rise,
Nor tears, refin'd, fall contrite from your eyes:
If still thy heart thy wonted passions move,
And thy tongue prompts thy tender soul to love;
Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
Attend the stronger eloquence of death.

When that kind pow'er this captive soul shall
free,
(Which, only then, can cease to doat on thee)
When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep;
Then Eloisa, then, thy lover view,
See, these quench'd eyes, no longer fix'd on you,

From their dead orbs that tender utterance flows,
Which first on yours my heart's soft tales made
known.

This breath no more, at length, to ease consign'd,
Pant, like light aspines quiv'ring with the wind;
See, all my wild tumultuous passions o'er,
And thou, amazing scene! belov'd no more:
Behold the destin'd end of human love,
But let the sight thy zeal alone improve;
Let not thy conscious soul, with sorrow mov'd,
Recal how much, how tenderly you lov'd!
With pious care thy fruitless grief restrain,
Nor let a tear thy sacred veil profane;
Nor e'en a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
But let thy breath with sacred rapture glow;
Let love divine, frail mortal love, dethrone,
And to thy mind immortal joys make known;
Let Heav'n, relenting, strike thy ravish'd view,
And still the bright, the blest pursuit, renew:
So, with thy crimes, shall thy misfortunes cease,
And thy wreck'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

TO THE LAST (KING GEORGE'S) GUINEA.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

WHAT call, bright monarch! can engage thy
breast,

To leave thy loyal subject thus distressed? [gone,
Who knows, my guardian-aid, when thou art
What foreign tyrant will usurp thy throne?
When want, rebellious, arrogates thy reign,
What equal power shall faction's rage restrain?
Too well, alas! my future state I see,
I can but sigh, and only think of thee!

So, when thy bright original repairs
To foreign realms, with equal griefs and cares:
Britannia mourns; and anxious for her fate,
Implores some favourite to protect the state;
Wisely, as still, the monarch makes his choice,
And for his Walpole joins the general voice.

O couldst thou there advance an equal claim,
Repos'd in him, our safety were the same!
Auspicious thought! and with what ease may he,
Who has secur'd three nations, succour me.

TO A NEEDLE THAT PRICK'D HIS MIS- TRESS'S FINGER.

From Bonifonius.*

MIRACLE of cruelty!
Must my Laura bleed by thee?
Her finger too, endure the smart?
That tender, inoffensive part!
What could the sweet offender do,
Soft, and fair, as falling snow;
To suffer innocently too!
Was it not envy caus'd this hate,
Because thyself were found less strait?
Did not this thy fury move
To wound the brighter queen of love?

* All the love poems of this celebrated author, are
translated by several hands. Printed for H. Curll, in
the Strand.

But, ah! then dreadful foe, forbear
To execute thy fury here;
Yet, if you still to rage incline,
Revenge at once, your cause, and mine:
Let her obdurate bosom feel
The angry fury of thy steel.
Her bosom, soft as turtle's down,
Yet harder than the hardest stone!
Her bosom! colder than the snow,
Burning at once, and freezing too,
Will brave thy fiercest, deadliest blow:
Here infix thy piercing dart,
Deep as love has pierc'd my heart:
Then, if thou gain'st the victory,
How wond'rous will the conquest be?
To win a fortress that withstood
The utmost fury of a god;
At once thy small, yet glorious dart
Shall conquer love's, and Laura's heart.

ON LAURINDA.

WHEN nature fram'd Laurinda, heavenly fair,
With each attractive charm, and winning air,
Minerva's eloquence refin'd her tongue,
Charm'd in her speech, and warbled in her song;
Imperial majesty from Juno came,
Sooth'd with the softness of the Cyprian dame.
O! would some other powers employ their care,
To make her kind, as these have made her fair;
That single act should all the rest outshine,
And make the fair perfection all divine.

THE BEE AND CUPID.

FROM THEOCRITUS.

As Cupid in a flow'ry valley stray'd,
Where bees around their hives in clusters play'd,
The honey's fragrant scent allur'd his nose,
And to the hive the groping archer goes.
Boldly he thrusts his roguish fingers in—
Nor in that heaven of sweets could fear a sting—
But soon he merited, and met his fate,
Repenting of his roguery, too late;
And now, in vain, he frets, he stamps, he tears
The flowing honours of his waving hairs;
Deep is the wound, alas! what can he do!
Revenge he vows, but then he fears the foe?
Now swift as thought, to Ida's grove he flies,
And thus complaining, to his mother cries,
Alas! mamma, what pain my hand endures!
O take it, kiss it, cool it, rub 't with yours.
Searching for honey I this torment found,
Small was the author, but, O! deep the wound—
To whom the mother goddess thus reply'd,
Unkindly laughing, while poor Cupid cry'd.

Fie, fie, is this your courage, mighty Love!
And is a bee a stronger foe than Jove?
Hence child, compassionate each lover's heart,
Since you are conquer'd by so small a dart.

TO AN

OLD LADY THAT USED TO PAINT.

KNELLER with animated art, could trace,
The magic wonders of a lovely face;

His nice creating fancy could impart,
Fire to each charm, and flames to ev'ry heart;
Yet all this skill could but at best command
A fancy'd goddess at the second hand.

You brighter nymph, can greater wonders show
And all this superficial art out-do;
What if his hand a seeming life could give,
Your greater wonder more than seems to live!
His nymph, at best, could only raise our fire,
But you create, and satisfy desire.

TO ONE WHO BLAMED ME

For writing in praise of a very undeserving Lady.

I own, my friend, Olivia is not fair,
An awkward creature, with a flattern air;
She's nature's error, I confess indeed,
What then? the sick alone the doctor need:
Thus cunning tradesmen praise their paltry ware,
And cry, the very best in all the fair;
But let the diamonds sparkle into fame,
And each spectator with their worth inflame.

When fancy's in her infancy, the muse
Some trivial theme, in trifling lays, pursues,
Till, by degrees, she takes a loftier aim
And crowns her actions with immortal fame,
Thus the keen sword that's bath'd in heroes blood,
First to be temper'd, drinks the filthly flood.

PRESENTING WALLER'S POEMS

TO A LADY.

MADAM,

ACCEPT the softest sweetest strains,
That ever breath'd a dying lover's pains;
That ever yet could unsuccessful prove,
When arm'd with all the eloquence of love;
And if you find some tender moving part,
Softens your soul, and steal upon your heart;
(For sure the most obdurate maid must blame,
The rigid coyness of the cruel dame):
Then lovely Laura, think, you faintly feel
The symptoms of a flame I dare not tell;
Think, then, you hear your suppliant lover sigh,
But generously, more than see him die;
And if you kindly listen to his pain,
Successful Waller has not sung in vain.

TO A LADY

AT KING'S-COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

UNSKILL'D in love, unpractis'd in those arts
Of gaining mistresses, and giving hearts,
Mix'd with the gazing crowd I hither come,
Nor dreamt destruction near this sacred dome;
Where holy hymns, and solemn songs of praise,
A venerable adoration raise;
But with surprise, at once I hear and see
A speaking, and a silent harmony:
Transporting sounds! my fainting senses rise,
Wing'd with the sweeter music of your eyes:
Your eyes that speak a form so bright, so fair,
You seem the object of each fervent prayer.
Our souls the sweet divinity adore—
Aspiring vanity can hope no more—

N n iii

But ah! forbear, thou holy fair, unknown,
 Our happiness to hazard by your own;
 Can Heaven, impartial, to your hopes comply,
 And give you that, which you to all deny.
 Mistaken maid! you think you blessings gain,
 When 'tis your very prayers create our pain
 And save us, but to kill us, with disdain.
 Alas! I feel the fatal poison run,
 I gaze, I sigh, I love, and am undone---
 Harmonious charms, in vain, my mind reprove,
 They sympathize, and melt, with me, to love:
 Whilst in soft sounds, my soul, transported, flew,
 Mistook her heav'n, but found a heav'n in you.

THE FOP.

SIR PLUME, the banker, of each trading lass,
 (That newest French edition of an ass!
 Charm'd by dear self, with love may safely sport,
 As things inanimate receive no hurt)
 On his own beauteous person, deeply read,
 No love e'er reach'd his heart, no thought his head;
 Pangleless, he woos some pangleless dame of fashion,
 And in bad French, serenely lisps his passion;
 Then, as the suit he makes is right or wrong,
 Triumphs in rigadon, or dies in song.

THE REFUSAL OF HER HAND.

THAT with an eagle's piercing eye,
 Ned look'd, what man with eyes can doubt,
 When from the feather'd family,
 He singled this fair chicken out.

A lion's heart, the gen'rous boy
 Proudly in ev'ry act maintains,
 Bravely attacks the nymph when coy,
 When yielding bravely he disdains.

To play the skilful surgeon's part,
 Two necessary points are gain'd;
 But to be master of his art,
 Poor Ned still wants the lady's hand.

THE MORNING CONTEMPLATION.

As I range these spacious fields,
 Feast on all that nature yields;
 Ev'ry thing conspires delight,
 Charms my smell, my taste, my sight;
 Ev'ry rural sound I hear
 Soothes my soul, and tunes my ear.

Yonder azure hills arising,
 Peeping through the wide horizon;
 Strive for the priority,
 Which shall first salute my eye:
 Gentle winds, each sweet adorning,
 Breathe the wholesome breath of morning;
 Birds on blossom'd hawthorns, sing
 Jocund carols to the spring;
 Hopping o'er the fragrant lawn,
 Merrily salute the dawn,
 And with their music seem to chide
 Man's ingratitude and pride.

O venerable Solitude!
 Best of blessings, chiefest good!

Chiefest good! for in you is
 Every part of happiness:
 No racking passions here dim controul,
 The peaceful surface of my soul;
 Nothing can my bliss destroy,
 Whilst I thus myself enjoy.
 Ere the heavens or earth were made,
 Or their vast foundations laid;
 Ere angels yet were taught to sing,
 To tune the lyre, or touch the string;
 In godlike pomp the great Three One
 Reign'd in their solitude alone.

Tell me, all ye mighty wise,
 Ye governors of colleges;
 What deeper wisdom can you know,
 Than easy nature's works here show?
 All the lonesome night ye pore,
 Philosophic sages o'er:
 To what prodigious vast account
 Can all your mighty works amount?
 The wise man was as wise as you,
 And yet his wisdom was---he nothing knew.

Come, ye covetous! ye proud!
 Come, ye wise fantastic crowd!
 And as your follies ye discern,
 Nature's plain instructions learn.

See, this river, as it goes,
 With what eloquence it flows?
 How clear the water, and how fine!
 How deep, how rapidly serene!
 But should it fearful of decay,
 Stagnate, and stop up its way;
 No longer would its streams appear,
 Wholesome, delicate, or clear:
 But bury'd in a quagmire sink,
 Or in a choking deluge stink.

Believe me, life's the very same,
 The very image of this stream:
 If of future fortune fearless,
 If of present changes, careless,
 It uninterrupted goes,
 How sweet! and how serene it flows!
 But if stopt with these restraints,
 Present ills, and future wants;
 If anxious doubts, and clogging care,
 Betray our reason to despair;
 Life's dull enjoyment only cloy,
 And painfully itself destroys.

View this revential shade!
 Sacred to retirement made!
 What surprising sweets surround me!
 What varieties confound me!
 Bless'd in this obscure abode,
 I think myself almost a god!
 I think myself so too the more,
 Because I'm out of envy's power!
 And if angels envious be,
 They alone dare envy me;
 And doing so, they let me know
 I am happier here below.

Where is self-enamour'd pride!
 Tinsel vanity beside:

In what gilded rooms of state
Shaking with the storms of fate
Do they now luxurious lie,
Bound in purple slavery!
Can their artificial flowers
Rival these delightful bowers?
Compar'd with nature's charms, how faint
Is their mimic-colour'd paint?
I, the living forest have,
They the empty shadows crave;
Yet, in spite of all their theft,
I too have better shadows left.
Behold this little scrubby thorn,
Of verdure destitute, forlorn,
As if it were e'en nature's scorn.
Yet this, is of much more possess'd,
Than any tyrant of the east;
Is richer; nay, is happier far
Than oriental monarchs are:
Can, with equal grandeur, show,
Its brilliant head with diamonds glow:
And contented, knows, next day
Doubly will the loss repay,
If fortune snatches it away.
Princely honours thus remain,
And thus they flee—but ne'er return again—

But this flow'ry meadow walking,
To this prattling echo talking;
As along the stream I pass,
Gazing on my floating face;
Lo! the rustling winds arise,
To snatch the prospect from my eyes:
The mimic form that fury braves,
And proudly triumphs o'er the waves;
Yet though with ev'ry wave 'tis tost,
The reflection is not lost.

Virtue wages such a strife,
In this turbulent stream of life;
Rack'd with passions, tost with fears,
Vex'd with jealousies, and cares:
But a good unspotted soul,
Though subject, yet knows no controul,
Whilst it turns on virtue's pole.

But, lo! the clouds obscure the sun,
Swift shadows o'er the waters run!
Trembling too, my shadow flies?
And by its very likeness dies.

Hence learn, reflecting Pattison,
How silent fate still hurries on,
How suddenly you must be gone!
And as you now can tell no more,
The likeness that your visage wore,
On the surface of the flood,
Where but now you gazing stood:
So, as soon as you shall die,
And resign mortality;
The delusive breath of fame,
Shall forget your very name.

VERSES ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

MOURN, Rome! thy baffled arts, thy conquer'd
arms,
For know! 'tis heav'n thy impious zeal disarms;

Learn by thy fate, and oft experienc'd cost,
Our temples still the true Palladium boast:
With shame review that dire vindictive day,
When hostile nations plow'd the liquid way;
With rebel rage inspir'd, but ah! how vain
They brav'd the Cynthia of our British main!
Wing'd with false hopes, their floating cities flew,
Like Sodom, doom'd to flaming vengeance too:
Immortal Drake, the British thunder drove,
Swift, as the bolt, hot-hissing from above;
Wide o'er the main, the bright infection flew,
And flying, with tempestuous fury grew;
Reflecting billows shot a gleamy glare,
And boil'd, and flam'd, with elemental war;
From the deep cavern of his oozy bed,
Old Ocean's fire emerg'd his azure head;
Like scorching Xanthus, felt his floods retire,
And roar'd in anguish at the god of fire:
But when he saw Britannia's peace alarm'd,
And Heav'n, and Drake, with sacred vengeance
arm'd;
With billowing storms he urg'd the work of fate,
And heav'd huge mountains at the burning fleet;
The burning fleet deplore their impious aim,
And dread the thund'rer, now they feel his flame;
With shame, with anguish, and with guilt, expire,
Or sink in wat'ry floods, or floods of fire.

Calm o'er the waves great Drake triumphant
rode,

Safe in the sacred function of a god;
His ark, like Noah's, saw the whelming tide,
Absorb an impious world, and gorge its pride,
Conquest sat smiling at the scene Heav'n wrought,
And, like the dove, the peaceful olive brought:
Like Israel, England, on her sea-beat shore,
Beheld the proud Egyptians, proud no more.

But, as when once, the rebel Titans strove,
And fell sad victims to a vengeful Jove;
Sprung from the poison of their Hydra gore,
A race arose, as impious as before;
A race, that durst usurp the bless'd abodes,
Defy the thund'rer, and dethrone the gods:
So, from this base defeat, with impious rage,
New Titans dar'd our British gods engage;
Salmonus like, with mimic power they strove,
And madly arm'd the thunder 'gainst its Jove.

In the deep bosom of the cavern'd earth,
Close plotting treason laid the nitrous birth;
Old midwife-night with dusky pinions fate,
To hatch the seeds, and brood them into fate:
When Britain's genius from his ruling star,
Beheld the latent ruin from afar;
(Such, once in heav'n, he saw black treasons rage
When rebel angels durst their God engage)
With sailing wings the sacred pow'r descends,
And hov'ring o'er his isle incumbent bends;
With tutelary care, the guardian fate,
And anxious, watch'd the birth of future fate.
And now the gloomy wings of sable night,
Embrown'd the silver empire of the night;
Nor yet the choral cock proclaim'd the day,
But all in silence, all in horror lay;
No breathing breeze the dreary forest shakes,
And Heaven alone with watchful treason wakes:

Repos'd, the meditated martyr lay,
Nor slumb'ring dream'd himself a future prey :
Well might he rest secure from mortal fear ;
Whose happiness was Heaven's peculiar care !

Lo ! through the gloom, a darting lustre streams,
And, like a comet, sheds its baleful beams ;
Like that, each baleful beam malignant springs,
Denouncing fate to empires, and to kings :
For lo ! black treason lifts her Hydra head,
Struck at her monster form she starts afraid,
Shrinks in the deepest gloom, and seeks the
darkest shade !

But, ah ! she turns— " O Britain see thy doom—
" Awake ! arise ! 'tis hell conspires ! 'tis Rome !"
Thanks, Heaven ! thy beams dispel the hideous
sprite,

She flies, she sinks, she seeks th' abyss of night.
Sink fury ! to the deepest hell of pains,
There, curse thy rage, in adamant chains !
But, hark ! Britannia's rousing lion roars,
And thunders treason through her concave shores ;
But Heaven protects—ye echoes ! waft it round,
Ye repercussive rocks ! repeat the sound.

Hence learn, O treach'rous Rome ! repuls'd
retire,
And only with Britannia's peace, conspire ;
Oft as thy plots, and stratagems engage,
As often shalt thou mourn thy baffled rage ;
For know, we dare thy poor intending hate,
Whilst Walpole stands the bulwark of our state :
Whilst his judicious hands our vessel guide,
Boldly we'll stem old time's tempestuous tide ;
Led by that star, the storms of fate defy,
And launch into immense eternity.

Though rocks, and seas begird Britannia's isle,
Her happy shades with sweets eternal smile,
Though the winds rage, and the rough billows
roar,
Soft Halcyon ease adorns her peaceful shore ;
Compos'd, she sees the factious floods engage,
And smiles superior to their empty rage ;
The breaking waves her rocks with fury beat,
And mourn, like thee, O Rome ! in tears their
bale defeat.

1725.

ON CRASSUS.

DON CRASSUS plum'd with Bacularian pride,
A cap, a gown, and eke a robe beside,
Pedantically faunters up and down
To satisfy the misbelieving town,
Proud of himself—but prouder of his gown.
And well he may so ; for the dapper fellow
Is but poor Fustian, though his gown's Prunello !

CHLOE REPROVED.

As Chloe, conscious of her pretty face,
Kiss'd the reflected goddess in the glass ;
And shall these charms, she cries, these matchless
charms,
To night be buried in an husband's arms ?
No—since the gods indulgent give me power,
I'll reign, at least, the tyrant of an hour !

She said, and to the glitt'ring toilet flew,
Heighten'd each charm, and ev'n diviner grew ;
A thousand arts, a thousand airs she tries,
And thus computes the conquests of her eyes.

With scorn, Honorio's passion I resign,
Brillantis, dear Brillantis ! shall be mine ;
Conquer'd Sireno shall these charms adore,
Sylvander, and an endless thousand more.

Thus spoke the proud premeditated bride,
And the Cosmetic oracle reply'd.

Beware, fair maid, beware, nor strive to prove,
The dangerous varieties of love ;
But think how brittle are those charms you boast,
And think how soon that beauty may be lost.

For this (take notice what I say)

Depend on, to your sorrow,
That if you change your mind to-day,
I'll change your face to-morrow.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND SHEPHERD.

IMITATED FROM STRADA.

'Twas when the sun diffus'd a milder ray,
And length'ning shades confess'd the short'ning
day :

To Tiber's banks repair'd an am'rous swain,
The love, and envy, of the neighb'ring plain ;
To cool his heat, he sought the breezy grove,
To cool his heat, but more, the heat of love ;
To soothe his cares, on a soft lute he play'd,
But the soft lute reviv'd the lovely maid ;
Conspiring elms their umbrage shed around,
Wav'd with applause, and listen'd to the sound :
When Philomela, gentle bird of love,
Poor, pretty, harmless Syren of the grove !
Enchanted, heard the shepherd as he play'd,
And stole attentive to the tuneful shade,
Perch'd o'er his head, the charmer seem'd to grow,
And to the lyre, in shadows danc'd below ;
With scornful eye elate, inclin'd to hear,
And lent her soul to listen in her ear ;
As his swift fingers tremble o'er the lute,
Softly she sings responsive to the note ;
Each air, each flowing accent of the song,
She soothes, and sweetens, with her softer tongue ;
Gently refines each imitated strain
And with his music charms the ravish'd swain :
The ravish'd swain admir'd the just replies,
At first mistaken for the echoing breeze ;
But when he found his little rival near,
Imbibing music both at eye and ear ;
Sublimier notes improv'd each lab'ring air,
The daring prelude to the tuneful war :
O'erjoy'd, the charmer heard the bold defy,
And warbling, answer'd, with a brisk reply.

Now tend'rest thoughts the gentle swain in-
spire,

And with a dying softness tune the lyre,
Echo the music of the vernal woods,
Warble the murmurs of the falling floods.
Thus sweet he plays, but sweet he plays in vain,
For Philomela sings a sweeter strain ;

With easier art she modulates each note,
More nat'ral music melting in her throat.

Much he admir'd the magic of her tongue.
But more to see his lute, and art outdone ;
And now, to loftier airs, he tunes the strings,
And now, to loftier airs, his echo sings;
Though loud as thunder, though as swift as
thought,

She reach'd the swelling, caught the flying note ;
In trembling treble now in deeper base,
She show'd how nature could his art surpass.

Amaz'd, at length, with rage the shepherd
burn'd,

His admiration into anger turn'd ;
Enflam'd with emulating pride, he flood,
And thus defy'd the charmer of the wood.

And wilt thou still my music imitate ?
Then see thy folly, and thy task is great---
For know more pow'ful lays remain unsung,
Lays ! far superior to that mimic tongue---
If not, this lute, this vanquish'd lute, I swear,
Shall never more delight the ravish'd ear ;
But, broke in scatter'd fragments strew the plain,
And mourn the glory which it could not gain---

He said, and as he said, his soul on fire,
With a disdainful air, he swept the lyre ;
Quick to the touch, the tides of music flow,
Swell into strength, or melt away in woe ;
Now, raise the shrilling trumpet's clanging jar,
Now, rouse the raging thunders of the war ;
Now, soft'ning sounds, and sadly-pleasing strains,
Breathe out the lover's joys, and lover's pains.

He sung, and ceas'd his rivals' notes to hear,
As his dy'd list'ning in the ambient air.

But now, too late ! her noble folly found,
Sad Philomela stood subdu'd by sound. [fill'd,
Though vanquish'd, yet, with generous ardour
Ignobly still she scorn'd to quit the field ;
Each emulated air, each labour'd note,
Trills on her tongue, and trembles through her
throat,

But slowly faint her pensive accents flow,
Weaken'd with grief, and overcharg'd with woe :
Again, she tunes her voice, again she sings,
Strains every nerve, and quivers on her wings ;
In vain ! her sinking spirits fade away,
And in a tuneful agony decay ;
Dying, she fell, and as the strains expire,
Breath'd out her soul in anguish on the lyre ;
Dissolv'd in transport, there, resign'd her breath,
And gain'd a living conquest by her death.

THE COURT OF VENUS.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

WHERE the fair Paphian goddess kept her court,
Where the loves wanton, and the graces sport ;
A tow'ring mountain lifts its lofty brow,
And bends with pleasure o'er the plains below ;
O'er distant, blue-retiring hills surveys
Its shadows floating in Ionian seas ;
The top impervious, all access denies,
Tires the faint foot, and dims the dizzy eyes :

No fierce, inclement winter shivers here,
No blasting seasons nip the blooming year ;
No smoking mists, nor foggy damps arise,
Hang o'er the hills, or sail along the skies ;
But an untainted Æther shines serene,
And sheds its influence on the smiling scene ;
Eternal sweets the wafting breezes bring,
And whisper out an everlasting spring.

This pleasurable mountain by degrees,
Sinks in a level, to salute your eyes ;
Where joy, succeeding joy, for ever new,
For ever rising to the ravish'd view,
The wand'ring sight with sweet amusement leads
Through golden groves, and ever-living meads.

These were the gifts, his gratitude to prove,
Vulcan bestow'd upon the queen of love ;
For these, the queen of love, resign'd her charms,
And over-fold the Heaven in her arms.

Here, a soft grove its coolly shade affords,
Fann'd by the music of the warbling birds ;
To this, the sylvan choristers resort,
Hop on the boughs, and to the breezes sport :
The queen of love, amid the tuneful throng,
With gracious smiles rewards the fav'rite song ;
Elects the worthy tenant of the grove,
And dedicates him to the god of love.

Embow'ring trees the mingled shade compose,
That imitates the fair, for whom it grows ;
With complicating poplars, poplars twine,
With spreading alders, spreading alders join :
Majestic elms with bending foliage flow,
Float in green waves, and fan the shades below ;
The shades below, the cooling gale receive,
And rising, with the cooling gale, revive :
Two different rivers murmur through the grove,
Two fatal contrarieties in love !
This, sweet as mutual joy in youthful veins,
That, bitter, as a dying lover's pains :
Conscious, the streams, each other seem to shun,
But, in meanders lost, too soon are one !
Dipt in these fabled waves, love's fatal dart,
Stings the distracted soul, to soothe the heart ;
To these, their double pow'r his arrows owe,
Soft-pleasing joys, and sad consuming woe.

Rang'd on the banks, the little loves resort,
Plight fancy'd oaths, and bend their bows in sport ;
These, tender nymphs produc'd, a blooming race !
And left their virgin image on their face.
Their ruddy cheeks their parents charms proclaim,
Alike their habit, and their look the same :
O'er all these troops, presides the god of love,
A god, whom all the gods revere above ;
Sprung from the mother, and the queen of charms,
He shines distinguish'd in superior arms ;
His cogent power e'en deities controuls,
And awes the thunderer that awes the poles ;
On earth he triumphs o'er a monarch's cares,
And blasts the laurel which the thunder spares :
In woods, and groves, th' inferior archers reign,
Contented with the conquests of the plain.

Close by the streams, in fatal pomp array'd,
Love's wild romantic equipage is laid :

Here lawless liberty for ever roves,
 For ever riots in excess of loves;
 Inflam'd with wine, distracted rage appears,
 But soon dissolves in self-accusing tears.
 Here warming whispers propagate replies,
 Sweet-melting murmurs, soft-consenting sighs;
 With all the eloquence that hearts confess,
 With all the harmony that eyes express:
 There young desire their tasted joys pursue,
 Pleas'd with the past, and panting for the new;
 When strange chimeras on a sudden rise,
 Shift the false scene, and intercept their eyes;
 Tormenting jealousies, uneasy cares,
 Dissembling hopes, imaginary fears;
 Accusing crimes of ill-requitted love
 And breaking vows re-echo through the grove.
 Full in the midst, with nice becoming grace,
 Stood youth, too conscious of his comely face;
 Proud of his nervous strength, and vig'rous veins,
 With pain his blood the luscious tide contains;
 With haughty smiles he mocks declining age,
 His starv'd enjoyments, and dissembled rage;
 The wither'd crone avoids him with remorse,
 And sickens at the thought of, Once he was---

Proud o'er the groves a glitt'ring dome ascends,
 Rich with the labour of Vulcanian hands;
 Through the green ranks, the darting lustre streams,
 And the shades kindle with reflected flames;
 This masterpiece of skill, the Lemnian god,
 On his fair spouse a worthy gift bestow'd.
 Immortal monuments of art support
 The vast foundations of each ample court,
 On diamond pillars, diamond pillars rise;
 At once invade, and emulate the skies;
 Pelucid crystal clarifies each stone,
 And by excluding, makes a double sun;
 In oval steps the wavy topaz roll'd,
 Gleams by reflexion on the valving gold;
 Each stone conspires it emulating rays,
 Glitters the beryls, and the rubies blaze;
 Carv'd sapphires melt in undulating flame,
 And drink the lucid amber's fainter stream.

Here spacious greens, reviving areas rise,
 And with a milder scene refresh the eyes;
 Through Cassia groves ambrosial breezes breathe,
 And steal the aromatic sweets beneath;
 There, soft, inferior shades of myrtle grow,
 And lilies, blushing as the roses glow;
 Dissolv'd with joy, the trickling balm runs o'er,
 And the sweet tears distil at every pore.

But now, his journey past, the god of love,
 With joyful steps approach'd his native grove;
 And now he re-assumes a solemn pace,
 He moves with majesty, and looks with grace.

It happen'd then, with future joys elate,
 His goddess-mother at her toilet fate;
 On either side, th' Idalian sisters stand,
 Proud of the smiling goddesses command;
 These scatters odours o'er the fragrant fair,
 Those thread the mazy tendrils of her hair;
 Part exercise the nice correcting comb,
 Smooth the soft curls, and call the stragglers home,
 The comely fav'rites, by a nice design,
 They leave to sport, and wanton with the wind,

The comely fav'rites, with adorning grace
 Wave on the breeze, and flow upon her face,
 With cooling airs create an easy pride,
 And, but increase the charms, they strive to hide:
 No glasses here, deluding lights supply,
 The brilliant diamond, guides the judging eye;
 For as the goddess moves new mirrors rise,
 And catch augmenting splendors from her eyes;
 As to the multiplying stones she turns,
 In all the dances, and in all the burns.

But, lo! a sudden scene of glory fires
 Her rising soul, and breathes more gay desires;
 Her son's reflected image she surveys,
 With trembling joys, she turns to prove the rays,
 But turning, conscious of her only son,
 Into the bloomy boy's embraces run,
 Receives him panting at unfolding charms,
 And hugs the little darling in her arms.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FROM VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC.

INCENS'd, the raging prophet* thus replies,
 Gnashes his teeth, and rolls his azure eyes.
 No common vengeance does your crimes pursue,
 Your crimes, which well deserve their fatal due:
 But humbly supplicate immortal hate,
 And wisely shun the threat'ning rage of fate;
 O! think on Orpheus, and his injur'd spouse,
 And mark the wicked author of their woes;
 When lawless lust inflam'd thy boiling blood,
 To chase the flying fair along the flood:
 Think, how the snake, in verdant ambush laid,
 Unwarily surpris'd the panting maid;
 Shrieking, she fell, resign'd her fainter breath,
 And sought the kinder arms of icy death:
 The nymphs, the swains, the dying virgin mourn'd,
 The river deities, the grief return'd;
 The winds, with sympathising sorrow, sigh'd,
 And the sad streams their trickling tears supply'd.

The wretched husband, hopeless of relief,
 In tuneful anguish sought to soothe his grief;
 But rising sorrows all his thoughts controul,
 Flow in his eyes, and melt his soft'ning soul;
 In plaintive strains he mourns his consort gone,
 Sighs to the rising, and the setting sun;
 Till wildly lost in solitude and woe,
 Raving, he sought, the dreary shades below,
 Advent'rous by despair, and dar'd to tread
 The melancholy mansions of the dead;
 With songs to supplicate th' infernal power,
 And soothe the god, who ne'er was sooth'd before.

Lur'd by the magic of the sacred sound,
 Swift-gliding crowds of spectres hover round;
 Thick, as when fowls obscure the ev'ning air,
 And to their groves in feather'd clouds repair;
 Men, matrons, maids, a visionary throng,
 Surround the poet, and imbibe his song;
 With all those multitudes of empty ghosts,
 Where Stygian streams surround the squallid coasts;
 Heedless their own unhappy fates to mourn,
 Weeping, they make his misery their own.

* Proteus.

E'en hell itself, with all its fiends, was charm'd,
 Its terrors soften'd, and its rage disarm'd;
 The grinning guardian loll'd his triple tongue,
 And fawning, lick'd the poet, as he sung;
 'The very furies heav'd away their chains,
 And found their own too weak for music's strains,
 Ixion his eternal toil forewent,
 And list'ning, on his rolling labour, leant.

But now the tuneful bard, his bride restor'd,
 Back to the realms of day, the path explor'd;
 Slowly she follow'd, as he led the way,
 Obedient to Proserpina's decree:
 For if, before the gloomy shades were past,
 He turn'd to look, the look must be his last,
 A fault which hell might pass in silence by,
 Could hell behold it with a lover's eye:
 And now near travers'd o'er the realms of night,
 They rose emergent on the beams of light;
 When the poor youth unfortunately kind,
 Cast a too fond-conductive glance behind:
 But, as he turn'd, three peals of thunder spoke,
 The dire conditional promise broke;
 While thus the sadly sweet, reproving maid,
 Bespoke the youth by too much love betray'd.

Unhappy Orpheus! ah, unhappy boy!
 What mov'd thee thus to blast our bloomy joy?
 Alas! for ever lost, I leave thee now!
 This parting kiss, to soothe eternal woe—
 Farewell—dim shades of horror round me rise,
 And sudden night o'erwhelms my swimming eyes.

She said; and as she said, in shades withdrew,
 From his deluded arms, the vision flew;
 With strict embrace, in vain he stops her stay,
 Dissolv'd to air, unfelt, she glides away;
 In vain he seeks her with incessant eyes,
 In vain invokes her with imploring cries;
 What could he do? All efforts are too late,
 Again her soul is summon'd down by fate;
 Th' infernal ferry-man relents no more,
 And e'en his music now forgets its power!

Seven months, by fame's report, the lonesome
 swain,
 Devoted to his melancholy pain:
 Where Scythian hills are bleak with drifted snow,
 And shiver in the frigid floods below,
 Distracted, with indulgency of grief,
 In soul-restoring strains he sought relief;
 In strains that e'en the barren mountains charm'd,
 And their eternal frosts with pity warm'd:
 The list'ning savages his power confess'd,
 Their rage he sooth'd, but could not soothe his
 breast.

As the lamenting nightingale complains,
 Of cruel spoilers, and destructive swains,
 When sad! she sees her younglings borne away,
 Her downy darlings, an inhuman prey!
 Sunk in some gloom, she darkling pines alone,
 Sighs out her grief, and murmurs out her moan.
 Thus Orpheus sought to calm his peaceless breast,
 A stranger to the quietude of rest;
 Now wildly tortur'd by despair, he goes,
 O'er freezing mountains of eternal snows,

Delighted to the barren rocks to tell,
 The rigorous benevolence of hell;
 Averse to Venus, and the nuptial joys,
 In unavailing grief his life destroys;
 Till frantic Bacchanals that madly strove
 To warm his bosom to a second love,
 With rage, revenge, and brutal fury arm'd,
 More savage, than those savages he charm'd,
 Conspir'd against his life, the bard they slew,
 And on cold Hebe's streams his head they threw;
 Yet, e'en in death, his voice bewails his woe,
 And with the streams his strains in anguish flow;
 Eurydice! his dying tongue deplores,
 Eurydice! resounds along the length'ning shores.

UPON A NEEDLE.

Occasioned by seeing a Lady Embroidering.

THIS little instrument of art,
 Methinks, resembles Cupid's dart;
 As the silken wound it gives,
 With enliv'ning beauty lives;
 So the pointed shafts of love,
 On my heart, their power prove;
 And, as the vital threads they pierce,
 Animate a spring of verse,
 Whilst the flowers of poetry
 Arise, these brighter flowers to see.

Yet, though thus like, both darts appear,
 In the main point, they differ far;
 For, but consider, their employs—
 This creates, but that destroys!

TO MR. TAYLOR, A. B. OF ST. JOHN'S, &c.

Upon reading some of his excellent Poems.

As suppliants e'er they seek the sacred shrine,
 Prefer their off'rings to the power within;
 Thus let me fix this token of my zeal, [steal;
 Here, through these gates of fame, a pass-port
 Pursue the paths of glory where you run,
 And, like the lark, salute the rising sun.

But hark! what sweet enchanting notes I hear!
 Does * Horace, or does Taylor charm mine ear?
 Desistive thought! the Roman, now no more,
 To Latium lost, delights th' Elysium shore;
 There, hap'ly could he hear thy loftier strain,
 Thy lyre would charm him into life again.

† Securely may'st thou dare the darts of death,
 Defy the tyrant with thy latest breath;
 For this life lost, eternal life receive,
 And in thy own Pindaric ever live.

‡ What may not all thy lofty numbers raise,
 When light receives new lustre from thy lays?
 Amaz'd, I view'd thy beams, like ancient night,
 Silver my gloom, and cheer my soul with light:
 Like the fair orb you sing with equal force,
 By your own brightness you direct your course;
 To us below, thy genial rays dispense,
 The glorious beams of everlasting sense;

* Alluding to his odes.

† Alluding to a poem against the fear of death.

‡ Alluding to an ode on light.

Ripen each thought, recal each fancy forth,
And warm poetic harvests into birth.
In thee, as in Apollo, both unite,
Celestial lustre, and celestial wit.

* Had holy David heard thee weep his woe,
The Psalmist had resign'd his harp to you;
Music, like yours, would all his griefs controul,
And soothe him, as he sooth'd distemper'd Saul.

But whilst I thus thy pleasing paths pursue,
What fields of glory open to my view?
What rising raptures, all my breast inspire,
How my soul kindles with reflected fire!
Still, as I read, with rage divine I glow,
Dwell on each thought, and strive to think like
you:

With wonder view judicious ardour shine,
Bloom in each thought, and ripen ev'ry line:
Each manly verse, with female sweetness flows,
With fruits, and blossoms, like the orange glows.

But, oh! forgive a weak officious friend,
And let these lines my honest love commend;
Whilst to sublimer flights your wings aspire,
Thus let me gaze at distance, thus admire;
Receive a single portion of your power,
Nor, like Elisha, could I wish for more.

But, when time sees thy future laurels grow
For some great Iliad, to adorn thy brow,
In the soft shade, thus let me chant my love,
And live the linnet of thy laurel grove.

TO LAURA.

When Paris saw the bright celestial Three,
And view'd those beauties, now reviv'd in thee,
Hadst thou, my Laura, seen the grand dispute,
Hadst thou contended for the glitt'ring fruit;
Heaven's queen had found her princely presents
vain,

Nor proffer'd empires you alone could gain;
Pallas abash'd, had own'd with sweet surprise,
The silent eloquence of magic eyes;
Such eyes had smil'd thee fairest of the fair,
And Venus own'd a brighter Venus there.
Though Venus shone with each alluring grace,
Her charms had only gain'd a second place:
Thine! thine had won the shepherd's noble part,
Though hers the apple, thine had been his heart.

TO THE SAME.—WEEPING.

If Laura weep for those her eyes have slain,
Then smile, my fair, and we'll revive again.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PATCHES.

LAURA, you say, these sable spots impart,
The seemly tokens of each love-burnt heart;
As conquer'd trophies grace some sacred shrine,
So they adorn a power, as much divine:
But if, among those conquests of your eyes,
My humble heart can prove a worthy prize;

* Alluding to a poem on David's lamentation over
Absalom.

O let your lip the faithful token wear,
And let me live on endless kisses there!

TO HER RING.

Blest ornament! how happy is thy snare,
To bind the snowy finger of my fair!
O could I learn thy nice coercive art,
And as thou bind'st her finger, bind her heart!

Not eastern diadems, like thee, can shine,
Fed from her brighter eyes with beams divine;
Nor can their mightiest monarch's pow'r com-
mand

So large an empire, as thy charmer's hand.

O could thy form thy fond admirer wear,
Thy very likeness should in all appear;
My endless love, thy endless round should show,
And my heart flaming, for thy diamond glow.

ON A LADY'S NECKLACE.

Ye crystal orbs that on her bosom lie,
The glitt'ring planets of a brighter sky,
Like stars illumin'd by the lamp of day,
From my Selinda's eye you catch your ray;
Well may those eyes of light like yours inspire,
When their least beam can set my heart on fire.

O happy chain! thy artless foldings prove
Superior to the magic charms of love!
O! were you, by a just possession, mine,
And had I power to make you more divine;
Could art increase each globe, as large as this,
Like Anthony, I'd give it for a kiss:
My worlds, though swell'd to thousands, I'd bestow,
To circle my Selinda's neck, like you.

TO A LADY,

Who is most beautiful when Angry.

CÆLIA, methinks, that sweet contracted brow,
Resembles angry Cupid's bended bow;
Like, that, it aims a stroke at every heart,
Whilst either eye supplies a keener dart.

ON WOMEN.

BRIGHT, as those glittering worlds that roll above,
Are women, when in virtue's orb they move;
But then, like stars, once fall'n, their light they
lose,
Unheeded fade, and turn to slime, like those.

TO MRS. WIGMORE,

Upon seeing her at the Mountebank's stage.

COULD Smith's medicinary power but heal,
With half that ease, your fatal glances kill:
How might we bless the love-relieving art!
How might it soothe this sad afflicted heart!
But yet, for O! so pleasing is the flame,
So like the charming fair, from whom it came!
First, let each pang distract my peaceful rest,
But never, never! leave my love-sick breast;
Still, still, let hope indulge the dear desire,
And with the lamp of life alone expire;

So shall my death, my faithful passion prove,
And my heart die a martyr to my love.

TO MR. EUSDEN,

Desiring his Corrections on a Poem.*

DEAR SIR,

If what a grateful heart can give,
May meet a kind reception, this receive ;
To these low, humble lines, a while unbend,
And let the critic soften to the friend ;
Let human candor aid thy judging art,
And thy head ever dictate from thy heart !

Fond to be thought a candidate for fame,
My muse, ambitious, takes a lofty aim ;
But, ah ! too bold her wish, too large her view,
Unless approv'd, unless inspir'd by you ;
Unless you tune her notes, in vain she sings,
Unless you aid, in vain she spreads her wings ;
Aw'd by your word, she'll, blushing own her fault,
Disclaiming each extravagance of thought ;
Nature, and art, at once, like you, dispense,
And ripen fancy into strength of sense.

Thus, tender trees, with flowers luxuriant smile,
Waste their vain sap, ungrateful to their soil ;
Till some wise hand, with kind corrective care,
Prune their gay pride, and bid their branches bear :
Then fruits, and flowers, promiscuously abound,
Teem from the stroke, and blossom from the wound.

Sidney-College, Jan. 27. 1725-6.

W. PATTISON.

AN APOLOGY TO MR. BELL.

Clarior in tenebris si latuisset, erat.

SIR,

If I my tributary lays refuse,
O blame not me, but blame the conscious muse !
For when commanding duty bids me sing,
She stops my voice, and breaks the jarring string ;
And when I would the pleasing task renew,
The awful Roman rises to my view,
Let those, says he, who aim in all they write,
At once to mingle profit, and delight ;
Their theme exactly to their measures fit,
Nor vainly hope to rise above their wit :
Who looks aloft, will surely tread awry,
And may mistake a marl-pit for the sky.

Yet, like the rest, I can my tribute bring,
Like some perhaps in spite of nature sing :
Ransack each common author, and from thence
Profane good ancient phrase with modern sense.
In rapine rich, laboriously dull,
Witty, but just enough to show a fool ;
How could I languish in a rural song,
And tag the tadpole-pastoral along ?
How sweetly should the tuneful murmurs creep,
And lull the ravish'd reader fast asleep ?
The blasted oaks should then more justly fear,
My rhyming fury, than the thunder's scar.

How could I, wing'd with splay-foot lyrics fly,
Like hag, on broomstick, through the troubled
sky !

* *Rosalind to Henry.*

Rhyming, I'd mount, like Dennis, heretofore,
Bluster as loudly, and as proudly soar.

Well may such poets rise a tow'ring height,
Who have no thought to intercept their flight ;
Nor need they fear to tumble from the skies,
For those can never fall, who never rise.

But shall I with collected theft profane
The great, the bless'd, the venerable name !
Shall I with murd'ers to the altar fly,
Not through religious zeal, but infamy,
As Blackmore fought in Job a sanctuary !
Forbid it, Heav'n—I choose an humbler fate,
Nor would be wicked, to be vainly great.
Let me in lowlier scenes a while delight,
With cooling judgment meditate the flight ;
Then, worthy Sir, if time confirm my thought,
The tribute, if 'tis worthy, shall be brought ;
With double ardour I'll the task pursue,
To sing of Heaven, and sing to you.

TO MR. HEDGES,

On Reading his Latin Ode to Dr. Broxholme.

UNSKILL'D in Greek and Roman tongue,
Which words are short, and which are long,
To thee these home-spun lines I send,
Not as a scholar, but a friend.

Here I might show from wise example,
In work elaborate and ample,
That Homer, though he writ in Greek,
Writ what his mother taught him speak ;
Horace and Virgil's learned Latin,
Was what, when boys, they us'd to prate in.
That all fam'd bards, except the Dutch,
(If there were ever any such)
Have writ the poems, they excel in,
In the same tongue they learn'd to spell in.

To thee alone, with greatest ease,
'Tis granted, in all ways, to please ;
And, by a gift from heaven miraculous,
All lingua's are to thee vernacula's :
That Horace self had scarcely known,
Thy thoughts, or language from his own.

Many a lad returns from school,
A Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fool ;
In arts and knowledge still a block,
Though deeply skill'd in *hie, hae, hoc*.
Heavy they tread the up-hill way,
O'er craggy rocks, and found'ring clay,
Till weary with their road, they stop
Just at the mountain's lofty top ;
Still poring on the barren ground,
View not the beauteous prospect round ;
Which, hid beneath the summit, lies
Conceal'd from low and vulgar eyes,
And which alone can amply pay
The toil and drudgery of the way :
From hence they might with transport view
All that the ancient sages knew ;
What they perform'd, and what they thought,
How Tully spoke, and Cæsar fought ;
While manners of a world unknown
Should guide their youth, and form their own ;

While bright examples lead to fame,
And vicious teach to fly their shame.

Yet we might spare the mighty pains
In searching ancient dark remains;
Since greater worthies rise at home,
And Britain scorns to yield to Rome.
Augustus' reign, renown'd for peace,
For learning, wit, and wealth's increase;
No more we envy, while our land
Is doubly blest'd from George's hand.
Ammon's success, and Cæsar's mind,
To form victorious Marlbro' join'd;
Demosthenes', and Tully's fame,
Must yield to Walpole's greater name;
Faction, and strife, to hear his voice,
Are dumb, and cease their jarring noise:
Whole senates bow their yielding minds,
Like woods before the southern winds;
Free from deceit, and servile art,
He speaks the dictates of his heart;
His tongue enchants, his counsel leads;
Peace enters first, then wealth succeeds:
His virtues through the land confess'd,
While thus he soothes us to be blest.

If to new scenes we turn our view,
And learning, arts, and wit pursue,
Our land can furnish men of fame,
To eclipse the Greek, and Roman name.
Locke shall instruct, and form our youth,
And teach their understandings truth.
Vice shall look pale, and virtue thrive,
Humanity, and friendship live;
While Addison our morals rules,
And proves all villains to be fools.
Newton shall lead our ravish'd souls,
Through boundless worlds beyond the poles;
From star to star direct our way,
As certain, and as fix'd as they.
Examples were but vain to prove,
Our nation's boast, our country's love.
A land of patriots brave, and free,
While all mankind are slaves but we!

To what a height true wit can reach,
Let Waller, and let Congreve teach;
And if we needs must write by rules,
Without th' assistance of the schools,
In flowing verse, and lines well-wrought,
What Horace, what Quintilian thought,
Join'd with a little mother wit,
Roscommon, and our Pope have writ.

The fair, who best the muse inspire,
Who warm the heart, and tune the lyre,
Superior to all former dames,
Inhabit now the banks of Thames:
Th' Egyptian queen, the ancient's boast,
For whom the well-fought world was lost,
Tell me, dear Hedges, thou canst tell,
Thou know'st the dead, and living well,
Could she her haughty charms compare
With her, who represents her here?
Old Homer's theme, the Grecian dame,
Who set whole nations in a flame,
No more had been the beauteous prize,
Had they beheld Lavinia's eyes:

The Greeks for her alone had strove,
And Paris had been false to love.

Thus taught, and thus inspir'd, I write
What friendship, and what love indite;
Free from each modern witling's vice,
Envy and slander, flattery, lies,
To please our pride, or gain our end,
Each jest should sacrifice a friend;
While one's ill-nature joins to praise
What th' other's malice dully says;
In peace my harmless minutes pass,
'Tis business, beauty, and a glass;
Nor want I aught, my soul to cheer,
But thee, to join in pleasure here;
Thus may I live, till life shall end,
And love my mistress, country, friend!

TO A FRIEND,

Disuading him from loving a certain Lady.

If aught a kindly caution can impart,
Be this, not love, imprinted on thy heart;
Let every line a well-known truth commend,
And, where you doubt the poet, trust the friend;
Let vanquish'd reason re-assume the field,
And to the true, the fictitious goddess yield.

What Homer feigns, when fierce Tydides strove
Inspir'd by Pallas, with the queen of love;
But shows the weakness of vain beauty's art,
Whilst wisdom's sacred influence arms the heart:
Yet, green in age, unvers'd in female wiles,
Each specious show our easy sight beguiles;
Gay courting scenes the early path adorn,
And blooming beauty paints our youthful morn;
Our heedless pleasures with false objects rise,
Blind to the black'ning cloud, and gathering skies.
But, ah! methinks, I hear thee, sighing, say,
Such charms invite! so flowery smiles the way!
Resolv'd, fair beauty's lovely maze I'll run—
Who might not thus? who would not be undone!—
O stay, rash youth! beware, be timely wise,
Lurk'd in that labyrinth, another monster lies!

How weak were female snares, how vain each
wile,

Did not our eyes our hood-wink'd minds beguile?
Like gross idolaters, we form the power,
Then, the dull image, as a god, adore;
Breath'd in soft sighs, our pleading souls impart,
And, for the victim, sacrifice our heart:
Hence, Celia rules, the tyrant of thy breast,
In all the seeming Deity confest;
Hence, when she speaks, there's music in the sound,
Hence, when she looks, her eyes like lightnings
wound:

But, to thy reason's eye, the scene display,
And the proud phantom-goddess fades away;
No more her immortality remains,
Unless preserv'd in thy immortal strains.

Grant we, thy Celia's charms superior shine,
Or, in the lover's language, look divine;
Yet, is each charm to her alone confin'd?
Or canst thou judge, by partial passion blind?
Still, will each faithful, love-alluring grace,
Beam in her eye, and brighten up her face?

So, the blue summit of some mountain's height,
Wrapt in gay clouds, deludes the distant sight;
But, as with gazing eyes we draw more near,
Fades the false scene, and the rough rocks appear.

Nor outward form thy easy thought controul,
But be the look an index to the soul;
For, when old nature fram'd the faithless fair,
From every work the goddess cull'd a share;
In heav'nly beauty bade her face excel,
But made her heart the treasury of hell:
Hence, pride, and lust, and jealous fury grow,
The springs of sorrow, and the seeds of woe:
Thus brothels with a painted angel shine,
Whilst latent devils enambush'd, lurk within.

Nor think, my Damon, that I rashly blame
Thy too good nature, thy too generous flame;
Like thine, my victim'd heart, the pangs has bore,
But, (ah, delightful change!) endures no more;
Yet, O! for oft the thought disturbs my rest,
'Tis hard to heal a love-envenom'd breast;
So soft each arrow steals upon our heart,
It glides a feather, but it grows a dart.
Yet, wouldst thou from increasing ill be free,
Pursue my precepts, and resolve like me,
When the false fyren singles out her man,
Tips the lewd leer, or flaps the flirting fan;
O shun th' infection swift, victorious, fly,
She smiles a ruin, and she looks a lie:
But, must some lovely, some divinely fair,
Sweeten this draught of life, and soothe thy care;
Let the gay muse relieve thy sickening pain,
And form a brighter Venus of the brain: [grieve,
Then shalt thou scorn those charms that made thee
And by the fair illusion learn to live.

So Israel's sons, by poisonous serpents stung,
Aloft in air, a mimic serpent hung;
Fix'd on the sight, the sad afflicted train
Gaz'd into health, and look'd away their pain.

Sidney-Coll. Feb. 19. 1725. 6.

ON A PAINTED LADY.

CÆLIA's fair, the charming toast,
May of each perfection boast;
What penurious nature owes,
Art more liberal bestows:
Bids a fresher blush arise,
Keener lightning arm her eyes;
Adds, or animates a grace,
And wakes the wonders of her face:
The blushing tinctures smiling flow,
To see how cunningly they grow;
To see how all the beaux adore
Cælia, mortal now no more,
New created by their power.

Thus the fairest sweetest place,
Once uncultivated was;
Where parterres their flowers disclose,
Bushes, brakes, and briars rose;
Thorns with pointed horror stood,
And arm'd the borders of the wood;
But since the workman's pow'ful hand
Subdu'd, and civiliz'd the land;
Tun'd the torrents to cascades,
And soften'd forests into shades,

Surprising scenes attract our sight,
And turn displeasure to delight;
The savages forsake their place,
And yield to nobler human race.

An Natura intendat Monstrum? *Neg.*

Translated from the Carm. Quad.

PRESS'd with a load of poverty and years,
How strange a prodigy the wretch appears;
Whose trembling limbs, and furrow'd brows reveal,
The noxious witch, foe to the public weal;
Who gathers herbs by moon-light, and alarms
The neighb'ring villages with magic charms:
To her imagin'd spells dire woes succeed,
The gen'rous courser lothes the flow'ry mead;
Spurning the glebe around the field he flies,
Forsakes his dappled mares, repines, and dies.

From infants tender throats (what nurses say)
There numbers shall to wond'ring ears convey }
Sharp pins and needles tear their bloody way.
From heifers stubborn teats the trickling store
Of milky nectar now descends no more;
Dame Baucis trudges to the fields in vain,
Few drops, alas! her flinted pails contain.

Oft the malicious hag is seen to fly,
Through the large convex of the nether sky;
Upborn by magic staff she rides secure,
(Superior to the giddy whirlwinds power.)
Advent'rous, o'er the pathless welkin strays,
Mocks the rude winds, and in the tempest plays.
Now dwindled to an hare, she scours in view,
While the full cry her circling maze pursue;
Now tir'd, the beagle's eager speed eludes,
In puzzling thickets lost, or trackless woods:
The baffled hunters for the witch inquire,
Now safely seated by the kitchen fire;
Hid in grimalkin's form, with fullen pride,
Demure she sits, and licks her tabby side.

Whence knows she thus to vary her disguise,
And in a borrow'd shape deceive our eyes?
She, whom the restless course of time made old,
(Time that distorts the fairest human mould)
Though a poor simple soul as ever liv'd,
Is by the vulgar as a witch receiv'd.
Thus monsters in our mind alone exist,
We give 'em birth, and shape them as we list.

TO MR. ROCHE,

Upon his translating the foregoing Piece.

To praise unknown, unknowing to commend,
Distinguishes the critic from the friend:
Such was my just applause when public fame
Proclaim'd your merit, but conceal'd your name.
Like Egypt we ador'd the teeming flood,
And bless'd the latent author of our good.

No more shall silly tales the world deceive,
No more the sillier world those tales believe:
Each wither'd crone shall live and die unblam'd,
And be no more a witch or wizard nam'd:
No public grievances infect her ease,
But innocently she may stink in peace.
The only prodigy which now appears,
Is such a genius so beyond its years.

TO A WRETCHED POETASTER;

That went into mourning to counterfeit his sister's death.

IN vain, poor fustian seer, you dress and write,
Begot in nature's scorn, and wit's despite;
For sure she made thee only for a rule,
To form a coxcomb, and a canting fool;
In vain you tag dull miserable rhyme,
And make it with your shambling legs to chime;
The muse you may pursue in nature's spite,
But never overtake her tow'ring flight;
In this you're only right, so smart in black,
For then, you show your soul, upon your back.

As the sly peasant hangs a breathless crow,
To scare the vermin from the corn below;
So fortune sets thee in a * world of wit,
To keep fools like thyself from tasting it.

Of old, we read Amphion's sacred song,
Could draw dull blocks and senseless stones along;
The same effect among thy books we see,
For they draw blocks, as dull, in drawing thee.

Thy wit, and money, both are of a length,
Both stol'n, dependant on each other's strength;
But soon thy sister shall resume her breath,
And to thy muse, and thee give surer death;
Then, those black ensigns of her wish'd-for fate,
May mourn thy transient wit, and lost estate.

Wrote at Appleby School, 1723.

SONG.

'Twas in the solemn noon of night,
As I lay by a murmuring stream,
Betray'd by fancy's sweet delight,
Amus'd by an amorous dream.

When straight I heard, or seem'd to hear,
From an ivy's dark reverend shade,
A solemn sound assault mine ear,
And heavily pierce the thick glade.

But soon a faint pale form appear'd,
Like a shade on a moon-shiny wall;
To it's gor'd breast it's hand it rear'd,
And utter'd this sorrowful call.

O pity me kind hearted swain!
For you knew, ah too well! the false maid;
She lov'd me first, first sooth'd my pain,
She sooth'd it, but then she betray'd!

Depress'd with anguish, rage, and grief,
I fatally fought out this grove,
Here rashly cut the thread of life,
And ended all hopes of my love!

But yet, though beauty cannot please,
And, though I'm now tasteless of charms,
'Twill rob me of eternal rest,
To think her enjoy'd in thy arms.

Yet once, I think, thou wert my friend,
Till the friend in the rival was lost,
O kindly let the rival end.
Nor farther torment a poor ghost!

* *Meaning his books.*

For this a restless shade I rove
Be warn'd by my pitiful fate!
Betimes, betimes renounce your love,
Nor ponder this lesson too late!
So may good angels guard thy sleep.--
But I to the false-hearted maid
Will glide, and through the curtains peep;
There show her the man she betray'd.
She cannot, sure, she cannot see
So wretched an object unmov'd!
At least, I think, she'll pity me,
More truly than ever she lov'd.
Farewell---but, go to yonder cave,
Where my bones to the ravens lie bare;
Inhume them kindly in a grave,
And my fame from aspersers, O clear!
I trembled as the spectre spoke,
And starting, awak'd with the fright,
While the hoarse night bird's hollow croak,
Presented the shivering sp'rit.
A sudden chillness freez'd my breast,
My soul in a terror was fled;
Fainting, I sunk, benumb'd oppress'd,
And dreamt that Beliza was dead.
When soon, for now the dawning light
Be-jewell'd the dew-dropping vale,
A youth came posting through the night;
To tell me the fore-boded tale.
The maid was dead---my fears were just,
I arose, and soon found out the cave,
Prepar'd an urn, then mix'd their dust,
And weeping laid both in a grave.

FROM LONDON TO CAMBRIDGE.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ROCHE.

SIR,
YOURS, I receiv'd, with mighty pleasure,
Attended with my learned * treasure;
And had I Burckett's knack, and time,
I'd shoe my muse's feet with rhyme,
I'd send you such a pack of news,
Nay, make an hackney of my muse:
Prove logically Pope a fool †,
Sagely denounce great Shakspeare dull,
To both prefer good Master Fenton,
Or, in a moment's time invent one;
But for necessity you know,
One's self might stand---in *statu quo*.

But hang it, I've no turn for satire,
Besides, 'tis quite against my nature;
For criticisms! pshaw the bottle---
The devil take your Aristotle:
Give me a sparkling foaming glass,
As bright and clever as my las;
Thus let us dance an endless round,
Till one or t'other throws me down.

But now to talk a little serious,
Nor vainly light, nor yet mysterious;

* *Books received.*

† *In answer to Burckett's asserting these tenets.*

Pray how do Cambridge matters stand?
 How fare the brethren of the band?
 For now I think on't in your last,
 Those things were negligently pass'd;
 But in your next, pray let me know,
 If you can come to town or no;
 For solitary here I stay,
 Impatient at your long delay;
 Most indolently spend my time,
 Or sleep, or drink, or idly rhyme;
 Now lay new models for a poem,
 Then in a moment's time undo 'em;
 For faith the tuneful tribe neglect me,
 While you are absent to direct me.
 But, if you'll come, then in a trice,
 Assisted by your good advice;
 I'll polish my poetic store,
 And fish for trouts in metaphor;
 To Thames' serene retreats repair,
 And finish my six cantos there *;
 My pleasurable labours done,
 Subscribe, your servant Pattison.

TO THE SAME.

WHILE you, my dear, sit moap'd in college,
 And lose your wit in search of knowledge,
 Restrain'd by tutors, aw'd by doctors,
 And watch'd by supercilious proctors;
 I make the present day my own,
 And dedicate it to the town:
 As how? why thus; here's just a piece
 And this is all, my pleasure's price;
 With this I'll get politely drunk,
 With this I'll get some courtly punk,
 Not one of your damn'd common whores,
 That ply it at your merchant's doors;
 But one, ay, such a one! so fine!
 You bards would call her some divine---
 Some---but a rapture here encroaches,
 Time spends---you captain of the coaches!
 Here master---where? why to the Rose;
 (A place that every body knows.)

But now we've got a moment's talk,
 As folks tell stories as they walk;
 For once I'll be as dull and sober,
 As if I'd guzzled fat October.

I know you, and twenty more,
 If once poetically---poor;
 Would sit and frown, be hipp'd, and snivel,
 And curse your fortune to the devil;
 Whilst I, all gay, and debonair,
 Till I must feel, would nothing fear.
 Riches are joys indeed---I want 'em,
 And I'll thank fortune if she'll grant 'em;
 If not---why I'm the richer still---
 No, no, you mean the poorer Will---
 The richer, Sir, I say again,
 And thus the matter I'll explain.

Those mortals, happy, you'll allow,
 Who nothing borrow, nothing owe!

* He had a design of writing a poem upon angling,
 in six cantos.

But search the world: and if you can
 In town or country find that man,
 To your opinion I'll descend,
 If not, I hope, you'll hear your friend.

Well, for that's nearest, go to court,
 Begin your search, I wish you sport:
 His Honour, Lordship, and his Grace,
 All mighty men! in mighty place!
 But how are all those honours gain'd?
 Those mighty places, how obtain'd?
 How? why by interest and favour,
 Then let me note, Sir, by your leave here;
 Those dignities 'tis plainly shown,
 Are but another's, not their own;
 Soon got, they may as soon be lost,
 While whim and fancy rule the roast;
 And very plainly, by the bye,
 Belong as much to you or I.

But if they're bob'd by church or state,
 You say they've got a great estate:
 A great estate! by whom? or how?
 Lord, Sir! you're too inquisitive now---
 Job's father's dead, he's eldest son,
 Just come to age, so all's his own;
 What would you more? but lend your ear,
 And in a moment you shall hear;
 Your 'squire has wealth, and therefore parts!
 Is great at court, deep vers'd in arts:
 Yet whilst his stock of wealth and sense,
 Is due to men or providence;
 He lives!--but on another's pence!
 And while he grows the richer, yet
 He only runs the more in debt;
 Hence logically I could show,
 The more we have, the more we owe;
 But time's too precious thus to spend,
 And see we're at our journey's end---
 Here, O delicious! take the glass---
 O fill it higher! name the lass---
 Now make a fool, as tale shall bless us,
 Of Aristotle, and of Cræsus.

TO MR. MITCHELL,

*Upon his poetical petition to the Honourable Sir Robert
 Walpole.*

BACK, scribbler, to thy Caledonian plains,
 Cold as thy genius, barren as thy brains;
 To those inhospitable mountains show,
 A cursed rhyming itch they never knew;
 Nor think to read thy lectures here; for know,
 We never take dictators from the plough:
 Then peaceably betimes resign thy quill,
 Scotland to British power is subject still;

While Congreve with a just politeness warms,
 While easy Pope with flowing music charms;
 While witty Swift shall every muse adorn,
 And Dennis scourge the fools he does not scorn;
 While Philips' verse delights the list'ning swains,
 And Steele declines the praise his merit gains;
 While Fenton's sadly-pleasing numbers move,
 And Granville kindles up a nobler love.
 While happy we these tuneful bards can hear,
 No foreign jargon shall debauch our ear.

Yet warm'd by British heat, and British lays,
Thou striv'st to turn thy libel into praise;
Thus Egypt's streams in muddy currents run,
And ripen into monsters by the sun.
In vain thou'rt sanctify'd with Milton's name,
Not even Homer should protect thy shame;
In Pope, that mighty Greek thy baseness knows,
And Zoilus and Homer still were foes.
Murderers like thee to an asylum fly,
Not to show zeal, but hide their infamy:
And with convicted villains may'st thou go,
Guilty of robbery, and murder too;
For trace thy steps, and presently we find
The hand that robb'd Pack's garden of the mind;
Murdering each sweet, disguising it for thine,
And making mortal what he made divine.

ON HIS MISTRESS'S FAVOURS.

LIKE Alexander, Cælia spreads her power,
Like him, she makes the vassal world adore;
But, ah! like him, to soothe a proud desire,
First conquers towns, then sets those towns on fire.

TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR,
AND sure that fond, familiar name,
May hint, that friendship is my gen'rous aim;
O then this frankness of my heart excuse,
And with a smile confirm the blushing muse;
Ambitious hope! yet say, to bless our eyes,
Thy mighty Homer should again arise,
Wouldst thou not pant, the wondrous man to see?
Speak from thy inmost soul!—then censure me!
And as aloft in laurell'd state you sit,
And view below the subject sons of wit;
O, teach those arduous ways through which you
came,
And lead her through the flowery paths of fame.
A child, as yet, no certain steps she takes,
But now and then a wild excursion makes;
Mocks the grave dictates of her guardian art,
Steals from her sight, and plays a wanton's part.
Though cross'd myself in every glorious aim,
'Tis hope, at least, to be ally'd to fame.
And whilst the witty and the fair commend,
It hints some merit to be call'd thy friend.
Fir'd at that word, against my fate I'll strive,
And dare to emulate that praise I'd give.
What though I fail the bold attempt to gain,
Mean were the thought to think it made in vain.
The richest ore shines useless unreveal'd,
And finallest talents should not be conceal'd.
For, sure the muse that gen'rous verse inspires,
Which friendship dictates, and affection fires;
Warm'd by a faint reflexion of thy flame,
My bosom kindles at immortal fame;
But well I know the rashness of my youth,
Perhaps these lines confirm the fatal truth!
No sordid views could ever yet seduce,
The virgin-chasteness of my youthful muse;
Let venal bards in state-promotion play,
There sport like atoms in the stream of day.
I never made a wealthy idiot laugh,
Or Israel-like ador'd a golden calf;

But when I see true worth conspicuous shine,
I burn to make the bright alliance mine.
Superior to the formal world's controul,
Pride in its charms, and claim a kindred soul;
O! then this token of my zeal receive,
For next to merit praises, is to give.

UPON SEEING A LADY

At the Music-Booth at Sturbridge-Fair. By J. Taylor.

COULD these faint numbers glow with equal
fire,
To that which in his breast the writer feels:
Could Phœbus like the fair unknown inspire,
And verse, but emulate the flame it tells,
The lover some success had found, and she
Been known to fame, though lost to love and me.
Wound not that love with too severe a name,
Which was not chance, but passion in excess,
Conceal'd the shaft from whence the arrow
came,
My hopes may be, but not my anguish less:
Strikes not the lightning with a fate as true,
Though baffled reason wonder'd whence it flew.
If not in pity to your lover's woes,
For your own sake, at least, yourself reveal,
Lest when I die, and thou the latent cause,
You lose a triumph you deserve so well;
Nay, ev'n repaid with all my suff'rings be,
And envy'd by my fall—if known, I fall by thee.
Yet more—a thousand loves may lurk behind,
And half the course of glory yet to run;
A flowing wit, discreet, and beauteous mind,
May crown the conquest which your eyes
began;
Nor bid me dread the thousand deaths in store,
I look'd, I sigh'd, and lov'd—and was undone be-
fore!
In vain I, midnight-anchorite, must boast
Of rugged maxims, and pedantic rules,
For what is life, if best enjoyment lost
In the dull mazes of insipid schools?
Love, must refine what science scarce began,
And mould the letter'd savage into man.
Let lazy hermits dream in college-cells
Severely great, and indolently good,
Whose frozen breasts such glimm'ring rapture
fells,
As lifeless, dull platonic understood.
Go, tell that doating sage, who looks on thee
With Plato's eyes, may question if he see.
Judge now my passion by severest truth,
And read what rig'rous justice cannot blame
If I have err'd, inform a willing youth,
At least, mistaken only was my flame.
Was love a crime? then teach me to adore,
And zeal shall be what passion was before.

TO A LADY,

THAT SENT ME A FLOWERED CAP.

WHAT flowers of rhet'ric can I use
These brighter flowers to commend?

What gift, or present, can I choose,
Equivalent to send?

I've search'd the muses fertile field,
But searching no where can find such,
Nor even nature's self can yield,
What I admire so much.

This token, o'er my temples spread,
A double power does impart;
For as it gently warms my head,
It fires my bleeding heart.

But let the blust'ring storms engage,
The rustling winds blow high;
Thus arm'd I'll mock their empty rage,
And every blast defy.

Like the bold Grecian chief I stand,
In arms superior shine;
Like his, they boast an heavenly hand,
But skill, much more divine!

He did not fear a wound, 'tis true,
From none, except the deities:
And I'm invulnerable too,
To all—except my Laura's eyes.

TO MRS. MARY FREWEN,

UPON HER HAVING THE SMALL-POX.

LET others pensive o'er their mirrors trace,
The beauteous ruins of a former face;
Nor for thy beauties, lovely maid repine,
Thy beauties mingled in a mould divine,
Can but endure a momentary pain,
And like all heavenly substance heal again.

And see thy dangers, and our fears are o'er,
Hearts pant, sighs heave, and sorrow streams no
more!

As gold by purging flame still clearer glows,
As virtue from affliction brighter grows,
Sweet e'en in griefs, and e'en in pangs serene,
Dawn the dear glories of Euphrosia's mien;
Dear to the muse, who trembling spreads her
wings,

To shroud the lover, as her poet sings;
But as he loves, alas! he sings in vain,
When beauty's in affliction, every strain.
When every charm a thousand charms resumes,
And fair as Eden, from confusion blooms,
Raptur'd he stands, and boldly dares divine,
How to an angel thou must once refine.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD, MADAM,

In the following lines, the result of my misfor-
tunes this morning, can engage your ladyship's en-
couragement to the poems I propose afterwards, it
will be no small recommendation to their public ap-
pearance; and, a very great favour to their author.

Your Ladyship's most devoted,
and most humble servant,
WILLIAM PATTISON.

FAIR patroness of gentle arts excuse,
This rude address of an unhappy muse;

A muse, bereft of every worldly view!--
Unknown she comes—but then she comes to you!
And, if a stranger's soul distressed, sigh,
Tun'd by kind sympathy, our souls reply;
Explore the cause through a long train of ills,
And, pitying share those woes the sufferer feels:
The loss of fortune, friends, or fame divine,---
O grievous loss! and must I call it mine!
And must I still reflect those happier hours,
When, peaceably retir'd, in Granta's bowers
I lay, the pleasing paths to learning plann'd,
And, Moses-like, just saw the promis'd land.
Just saw—but, O my soul! I live to mourn
The joyous scene, that can no more return!
Distress!--and have my boundless griefs reveal'd
The thought—ambition labouring had conceal'd!
In vain, for when we dictate from the heart,
Nature will speak at every pause of art;
And like a bashful virgin, half express'd,
In spite of all the woman, blush the rest—
Though pangful-martyrs smile upon their grief
To man, yet sigh to him, who sends relief.
Whence then, my muse, thy blush, and why thy
tears,

'Tis not the world—alleviate thy fears;
Remember well, that virtue still the same,
Sounds the soft earnest of immortal fame!
Though want itself might feed her famish'd eye,
And sorrow sweeten into harmony?
O how I long to change this mournful strain,
But when fate frowns, the muses smile in vain!
Doom'd by the sad severity of fate,
And must I bound my glory with my hate!
It must be so—like Noah's dove distressed,
In vain I wander up and down for rest,
From spray to spray I traverse every tree,
And offer up my greenest branch to thee?

To the Right Honourable THE LORD CARTERET.

WITH an indulgent smile, my Lord, excuse
This sadly true prediction of the muse;
And may this single specimen of woe
Speak for the rest, and all its author show;
Nor blushing let me mourn my youthful hours,
As vainly spent in the Parnassian bowers.
By nature prompted and a slave to fate,
I strove to please the witty and the great;
Presumptuous hence, nor without hopes I come
To you, and from your taste await my doom;
From thence implore the sanction of your name,
To be my passport through the gates of fame.
So, miners, first the bullion ore refine,
Then beg their monarch's stamp, to make it cur-
rent coin.

A HARVEST SCENE.

BEHOLD—
The green fields yellowing into corny gold!
White o'er their ranks, an old man half appears,
How hale he looks, though hoar'd with seventy
years;

* The hour-glass, subjoined to his proposals.

His prospect mounts, flow-pac'd, he strives to climb,
 And seems some ancient monument of time;
 Propt o'er his staff the reverend father stands,
 And views heaven's blessings with uplifted hands;
 Glee in heart computes the year's increase,
 And portions out, in thought, his homely race,
 His homely race before, his hopes improve,
 And labour in obedience for his love;
 Sweepy they cut, then bind the sheafy-grain,
 And bend beneath the burthen of the plain;
 His cheerful eyes, with silent praises crown
 Their toils, and smile at vigour once his own;
 Till the mid-sun to second nature's call,
 Noon-marks the distant steeple's ivy'd wall,
 Thence warn'd, he waves his arms, with giddy haste,
 The circling summons to a cool repaste.

EFFIGIES AUTHORIS.

OPPRESS'D with griefs, with poverty, and scorn,
 Of all forsaken, and of all forlorn,
 What shall I do? or whither shall I flee?
 Or what kind ear will hear the muse's cry?
 With restless heart from place to place I roam,
 A wretched vagrant destitute of home;
 Driv'n from fair Granta's shade by fortune's frown,
 I came to court the flatt'rer in the town.
 Three tedious days detain'd me on the road,
 Whilst the winds whistled, and the torrents flow'd,
 On my devoted head the gusty breeze,
 Shook the collected tempest, from the trees;
 For shelter to the shades, I ran in vain,
 The shades deceitful delug'd me with rain;
 Thus when fate frowns upon our happier days,
 Our friend, perhaps, our bosom friend betrays:
 But as vicissitudes controul our fate,
 And griefs and joys maintain a doubtful state,
 So now the sun's emerging orb appears,
 And with the spongy clouds dispels my fears,
 In tears the transient tempests flits away,
 And all the blue expansion flames with day.
 My gazing eyes o'er pleasing prospects roll,
 And look away the sorrows of my soul,
 Pleas'd at each view, some rueful thought to draw,
 And moralize on every scene I saw;
 Here, with inviting pride blue mountains rise,
 Like joys more pleasant to our distant eyes;
 In golden waves, there tides of harvest flow,
 Whilst idle poppies intermingling grow,
 How like their brother fops an empty show!
 In every bush the warbling birds advance,
 Sing to the sun, and on the branches dance;
 No grief, no cares perplex their souls with strife,
 Like bards they live a poor but merry life;
 In every place alike their fortunes lie,
 Both live in want, and unregarded die.
 With like concern they meet approaching death,
 In prison, or in fields, resign their breath;
 Musing, I saw the fate I could not shun,
 Shook my grave head, and pensive travell'd on:
 But as Augusta's wish'd-for domes arise,
 Peep o'er the clouds, and dance before my eyes.
 What thoughts, what tumults fill'd my lab'ring
 To be conceiv'd alone, but not express'd; [breast,

What intermingled multitudes arose,
 Lords, parsons, lawyers, baronets, and beaux,
 Fops, coxcombs, cits, and knaves of ev'ry class,
 While some the better half, some wholly as,
 On either side bewailing suppliants stand, [hand.
 Speak with their looks, and stretch their wither'd
 In feeble accents supplicate relief,
 And by their sorrows multiply my grief,
 Mov'd by their wants, my fortune I deplore,
 And deal a tribute from my slender store.
 With joy, the favour they receive, and pray,
 That God, the bounteous blessing, may repay;
 Thus providently wise, the lab'ring swain
 O'er the plough'd furrows strews the fertile grain:
 The grateful plain o'er-pays his bounteous care,
 With tenfold blessings, and a golden year.

Now lost in thought, I wander up and down
 Of all unknowing, and to all unknown;
 Try in each place, and ransack ev'ry news,
 To find some friend, some patron of the muse:
 But where? or whom? alas! I search in vain,
 The fruitless labour only gives me pain;
 But soon each pleasing prospect fades away,
 And with my money all my hopes decay.

But now the sun diffus'd a fainter ray,
 And falling dews bewail'd the falling day,
 When to St. James's park my way I took,
 Solemn in pace, and sadden'd in my look:
 On the first bench my wearied bones I laid,
 For gnawing hunger on my vitals prey'd;
 There faint in melancholy mood I sat,
 And meditated on my future fate.
 Nights fable vapours now the trees invade,
 And gloomy darkness deepen'd ev'ry shade;
 And now, ah! whither shall the helpless fly,
 From the nocturnal horrors of the sky;
 With empty rage my cruel fate I curse,
 While falling tears bedew my meagre purse;
 What shall I do? or whither shall I run?
 How 'scape the threat'ning fate I cannot shun;
 There, trembling cold, and motionless I lay,
 Till sleep beguil'd the tumults of the day.
 " Yet though this mortal body was resign'd,
 " Tormenting objects terrified my mind,
 " Despairing forms too dreadful for the light,
 " Danc'd on my eyes, and play'd before my sight;
 " Here worn with sorrow, poverty appear'd,
 " In ev'ry ghastly form by mortals fear'd:
 " And now to make my wants the more deplor'd,
 " Prepar'd a plenteous table richly stor'd.
 " My hand I stretch'd impatient of delay,
 " When lo! the fictitious treat dissolv'd away,
 " Despair arose, and shook a deadly dart,
 " Then aim'd the thirsty arrow at my heart;
 " Inly I quiver'd, trembled for my life,
 " Lost in tumultuous agony and grief.

" But now a kind, though visionary shade
 " Gleam'd through the gloom, and brighten'd all
 " the glade,
 " On its fair head a branching laurel grew,
 " And though before unseen, the form I knew;
 " While thus it spoke—poor youth, thy fate I
 " mourn,
 " And weeping make thy miseries my own:

" But patiently resign—I bring relief,
 " For as I caus'd, 'tis just, I cure thy grief.
 " Then hear—when morning's beamy rays arise,
 " And shoot refulgent glories through the skies;
 " To Chiswick's pleasurable bowers repair,
 " To guide your wand'ring path be Thames's care;
 " In those fair hospitable shades you'll find,
 " Great Burlington, the muse's surest friend:
 " Fam'd Burlington, as humble as he's great,
 " Pride of the court, and bulwark of the state;
 " To him this visionary tale disclose,
 " His soul will melt in pity at your woes.
 " To him return your long neglected lyre,
 " And let his virtues every line inspire;"

Farewell it said—when as the morn appear'd,
 To the warm ray my dewy head I rear'd,
 Amaz'd, half drowsy, waken'd in a fright,
 I ponder'd on the vision of the night;
 When thoughtless in my pocket I reveal'd,
 A latent fixpence happily conceal'd,
 Surpris'd with transport flood my bristled hair,
 On wings I seem'd to fly, and tread in air:
 To the first house I took my speedy flight,
 There wrote this recent vision of the night;
 The wond'rous tale in snowy foldings bound,
 Then seal'd the passport with a waxen wound.
 When prompted by my genius, swift as thought,
 To Chiswick's bowers my rueful story brought;
 Where now with doubtful hopes, and fears, I wait
 Your bounteous lordship's pleasure at your gate.

W. PATTISON.

ON A GENTLEMAN'S PICTURE.

POETS and painters rival glories claim,
 Alike their labours, and alike their fame;
 Appelles by a Homer's thoughts design'd,
 And Homer was the picture of his mind:
 From both the same immortal wonders rise,
 At once in speaking to our ears, and eyes;
 The pencil's art, a seeming likeness gives,
 But by the pen alone, that likeness lives;
 For time, that makes those colours fainter show,
 Gives life to these, and makes them brighter grow.

But your's, bold artist *, claim a longer date,
 The great original preserves their fate;
 To future fame transmit the finish'd piece,
 And boast a perfect parallel with Greece;
 Nor boast too much—for though the face we find,
 We lose the noble image of the mind:
 'Tis ours to draw the manners, yours the men,
 And painting's but the shadow of the pen:
 Yet happy in your art, O, bless your fate!
 'Tis honour here enough to imitate;
 Whilst we, confounded by your skilful hand,
 Think the draught lives, and fix'd like pictures stand.

VERSES

By way of contrast to the foregoing Copy, and wrote up on the same occasion.

CRASSUS, the dullest, most pedantic fool,
 That ever humm'd o'er jargon in a school,

* To the painter.

Ambitious of attaining endless fame,
 At first, by study thought to raise his name;
 For this, by day, the plodding pedant por'd;
 For this, by night, o'er sacred pages snor'd;
 But when he found his dull attempts were vain,
 And nature gave him too much tongue for brain:
 Thinks he the painter shall these honours give,
 And make this face, at least, in colours live,
 Quick as his word the seeds of fame arise,
 And lo! the mimic monster strikes our eyes!
 So like so just the living copy too,
 For both were made for nothing but for show!
 O may their fates to the same end be turn'd,
 May both be hang'd, and when decay'd, both
 burn'd!

ON CRASSUS.

DULL magisterial fool, forbear
 To spit thy pointless venom here;
 To more exalted glories born,
 Thy mean indignities I scorn;
 Secure of fame, I boast my lays,
 While Pope, while Pack, or Congreve praise;
 Let these but favour what I write,
 And damn'd like thee, be all thy spite:
 No more shall duty force my lays,
 To gild thy vanities with praise;
 If e'er again my colours strive,
 To make thy painter's daubings live;
 May fate, and ev'ry muse combine,
 To blast me, and the vile design;
 In short, may heav'n, and all agree,
 To make me such an ass as thee.

WOMEN AND WINE:

AN EPIGRAM.

'TWAS a doubt in debate among sages of yore,
 Whether women or wine had more absolute power;
 Now had I been the judge when the matter was
 done,
 Not one had been wiser than when it begun;
 For how can man tell which the strongest to call,
 When with the same ease both can give him a fall?

AD CÆLUM.

GOOD Heaven! this mystery of life explain,
 Nor let me think I bear the load in vain;
 Lest with the tedious passage cheerless grown,
 Urg'd by despair I throw the burden down.

FESTUM LUSTRALE,

SIVE BAPTIZATIO RUSTICA.

SOLENNES ritus puerumq. aspergine lymphæ
 Sacratum superis, obstetricemq. facetam,
 Hinc canere incipimus, faveat Diana canenti,
 Tuq. harum adjutrix curarum, et conscia Juno.

Jam decima humentes Aurora fugaverat Umbras
 Ex quo maternis infans vagisset in ulnis,
 Nec mora vicini coeunt, jam debita ventri
 Pars puerum sacra properant conspergere lymphâ.
 Interea pendent opera interrupta, ligoq.
 Stat medio defixus agro, spinosaq. sepes
 Semiputata manus Agrestis poscit, at ille

O o ij

Jam parat ut sociis cultus conviva colonis
Interfit, juvat hinc disponere in ordine crines.
Compositum conjux aptat collare marito;
Nec minus ipsa sibi curat sua sponsa tumentes
Constringit vinclis costas, fingitq. premendo,
Quamq. suis nevit manibus circumdata lana est.
Componit vestes, tremulumq. in vertice conum
Erigit, et farris conspergit pulvere crines.
Pars pedes ire parat campis, pars altera lentis
Fertur equis, unaq. armati calce fatigant
Quadrupedes, lumbos onerat pinguissima conjux,
Post equitem cura atra sedens, similisq. cadenti
Sæpe premit tutum tremebunda ad pectora spon-
sum.

Ille sibi pondus commissum reddere terræ
Gaudet, et optatas tandem contingere portas.
Jam subeunt thalamum, sociasq. puerpera matres
Excipit, illa humeris albo velamine cincta est,
Et sedet in molli plumis suffulta sedili:
Matronæ spectant puerum, juvat ora tueri
Et versare manu, nasumq. agnoscere patris,
Majorumq. genas, et blandos matris ocellos.

Tunc avia has rumpit placido de pectore voces,
Si patrem memini puerum, sic ora ferebat,
Et sic ridebat teneris nutricis in ulnis,
Altera spes avia furgas, meliora parente
Arva colas, mediâq. olim luctator arenâ,
Subvertas juvenes, tum parto indute galero
Ibis ovans, tacitasq. accendes Phyllidis ignes;
At si larga meis flavescit messis in arvis,
Nostrâq. longævo placeat sententia sponso
Tu nunquam attrito proscindes arva ligone,
Nec subiges tauros, sed grandior aldermanus
Urbani incedes tardus post pondera sceptri.

Laudant propositum matres, et provida mopsa
Destinat æquævæ jam nunc connubia natæ,
Tandem procedunt matres, quas inter euntes,
Infantem manibus gestat Lucina tenellum,
Quem circumfuso nutrix oneraverat ostro,
Demissâq. stolâ sedibus quâ Battus et omnes
A Batto soliti natos decorare recentes.
Tum subeunt templum, sacrum ex ordine fontem
Supplicibus cingunt genibus, gelidamq. sacerdos
Spargit aquam, puero nomenq. imponit avitum;
Flet puer et vetulæ gaudentes omine fausto
Non dubitant longam ex fletu prædicere vitam.

At domus interea luxu decoratur agresti,
Disponunt famuli lances, luteasq. patellas
Ornamenti abaci veteris, qui mole sua stat
Ligno compositus sculpto, tum lintea mensæ,
Lintea ficulis imponit candida quadris;
Pendula detergunt, quæ fixit aranea fila,
Bibliq. è nitidis tollunt antiqua fenestris,
Dursæiq. modos, quos roserat esuriens mus.

Idem ardor servos stimulat, quæ cura culinæ,
Accendunt ignem, verubusq. affigere longis
Terga bovis properant, manibusq. calentia versant,
Parte alia tepidum, fumos emittit, ahenum,
O genti alituum lux exitiosa! Columba
Amisos queritur, tectorum in culmine, fœtus,
Solaq. neglectos errat gallina per hortos.

Illic cura penum struere, et spectabile pruno
Hæc far tum miscet, farrisq. hæc menia condit,
Et cereale solum pomis flagrantibus implet;
Illa parte puer cyprios in limine primo

Exacuit, multa absistit scintilla metallo,
Fervet opus suavi redolet nidore culina.
Hæc inter famuli variè properantur, et omnia
Jam redit à templo conviva, epulisq. paratis
Accumbit tacitus, primâq. in sede locatur
Matrona, insolito gemuit sub pondere fella,
(Plena ipsâ) tunc illa bovis fumantia terga
In partesq. secat varias, mensamq. per omnem
Mittit, et agrestes epulis lætantur opimis,
Vinaq. de pleno ducunt pomacea cornu
Ridentes, et sæpe calix redit actis in orbem,
Exhilarans animos, et cordia oblita laborum.

Jam Lucina tui gliscunt incendia nasi
Et linguâ incessis tardos mordace maritos,
Ultra annos vultumq. gerens animumq. facetum.

O pecus ignavum sponsi! queis nullus in aula
Filiolus ludit, nec dulcis filia, patrem
Quæ recreet placidis redeuntem vespere nugis.
Mistâq. colloquiis puerilibus oscula figat,
Vos multi pueri, multæ sprevere puellæ;
Dum luget vacuos prudens matrona penates,
O utinam segnes lex puniat æqua maritos!
Floreat ille pater qui natis computat annos.

Finierat, calicemq. arenti gutture plenum
Siccât, et hoc haustu nondum satiata recedit
Interiore domo, matresq. oblectat hiantes
Secreta obscuris pandens mysteria verbis,
Et steriles damnans campos, procul ite puellæ
Fas nulli innuptæ Lucinæ audire labores;
Non pudet opprobriis sponfas illudere, culpas
Vicinæ arcanas alio sub nomine celat,
Famineamq. jubet præstare silentia turbam.

Exuit interea vestes, cunisque reponit
Infantem nutrix, en parvum machina lectura
Efficit objectu laterum, mirabere costas
Vimine candenti textas, et pensile tegmen
Obductum capiti (lædat ne pulvis ocellos)
Subjectasq. pedes, queis machina mobilis unâ
Itq. reditq. viâ, somnumq. invitat eundo.

Flet puer interea cantat blandissima nutrix,
Atq. imperfectis lallat cunale loquelis;
Nec potis est molli fletum compescere cantu;
Quin puerum è cunis tollat, mammaq. ministrat,
Suppeditatq. cidum, proprio quem versat in ore
Ipsa prius gustuq. alieno impascitur infans;
Haud aliter fruges dispersas colligit arvis
Ales, et ore refert pullis crepitantibus, illi
Escam avidè captunt, et hianti gutture condunt.

At juvenes, puero dederant qui nomina, libant
Oscula virginibus, repetita est flamma medullas
Mollis, et incastos læti meditantur amores.
Agricolæ multâ traherent convivia nocte,
Ni jam suaderent fulgentia sidera somnos:
Surgunt conviva, Corydon tamen ipse moratur,
Continuatq. scyphos, sedet æternumq. sedebit,
Ni moveat solitas conjux fidissima lites.
Discedunt hilares, baculo hic vestigia firmat,
Sobrius hunc portat bene nota ad tecta caballus,
Conjugis implicitam tenet ille uxoriæ ulnam.

Tum pater exultans dictis compellat euntes:
Ite, valete omnes, tandem redeunte Decembre,
Ni fallor, pulchram pariet mea Lydia natam;
Vosq. reversuro festum renovabitis anno.
Rident matronæ, votisq. his omnia firmant,
Stet domus, et simili frondescat prole quotannis!

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES HAMMOND, ESQ.

Containing his
LOVE ELEGIES, PROLOGUE TO ELMERIC,
 &c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Perhaps ev'n Genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces HAMMOND's mournful bier,
Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
Though near his tomb Sabea odours burn,
The loitering fragrance, will it reach the skies?
No, should his DELIA votive wreaths prepare,
DELIA might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of DELIA's future care,
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

SHENSTONE, ELEG. II.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
Anne 1794.

THE LIFE OF HAMMOND.

OF JAMES HAMMOND, though he be generally known as an elegiac poet, and well remembered as a man esteemed and caressed by the elegant and the great, few memorials are to be found.

The accounts of his biographers are discordant and unsatisfactory. According to Shiels, he was the son of a Turkey merchant in the city of London, and had some office at the Prince of Wales's Court, till the love of a lady, whose name was Dashwood, for a time disordered his understanding. The lady either could not return his passion with a reciprocal fondness, or entertained too ambitious views to settle her affections upon him. "He was inextinguishably amorous, and his mistress inexorably cruel."

"Of this narrative," Dr. Johnson says, "part is true, and part false. He was the second son of Anthony Hammond, a man of note among the wits, poets, and parliamentary orators, in the beginning of this century, who was allied to Sir Robert Walpole, by marrying his sister."

This account is still erroneous. He was of a different family; the second son of Anthony Hammond, Esq. of Somersham-place, in the county of Huntingdon, member of Parliament for Shoreham in Sussex. He vacated his seat, December 7. 1708, upon being made a Commissioner of the Navy, and died about 1728.

Anthony Hammond, Esq. who had the name of "the silver-tongued Hammond," given him by Bolingbroke, was of Wotton in the county of Norfolk. He married Susannah, a sister of Sir Robert Walpole. A volume of miscellany poems was inscribed to him, in 1694, by his friend Hopkins; and in 1720, he was himself the editor of "A New Miscellany of Original Poems," in which he had no small share. He was the intimate friend of Mr. Moyle; and wrote the "Account of his Life and Writings," prefixed to his works in 1727.

He was born about 1710, and educated at Westminster-school; but it does not appear that he was of any university.

He seems to have come very early into public notice, and to have been distinguished by those whose friendship prejudiced mankind at that time in favour of the man on whom they were bestowed; for he was the companion of Cobham, Lyttleton, and Chesterfield, by whose interest he obtained the place of Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

He was also much esteemed by Nicholas Hammond, Esq.; who, at his death, which happened Oct. 13. 1733, left him an estate worth 400 l. a-year, besides leaving 500 l. for erecting a school-house, and 500 l. for endowing it.

In 1740, he wrote the *Prologue* to "Elmeric," a posthumous tragedy, written by Lillo; in which it is said, that when he wrote that play, he *was distressed by want*, and affected by disease. But in the former particular there appears to be a mistake, as he died possessed of an estate of 60 l. a-year, besides other effects to a considerable value. The *Epilogue* has also been ascribed to Hammond.

In 1741, he was chosen into Parliament for Truro in Cornwall; probably one of those who were elected by the Prince's influence.

He died at Stowe, the famous seat of Lord Cobham, June 7. 1742, in the thirty-second year of his age. Miss Dashwood long survived him, and died unmarried, bed-chamber-woman to the Queen, in 1779.

The character which her lover bequeathed her, was not likely to attract courtship; yet it was her own fault that she remained single, having had another very honourable offer.

The character of Hammond seems to have been highly amiable and respectable. He is said to have divided his life between pleasure and books; in his retirement forgetting the town, and in his gaiety losing the student. Of his literary hours, all the efforts are here exhibited, except a *Ballad* sung at Vauxhall forty years ago, beginning, *O how could I venture to love one like thee!* and the *Epilogue* to "Elmeric," which have been given to him.

His *Love Elegies*, written "before he was twenty-two years old," were published soon after his death, with a recommendatory preface by the editor, who was then believed, and is now affirmed by Dr. Maty, to be the Earl of Chesterfield.

"Of the prefacer," says Dr. Johnson, "whoever he was, it may be reasonably suspected, that he never read the poems; for he professes to value them for a very high species of excellence, and recommends them as the genuine effusions of the mind, which expresses a real passion in the language of nature. But the truth is, these elegies have neither passion, nature, nor manners. Where there is fiction, there is no passion; he that describes himself as a shepherd, and his *Neera* or *Delia* as a shepherdess, and talks of goats and lambs, feels no passion. He that courts his mistress with Roman imagery, deserves to lose her; for she may with good grace suspect his sincerity. Hammond has few sentiments drawn from nature, and few images from modern life. He produces nothing but frigid pedantry. It would be hard to find in all his productions three stanzas that deserve to be remembered. His verses are not rugged: but they have no sweetness; they never glide in a stream of melody. Why Hammond and other writers have thought the quatrain of ten syllables elegiac, it is difficult to tell. The character of the elegy is gentleness and tenuity; but this stanza has been pronounced by Dryden, whose knowledge of English metre was not inconsiderable, to be the most magnificent of all the measures which our language affords."

The critical decisions of Dr. Johnson, it is not, in general, very safe to contradict; except when they may be attributed, as in the present instance, to the force of prejudice, or to vitiated and defective feelings, respecting poetical beauty.

Considering Dr. Johnson's peculiar turn of mind, there is no wonder that he should deny nature to Hammond, and find no melody in his verse. The general opinion is much more favourable. That he has been much read, and greatly admired, serves to contradict the assertion of that too-rigid critic, and establishes his claim to some portion of tenderness and harmony; for by the judgment of the common, unprejudiced, unpedantic reader, the merit of every poetical composition must be ultimately determined.

The popular decisions upon the character of Hammond, have been exceedingly favourable: By some, perhaps, he has been extolled too high. He certainly possessed an elegant and cultivated mind. He is not deficient either in feeling, or melody of verse. He has generally expressed himself with sensibility, and in measures sufficiently harmonious.

The specific character of his elegies, and his pretensions to originality, have by no means been distinguished or ascertained with sufficient accuracy.

Dr. Johnson indeed speaks, but only to disapprove of his "Roman imagery;" and Lord Chesterfield, in his preface to the elegies, informs us, that Hammond seems to have judiciously taken *Tibullus* for his model, rather than *Ovid*.

After reading *Tibullus* and Hammond, with the most candid attention, the present writer is obliged to observe, that Hammond appears not merely to have taken the Roman poet for his model, but to have taken from him some of the most beautiful passages in his elegies.

The parallel passages appear almost in every page of both poets; yet Dr. Johnson is silent on the subject; and Lord Chesterfield passes it over, as if he had no suspicion of Hammond's obligations to *Tibullus*.

The following instances, which immediately occur, will specify what can by no means be called imitations, being almost literal translations.

Compare *Tibullus*, Lib. i. Eleg. i., with the thirteenth elegy of Hammond. The thought of gain assisting slumber, is finely translated.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu;

Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
Securum somnos imbre juvante sequi!

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast,
Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Compare Tibullus, Lib. i. Eleg. 5., with the thirteenth elegy of Hammond.

Huc veniet Messala meus, cui dulcia poma
Delia selectis detrahet arboribus;
Et tantum venerata virum hunc sedula curet,
Huic paret, atque epulas ipsa ministra gerat.

Hammond has applied this delicate compliment to Lord Chesterfield, with admirable felicity of expression. Strokes of this exquisite nature are only to be expected from those who have access to the great, but whom the great have not infected with selfishness.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend;
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest;
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Again,

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum veneris hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

On her I'll gaze, when other loves are o'er,
And, dying, press her with my clay-cold hand.

Again,

Parce solutis
Crinibus, et teneris, Delia, parce genis.

Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair.

Compare Tibullus, Lib. i. Eleg. 5., with the fourteenth elegy of Hammond,

At mihi felicem vitam, si salva fuisses
Fingebam demens———

What scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd!

Hammond has improved upon Tibullus, Lib. 2., Eleg. vi. in his second elegy,

Adieu, ye walls! &c.

Compare Tibullus, Lib. iii. Eleg. 2., with the ninth elegy of Hammond,

Qui primus caram juveni, carumque puellæ
Eripuit juvenem, ferreus ille fuit.
Durus et ille fuit, qui tantum ferre dolorem
Vivere et crepta conjuge qui potuit.

These sentiments are finely expressed by Hammond.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair:
Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
The lover still who died not of despair.

Again,

Ergo quum tenuem fuero mutatus in umbram,
Candidaque ossa super nigra favilla tegit,
Ante meum veniat longos incompta capillos,
Et fleat ante meum mæsta Nexera rogem,

This rite, which is altogether foreign to English manners, Hammond has rather injudiciously transferred into his ninth elegy.

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn fire,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend;
Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?

It is unnecessary to transcribe more parallel passages, to show that Hammond, not satisfied with taking Tibullus for his model, has transfused into his elegies the sentiments and the imagery of the Roman poet. Yet it ought to be observed, that he has very often taken the liberty to transpose, and sometimes paraphrastically to enlarge the thoughts, and to give the imagery a more modern polish. In the passages he has translated, he has generally improved on Tibullus, and given his version of the most exact, elegant, and harmonious of the Roman elegiac poets, the easy air of a modern original. As he felt the distress which gave rise to most of the elegies of Tibullus, he is not inferior to him in amorous tenderness and poetical fancy. His elegies have those sallies and transitions of passion, that frantic and desponding air, so observable in the Roman poet; for these are the natural emanations of a heated fancy, and a distracted heart.

His greatest fault is, an injudicious adoption of the mythology, and too servile an adherence to the manners of the Roman poet; which detract from his merit as an imitator, more than as a translator of Tibullus. Amorous elegy is less local than many other of the minor kinds of poetry; the passion of love operating nearly the same upon the human mind in all ages: yet as the modes of expressing that passion differ much in different countries, so these modes must not be confounded; a Roman ought not to make love like a Grecian, nor an Englishman like a Roman.

Although the elegies of Hammond warrant, in some degree, this censure, yet it ought to be considered, that he has both nature and originality in many parts; and the *Elegies to Mr. Grenville* and *Miss Dashwood*, ought to have been exempted from the censure of Dr. Johnson, who has spoken of him with too great asperity. They are written in the heroic measure, the sentiments are exquisitely delicate, and the numbers flow with an easy correctness. An "Answer to the Elegy to Miss Dashwood," was written by Lord Hervey, and is a suitable companion to it.

The measure which he has adopted in his other elegies, is the quatrain, or alternate rhyme, which, like the Latin hexameter and pentameter, is thought to be peculiarly suited to plaintive subjects; and it must be confessed, that he has happily succeeded. The quatrain has, indeed, a disagreeable sameness in its structure, every succeeding stanza being a faithful echo to the last; yet is there something plaintive in it—some pathetic softness in the descending melody, that seems fitted to express the tender passions. It is the peculiar language of love and melancholy, when they soothe their sorrows with the pensive muse. It is now appropriated to the complaining tone of the English elegy, by Gray, Shenstone, Mason, Whitehead, Græme, and other elegiac poets.

On the character of Hammond it is unnecessary to enlarge, as it is given in the preface to his elegies, by Lord Chesterfield, with a minuteness, elegance, and tenderness, which, making due allowance for the partiality of friendship, and the extravagance of erroneous criticism, leave nothing to be supplied by a casual hand.

P R E F A C E.

[BY LORD CHESTERFIELD.]

THE following elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgment, or partial friendship; for the editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The author composed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgment and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy, therefore, speaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender passions; the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved, and united; the one without pride, the other without meannesses. Tibullus seems to have been

the model our author judiciously preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart, to the heart; the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the author, allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them; for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished, and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon those glorious, and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died—but in these times too—*Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.*

LOVE ELEGIES.

"*Virginibus puerisque canto.*"

FIRST PRINTED IN 1743.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in Love with Næra.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers give,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain :
I saw Næra, and her instant slave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh, that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid,
Why should I loiter by your idle spring ?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty Epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere ;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus ! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires :
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep ;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep :

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
Their hearts secure in trifles, love despise,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face ;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace ?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry song.

ELEGY II.

Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of Næra, he intends to make a Campaign, and try, if possible, to forget her.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age :
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unfated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil, even love itself is sold,
Her lover's heart is least Næra's care,
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair :

That while she bends beneath the weight of
drefs,

The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien ;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas ! would idle fancy tend,
And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head ?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakness of my mind :
In vain,—though reason fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.

ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the avarice of Næra, and resolves to quit her.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more,
Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart :
But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey :
May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom ;
And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.
But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend shall find :
And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep :
With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,
Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

ELEGY IV.

To his friend, written under the confinement of a long indisposition.

While calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray :
The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought,
Oh, spare, Persephone, this guiltless head,
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.
No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace ;
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face :
No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,
I ne'er disturb'd the gods eternal rest
With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.
No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand :
Ah ! why so soon the tender blossom tear !
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand ?
Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy round ;
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound :
Oh, let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,

Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much he lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with festive garlands crown'd,
In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

ELEGY V.

The Lover is at first introduced speaking to his Servant, he afterwards addresses himself to his Mistress, and at last there is a supposed Interview between them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air.
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge or thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreathes I gave
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread,
She shows the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way,
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd :

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight —
Rash man beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,
Though question'd by the powers of earth and
heaven,

The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deafen'd thy husband's ear,
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam ;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, fear'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year ;
At her strong bidding, gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a husband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind :

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free :
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies ;
How could it venture to abandon thee ?

ELEGY VI.

*He adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friendship with
Cælia, who was lately dead.*

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still,—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her siren song, [chain,
Who seven flow months have dragg'd my painful
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long ?

By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn ;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew :

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
That hovering round us all my sufferings hears,
She is my saint ; to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears :

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
The marble image seems to hear my moan :
The friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white ;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night :

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain :
Ah, to recal the sad remembrance spare,
One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

*On Delia's being in the Country, where he supposes she
stays to see the Harvest.*

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia to behold !
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share through the stubborn
mold,

And patient goad the loitering ox along :
The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand ;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could soothe their master's pain,
The art of physic lost, and useless lay,
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray :

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister saw him pace along ;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs ? where his warlike toil ?
Where by his darts the crested Pithon slain ?
Where are his Delphi ? his delightful isle ?
The god himself is grown a cottage swain.

O Ceres ! in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's cheerful pomp, my fair detain,—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ ;
They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
Thrice happy times !—But oh, I fondly rave !
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire
I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig, as Delia's slave.

ELEGY VIII.

He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.

Ah, what avails thy lover's pious care ?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain :

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last,

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And, when I long have serv'd her, call her wife :

I only ask, of her I love possess,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno ! with thy sober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire ;
This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
Oh, let me with this sigh of love expire !

ELEGY IX.

He has lost Delia.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover still, who dy'd not of despair :

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize ;

While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wife.

Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in silent grief, I weep alone,
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
Where are those hopes relentless fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
Delia may come, and see my poor remains,—
Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?

To soothe the hovering soul, be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In fable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year;
Give them the treasures of the farthest east,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapless lover know,
No silent urn the noble passion hide,
But deeply graven thus my sufferings show:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loss abide,
Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
And when he durst no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's Birth-day.

THIS day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
Oh, may our guiltless love be still the same!
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus! hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the shepherdes, or loose the swain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain;
The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.

VOL. VIII.

ELEGY XI.

Against Lovers going to War, in which he philosophically prefers Love and Delia to the more serious Vanities of the World.

THE man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear:

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,
In search of danger on some foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in every stroke a double wound?

Ah, better far, beneath the spreading shade,
With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise,
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Displease all others, and secure my rest,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting
more,

Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:
Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear,
In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himself married to Delia, and that content with each other, they are retired into the Country.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,

P P

Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound :

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast ?
Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest ?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away ?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go ?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know ?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown ;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possessest,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind !

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own ;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrongs,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid ;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock ;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock :

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,

By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep ?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight ;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night :

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind ;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still :

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart ;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part :

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd !
Though reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
I still believ'd what flattering love inspir'd :

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled
mind,

To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend :

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned ease, and elegant delight ;
Compare the beauties of each different style,
Each various ray of wit's diffusive light :

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel, [part.
And glow with love, where weakness has no

Thy heart, O Lyttleton, shall be my guide,
Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve ;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West, with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,

With learning's feast my drooping mind shall
cheer,

Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why, so long my weaker heart deceive?

Ah, still I love, in pride and reason's spite,

No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,

And while I threat, this elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

Oh, form'd alike to serve us, and to please;

Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;

With heart to act, with genius to retire;

Open, yet wise; though gentle, full of fire:

With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,

Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart;

Hear then from what my long despair arose,

The faithful story of a lover's woes.

When, in a sober melancholy hour,

Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,

I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,

And love himself could flatter me no more,

My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive, [leave;

But whom my passion hurt, through friendship

I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,

And cure her sex's weakness through its pride:

The prudence which I taught, I ill pursu'd,

The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd:

Again submissive to her feet I came,

And prov'd too well my passion by my shame;

While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,

Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,

Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,

And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:

She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,

And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale,

Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,

Nor once in thought was on her lover's side:

Oh, where were then the scenes of fancied life?

Oh, where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?

Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,

Not two revolving moons could see them last.—

To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair,

In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care!

Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,

In nature learned, and humanely wise:

There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm,

With mild advice my listening grief shall charm,

With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,

A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.

Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,

Contemn the human weakness of my breast;

Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,

And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure;

Though wiser cares employ your studious mind,

Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,

Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,

And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

ELEGY XVI.

To Miss Dashwood.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast,

Where's now my boasted liberty and rest!

Where the gay moments which I once have known!

O, where that heart I fondly thought my own!

From place to place I solitary roam,

Abroad uneasy, not content at home.

I scorn the beauties common eyes adore;

The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;

Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,

And only think on thee, who art not there.

In vain would books their formal succour lend,

Nor wit nor wisdom can relieve their friend;

Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,

And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.

When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,

A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;

But when thy presence gives the time I seek,

My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.

And could I speak with eloquence and ease,

Till now not studious of the art to please,

Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,

Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,

Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,

And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,

Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,

And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;

Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,

In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain;

My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,

And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend)

Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;

Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,

For without danger none like thee are fair;

But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,

So shall the choice itself become thy fame;

Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,

The plain and honest courtship of the heart:

The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,

Though less it feels, will please and flatter more,

And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,

Can long abuse a fond, unthinking maid.

And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,

Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe;

And since their tears, in false submission dress'd,

Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;

O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe:

Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,

Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,

Like me—with passion founded on esteem.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING LINES.

BY THE LATE LORD HERVEY.

Too well these lines that fatal truth declare,

Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear,

But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love,

What can it hope, though mutual it should prove?

This little form is fair in vain for you,

In vain for me thy honest heart is true;

For wouldst thou fix dishonour on my name,

And give me up to penitence and shame;

Or gild my ruin with the name of wife,

And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life:

Couldst thou submit to wear the marriage chain,

(Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)

No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,

His torch inverted, and his face in tears,

Though ev'ry softer wish were amply crown'd,
Love soon would cease to smile where fortune
frown'd;

Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
And blame what it solicited before;
Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
And say I had undone thy blinded youth;
That I had damp'd ambition's nobler flame,
Eclips'd thy talents, and obscur'd thy fame;
To madrigals and odes that wit consign'd,
That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that negatively kind
You only mourn'd, and silently repin'd;
The jealous demons in my own fond breast
Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
And all that sense must feel, though pity had
supprest.

Yet added grief my apprehension fills
(If there can be addition to those ills)
When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I
dread,

" 'Twas thy own deed, thy folly on thy head!
Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth;
Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
And say those virgins act a wiser part
Who hospitals and bedlams would explore
To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
Who, legal prostitutes for int'rest sake,
Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
And, if avenging heav'n permit increase,
People the world with folly and disease.
Those titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed,
And the grave aunt and formal fire approve
This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
That poor degen'rate child her friends disown,

Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
From her great name's hereditary voice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
If I embark upon this summer sea,
Where flatt'ry smooths, and pleasure gilds the way.
Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that score thy heart receive,
And with that guiltless name my own deceive;
That commerce now in vain you recommend,
I dread the latent lover in the friend;
Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
And know, I both must take, or both refuse.

Hear then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
Neither to int'rest nor to honour true,
And proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
Exult in love from lovers they despise;
Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
And though I like the lover, quit the love.

PROLOGUE

TO LILLO'S ELMERIC.

No labour'd scenes to night adorn our stage,
Lillo's plain sense would here the heart engage.
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
From passion's force, and, as he felt, he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's test could bear,
Yet from each eye still draws the natural tear,
With generous candour hear his latest strains,
And let kind pity shelter his remains.
Deprest by want, afflicted by disease,
Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please.
Oh, may that wish be now humanely paid,
And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade.
'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave,

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RICHARD SAVAGE, ESQ.

Containing

THE WANDERER,
THE BASTARD,
PROGRESS OF A DIVINE,
PUBLIC SPIRIT,

|| EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY,
VALENTINE'S DAY,
VOLUNTEER LAUREATS,
EPISTLES.

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Thee, SAVAGE, these (the justly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire;
Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

DYER'S EPISTLE TO SAVAGE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

To be placed after p. 595, before the Life of Savage.

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THE LIFE OF SAVAGE.

FOR the life of SAVAGE, the "lovers of truth and wit" are obliged to Dr. Johnson, who "was favoured with his confidence, and received from himself an account of most of the transactions which he relates."

The facts stated in the present account are chiefly taken from Dr. Johnson's larger narrative, which is written in so clear and animated a manner, enriched with such variety of anecdotes, and illuminated throughout with so much philosophy and knowledge of human life, that it is one of the most interesting biographical disquisitions in the English language.

Richard Savage was born in Fox-court, Holborn, on the 10th of January 1697-8. He was the son of Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, adulterously begotten by Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers, who, it is alleged by Dr. Johnson, gave him his own name, and had it duly recorded in the register of St. Andrew's, Holborn; but that register has been carefully inspected, and no such entry is to be found. According to Mr. Reed, he was christened by the name of Richard Smith; but of this there is no evidence.

Dr. Johnson states, that "Lady Macclesfield having lived for some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought a public confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty," and assuming this to be true, stigmatizes her with indignation, as "the wretch who had, without scruple, proclaimed herself an adulteress."

That Lady Macclesfield was convicted of the crime of adultery, and separated from her husband by an act of parliament, cannot be denied; but there is not sufficient evidence of her voluntarily submitting to the ignominious charge of adultery.

"I have perused," says Mr. Boswell, the lively and agreeable biographer of Dr. Johnson, "the Journals of both Houses of Parliament, at the period of her divorce, and there find it authentically ascertained; that she made a most strenuous defence by her counsel; the bill having been first moved 15th January 1697, and proceeded on at intervals till the 3d of March, when it passed. It was brought to the Commons the 5th of March, proceeded on the 7th, 10th, 11th, 14th, and 15th; on which day, after a full examination of witnesses on both sides, and hearing of counsel, it was reported without amendment, passed, and carried to the Lords." Yet, on the other hand, it ought to be observed, that it belonged to Lady Macclesfield to oppose the divorce, to prevent a suspicion of collusion; and therefore her opposition, under such circumstances, is not sufficient to overbalance the general repute as to her voluntary confession.

As to the truth of the fact, there was no doubt made of it; for Lord Rivers acquiesced in her declaration, and appeared by the measures he took to provide for him, to consider the child as his own. Lord Rivers unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, who, after having forfeited the title of Lady Macclesfield by divorce, retained her fortune, and was married to Colonel Henry Brett, whom she survived many years. She died October 11. 1753, aged above fourscore.

Strange as it may appear, his mother, from the moment of his birth, looked upon him with a kind of resentment and abhorrence; and, instead of supporting, assisting, and defending him, resolved to disown him; and in a very short time removed him from her sight, by committing him to the care of a shoemaker's wife, whom she directed to educate him as her own, enjoining her never to inform him of his true parents.

The hapless infant was not, however, wholly abandoned. Her mother, Lady Mason, whether in approbation of her design, or to prevent more criminal practices, took some charge of his education, and placed him at a small grammar-school near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurse.

Here he was initiated in literature, and passed through several of the classes, with what rapidity or applause cannot now be known.

While he was cultivating his genius, his father Lord Rivers was seized with a distemper which threatened his life; and as he lay on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children. Accordingly, he sent to his mother to inquire after him, and she had the cruelty to cut him off for ever from that happiness which competence affords, by declaring that he was dead. The Earl did not imagine that there could exist a mother that would ruin her son without

enriching herself; and therefore bestowed upon some other person six thousand pounds, which he had, in his will, bequeathed to Savage. He died August 18. 1712.

Mr. Boswell, for the honour of human nature, is inclined to think the shocking tale not true; and supposes that the person who then assumed the name of Richard Savage, was an impostor, being in reality the son of the shoemaker, and that, after the death of the real Richard Savage, he attempted to personate him; and that the fraud being known to Lady Macclesfield, he was therefore repulsed by her, with just resentment.

Mr. Boswell supports his supposition by a circumstance that has been mentioned as an aggravation of Lady Macclesfield's unnatural conduct; and that is, her having prevented him from obtaining the benefit of a legacy left to him by Mrs. Lloyd, his god-mother: "For if there was such a legacy left," says he, "his not being able to obtain payment of it, must be imputed to his consciousness that he was not the real person. The just inference should be, that by the death of Lady Macclesfield's child before its god-mother, the legacy became lapsed; and therefore, that Johnson's Richard Savage was an impostor."

A very little reflection might have satisfied Mr. Boswell, that executors acting under the influence of Lady Macclesfield, might have laid Savage, with a very good title, under considerable difficulties in recovering the legacy.

Besides, we must allow the weight of general repute as to his parentage, though illicit, and it must ever appear very suspicious, that three different accounts of the Life of Savage, one published by Hill, in the "The Plain Dealer," in 1724, another by Mr. Beckingham, in 1727, and another by the powerful pen of Dr. Johnson in 1749, and all of them while Lady Macclesfield was alive, should, notwithstanding the severe attacks upon her, have been suffered to pass without any public and effectual contradiction.

The same cruelty which incited his mother to intercept this provision which had been intended him, prompted her, on his leaving school, to rid herself from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by sending him secretly to the American plantations; but this contrivance was by some accident defeated.

Being hindered, by whatever means, from banishing him into another country, she formed, soon after, a scheme of burying him in poverty and obscurity for the remainder of his days, and had him placed with a shoemaker in Holborn.

In this station, however, he did not long continue; for his nurse dying, he went to take care of the effects of his supposed mother, and found in her boxes some of Lady Mason's letters to her, which informed him of his birth, and the cause of its concealment.

He was now no longer satisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, and thought he had a right to share in the affluence of his mother; and therefore, without scruple, applied to her as her son, and made use of every art to awaken her tenderness, and attract her regard. But she still resolved to neglect, though she could no longer disown him, and took measures to prevent his ever entering her house on any pretence whatever.

Savage was, at the same time, so touched with the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings before her door, in hopes of seeing her, as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.

One evening, walking in the street that she inhabited, he saw the door of her house by accident open. He entered it, and went up stairs to salute her. She discovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family, and ordered them to drive out of the house that villain who had endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted by the most submissive tenderness to soften her rage, hearing her utter so detestable an accusation, thought it prudent to retire; and never attempted afterwards to speak to her.

While he was assiduously endeavouring to awaken the tenderness of a mother, in whom all natural affection was extinct, he was destitute of the means of support, and having no profession, and a strong inclination to literary pursuits, especially poetry, he became by necessity an author.

The subject he made choice of for his first attempt was the *Bangorian* controversy, in which he inconsiderately engaged in opposition to Hoadly, the able defender of civil and religious liberty, and published a poem against the Bishop, the success of which is not known, but of which he was afterwards much ashamed.

He then attempted a more gainful kind of writing; and, in 1717, offered a comedy to the stage, intituled, *Woman's a Riddle*, which was refused by the players. It was not, however, his own performance, but a translation of a Spanish comedy called *La Dama Duende*, executed by Mrs. Price, lady of Baron Price, who gave him the copy, and, through inadvertency, another copy to Mr. Bullock the player, who made some alterations in the MS., and brought it on the stage at Lincoln's-inn-fields, the same year.

In 1719, he produced *Love in a Veil*, a comedy, translated likewise from a Spanish play, called *Peor esla qua esclava*, and was acted at Lincoln's-inn-fields, but so late in the year, that he received scarce any other advantage from it, than the acquaintance of Steele, and Mr. Wilks the comedian, by whom he was pitied, caressed, and relieved.

Steele espoused his interest with all the ardour of benevolence which constituted his character, and asserted, that "the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father."

The kindness of Steele did not end in common favours. He proposed to have established him in some settled scheme of life, and to have married him to a natural daughter of his, on whom he intended to bestow a thousand pounds; but as he was never able to raise the sum which he had offered, the marriage was delayed.

In the mean time, he was informed that Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was so much exasperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his house.

Mr. Wilks, however, continued an equal and steady kindness to the time of his death; and by his interposition, according to Mr. Beckingham, he once obtained from his mother fifty pounds, and a promise of one hundred and fifty more, which was never performed.

Being thus obliged to depend on Mr. Wilks, he became an assiduous frequenter of the theatre; and this constant attendance, naturally procured him the acquaintance of Mrs. Oldfield, who, according to Dr. Johnson, was so much pleased with his conversation, and touched with his misfortunes, that she allowed him an annuity, during her life, of fifty pounds. But Shiels asserts, that "she so much disliked Savage, and disapproved of his conduct, that she never admitted him to her conversation, nor suffered him to enter her house;" and that "she indeed often relieved him with such donations as spoke her generous disposition: but this was at the solicitation of friends; and from a principle of humanity, she became not a little instrumental in saving his life."

It is certain, that at her death, he went into mourning as for a mother; and though Dr. Johnson, says he did not celebrate her in elegies, Chetwood has printed a poem on her death, which he ascribes to Savage.

He had sometimes, by the kindness of Mr. Wilks, the advantage of a benefit; on which occasions he often received uncommon marks of regard and compassion, though the interest of his mother was employed to frustrate his applications.

The kindness of his friends not affording him any constant supply, he found it necessary to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry; and having been unsuccessful in comedy, he resolved to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting a tragedy.

The story which he chose for the subject, was that of *Sir Thomas Overbury*. During a considerable part of the time in which he was employed upon it, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other convenience for study than the fields or the streets allowed him. There he used to walk, and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a moment the use of pen and ink, and write down what he had composed, upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

It was brought on the stage at Drury-lane, June 12. 1723, and acted only three nights. It was once more performed for his benefit, when the house opened for the winter season, October 2. It was corrected and fitted for the stage by Hill, an author of established reputation, from whose friendship he received great assistance on many occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmost tenderness and regard. Hill wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumstances of Savage with great tenderness. He himself performed the part of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, but with so little reputation, that he always blotted out his name from the list, when a copy of his tragedy was to be shown to his friends.

For the dedication, to Herbert Tryst, Esq. of Herefordshire, he received ten pounds. The accumulated profits of acting, printing, and dedication, were a hundred pounds, which he thought a very large sum, having never been master of so much before.

When his necessities returned, Hill encouraged a subscription to a *Miscellany of Poems*, by publishing his story in the "Plain Dealer," with some affecting verses, which had a very powerful effect upon all, but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her aversion.

To this *Miscellany*, the greater part of which was furnished by Hill, he wrote a *Preface*, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty, in a very uncommon strain of humour, with a dedication to Lady Mary Wortley-Montague, whom he flatters without reserve, and with very little art.

Soon afterwards, the death of George I. furnished a general subject for poetical condolence, in which Savage engaged, without obtaining any other advantage, than the increase of his reputation.

He was now advancing in credit, and appeared to be gaining upon mankind, when a misfortune befel him, by which not only his reputation, but his life was endangered.

On the 20th of November, 1727, Savage came from Richmond, whither he had for some time retired, in order to pursue his studies without interruption; and accidentally meeting two acquaintances, whose names were Marchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a coffee-house, where they sat drinking till it was late. He would willingly have gone to bed in the same house, but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the streets till the morning. Happening to discover a light in a coffee-house near Charing-cross, they went in, and demanded a room. They were told the next parlour would be empty presently, as a company were about to leave it, being then paying their reckoning. Marchant, not satisfied with this answer, rushed into the room, and behaved very rudely. This produced a quarrel; swords were drawn; and, in the confusion, one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. A woman servant was likewise accidentally wounded by Savage, as she was endeavouring to hold him.

Savage and his companions being taken into custody, were tried for this offence; and both he and Gregory were capitally convicted, by the evidence of a common strumpet, a woman by whom such wretches were entertained, and a man by whom they were supported. Savage pleaded his own cause, and behaved with great resolution; but it was proved that he gave Sinclair his death's wound, while Gregory commanded the sword of the deceased.

Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, then on the bench, treated him with his usual insolence and severity, exasperated the jury against him, and misrepresented his defence.

The convicts, reconducted to prison, had no hopes of life but from the mercy of the Crown, which was earnestly solicited by his friends, and only obstructed by his mother, who had prejudiced the Queen against him, by relating the atrocious calumny of his forcing himself in upon her, with an intent to murder her.

At length a friend arose, whose character and rank were too eminent to fail of success, the amiable Countess of Hertford, by whose interposition he was admitted to bail, and, on the 9th March 1728, pleaded the royal pardon; to which also the petition delivered to his Majesty by Lord Tyrconnel, his mother's nephew, and the solicitations made to Sir Robert Walpole by Mrs. Oldfield, were not a little conducive.

He had now recovered his liberty, but he had no means of subsistence. He resolved, therefore, to compel his mother to do something for him, and threatened that he would severely expose her cruelty. The expedient proved successful. Lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promise to lay aside his design, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and allowed him two hundred pounds a year.

Mr. Boswell represents his being received as a companion by Lord Tyrconnel, as if prior to his conviction and pardon; but Dr. Johnson's account, which is followed here, is confirmed by the appearance of *The Wanderer*, in 1729, addressed to that nobleman, not only in the first lines, but in a formal dedication filled with the highest strains of panegyric, and the warmest professions of gratitude. No allusion indeed to the murder is observable in *The Wanderer*, which is a circumstance rather favourable to Mr. Boswell's account.

For some time he had no reason to complain of fortune : his appearance was splendid, his expences large, and his acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined taste. This interval of prosperity furnished him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its highest gradation to its lowest. Of his exact observations on human life, he has left a proof in *The Author to be Let*, published about this time, and afterwards inserted in a collection of pieces relating to the Dunciad, which were addressed to the Earl of Middlesex, in a dedication written by Pope, but signed by Savage.

After the publication of this piece, he was considered by those who were attacked by Pope, as a kind of confederate, and was suspected of supplying him with private intelligence and secret incidents ; so that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a satirist.

About this time he wrote a panegyrical *Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole*, and *The Triumph of Health and Mirth*, on the recovery of Lady Tyrconnel, from a languishing illness.

While the world seemed to smile upon him, his conduct was such as made Lord Tyrconnel grow weary of him, and even forced him to withdraw his voluntary bounty, and to banish him from his table.

The cause assigned by his Lordship for dismissing him, was, his introducing company into his house, with whom he practised the most licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drunkenness ; and selling or pawning the books of which he had made him a present, stamped with his own arms. Both these accusations were easily credited.

On the other hand, Savage declared, that Lord Tyrconnel quarrelled with him because he would not subtract from his own luxury and extravagance what he had promised to allow him : but this is by no means probable.

These mutual accusations were retorted on both sides, for many years, with the utmost degree of virulence and rage. Savage felt every day the consequences of the quarrel ; and seems to have persuaded Dr. Johnson, " that his spirit never suffered him to solicit a reconciliation : " but Mr. Boswell has shown, that he once solicited a reconciliation, " in the humblest manner," by the interposition of Mr. Gilbert, his Lordship's chaplain.

He now thought himself again at liberty to take his revenge on his mother ; and published about this time, *The Bastard*, inscribed with " due reverence," to Mrs. Brett, which had an extraordinary sale.

His mother, who happened then to be at Bath, was not able to bear the representation of her own conduct, but fled from reproach, and took shelter in London.

On the death of Eusden, in 1730, he ineffectually exerted all the interest which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes could procure, to obtain the place of poet-laureat, which was given to Cibber.

Being disappointed of the laureat's place, he took a resolution of applying to the Queen, and published a poem on her birth-day, which he intitled, *The Volunteer Laureat*. The Queen, a few days after publication, sent him fifty pounds, and her " permission to write annually on the same subject ; " and a promise of " the like present, till something better could be done for him."

When the Princess Anne was married to the Prince of Orange, he wrote a poem upon her departure, only, as he declared, " because it was expected from him."

About this time, he was accused in " *The Daily Courant*," of influencing elections against the court, by appearing at the head of a Tory mob ; but he sufficiently cleared his innocence, and found no ill effects from the accusation.

In the dispute between the Bishop of London and the Chancellor, relating to Dr. Rundle, he engaged with great zeal against the Bishop ; and wrote a poem, called, *The Progress of a Divine*, in which he painted the character of a profligate priest, in such odious colours, as drew upon him the resentment of the clergy. The Court of King's Bench was moved against him for obscenity ; but Lord Chief Justice York dismissed the information, with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of his writings.

He once intended to make a reparation for the folly or injustice with which he might be charged, by writing another poem, called, *The Progress of a Freethinker* ; but this plan was, like others, formed, and laid aside.

He was still in his usual exigencies, having no certain support but the pension from the Queen ; which, when he received, he regularly disappeared, and spent, and returned to his acquaintance as penniless as before.

His friends solicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour, with so much earnestness, that they obtained a promise of the next place that should become vacant, not exceeding 200 l. a-year; but, nothing more than promises were obtained from that celebrated statesman.

Despair was not, however, the character of Savage; when one patronage failed, he had recourse to another. The Prince of Wales had very liberally rewarded the merit of Thomson and Mallet; and, therefore, he resolved to address to him, his *Poem on Public Spirit, with regard to Public Works*; but he received no reward from his patron, however generous on other occasions; a disappointment which he never mentioned without indignation.

His poverty still pressing, he lodged as much by accident as he dined; for he generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintance, from which the meanness of his dress often excluded him. He often passed his nights in those mean houses which are set open for casual wanderers; sometimes in cellars, amidst the riot and filth of the most profligate of the rabble; and not seldom would he walk the streets till he was weary, and then lie down, in summer, on a bulk, and in winter, among the ashes of a glass-house.

His necessities as a writer for bread, brought him acquainted with Mr. Cave, the editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine;" and his visits at St. John's Gate, naturally brought Dr. Johnson and him together.

It is melancholy to reflect, that Dr. Johnson and Savage have sometimes wandered together whole nights in the streets for want of a lodging. Yet, in those scenes of distress, it is probable that Savage mentioned many of those anecdotes, with which Dr. Johnson afterwards enriched the life of his unfortunate companion, and those of other poets.

His distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him: In his lowest state he wanted not spirit to assert the natural dignity of wit, and to repress, with contempt, the insolence which the superiority of fortune incited; of which Dr. Johnson records an instance, in his refusing to wait upon one of his friends, when he was without meat, lodging, or clothes, only because the message signified that he desired to see him about nine in the morning.

It was one of his favourite amusements to form schemes for publishing his works by subscription; for which, at length, he printed proposals; and as they grew obsolete, new ones were printed with fresher dates; but the money which his subscriptions afforded him, was not less volatile than that which he received from his other schemes.

The death of the Queen, in 1738, deprived him of all hopes at Court: his pension was discontinued; and he was now abandoned again to fortune.

On the return of the Queen's birth-day next year, he addressed to his Majesty, *A Poem, sacred to the memory of the late Queen*, which may be justly ranked among the best pieces which the death of princes has produced. He expected by this address to recover his pension, and demanded of Sir Robert Walpole to have it restored, with a degree of roughness, which, perhaps, determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

His distress was now publicly known; and a scheme was at length concerted for procuring him a permanent relief. It was proposed that he should retire to Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a-year, to be raised by subscription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap place, without aspiring any more to affluence, or having any farther care of reputation. Pope subscribed twenty pounds.

This offer he seemed gladly to accept; but his intentions were only to deceive his friends, by retiring for a while to write another tragedy on the story of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, and then to return with it to London, to bring it upon the stage.

He left London in the Bristol stage-coach, in July 1739, having taken leave of his friends with great tenderness, and parted from Dr. Johnson with tears in his eyes.

After some stay at Bristol, where he was treated with a regard that highly gratified his vanity, he proceeded to Swansea, the place originally proposed for his residence, where he lived about a year, very much dissatisfied with the diminution of his salary; for he had in his letters treated his contributors so insolently, that most of them withdrew their subscription.

At this place he became acquainted with Mr. Powell, and Mrs. Jones, whom he has celebrated in his poems; and completed his tragedy, with which he resolved to return to London. Pope opposed his return, and advised him to put his play into the hands of Thomson and Mallet, that they

might fit it for the stage, and receive the profits on his account. This proposal he rejected with the utmost contempt; and soon after returned to Bristol, on his way to London: but, meeting with a repetition of the same kind treatment he had before found there, he was tempted to stay, till he tired out the generosity of his friends; and his irregular behaviour grew troublesome. Distress stole upon him by imperceptible degrees. To complete his misery, on the 10th of January 1742-3, he was arrested for a debt of about eight pounds, which he owed at a coffeehouse; and conducted to the house of a sheriff's officer, where he remained for some time "at an immense expence," in hopes of procuring bail; and, at length, was removed to Newgate.

The expence of living at the officer's house he was enabled to support, by the generosity of Mr. Nash at Bath, who, upon hearing of his misfortune, sent him five guineas.

He was treated by Mr. Dagge, the keeper of the prison, with great humanity; was supported by him at his own table, had a room to himself, was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields.

He employed himself in this hospitable prison, in writing a satirical poem, called *London and Bristol Delineated*; which he left unfinished.

When he had been about six months in prison, he received a letter from Pope, who yet continued to remit him his subscription, containing a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, founded on a complaint which he was supposed to have made to Henley. He returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence; but, however, appeared much disturbed at the accusation.

In a few days after, he was seized with a disorder, which at first was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, at last a fever seized his spirits, and he expired on the 1st of August 1743, in the 46th year of his age. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expence of the keeper.

Thus lived, and thus died this unfortunate poet; leaving behind him an example of the most remarkable combination of virtues and vices, weaknesses and abilities, that is to be found in the records of biography.

The infelicity of his fate has been a frequent subject of lamentation with succeeding poets; and very lately by William Preston, Esq., an eminent poet of a neighbouring kingdom, in an elegant and pathetic "Epistle to a Young Gentleman, on his having addicted himself to the study of Poetry."

He, too, that gloried in a *Basford's* name,
The patient pupil of reproach and shame—
Nor father's smile, nor mother's tender tears,
Cheer'd the sad cradle of his tender years!
Lo! time for him prepares the scorns and whips,
And steep in poverty beyond the lips—
Oh *Savage*! doubly born of noble kind,
And tenfold noble in th' exalted mind:
Want, fear, and calumny, for thee combin'd,
And blood oppressive clings around thy mind:
Oft to themselves their pangs the wretched owe,
But *Savage*! thine from crimes of others flow.
What demons steel a shameless woman's breast?
Maternal fury, wilt thou never rest?
With vilest falsehoods, every fiend-like art,
The human harpy rends his bleeding heart.
Unwearied hate the curse of being gave,
Pursued through life, and sunk him to the grave.
Oh, *Savage*! curs'd with elegant desires,
Th' ennobled nature, the poetic fires;
Thy roving wishes spread th' unwearied wing,
Their sad returns of misery to bring.
No peaceful olive proves their wand'rings past;
But noxious herbs and fruits of bitter taste.
In dreary prospect, dire existence lies
Where crowding sorrows, woes on woes arise;
The murder'd hopes, departed faith of friends;
And mildest death, the long perspective ends.
Alas! what joy thy parting moment smooth'd,
By Pope embitter'd, by a jailor sooth'd.
Strange comforter! he cheer'd thy prison's gloom,
He gave thy relics to the decent tomb."

Savage was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect, of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter.

Of his character, the most striking peculiarities have been displayed in the relation of his life. He was undoubtedly a man of excellent parts; and had he received the advantages of a liberal education, and had his natural talents been cultivated to the best advantage, he might have made a respectable figure in life. He was happy in an agreeable temper, and a lively flow of wit, which made his company much coveted: nor was his judgment both of writings and of men inferior to his wit; but he was too much a slave to his passions, and his passions were too easily excited.

He was warm in his friendships, but implacable in his enmity; and his greatest fault, which is indeed the greatest of all faults, was ingratitude. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant; and his veracity was often questioned, and not without reason.

His poetical works, dispersed in magazines and fugitive publications, were collected and published by T. Evans, bookseller, in 2 vols., 8vo, 1771. His second tragedy, on the subject of the first, was found among Mr. Cave's papers, many years after his death, and fitted for the stage by Mr. William Woodfall, with the assistance of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman, and exhibited at Covent-garden, in 1777, with applause.

As a poet, the compositions of Savage amply establish his fame. *The Wanderer*, the greatest effort of his poetical genius, is a work of uncommon merit. It abounds with strong representations of nature, and just observations upon life. Most of the pictures have an evident tendency to illustrate his first great position, "That good is the consequence of evil," which verges towards the latitudinarianism of Mandeville. The terrific portrait of *Suicide* deserves particular commendation. It has been objected to *The Wanderer*, with some degree of justice, that the disposition of the parts is irregular; that the design is obscure, and the plan perplexed; that the images, however beautiful, succeed each other without order; and that the whole performance is not so much a regular fabric, as a heap of shining materials thrown together by accident, which strike rather with the solemn magnificence of a stupendous ruin, than the elegant grandeur of a finished pile.

The Bastard is a vigorous and spirited performance: The vivacious sallies of thought in the beginning, when he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of base birth, and the pathetic sentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he suffered by the crime of his parents, are chiefly remarkable.

The poem of *Public Spirit* is not so diligently laboured, nor so successfully finished as *The Wanderer*. The plan is very extensive, and comprises a multitude of topics; but he passes negligently over many public works, which deserved to be more elaborately treated.

The settlement of colonies in uninhabited countries, is recommended with all the ornaments of verse, and all the tenderness of humanity and benevolence. He asserts the natural equality of mankind, and endeavours to suppress that pride which inclines men to suppose, that right is the consequence of power.

The Triumph of Mirth and Health, is remarkable not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. Among his smaller pieces, *The Employment of Beauty*, *The Friend*, *The Genius of Liberty*, *Valentine's Day*, and *the Poem sacred to the memory of her late Majesty*, deserve particular commendation.

"As an author," says Dr. Johnson, "if one piece, which he had resolved to suppress, be excepted, Savage has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious censure. And though he may not be altogether secure against the objections of the critic, it must however be acknowledged, that his works are the production of a genius truly poetical, and what many writers, who have been more lavishly applauded, cannot boast, that they have an original air, which has no resemblance of any foregoing writer; that the versification and sentiments have a cast peculiar to themselves, which no man can imitate with success; because, what was nature in Savage, would be in another affectation. It must be confessed that his descriptions are striking, his images animated, his fictions truly imagined, and his allegories artfully pursued; that his diction is elevated, though sometimes forced; and his numbers sonorous and majestic, though frequently sluggish and encumbered. Of his style, the general fault is harshness, and its general excellence is dignity: of his sentiments, the prevailing beauty is simplicity, and uniformity the prevailing defect."

POEMS OF SAVAGE.

THE WANDERER: A VISION.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

"Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave surgit."

VIRG.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN LORD VISCOUNT TYRCONNEL,
BARON CHARLEVILLE, AND LORD BROWNLOWE,
KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

MY LORD,

PART of this poem had the honour of your Lordship's perusal when in manuscript; and it was no small pride to me, when it met with approbation from so distinguishing a judge: should the rest find the like indulgence, I shall have no occasion (whatever its success may be in the world) to repent the labour it has cost me—But my intention is not to pursue a discourse on my own performance; no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out sentiments that relate to your Lordship's goodness, the generosity of which, give me leave to say, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the great, in former times, generally terminated in disappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called such) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, withheld, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till those who lingered in the want of it, grew almost past the sense of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous act of guilt in the receiver, the consequence of which was remorse and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordship, and the present ministry, is an assurance of success. I am persuaded, distress, in many other instances, affects your soul with a compassion, that always shows itself in a

manner most humane and active; that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that to deserve your friendship is to deserve the countenance of the best of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordship's conversation (permit me to speak but justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furnished with the finest observations upon human nature, and to receive, from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning candour, the worthiest and most polite maxims—such as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could also take notice of your many public-spirited services to your country in Parliament, and your constant attachment to liberty, and the royal, illustrious house of our most gracious sovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the noblest and fittest orators to speak your praise, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordship's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been so lately shed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings shall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I must acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordship's goodness to me. I must, in fine, say with Horace,

"Quod spiro, et placeo, (et placeo) tuum est."

I am, with the highest gratitude and adoration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most dutiful
and devoted servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
Brownlowe, at once my subject and my fame!
Oh! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness charms!

That various worth! could that inspire my lays,
Envy should smile, and censure learn to praise:
Yet though unequal to a soul like thine,
A generous soul, approaching to divine,
When blest'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight.

O'er ample nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by these the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys;
Who in thyself the various view canst find
Of sea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul,
Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will,
All thou survey'st, with a creative skill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
Awhile in wintry wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
Then waft me to some olive, bowery green,
Where, cloth'd in white, thou show'st a mind
serene;

Where kind content from noise and court retires,
And smiling sits, while muses tune their lyres:
Where zephyrs gently breathe, while sleep profound
To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee bestow'd; whence fancy colour'd shines,
And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in visionary light.

Though solar fires now faint and watery burn,
Just where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd forth issue, from its mouth severe,
Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.

When frost and fire with martial powers en-
gag'd,
Frost, northward fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerless scenes by desolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns;
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
The blossom'd fruit, and flowery spring deform.
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age;
his breath

A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.

Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain,

That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day,
And stretching eastward half the world secures,
Defies discovery, and like time endures!

Now frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines, [fines;
Though here the brook, or lake, his power con-
To rocky pools, to cataracts are unknown
His chains!---to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!

The falling moon cast, cold, a quivering light,
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!---pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-gray mists arose!
Shrill chants the cock!---the hungry heifer lows!
Slow blush yon breaking clouds;---the sun's up-
roll'd!

Th' expansive gray turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.

O contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
From sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!

Still morn begins, and frost retains the scene!
Hark!---the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
From rock to vale sweet-wandering echoes run!
Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar!
Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!
Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!

Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-
brood,
Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
Like jangling bells, harsh mingling grate the ear!
All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And smoky fate speeds thundering through the
gloom!

Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.

Still fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
Estrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown!
Where shall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?

From hilly wilds, and deeps where snows re-
main,
My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
Emmers'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside,
And towers aspire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work
crown'd,

Bend, while their slacky winter shades the ground!
Hoarse, and direct, a blustering north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick rustling, crack the crisped snows!
Tangles of frost half-fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering sky!
Hence down the side two turbid rivulets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!
While pleas'd the watery progress I pursue,
Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!
In form an amphitheatre they rise;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.

There the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails!
Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-swell, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd store deriv'd, a river flows;
Which, deepening, travels through a distant wood,
And thence emerging, meets a sister-flood;
Mingled they flash on a wide-opening plain,
And pass yon city to the far-seen main.

So blend two souls by heaven for union made,
And strengthening forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in every transient turn their aim,
Through finite life to infinite the same.

Nor ends the landscape---ocean, to my sight,
Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
In prospect lessen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd
high,

Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
There lies obscur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
In conic form there gelid crystal grows;
Through such the palace-lamp, gay lustre throws!
Lustre, which, through dim night, as various plays,
As play from yonder snows the changeful rays!
For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize;
Through these the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Measure known stars, and new remoter spy.
Hence commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's soul ethereal flight essays;
Instructive there from orb to orb she strays;
Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
And peasants search for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
Incar'd secure th' exulting eagle dwells;
And there, when nature owns prolific spring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coast the far-fam'd fish descry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the showery bow.
Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons useful texture find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and brightening hardens into glass.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave;
Though lash'd by storms, which naval pride o'er-
turn,

The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.
Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and
fore,
Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (so frail our case!)

Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd, and unaf-
swag'd, [rag'd!
They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot en-
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain? [glides!
Now my blood chills! scarce through my veins it
Sure on each blast a shivering ague rides!
Warn'd let me this bleak eminence forsake,
And to the vale a different winding take!

Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Close with this stage a precipice combines;
Whence still the spacious country far declines!
The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
And men diminish'd, as, at noon, their shades!
Thick on this top, o'ergrown for walks, are seen
Gray leafless wood, and winter-greens between!
The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
And matted mistletoe, the white, bestows!
Though lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Though on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots!
These boughs, the silenc'd shivering songsters seek!
These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.

Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of despair!
The water of the mountain-road, half stray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown cascade.
Has nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hastening near!
A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast:
Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confess'd!
Of youth his form!—But why with anguish bent?
Why pin'd with fallow marks of discontent?
Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
All fear forget—Each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perspective scene.

In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
A maple cup is next dispatch'd to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring:
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine;
And savoury cates, upon clear embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd power,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.

The hermit, thus: Thou wonder'st at thy fare:
 On me, yon city, kind, bestows her care:
 Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
 That warms chill'd life, her charities produce:
 Accept without reward; unask'd 'twas mine;
 Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
 Hence learn that God, (who, in the time of need,
 In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
 Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
 His second means, to succour man distress'd.
 He paus'd Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd;
 Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd.
 I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
 By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born.
 Of England I—to me the British state
 Rises, in dear memorial, ever great!
 Here stand we conscious:—Diffidence suspend!
 Free flew our words!—Did ne'er thy muse extend
 To grotts, where contemplation smiles serene,
 Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
 To groves, where more than mortal voices rise,
 Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies?
 This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
 What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold,
 Think subjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
 What cannot industry completely raise?
 Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
 By industry is all with beauty crown'd.
 He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
 Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
 He forms the sword to smite; he sheaths the
 steel,
 Draws health from herbs, and shows the balm to
 heal;
 Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies;
 Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
 Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
 Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway;
 Hence golden commerce views her wealth in-
 crease,
 The blissful child of liberty and peace.
 He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
 Fills, with soft fertile mould, the sterile void;
 Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests
 grow,
 And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow!
 By him fall mountains to a level space,
 An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace!
 He founds a city on the naked shore,
 And desolation starves the tract no more.
 From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
 Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics
 stand;
 He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
 And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound.
 Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice rose,
 Each fabric there, as pleasure's seat he shows!
 There marts, sports, councils, are for action sought,
 Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
 What wonder then I, by his potent aid,
 A mansion in a barren mountain made?
 Part thou hast view'd!—If further we explore,
 Let industry deserve applause the more.

No frowning care yon blest apartment sees,
 There sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.

Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd
 wealth,

There shed the smiles of innocence and health.

Mark!—Here descends a grot, delightful seat!
 Which warms ev'n winter, tempers summer heat;
 See!—Gurgling from a top, a spring distills!
 In mournful measures wind the dripping rills;
 Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
 In soothing mixture, swell the watery sound;
 And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
 Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
 Pass on—New scenes, by my creative power,
 Invite reflection's sweet and solemn hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
 Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
 These friends (said he) though I desert mankind,
 Good angels never would permit behind.
 Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
 I know; each work some seraph here conveys,
 Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
 What heaven inspir'd, and what the muse has
 taught;

What young satiric and sublime has writ,
 Whose life is virtue, and whose muse is wit.
 Rap'd I foresee thy Mallet's* early aim
 Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
 Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
 And the ripe judgment of instructive years.
 In Hill is all that generous souls revere,
 To virtue and the muse for ever dear:
 And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
 The tongue that praises merit, praises thee.

These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their
 age,

Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
 To whose dim faculty the meaning song
 Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;
 Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
 His wit, and oddness of his tone and face;
 Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
 In some low libel a mean heart display;
 Those, who once prais'd, now undeciv'd, despise,
 It lives condemn'd a day, then harmless dies.
 Or should some nobler bard, their worth, unpraise,
 Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,
 Alas! too oft each science shows the same,
 The great grow jealous of a greater name:
 Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock;
 Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
 Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!
 Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let envy, he replied, all ireful rise,
 Envy pursues alone the brave and wise;
 Maro and Socrates inspire her pain,
 And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
 To whom be nature's, and Britannia's praise!
 All their bright honours rush into his lays!
 And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
 Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
 Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
 As elegance polite, as power elate;
 Profound as reason, and as justice clear;
 Soft, as compassion, yet as truth severe;

* He had then just written the *Excursion*.

As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equall'd by his muse.

O Pope!—Since envy is decreed by fate,
Since she pursues alone the wise and great;
In one small, emblematic landscape see,
How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence surveys our scene
(A hill, where all is clear, and all serene).
Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner valleys blow,
And wandering mists roll, blackening far below;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is envy's aim,
And clear, and eminent, like truth, thy fame.

Thus I. From what dire cause can envy spring?
Or why embosom we a viper's sting?
'Tis envy stings our darling passion, pride.
Alas! (the man of mighty soul replied)
Why choose we miseries? Most derive their birth
From one bad source—we dread superior worth;
Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own;
Then heedless to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abstract our views, and envy show,
Whence springs the misery, pride is doom'd to
know.

Thus folly pain creates: By wisdom's power,
We shun the weight of many a restless hour—
Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole, am part—the joy men see,
Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
Why should I then of private loss complain?
Of loss, that proves, *per* chance, a brother's gain?
'The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but supplied, when vales are
drown'd;
If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend?
Shall gravity for me her laws suspend?
For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear?
Or motion not subsist to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they frost, or flame,
'Thy end, O nature! still remains the same!
Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear.

CANTO II.

WHILE thus a mind humane, and wise, he shows,
All eloquent of truth his language flows. [pears;
Youth, though depress'd, through all his form ap-
Through all his sentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—Yet farther industry behold,
Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold,
Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.
When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
My bosom, labouring with the throbs of woe!
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouse those
cares,
On my chill'd mind pale recollection glares!
VOL. VIII.

When moping frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
Here prudent labours chas'd her power away.
Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs smile in flames! gor'd champions
groan!

And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone!
Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
Swells into life, and speaking action grows!
Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
To calm, amuse, exalt the pensive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And semblant thoughts, that earthly pomp despise.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
Though dress, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies,
The vanity of dress unheeded lies.
The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps.
One hand her bosom smites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.

Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Messiah's, though to suffering born,
To penury, repulse, reproach, and scorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his flight design'd;
The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm express,
A modest charm, that dignifies distress.
Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
Which angels to her busied consort bend.
Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heaven concern'd.

Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
Full on his followers bursts a flood of rays,
Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
Unfufferable, magnificent, and near!

What scene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the suppliant King of kings!
The crown of thorns; the cross, that felt him die;
These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.

There, from the dead, centurions see him rise,
See! but struck down with horrible surprise!
As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
This casts the silver splendour of the moon.

Here peopled day, th' ascending God surveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
When through a cloud bright-glancing, yet serene!
Now fast encreasing to the crowd amaz'd,
Like some vast meteor high in æther rais'd!

My labour, yon high vaulted altar stains
With dyes, that emulate ætherial plains.
The convex glass, which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!
Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
Back from the God, a showery radiance fall.
Lightening the scene beneath! a scene divine!
Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!

Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!

This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!
He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply,
And the prompt tear starts, quivering, on his eye!

I look'd—two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a listening angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains,
A phoenix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering seraphs raise,
Which opening heaven upon the roof displays!
And two, benevolent, less distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by friendship held, arise,
Odorous as incense gathering in the skies.
In the fond pelican is love express'd,
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a falcon struck!—in wild despair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! destroys
The tender consort of my cares and joys!
Again soft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd sounds dy'd, fluttering, on his
tongue.

Too well his pining inmost thought I know!
Too well ev'n silence tells the story'd woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply!
I stray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!

Next, on the wall, her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
One shows her breast, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit seiz'd!—o'er all his soul,
The soft, wild, wailing, amorous passion stole!
In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep,
Then turn away, a while dejected weep;
Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
Where now is my philosophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, t' embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level first my head?
Why must I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! Fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth!
Oh, she was dear! How dear, what words can say?
She dies!—my heaven at once is snatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
That in the senate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to shine? [all
That love shower'd blessings too—far more than
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are these, which ev'n the wise adore?
Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye persecuting powers! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn;

Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief supplies!
But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!

Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief!
Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat,
(My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat:
Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
Despair and horror lead the cheerless way!
My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
Life, injur'd life, must with the passion less!
Olympia!—my Olympia's lost! (I cry)
Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghosts to scream, as through lone aisles they
sweep;

The shrines to shudder, and the faints to weep!
Now grief and rage, by gathering sighs suppress'd,
Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breast!
With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
And strike the tottering fabric of my brain!
O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vapoury scene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of spleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts and secret terrors dwell!
Here learn the great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain!
Here learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as ignorance, as frenzy wild!
Here first credulity on reason won!
And here false zeal mysterious rants begun!
Here love impearls each moment with a tear,
And superstition owes to spleen her fear!

Fantastic lightnings, through the dreary way,
In swift short signals flash the bursting day!
Above, beneath, across, around, they fly!
A dire deception strikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all obscene, shed baneful damps around!
Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!

Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint
away,
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light!
Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car!
These nod from thrones! Those thunder in the
war!

Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.

Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and sunk!—A robe she wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective shows,
Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes.
This endless foe to generous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;

She mufes o'er her woe embroider'd veft,
And felf-aborrence heightens in her breaft.
To fhun her care, the force of fleep ſhe tries,
Still wakes her mind, though flumbers doze her
eyes:

She dreams, ſtarts, riſes, ſtalks from place to place,
With reſtleſs, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the ſun, and curſes every ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim ſpectres dance. Again her eye ſhe rears;
Then from the blood-ſhot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then preſſes hard her brow, with miſchief fraught,
Her brow half burſts with agony of thought!
From me (ſhe cries) pale wretch, thy comfort
claim,

Born of deſpair, and ſuicide my name!
Why ſhould thy life a moment's pain endure!
Here every object proffers grief a cure.
She points where leaves of hemlock blackening
ſhoot!

Fear not! pluck! eat (ſaid ſhe) the ſovereign root!
Then death, revers'd, ſhall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy ſight ſhall ſwim the ſhadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, poſſeſs a watery grave,
And leave wild ſorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from miſery frees!
She wounds her breaſt!—the guilty ſteel I ſeize!
Straight, where ſhe ſtruck, a ſmoking ſpring of
gore [floor,

Wells from the wound, and floats the crimſon'd
She faints! ſhe fades!—Calm thoughts the deed
revolve,

And now, unſtartling, fix the dire reſolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia ſmiles!
He points the paſſage to the ſeats divine,
Where poets, heroes, fainter lovers ſhine!
I come, Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breaſt the threatening point deſcends;
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings
play!

When, lo! a voice reſounds—Arife! away!
Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'ſt thou from providence for vain relief?
Such ill-fought eaſe ſhall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obſtructed, ſtronger ſhines,
And zeal by perſecution's rage refines.
By woe, the ſoul to daring action ſwells;
By woe, in painleſs patience it excels;
From patient, prudent dear experience ſprings,
And traces knowledge through the courſe of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs.

The vaniſh'd fiend thus ſent a hollow voice,
Would'ſt thou be happy? ſtraight be death thy
choice.

How mean are thoſe, who paſſively complain;
While active ſouls, more free, their ſetters ſtrain!
Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs;
On earth ſucceſs muſt in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of ſpirits thus— their reſt
Untouch'd! entire!—once happy, ever bleſt!

Earneſt the heavenly voice responsive cries,
Oh, liſten not to ſubtilty unwiſe!
Thy guardian faint, who mourns thy hapleſs fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign ſhore;
There in a cell thy laſt remains be ſpent;
Away! deceive deſpair, and find content!

I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long ſeas I meaſur'd, and this mountain gain'd
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd, where a huge ſerpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—he rages now for food,
Meets my firſt glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears ſpire on ſpire! His ſcales, be-dropt with
gold,

Shine burniſh'd in the ſun! ſuch height they gain,
They dart green luſtre on the diſtant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful ſlope, he ſtoops his creſt,
Furious to fix on my unſhielded breaſt!
Juſt as he ſprings, my ſabre ſmites the foe!
Headleſs he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though ſtrength his fabric
leaves,

And the meant hiſs the gasping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk ſlow-looſens every fold,
Lingers in life: then ſtretches ſtill, and cold.
Juſt as th' inveterate ſon of miſchief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the ſpot deſcends:
I hail this omen! all bad paſſions ceaſe,
Like the ſlain ſnake, and all within is peace.

Next, to religion this plain roof I raiſe!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze;
I bid due incenſe on my altars ſmoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke!
She hears! ſhe comes!—My heart what raptures
warm?

All my Olympia ſparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of death ſhe bears!
Each roſeate look a quickening tranſport wears!
A robe of light, high-wrought, her ſhape inveſts;
Unzon'd the ſwelling beauty of her breaſts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring reſumes,
In her fair hand, love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then, thus, (while nearer ſhe avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit!—muſt I a ſhade purſue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou ſwim'ſt before my view!
Dip'd in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, ſtrengthen'd, bear the
ſhine:

Still thus I urge (for ſtill the ſhadowy bliſs
Shuns the warm graſp, nor yields the tender kiſs)
Oh, fly not!—fade not! liſten to love's call!
She lives! no more I'm man! I'm ſpirit all!
Then let me ſnatch thee!—preſs thee!—take me
whole!

Oh, cloſe!—yet cloſer!—cloſer to my ſoul!
Twice, round her waſt, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy huſband kneel,
And judge! O judge what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take horror's ſhape, and fright me to deſpair!

Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
 Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
 But mock not thus!—Alas (the charmer said,
 Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd)
 Alas! no more eluded strength employ,
 To clasp a shade!—What more is mortal joy?
 Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
 One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
 Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possess'd)
 Supremely curs'd from being greatly blest;
 For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
 Thou hadst forgot thy God to worship me;
 This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb;
 Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
 Think me not lost: for thee I heaven implore!
 Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
 I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
 Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly
 dream!

Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
 In music's voice I wake thy mind to prayer!
 By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
 Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
 And when that form shall from its clay refine,
 (That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
 When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
 Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight:
 Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aspire
 Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.
 She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
 Th' enchanting voice still warbles in my mind:
 But lo! th' unbodied vision fleets away!—
 —Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, stay!
 Yet stay—for thee my memory leans to smart!
 Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
 Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
 Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay!
 From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
 And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
 Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
 Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return!

Alas!—she's fled!—I traverse now the place,
 Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
 Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
 There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
 Sighs choke my words, unable to express
 The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness!
 Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
 Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
 Than I on her's;—but through yon yielding
 door,
 Glides a new phantom o'er the illumin'd floor!
 The roof swift kindles from the beaming ground,
 And floods of living lustre flame around!
 In all the majesty of light array'd,
 Awful it shines!—'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
 As I the heavenly visitant pursue,
 Sublimed glory opens to my view!
 He speaks!—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
 His thoughts!—They leave me fir'd with patriot
 heat!

More than poetic raptures now I feel,
 And own that godlike passion, public zeal!
 But from my frailty, it receives a stain,
 I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;

And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
 And would, in scenes of action foremost glow!
 Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
 Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
 When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
 And lures me back to solitary love.
 She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
 That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
 That mean are those, who false-term'd honour
 prize;

Whose fabrics from their country's ruin rise;
 Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
 Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.

I hear!—through all my veins new transports
 roll!

I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul:
 Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
 Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
 Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
 But zeal is in ambition lost again!
 I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
 —By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
 These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
 Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
 This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I reply'd,
 O hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
 But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
 Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
 When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
 And often misery points the path to bliss.
 The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
 Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
 The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
 Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
 Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays,
 Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
 Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
 And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

CANTO III.

Thus free our social time from morning flows
 Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
 Thus my new friend: behold the light's decay:
 Back to yon city let me point thy way.
 South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun,
 To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
 His parting eyes a watery radiance shed,
 Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's
 head:

To which oppos'd the shadowy gulfs, below,
 Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow.

Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the
 way;

Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
 Orient, the queen of night emits her dawn,
 And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
 Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines;
 Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
 In a red crescent seen: Her zone now gleams,
 Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams.
 Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
 From the white cliff, her feet flow-rising glare!

See! flames, condens'd now vary her attire;
 Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
 Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
 Through ranks of pines, her broken lustre plays,
 Here glares, there brown-projecting shade be-
 flows,
 And, glittering, sports upon the spangled snows.

Now silver turn her beams!--yon den they gain;
 The big, rous'd lion shakes his brindled main.
 Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
 Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide resounding
 roar.

O dire preface!--But fear not thou, my friend,
 Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
 Homeward I'll wait thee on---and now survey,
 How men and spirits chase the night away!
 Yon nymphs and swains in amorous mirth ad-
 vance;

To breathing music moves the circling dance.
 Here the bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
 Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
 Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
 Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
 Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
 And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
 There crowds, with stable tread, and level'd eye,
 Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
 With force superior, not with skill so true,
 The ponderous disk from Roman sinews flew.
 Where neighbouring hills some cloudy sheet
 sustain,

Freez'd o'er the nether vale a penile plain,
 Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
 The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound!
 Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate, rise;
 And deafening clangor thunders up the skies.

Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
 From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene:
 Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way:
 Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay.
 While thus the hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
 Methought, with new amusement, silence broke:
 Yon amber-hued cascade, which fleecy flies
 Through rocks, and strays along the trackless
 skies,

To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
 Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
 Measur'd to pipe or harp!--and next they stand,
 Marshal'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
 In frost-work now delight the sportive kind:
 Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.

Hark! the funeral bell's deep-sounding toll,
 To bliss, from misery, calls some righteous soul!
 Just freed from life, life swift-ascending fire,
 Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
 Light clasps its wings!--it views, with pitying
 sight,

The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
 The plume high wrought, that blackening nods
 in air;

The slow-pac'd weeping pomp; the solemn prayer;
 The decent tomb; the verse, that sorrow gives,
 Where, to remembrance sweet, fair virtue lives.

Now to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
 And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;

With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
 See!--from the north, what streaming meteors
 pour!

Beneath Bootes springs the radiant train,
 And quiver through the axle of his wain.
 O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
 Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
 Cross æther swift elance the vivid fires!
 As swift again each pointed flame retires!
 In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
 And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
 Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
 A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
 Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
 To them wild omens! science to the wise!
 These mark the comet to the sun incline,
 While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
 While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
 And lights all æther with the sweepy blaze!
 Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
 And shoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
 By worlds, whose people, all aghast with fear,
 May view that minister of vengeance near!
 Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,
 Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!
 Or when it, sunward, drinks rich beams again,
 And burns imperious on th' ætherial plain!
 The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
 Sparkling through night, a new illustrious star!

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
 The various talk:---the city near in view!
 Here from still-life (he cries) avert thy sight,
 And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night!
 But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly;
 Where decency forbids inquiry's eye.
 Man, were not man, without love's wanton fire,
 But reason's glory is to quell desire.
 What are thy fruits, O lust? Short blessings bought
 With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought;
 Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born, [mourn;
 Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to
 Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame;
 Or cast obscure; the child of want and shame!
 False pride! What vices on our conduct steal,
 From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
 Ye cruel mothers!--Soft! those words command;
 So near shall cruelty, and mother stand?
 Can the dove's bosom snakey venom draw?
 Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw?
 Can the fond goat, or tender, fleecy dam
 Howl like the wolf, to tear the kid or lamb?
 Yes, there are mothers---There I fear'd his aim,
 And, conscious, trembled at the coming name;
 Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd!
 Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd!
 That tenderness, which ties of blood deny,
 Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.

Pale grew my cheeks!--But now to general views
 Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
 Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day,
 From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
 Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
 There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
 And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.

Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state;
Thy thoughts, first rank'd, were sure design'd the
great;

Passions plebians are, which faction raise;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sovereign reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd and unlamented died.
Yet smile, griev'd shade! when that unprosperous store

Fast-lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting mischief keeps reserv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwapp'd with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
From the black depth, a fiery legion springs;
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
And straight beneath a summon'd, traiterous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all possess'd, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But justice marks their ways: she waves in air,
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.

While here dark villany herself deceives,
There studious honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.

There sits the sapient bard in useful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
I see him now o'er nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
My muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!

From dark deception clear drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
So pamper'd power, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.
Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art.

(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite!
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!

But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
Æneas-like he passes through the crowd.
Unfought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or seen with slight regard: Unprais'd his name;
His after-honour, and our after-shame.
The doom'd desert, to avarice stands confess'd;
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward censure, skill'd in darker ways,
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
Unjust derision too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endued,
Usher'd by pride, and by reproach pursued.
Forc'd pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.

Yet, suffering worth! thy fortitude will shine:
Thy foes are virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and peace thy days shall crown;
Thy treasure prudence, and thy claim renown:
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!

Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's sound,
Sweet through still night, proclaiming safety round!
Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
To aid some orphan of its race distressed,
Safe winds him through the subterraneous way,
That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin gray,
And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
Where, green with rust, long-buried coins, abound.

This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead;
He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
Sign the false deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
Commission'd now the falsehood he reveals,
To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by his wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.

But why (some may inquire) why kind success,
Since mystic heaven gives misery oft to bless?
Though misery leads to happiness and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,

Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
Oh, let not censure, if (untry'd by grief,
If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,)
He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to
name.

Heaven sees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,
Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.

So in some engine, that denies a vent,
If unrespiring is some creature pent,
It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
Sad o'er the sight swim shadowy mists of death;
If then kind air pours powerful in again,
New heats, new pulses quicken every vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly. [rise,

From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness
And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes;
Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their screams with scream-
ing owls.

The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky.
Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
Nor smoking breathe along the whiten'd scene;
While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
Like veins blue-winding in a fair one's arm.

Now sleep to fancy parts with half his power
And broken slumbers drag the restless hour.
The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murderer scares,
Shows the yet-spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd
floor,

The walls yet-smoking with the spatter'd gore;
Or shrieks to dozing justice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudulent art from day conceals;
The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd,
Pale guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.

These spirits treason of its power divest,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
To snatch in vision sweet the dying friend.

But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summons to prayer!—Now breaks th' enchanter's
spell!

And now—But yon fair spirit's form survey!
'Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haste!—I fly!—adieu!—and when you see
The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:
Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
When worshipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praise the Maker in his fairest mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming women, soon we miss
The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss!

Still through the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightness lusters o'er her
cheeks!

Again she calls!—I dare no longer stay!
A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.

He turn'd, no longer in my sight remain'd;
The mountain he, I save the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild fancy holds her sway,
Still on strange visionary land I stray.
Now scenes crowd thick! now indistinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying
year!

Near the bull's horn light's rising monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws!
From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;
Then with an anguish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in sharp, livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away:
Such slippery paths ambition's steps betray.
Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees,
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze:
Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
Like fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal fight)
A waste, pale glimmering, like a moon, that
waned

A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
It cracks!—vast floating mountains beat the shore!
Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
Like one, who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the rushing torrents sound,
And one great rift runs through the vast profound,
Swift as a shooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
The late dark pole now feels unsetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to frost he goes,
O'er crackling vales imbrown'd with melting snows:
Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
Few men, unsocial those!—a barbarous race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run:
How he recounts the conquests lost and won,
And taleful in th' embrace of frost remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fallen, the king of day,
Red through the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough,
'Tis day-spring. Now green labyrinths I frequent.
Where wisdom oft retires to meet content.

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to worlds sublime;

Of (legends say) the snake with waken'd ire,
Like envy rears in many a scaly spire;
Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the morn in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle, and a purple vest.
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay.
Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.
The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe sweet; and strow her opening way with flowers.

The chattering swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return with plenteous fare.

So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries,
Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, ere they seek their guiltless food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our first parents, part the amorous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With spreading wings,
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;
Steady he sails along th' aerial gray,

Swoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.
Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human kind?

Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd prey.

Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun
Is warn'd the blue ætherial sleep to run.
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure
plays:

The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine.

His coronet, a cloud of silver-white;
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store!
While his loose locks descend, a golden shower.

If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who outstrip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start!

His quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furled,
Swift into life and motion look the world.

The sun-flower now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.

What gay, creative, power his presence brings!
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,
Instant begins in colours to exist:

But absent these from sons of riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.
T' unlock his fence, the new-risen swain prepares,
And ere forth-driven recounts his fleecy cares;

When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the pastor not in vain defied,
Like our arch foe by some celestial guide.

Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey:
Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day.
He sees yon tower-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy tide.

The watery herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and
flowers, [showers.

Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly
Hail, glorious sun! to whose attractive fires,
The weaken'd, vegetative life aspires!

The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Through plants, and trees, perform their genial
course,

Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flowery blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.
From Thee, bright, universal Power! began
Instinct in brute, and generous love in man.

Talk'd I of love?—Yon swain, with amorous
air,

Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks; then, listening as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.

The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.

The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;
Red massacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.

The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring lunny prey.

Near Neptune's temple (Neptune's now no
more),

Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human-kind:
Dear, pleasing friendship!—See! the pile com-
mands

The vale, and grim at superstition stands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.

O Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay;
When ignorance and scorn the ground shall tread,
Where wisdom tutor'd, and devotion pray'd;
Where all thy pompous work our wonder claim;
What, but the muse alone, preserve thy name?

The sun shines, broken, through yon arch that
rears

This once round fabric, half depriv'd by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars now unfaithful sound;
In fragments, these the fall of those forebode,
Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling
load.

High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aerial nest;
By her are liberty and peace carest;

She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant;
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by.

An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a steep, it flies with torrent force,
Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious course.

Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
While through high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains
show,

Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my seat.
Heat never enters here; but coolness reigns
O'er zephyrs, and distilling, watery veins.
Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age;
Through days, months, years, through time's
whole course I run,

And present stand where time itself begun.

Ye mighty dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors!) here I
claim.

Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs;
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings.
Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see,
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee. [weeps,

Now let me change the page—Here Tully
While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn.

Wild his complaint! Nor sweeter sorrow's strains,
When Singer for Alexis lost complains.

Each friend condole, expostulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Sallust censures thus!—Unheeding blame,
He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.

Thus o'er my hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.

But hark! a sudden power attunes the air!
Th' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks
prolong.

I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From ocean steam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd:
A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming
light,

While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood!—amaz'd I still remain!

What earthly power this wonder can explain?
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away:

My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey.

My hermit friend! 'Tis he.—All hail! (he cries)
I see, and would alleviate, thy surprise.

The vanish'd meteor was heaven's message meant,
To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
Hear then! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed saints converse with men inspir'd.

'Tis sacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.

Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heaven-born
muse!

Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale
To the mid, silent wood, or vocal vale; [shades,
Where trees half check the light with trembling
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
The landscape varied at each lessening end;
She, only she can mortal thought refine,
And raise thy voice to visitants divine.

CANTO V.

We left the cave. Be fear (said I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art virtue) is my guide.

By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends,
Whose top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.

Now, from the full-grown day a beamy shower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flower.
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, snatch'd away.

Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays re-
bound,

Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
Bright as th' ethereal glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.

From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
Through her clear channel shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.

Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, through rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems through nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate. [run

In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains,
The flocks:—their fleeces glistening in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighbour-
ing trees,

Recline in various attitudes of ease.
Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore, in scattering myriads fly.

Each livery'd cloud, that round th' horizon
glows,

Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.

The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bower,
And circling settles, and despoils the flower.
Melodious there the plummy songsters meet,
And all charm'd echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The sun plays glittering on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here mirth, and fancy's wanton train advance
And to light measures turn the swimming dance,
Sweet, slow-pac'd melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here meditation shines, in azure drest,
All starr'd with gems; a sun adorns her crest.
Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight;
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
Whose brow is majesty; whose bosom peace;
Who bade creation be, and chaos cease; [vine
Whose breath perfumes the spring; whose eye di-
Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine.
Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia*, seen,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her description, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive muse!
The muse!—she comes! refin'd the passions wait,
And precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
The muse! a thousand spirits wing the air
(Once men, who made like her mankind their
care):

Enamour'd round her prefs th' inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstasy her solemn song.

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;
Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conspire;
Nor sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.

My hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey! [croft,

Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody pursues; [coos.
While the soft murmuring, amorous wood-dove
And, when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chattering pie:

* Mrs. Oldfield.

The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharpening shriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.

Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang fluttering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent flight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squandering peer;
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
His our first fire: what race more ancient thine?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men, whose influence kept the world in awe:
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance con-
sum'd

Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish, by the course of things,
While his, from beggars, re-ascend to kings.
Now, lazarus, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.
When I view greatness, I my lot lament;
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
I might have felt, did heaven not gracious deal,
A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But soft! the cripple our approach describes,
And to the gate, though weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say,
Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Instance of will, without the power to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect, [gleet?
How must we grieve, when learning meets ne-
When god-like souls endure a mean restraint;
When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to distress belongs,
Who to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
And every injur'd virtue is his own.
Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure;
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And, though depress'd, superior to their fate.
Minions in power, and misers, 'mid their store,
Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd
for aid,

A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade?
In power we savage tyranny behold,
And wily avarice owns polluted gold.
From golden sands her pride could Libya raise,
Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our
praise? [breed;
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters
Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
No sheltering trees invite the wanderer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply;
On her vast wilds no lovely prospects run;
But all lies barren, though beneath the sun.

My hermit thus. I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.

Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
 Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
 The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
 In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
 Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
 Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.
 Severe distresses industry inspire;
 Thus captive oft excelling arts acquire,
 And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
 To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
 Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
 And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
 We pass through want to wealth, through dismal
 strife,

To calm content, through death to endless life.
 Libya thou nam'st---let Afric's wastes appear
 Curst by those heats, that fructify the year;
 Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
 Where clustering globes in shining rows depend.
 Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are
 roll'd.

There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
 Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
 Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
 Sad wintry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
 The milder beauties of a flowery spring.
 Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
 Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
 Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
 Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
 Rest at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
 Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn;
 Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
 Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
 Then all were lost!--Or would we floating view
 The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew;
 Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering lie,
 Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky.

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
 In parcel'd tracts to various uses wrought.
 Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
 There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
 Here swelling pease on leafy stalks are seen,
 Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;
 Whose weaving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
 In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
 There the next produce of a genial shower,
 The beans fresh-blossoms in a speckled flower;
 Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
 With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
 Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
 And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
 There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
 Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
 The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd,
 Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
 For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
 The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
 As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
 Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
 Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
 Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments
 play:

But industry prepares them oft to please
 The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.

Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
 And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
 Windward we shift. Near down th' etherial steep,
 The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.
 Dun shades, in rocky shapes up æther roll'd,
 Project long, shaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
 Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
 And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
 Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
 In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
 Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion
 shines,

And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
 From brown, to sandy red, and chalky hues.
 One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
 Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing
 steeds,
 Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
 Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
 On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
 When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd
 streams.

This way, and that, they different points pursue;
 So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
 While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
 The gifts of heaven in gay profusion rise;
 Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels
 rocks:

Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and bees,
 and flocks;
 Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar,
 woods;

Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
 In darkening spots, mid fields of various dyes,
 Tilt new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
 Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
 The green grass yellowing into scentful hay.
 And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
 And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
 Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
 Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green,
 The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
 By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
 There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
 In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
 'Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flowers amuse,
 And form a lucid chace of various hues;
 Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie;
 Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
 The muse preceding with her heavenly train,
 When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
 Strange view! now journeying in our front we
 find! [mands;

And yet a view, more strange, our heed de-
 Touch'd by the muse's wand transform'd he stands,
 O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads;
 The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
 Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
 And rags now chang'd in regal vestments shine.

The hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
 Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
 The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,
 He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.

See!—where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown borrows
throw,

Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.

But thus the BARD. Are these the gifts of state?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—These! Ye ungenerous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity; but my lot your scorn.
Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my song?
Did I soothe vice, or venal strokes betray,
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,
Or, once-licentious, heavenly truths profane?
Never.—And yet when envy sunk my name,
Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?
Who cloth'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why crush'd the living? Why extol'd the dead?—
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And distant nations shame you into praise.
Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause?
Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause:
Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be your's the mouldering tomb! Be mine the lay
Immortal!—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
Though words like these unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
Though now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care;
To walk disguis'd an object of relief.
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home:
Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand;
Beseeching pity's eye, and bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
Wandering from court to court, a king distressed.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow:
Then to the muse relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy and fame.

Oft, as when men in mortal state depress'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd,
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience, that softens every sad extreme, [gleam,
That casts through dungeon-glooms a cheerful
Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
And strips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainst want, a sorer foe, its succour lends,
And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends.

Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd.
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When watery structures, seen cross heaven t' ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glittering side,
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide;

She sees good angels genial showers bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They smile upon the swain: He views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies.
Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her sovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear,
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers listening lie,
Along the grove in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philosophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes;
All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye;
The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky;
And indico, which shaded light displays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed;
Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
Oft through these bows departed spirits range,
New to the skies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
Behold a second blank in second birth;
Then, as yon seraph bard fram'd hearts below,
Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show,
New founts he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays
Call high Hosannas from the voice of praise;
Though one bad age such poesy could wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the song:
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures
gain,

Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.

Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys resulting from well-suffering grief.
Hark! while we talk, a distant pattering rain
Resounds!—See! up the broad ethereal plain
Shoots the bright bow!—The seraph flits away;
The muse, the graces from our view decay.

Behind yon western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden; fast-pursued by shades of night.

Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulphurous, car-like clouds up-
flew!

What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view!
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems;
But justice, rous'd, superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope de-
troys.

Discord she wills; the missile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates arise,
Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd distrust;

To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves be-
tray;

Each dire device starts naked into day;
They feel confusion in the van with fear;
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by different motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one revenge inspir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave!

Florio, whose life was one continued feast,
His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
His strength of mind, by luxury half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red swelling, tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope inquires, stops short with
fear,

Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear;
The worst, alas, his doom!—What friend replies?
Each speaks with shaking head, and down-cast eyes.
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown
Comes thundering in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough struck through and through, in ghastly
stare,

He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
That past—collected in himself he seems,
And with forc'd smile retires—his latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.

If with himself at variance ever-wild,
With angry heaven how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential orisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,
To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies:
But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering stores display:
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way.

What gold! what gems!—he strains to seize the
prize;

Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—and must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive sleep!
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind,
The dudgeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call;
Wide-flying portals seem unhing'd to fall:
Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.

His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish
breath,

To bar a public, just, though shameful death?
Rash, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murderous he strikes—may heaven the deed for-
give!

Why had he thus false spirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were his success, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe,
Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life mispent.

Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked
gaze.

Near yonder fane, where misery sleeps in peace,
Whose spire fast-lessens, as these shades increase,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul!
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of power, through him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
In power, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the best cause he in the senate chose,
Ev'n right in him from some wrong motive rose.
The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise;
Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wise.
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
His malice had a look, and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed;
But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all,
No true benevolence his thought sublimed,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes,
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with
fame,

Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts in probity in man combine,
In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine!
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion, which his nature feels:

He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride;
But pride and anger make all fear subside.
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate;
A desperate spirit! rather fierce, than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
A sullen, wandering, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, lengthening aisle we find,
Full east; whence God returns to judge mankind,

Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth survey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they said.
Straight heard the furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.

First avarice came. In vain self-love she press'd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd:

Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.

Next came revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.

No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice the mother of vindictive rage.

No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.

At length ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of public zeal;

Still in his breast so generous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.

His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it godlike to have power to bless:

Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er;
And virtue and content were then no more.

But when to death by rigorous justice doom'd,
His genuine spirit faint-like state resum'd,

Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;

Oft would a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.

He seeks in heaven a friend, nor seeks in vain.

His guardian angel swift descends again;

And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;

—Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will

Of common, desperate veterans in ill,
Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,

Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?

No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,

To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.

Ye dungeon glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,

Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies?

No!—from her clearer sight ye fled away,

Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.

Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan!

Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!

Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?

Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?

No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!

Behold how willing glides my parting breath!

Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!

Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.

Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,

Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.

Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd,
Whose virtue shone not, though I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?

Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!

Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!

He taught me patience, who first taught me woe;

But friends are foes, they render woe severe,

For me they wail, from me extort the tear.

Not those, yet absent, missive griefs controul;

These periods weep, those rave, and these condole,

At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprise;

Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies;

One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!

Ah, who can bear?—it shocks, it murders rest!

And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?

And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?

Is mine the patience, yours the bosom strife?

Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to

life?

Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! swift depart!

Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.

Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er con-

troul,

In my last hour compose, support my soul!

See my blood wash repented sin away!

Receive, receive me to eternal day!

With words like these the destin'd hero dies,

While angels waft his soul to happier skies.

Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,

Full darkness deepening o'er the formless walk.

Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,

Nor bright-distends her star-embroider'd vale;

Her leaden'd feet, inclement damps distil,

Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill;

An earth-born meteor lights the fable skies,

Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.

So pride, that rose from dust to guilty power,

Glares out in vain; so dust shall pride devour.

Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,

With toothful tridents strike the scaly train.

Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,

When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.

While here, methought, our time in converse

pass'd,

[fast.

The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore

At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,

And the warn'd master's arms forbad the prey!

Thus treason steels, the patriot thus describes,

Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.

Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth

of night,

Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful

light.

Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,

With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful love.

Half-dreaming fancy form'd an angel's tongue,

And pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.

The night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,

Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd;

But like the man, whose frequent stubborn will

Resists what kind, seraphic sounds instil,

Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,

Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd;

Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy

The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless way;
 No friendly stars directive beams display.
 But lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
 Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.
 I stand astonish'd—thus the hermit cries:
 Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprise!
 Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
 And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
 Grotts, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
 Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
 Can I be mortal, and those hours no more,
 Those amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
 Am I the same? Ah no!—Behold a mind,
 Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
 Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
 Saw my health languish off in pale decay.
 No racking pain yet gave disease a date;
 No sad, prefaceful thought preluded fate:
 Yet number'd were my days—My destin'd end
 Near, and more near—Nay, every fear suspend!
 I pass'd a weary, lingering, sleepless night:
 Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:
 But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few!
 Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
 When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
 My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
 Soon by soft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
 A slumber press'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
 But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia spoke;
 Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber
 broke.

I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood,
 Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood.
 Rapturous I started up to clasp the shade;
 But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
 A mantling chillness o'er my bosom spread,
 As if that instant number'd with the dead.
 Her voice now sent afar, imperfect sound,
 When in a swimming trance my pangs were
 drown'd.

Still farther off she call'd—With soft surprise,
 I turn'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise;
 Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew:
 Then up my struggling soul unburden'd flew.
 Thus from a state, where sin and grief abide,
 Heaven summon'd me to mercy—thus I died.

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start,
 Like bolted ice runs shivering through my heart.
 Art thou not mortal then? I cried. But lo!
 His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
 In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
 Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air.
 Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam;
 Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme.
 Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
 Vest, robe, and wings, in varied lustre show.
 He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;
 A grace celestial gives him all to shine.
 He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
 The forests move, and streams stand listening
 round!

Thus he. As incorruption I assum'd,
 As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
 Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs,
 With different lights discern'd the form of things;

To earth my passions fell like mists away,
 And reason open'd in eternal day.
 Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
 Celestial knowledge shone in every view.
 My food was truth—what transport could I miss?
 My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.
 Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
 Onward to mercy led the shining way;
 As far transcendant to her wonted air,
 As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
 In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous shows,
 And harmony still more harmonious grows.
 She points out souls, who taught me friendship's
 charms,

They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms!
 Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;
 Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!
 Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
 Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind!
 What once, below, ambition made him miss,
 Humility here gain'd, a life of bliss!
 Though late, let sinners then from sin depart!
 Heaven never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
 Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
 The seraph-bard, in highest order plac'd!
 Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
 All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
 Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
 Greet smiles with smiles, and every joy with
 joy:

Charmful he rose; his ever charming tongue
 Joy to our second hymeneals sung;
 Still as we pass'd, the bright, celestial throng
 Hail'd us in social love, and heavenly song.
 Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
 I come an angel to the muse and thee.
 These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
 Are emanations all of forms divine.
 And here the muse, though melted from thy
 gaze,

Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
 If thou would'st peace attain, my words attend,
 The last, fond words of thy departed friend!
 True joy's a seraph, that to heaven aspires,
 Unhurt it triumphs mid' celestial choirs.
 But should no cares a mortal state molest,
 Life were a state of ignorance at best.

Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
 Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
 Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
 Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
 Justly to know thyself, peruse mankind;
 To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
 Without such science of the worldly scene,
 What is retirement?—Empty pride or spleen:
 But with it wisdom. There shall cares refine,
 Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
 Trust not the frantic, or mysterious guide,
 Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
 On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
 They dim not reason, when the truth reveal;
 So shall religion in thy heart endure,
 From all traditionary falsehood pure;
 So life make death familiar to thy eye,
 So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die;

And, though thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
From transient woe, immortal bliss derive.
Farewell---Nay, stop the parting tear!--I go!
But leave the muse thy comforter below.

He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
He lessening as they rise, till seen no more.
While contemplation weigh'd the mystic view,
The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.

THE BASTARD:

INSCRIBED WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE TO

MRS. BRETT, ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

"Decet hæc dare dona Novercam." Ov. Met.

PREFACE.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the Lady, to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my Sovereign.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint—When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe. For being a spot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the king, as one of the rights of his royalty.

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back, with confusion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced; because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the royal pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which his Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler lesson, to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The muse, exulting, thus her lay began.

Blest be the bastard's birth! through wondrous ways,

He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! stamp'd in nature's mint of ecstasy!
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no fire's example bounds;
His first-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice controul,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own.

O mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you,
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from
shore,

And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to flight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd de-
fire,

And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes be-
tray;

But now, expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st them all!

Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin!—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—Or thou hadst
died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one
day,

What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd,
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd
to fall;

And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd,
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death, to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?

Distrust it not—What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic mother of a kneeling state!
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before!
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VERSES

*Occasioned by the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess
Tyrconnel's recovery at Bath.*

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's
charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
VOL. VIII.

Where liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dante in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddess of mirth! Euphrosyne her name.
Her smile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of youth and fancy born,
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her submit!
She looks her fire, and speaks her mother's wit,

R r

O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and elegance her pomp sustains.
Thee, goddess! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, wit, love, music, all confess thy sway.
In the bleak wild ev'n want by thee is bless'd,
And pamp'ring pride without thee pines for rest.
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind.
Science by thee flows soft in social ease,
And virtue, losing rigour, learns to please.

The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.
She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (she cried) is she, my favourite! she
Of all my race, the dearest far to me!
Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She said—But no Tyrconnel glads her sight.
Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear.
In kind low murmurs all the loss deplore!
Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.

The goddess, silent, paus'd in musel air;
But mirth, like virtue, cannot long despair.
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd,
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
She flies, her elder sister health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earliest concert sing;
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
Fresh-tinctur'd like a summer-evening sky,
And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow;
Her limbs yet recent from the springs below;
There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours
blend,

And all their balmy virtues fast ascend.

Hail, sister, hail! (the kindred goddess cries)
No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful
thought!

Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, how'er depress'd, is joy.
Such thy vast power!—The deity replies,
Mirth never asks a boon, which health denies,
Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
Health strengthens mirth, and mirth inspirits
health. [are mine;

These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun,
Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine.

Euphrosyne rejoins—Thy friendship prove!
See the dear, sickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?
Sister! in her my smile anew display,
And all the social world shall bless thy sway.

Swift, as she speaks, health spreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
Now bland and sweet she floats along in air;
Air feels, and softening own th' æthereal fair!
In still descent she melts on opening flowers,
And deep impregnates plants with genial showers,
The genial showers, new-ising to the ray,
Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
Sweeps the fresh dew, and shakes them from her
wings,

Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,
Breathes the sure earnest of awakening bliss.
Sapphira feels it, with a soft surprise,
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!

Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps every charm; and, as she bathes, it lives!
As from her locks she sheds the vital shower,
'Tis done! (she cries) these springs possess my
power!

Let these immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay returning soul.
Thou smil'st Euphrosyne; and conscious see,
Prompt to thy smile, how nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty rosy bright;
Full harmony, young love, and dear delight!
See vernal hours lead circling joys along!
All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!

Receive thy care! Now mirth and health com-
bine.

Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
Quick to Augusta bear thy prize away;
There let her smile, and bid a world be gay.

AN EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

STILL let low wits, who sense nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint, what pity veils in private woes,
And what we see with grief, with mirth expose;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors
spare?)

The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear;
Unconscious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To lose what they have ne'er deserv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd persist, and answer'd still debate:
Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others, praising thee.
Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue
claims!

This, nor the poet, nor the patron shames!
When party minds shall lose contracted views,
And history question the recording muse;
'Tis this alone to after-times must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.

Long has my muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small power, nor sought sublime ap-
plause;

[scope;
From that great point she now shall urge her
On that fair promise rest her future hope;
Where policy, from state illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where science, law, and liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.

Where, for relief, flies innocence distress'd?
To you, who chase oppression from th' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more despair.

Ask they what state your sheltering care shall
own?

'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
Your ear still opening to the captive's cry.
Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd; thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.
Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends
afford;

With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd.
Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendship share.

As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And showers down plenty thick on sundry lands,
Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flourish, and made art excel.

How many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppose?
Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And most oblig'd, most eager to complain.

But well we count our bliss, if well we view,
When power oppression, not protection grew;
View present ills that punish distant crimes;
Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.

Mark first the robe abus'd religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and stain'd with human gore!
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empower'd, and sanctify'd by zeal?

Stop here, my muse!—Peculiar woes descry!
Bid them in sad succession strike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs!
She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.
See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft!
See holy murder justify the theft!

His ravag'd gold some useless shrine shall raise,
His gems on superstitious idols blaze!
His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Stripp'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.

Lo, the priest's hand the wafer-god supplies!—
A king by consecrated poison dies!

See learning range yon broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and godlike science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,
The finish'd toil, the godlike science gain'd?

Sentenc'd to flames th' expansive wisdom fell,
And truth from heaven was sorcery from hell.

See reason bid each mystic wile retire, [mire!
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wise ad-
Zeal shall such heresy, like learning, hate;
The same their glory, and the same their fate.

Lo, from sought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar.
So doom'd are these, and such, perhaps, our doom,
Own'd we a prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.

Nor private worth alone false zeal assails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are sworn friendships? What are kindred
ties?

What's faith with heresy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war sinks, the thundering cannons roar;
When wounds, and death, and discord are no
more;

When music bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance:
When, to crown these, the social sparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul;
Sudden he sends red massacre abroad;
Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
All drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies;
The sword, which to th' assassin's hand is given!
Th' assassin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of
heaven!

Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue, stops his rage;
Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease,
To please with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?

Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
When a king's will became a nation's fate,
Enormous power! Nor noble, nor serene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles sold, to raise th' unjust supply!
Compell'd the purchase! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncensur'd censures in his country's cause.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, see! where dungeon damp arise,
Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worst.

New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explains, at will, each statute's wrested aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of shame;
So monstrous!—Life was the severest grief,
And the worst death seem'd welcome for relief.

In vain the subject sought redress from law,
No senate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and senators confin'd
For the great cause of nature and mankind;
Who kings superior to the people own;
Yet prove the law superior to the throne.

Who can review without a generous tear,
A church, a state, so impious, so severe;
A land uncultur'd through polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from intestine wars;

The hand of industry employ'd no more,
 And commerce flying to some safer shore;
 All property reduc'd, to power a prey,
 And sense and learning chas'd by zeal away?
 Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
 That strove for liberty so won, so lost:
 So well regain'd when godlike William rose,
 And first entail'd the blessing George bestows?
 May Walpole still the growing triumph raise,
 And bid these emulate Eliza's days;
 Still serve a prince, who, o'er his people great,
 As far transcends in virtue, as in state!

The muse pursues thee to thy rural seat;
 Ev'n there shall liberty inspire retreat.
 When solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
 And sportive chat and social laughs go round:
 Ev'n then, when pausing mirth begins to fail,
 The converse varies to the serious tale.
 The tale pathetic speaks some wretch that owes
 To some deficient law reliefless woes.
 What instant pity warms thy generous breast!
 How all the legislator stands confess'd!
 Now springs the hint! 'tis now improv'd to
 thought!

Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
 New bills, which regulating means bestow,
 Justice preserve, yet softening mercy know:
 Justice shall low vexatious wiles decline,
 And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine,
 Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear,
 To knowledge through our native language clear.
 Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
 Whence wealth and life their best assurance draw.

The freed insolvent, with industrious hand,
 Strives yet to satisfy the just demand:
 Thus ruthless men, who would his powers re-
 strain,

Oft what severity would lose obtain.
 These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought ac-
 quires,

Which liberty benevolent inspires.
 From liberty the fruits of law increase,
 Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
 Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rave,
 Adventurous sails, nor fears the wind and wave;
 At home untir'd we find th' auspicious hand
 With flocks, and herds, and harvests, bless the land:
 While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
 Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,
 Hew, square, and rear, magnificent, the stone,
 And give our oaks a glory not their own!
 What life demands by this obeys her call,
 And added elegance consummates all.
 Thus stately cities, statelier navies rise,
 And spread our grandeur under distant skies.
 From liberty each nobler science sprung,
 A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung:
 A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
 And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.

What trade fees property that wealth maintain,
 What industry no longer dreads to gain;
 What tender conscience kneels with fears resign'd,
 Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind;
 What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
 And to safe science every thought sublimed;

What royal power, from his superior state,
 Sees public happiness his own create;
 But kens those patriot souls, to which he owes
 Of old each source, whence now each blessing
 flows?

And if such spirits from their heaven descend,
 And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
 Flame from one breast, and thence to Britain shine,
 What love, what praise, O Walpole, then is thine?

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

No. I.

On her Majesty's Birth-day, 1731-2.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
 Since hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my pensive lay,
 Whispering, that you, who rais'd me from despair,
 Meant, by your smiles, to make life worth my
 care;

With pitying hand an orphan's tears to screen,
 And o'er the motherless extend the queen.
 'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain!
 Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
 Heaven gave you power, because you love to bless;
 And pity, when you feel it, is redress.

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
 My mother too thought fit to have no son!
 The senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
 Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
 Yet parents pityless, nor peers unkind,
 Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
 Strip me of hope—by heav'n thus lowly laid,
 To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.

You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs im-
 plore,
 Your heart is woman, though your mind be more;
 Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,
 You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares;
 They, who a barren leave to live bestow,
 Snatch but from death to sacrifice to woe.
 Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
 Whence should I hope, if not from heaven and you?
 Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
 My queen my mother, and my father—God.

The pitying muses saw me wit pursue;
 A bastard-son, alas! on that side too,
 Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
 And what the muse denies, the queen inspire?
 While rising thus your heavenly soul to view,
 I learn, how angels think, by copying you.

Great princess! 'tis decreed—once every year
 I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
 Thus shall your poet his low genius raise, [praise.
 And charm the world with truths too vast for
 Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
 Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known;
 Your poet shall allot your lord his part,
 And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.

Is there a greatness that adorns him best,
 A rising wish, that ripens in his breast?

Has he foremeant some distant age to bless,
 Disarm oppression, or expel distress?
 Plans he some scheme to reconcile mankind,
 People the seas, and busy every wind?
 Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
 And smile contending factions into shame?
 Would his example lend his laws a weight,
 And breathe his own soft morals o'er his state?
 The muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
 And teach the world his praise, to charm his queen.

Such be the annual truths my verse imparts,
 Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
 Happy if, plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
 My muse, unpension'd, might her pinions try;
 Fearless to fail, whilst you indulge her flame,
 And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's name;
 Renobled thus by wreaths my queen bestows,
 I lose all memory of wrongs and woes.

No. II.

On her Majesty's Birth-day, 1732-3.

"GREAT princess, 'tis decreed! once every year,
 "I march uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
 So sung the muse; nor sung the muse in vain:
 My queen accepts, the year renews the strain.
 Ere first your influence shone with heavenly aid,
 Each thought was terror; for each view was shade.
 Fortune to life each flowery path deny'd;
 No science learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
 Instead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
 Or stream, sweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
 Damp dens confin'd, or barren deserts spread,
 With spectres haunted, and the muses fled;
 Ruins in pensive emblem seem to rise,
 And all was dark, or wild, to fancy's eyes.

But hark! a gladdening voice all nature cheers!
 Disperse, ye glooms! a day of joy appears!
 Hail, happy day!--'Twas on thy glorious morn,
 The first, the fairest of her sex was born!
 How swift the change! Cold, wintery sorrows fly!
 Where'er she looks, delight surrounds the eye!
 Mild shines the sun, the woodlands warble round,
 The vales sweet echo, sweet the rocks resound!
 In cordial air, soft fragrance floats along;
 Each scene is verdure, and each voice is song!

Shoot from your orb divine, ye quickening rays!
 Boundless, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
 Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye showers!
 And sweet ascend, and fair unfold ye flowers!
 Ye roses, lilies, you we earliest claim,
 In whiteness, and in fragrance, match her fame!
 'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
 Undying sweets, and bloom for ever new.
 Ye blossoms, that one varied landscape rise,
 And send your scentful tribute to the skies;
 Diffusive like yon royal branches smile,
 Grace the young year, and glad the grateful isle!
 Attend, ye muses! mark the feather'd quires!
 Those the spring wakes, as you the queen in-
 spires

O, let her praise for ever swell your song!
 Sweet let your sacred streams the notes prolong,

Clear, and more clear, through all my lays refine;
 And there let heaven and her reflected shine!

As, when chill blights from vernal suns retire,
 Cheerful the vegetative world aspire,
 Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
 Th' enlivening influence of a milder sky;
 So gives her birth (like yon approaching spring)
 The land to flourish, and the muse to sing.

'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
 In learning, beauty, and in virtue shone;
 Beneath her rose, Longinus, in thy name,
 The poet's, critic's, and the patriot's fame!
 Is there (so high be you, great princess, prais'd)
 A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
 Art learns to soar by your sweet influence taught;
 In life well cherish'd; nor in death forgot:
 In death, as life, the learn'd your goodness tell!
 Witness the sacred busts of Richmond's cell!
 Sages, who in unfading light will shine;
 Who grasp'd at science, like your own, divine!

The muse, who hails with song this glorious morn,
 Now looks through days, through months, through years unborn;

All white they rise, and in their course express'd
 A king by kings rever'd, by subjects blest!
 A queen, where'er true greatness spreads in fame;
 Where learning towers beyond her sex's aim;
 Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
 Of faith too little, or of zeal too much;
 Where these behold, as on this blest'd of morns,
 What love protects them, and what worth adorns;
 Where'er diffusive goodness smiles, a queen
 Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder seen!

See nations round, of every wish possess'd!
 Life in each eye, and joy in every breast!
 Shall I, on what I lightly touch'd, explain?
 Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finish'd strain?
 No!—let the poet stop unequal lays,
 And to the just historian yield your praise.

No. III.

On her Majesty's Birth-day, 1734-5.

In youth no parent nurs'd my infant songs,
 'Twas mine to be inspir'd alone by wrongs;
 Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
 Drank infant tears, and still pursue the man.
 Life scarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
 The power, that loves in lonely shades to pine;
 Of fading cheek, of unelated views;
 Whose weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuse.
 'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
 Who shuns th' oppress'd, to fortune only kind;
 Whose pity's insult, and whose cold respect
 Is keen as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.
 Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
 Ev'n dubious friendship half averts his face.
 Thus sunk in sickness, thus with woes oppress'd,
 How shall the fire awake within my breast?
 How shall the muse her flagging pinions raise?
 How tune her voice to Carolina's praise?
 From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
 These with fair days and gentle seasons glow;

Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
And Philomel's the poet of the spring.

But soft, my soul! see yon celestial light!
Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night.
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal muse:
Inspiring joyous peace, 'tis she! 'tis she!
A stranger long to misery and me.

Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, shines.
To form her garland, zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the first flowers and foliage of the spring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, sweet-beaming her ethereal eyes!
Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy skies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repose;
Bids the heart yield to virtue's silent call,
And shows ambition's sons mere children all;
Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine;
For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
Oh, hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That breath'd through shepherd's pipe enchants
the vale!

Hark! she invites from city smoke and noise,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
From crowds, to whom no social faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeness is but civil guile,
And laws oppress, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the muse presents the scene;
Where sylvan pleasures ever smiles serene;
Pleasures that emulate the blest above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the muse, and love;
Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
By friendly converse, and abstracted thought.
These soothe my throbbing breast. No loss I mourn;
Though both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I cruel mother? No—I've seen,
From heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
She more than life resum'd by giving want.
Would she the being which she gave destroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honours and wealth I cheerfully resign;
If competence, if learned ease be mine!
If I by mental, heart-felt joys be fir'd,
And in the vale by all the muse inspir'd!

Here cease my plaint—See yon enlivening scenes!
Child of the spring! Behold the best of queens!
Softness and beauty rose this heavenly morn,
Dawn'd wisdom, and benevolence was born.
Joy, o'er a people, in her influence rose;
Like that which spring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on some distant shore.
Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the isle.
Lo, industry surveys, with feasted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise!
Nor (taught by commerce) joys in that alone;
But sees the harvest of a world his own.

Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames!
Rich river! richer than Pactolus' streams!
Than those renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and sands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return!
Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,
High cultur'd blooms, inviting villas shine:
And while around ten thousand beauties glow,
These still o'er those redoubling lustre throw.

"Come then (so whisper'd the indulgent muse)
"Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows
"lose!
"Come then, and hymn this day! The pleasing
scene
"Shows, in each view, the genius of thy queen.
"Hear nature whispering in the breeze her song!
"Hear her sweet warbling through the feather'd
"throng!
"Come, with the warbling world thy notes unite,
"And with the vegetable smile delight!
"Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
"Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before;
"Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
"The goodness of thy parent, queen, and heaven!
"With me each private virtue lifts the voice;
"While public spirit bids a land rejoice:
"O'er all thy queen's benevolence descends,
"And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
"As winter softens into spring, to you
"Blooms fortune's season, through her smile, anew.
"Still for past bounty, let new lays impart
"The sweet effusions of a grateful heart!
"Cast through the telescope of hope your eye!
"There goodness infinite, supreme, descry!
"From him that ray of virtue stream'd on earth,
"Which kindled Caroline's bright soul to birth.
"Behold, he spreads one universal spring!
"Mortals, transform'd to angels, then shall sing;
"Oppression then shall fly with want and shame,
"And blessing and existence be the same!"

No. IV.

On her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1735-6.

Lo! the mild sun salutes the opening spring,
And gladdening nature calls the muse to sing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
And health, and song, and fragrance fill the gale,
Yet, mildest suns, to me are pain severe,
And music's self is discord to my ear!
I, jocund spring, unsympathising, see,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what spirits can I find!
What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From absent books what studious hint devise?
From absent friends, what aid to thought can rise?
A genius whisper'd in my ear—Go seek
Some man of state!—The muse your wrongs may
speak.
But will such listen to the plaintive strain?
The happy seldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?

Why was I form'd of elegant desires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aspires!
Why, by the proud, and wicked, crush'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!

Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub smil'd; [child!
"Hope, I am call'd (said he), a heaven-born
Wrongs sure you have; complain you justly may:
But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away!
No—trust to honour! that you ne'er will stain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Trust more to Providence! from me ne'er swerve!
Once to distrust, is never to deserve.

Did not this day a Caroline disclose?
I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose!
(Blessing, o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
'Tis hers, as mine, to chase away despair;
Woe undeserv'd is her peculiar care.

Her bright benevolence sends me to grief:
On want sheds bounty, and on wrong relief."

Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
With her came Fortitude, of godlike air!
These arm to conquer ills; at least to bear: [dain,
Arm'd thus, my queen, while wayward fates or-
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain;
Your bard, his sorrows with a smile endures;
Since to be wretched, is—to be made yours.

No. V.

On her Majesty's Birth-day, 1736-7.

Ye spirits bright, that æther rove,
That breathe the vernal soul of love;
Bid health descend in balmy dews,
And life in every gale diffuse;
That give the flowers to shine, the birds to sing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of spring!
The virgin snow-drop first appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flowery tribe, profuse and gay,
Spread to the soft, inviting ray.
So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.
The warblers various, sweet and clear,
From bloomy sprays salute the year.
O muse, awake! ascend, and sing!
Hail the fair rival of the spring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To her, the pride of arts! the muse's song.
Kind, as of late her clement sway,
The season sheds a trepid ray.
The storms of Boreas rave no more;
The storms of faction cease to roar,
At vernal suns as wintery tempests cease,
She, lovely power! smiles faction into peace.

No. VI.

FOR THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1737-8.

*Sacred to the Memory of her late Majesty, humbly ad-
dressed to his Majesty.*

ORT has the muse, on this distinguish'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;

But, O lamented change! the lay must flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She, to this day, who joyous lustre gave,
Descends for ever to the silent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or severely kind,
To check the rash or prompt the better mind,
Parents shall learn from her, and thus shall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who seek in avarice wisdom's art to save;
Who often squander, yet who never gave;
From her these knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue stole on half mankind.
The lavish now caught frugal wisdom's lore,
Yet still, the more they sav'd, bestow'd the more.
Now misers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
The generous, when on her they turn'd their
view,

The generous ev'n themselves more generous grew,
Learn'd the shunn'd haunts of shame-fac'd want to
trace

To goodness, delicacy, adding grace,
The conscious cheek no rising blush confess'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modest breast;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty shower,
And knew no limit but a bounded power.
This truth the widow's sighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wise beheld her learning's summit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:
But on one science point a steadfast eye,
That science—how to live and how to die.

Say, Memory, while to thy grateful sight
Arise her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what sorrows now remain:
Ah! how sublime the bliss! how deep the pain!
And thou, bright princess, seated now on high,
Next one, the fairest daughter of the sky,
Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy sister Charity next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb sorrow seem the Arts to die.
So were the sun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to visit where he warm'd before,
All life must cease, and nature be no more.
Yet shall the muse a heavenly height essay
Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loss, which, though she bleeds to see,
Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee!
Beyond ev'n this, she hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day;
A day, that sees thee borne beyond the tomb,
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the souls sublime
Of every famous age, and every clime;
To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene,
Sheds a soft eye on this our gloomy scene.

With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd consort, torn;

For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be supreme in grief?
So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern; yet so well obey.

Deign one look more! ah! see thy comfort dear
Wishing all hearts, except his own, to cheer.
Lo! still he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.
He stops all tears, however fast they rise,
Save those that still must fall from grateful eyes,
And, spite of griefs that so usurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.

Father of those, whose rights thy care defends,
Still most their own, when most their sovereign's
friends;

Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When most they trust, when most they copy thee;
Ah! let the lowest of thy subjects pay
His honest heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguish happy, if permitted here,
One sigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, should he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's sorrow mix his own.

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO PUBLIC WORKS:

An Epistle to his Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales.

CONTENTS.

Of reservoirs, and their use; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and stopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houses; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the noblest uses; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. squares, streets, mansions, palaces, courts of justice, senate-houses, theatres, hospitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The slave-trade censured, &c.

GREAT hope of Britain!—Here the muse essays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.
Be her's a zeal of public spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a spirit all your own!

Where never science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vast blank neglected nature lay;
From public spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void,
Hail, arts! where safety, treasure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite!
Those wondrous works, O muse! successive raise,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praise!

What though no streams, magnificently play'd,
Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler use renowns,
Lo! ductile rivulets visit distant towns!

Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose agueish influence tainted heaven before.
The solid isthmus sinks a watery space,
And wonders, in new state, at naval grace.
Where the flood deepening rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road yon arch, connective bends:
Where ports were chok'd; where mounds in vain,
arose;

There harbours open, and there breaches close;
To keels, obedient, spreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boisterous main.
When the sunk sun no homeward sail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-house kind ascends,
And from the shoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.

Count still, my muse (to count, what muse can
cease?)

The works of public spirit, freedom, peace!
By them shall plants, in forests, reach the skies;
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise.
(Navies, which to invasive foes explain,
Heaven throws not round us rocks and seas in vain):
The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
And property assures what toil acquires.

Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No slave!—His option and his gain are free:
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who ploughs the furrow, or who owns the field.

Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless, leafless, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and physic plenty showers.
Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flowers.
Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
The feast of life, the treasure of the loom.

On plains now bare shall gardens wave their
groves;

While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathless woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view.
See the parterre confess expansive day;
The grot, elusive of the noon-tide ray.
Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven displays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene;
Now centre, now commence, or end the scene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, soft sequester'd bowers!
Retreats of social, or of studious hours!
Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend;
There others natively-grotesque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How art would nature, nature art excel;
And how, while these their rival charms impart,
Art brightens nature, nature brightens art;
Thus, in the various, yet harmonious space,
Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.

When these from public spirit smile, we see
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleasures free;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss,
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.

Thus public spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase;

From peasant hands imperial works arise,
 And British hence with Roman grandeur vies;
 Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
 That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
 That alters nature's regulated grace,
 Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
 Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
 Magnificently useless strike the eye;
 (Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
 Where seas encircle, and where fleets defend;)
 What though no arch of triumph is assign'd
 To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd man-
 kind;

Though no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
 No pyramid aspires, sublimely lost;
 Yet the safe road through rocks shall winding tend,
 And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
 Lo! stately streets, lo! ample squares invite
 The salutary gale, that breathes delight.
 Lo! structures mark the charitable soil
 For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
 Worn out with care, infirmity, and age;
 The life here entering, quitting there the stage:
 The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
 To starve or bleed for errors not his own!
 Let the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
 If from the murdering mother 'scape the child!
 Oh! guard his youth from sin's alluring voice;
 From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
 His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
 Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
 Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
 Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
 To that still worthy of the wise and great.
 Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
 They shall—when pleasure and instruction bend.
 Let theatres from public spirit shine!
 Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
 See! the gay muse of pointed wit possess,
 Who makes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest:
 What though she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
 And laughs each favourite folly into shame,
 With liberal light the tragic charms the age:
 In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
 There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
 Alive in character distinctly shines.
 Quick passions change alternate on her face;
 Her diction music, as her action grace.
 Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
 Pathetic sighs, and pity-moving tears;
 Instant we catch her generous glow of soul,
 Till one great striking moral crowns the whole.

Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
 Honour exalts, and love expands the thought!
 Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
 Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.

Where various edifice the land renowns,
 There public spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
 She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
 Bids painting live along the storied wall;
 Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
 And much she welcomes all, but most the poor;
 She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
 The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;

She rears the tower, whose height the heavens ad-
 mire;

She rears, she rounds, she points the lessening spire;
 At her command the college-roofs ascend
 (For public spirit still is learning's friend).
 Stupendous piles, which useful pomp completes,
 Thus rise religion's, and thus learning's seats:
 There moral truth and holy science spring,
 And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing,
 There some draw health from herbs and mineral
 veins,

Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
 Some call from history past times to view,
 And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
 Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd,
 And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.

Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond de-
 sire,

And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
 Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
 The swelling arch, and stately colonnade;
 Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
 Till various all in one proud work combine!

But now be all the generous goddesses seen,
 When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!
 Ye sons of misery, attract her view!
 Ye fallow, hallow-eyed, and meagre crew!
 Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
 That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
 Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
 Ev'n willing industry grows useless here,
 Are we too populous at length confess'd,
 From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd!
 Has war so long withdrawn his barbarous train,
 That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
 So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
 That want must prey on those disease would spare?
 Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
 Though born the pride, the shame of human race;
 Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
 Live but themselves and others to destroy.
 Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
 First driven by want, from habit desperate grown;
 Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain
 (Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
 Torn from, in spite of nature's tenderest cries,
 Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
 The trader, when on every side distress,
 Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
 To prop his question'd credit's tottering state,
 Others he first involves to share his fate;
 Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam
 Never to hope a friend, nor find a home.

This public spirit sees, she feels and feels!
 Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
 (The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
 For others welfare, and for others woes)—
 And what can I (she said) to cure their grief?
 Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
 Forth shall I lead them to some happier soil,
 To conquest lead them, and enrich with spoil?
 Bid them convulse a world, make nature groan,
 And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
 No, no—such wars do thou, ambition, wage!
 Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!

Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!
Then range the world, discovery!—Straits he
goes

O'er seas, o'er Libya's sands, and Zembla's snows;
He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile!) on some luxuriant houseless wild.
How many sons of want might here enjoy
What nature gives for age but to destroy?
Blush, blush, O sun (she cries) here vainly found,
To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round!
Shall heaven distil in dew, descend in rain,
From earth gush fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
There shall the watery lives in myriads stray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own
The various species of mechanic stone?
From structure this, from sculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine?
Shall mines, obedient, aid no artist's care,
Nor give the martial sword, and peaceful share?
Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold,
To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?
While food and physic, plants and herbs supply,
Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
Shall here th' irrational, the savage kind,
Lord it o'er stores by heaven for man design'd,
And trample what mild suns benignly raise,
While man must lose the use, and heaven the praise?
Shall it then be?—(Indignant here she rose,
Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)—
No. By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deify'd by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)
Fair order here shall from confusion rise.
Rapt, I a future colony survey?
Come then, ye sons of misery! come away!
Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect
atone!
Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose!
Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long strangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate dispers'd, by me unite;
Here live enjoying life; see plenty, peace;
Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
Various the goddesses colours human life:
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the
mew; [lies,
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent
Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,

And towns shall open (all of structure fair!)
To brightening prospects, and to purest air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
And flocks increasing whiten all the mead.
On science science, arts on arts refine;
On these from high all heaven shall smiling
shine,

And public spirit here a people show,
Free, numerous, pleas'd, and busy all below.

Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers ow'd my saving hand!
Learn, when despair such sudden bliss shall see,
Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me!
Do you the neighbouring blameless Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade,
Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand subjection never due.
Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!
Know, liberty and I are still the same,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, though form'd by nature free,
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject, whom nature equal meant?
If these you dare (albeit unjust success
Empowers you now unpunish'd to oppress)
Revolving empire you and your's may doom
(Rome all subdued, yet Vandals vanquish'd
Rome),

Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.

Thus (ah! how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raise),
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly clear,
Worthy a Thomson's muse, a Frederick's ear,
Thus spoke the goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her interest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, though in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor spear'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.

Mixing with these, a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head,
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, softening into ease polite.

Happy the men, who such a prince can
please!

Happy the prince ever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall public spirit beam his praise,
And the muse swell it in immortal lays.

TO MR. JOHN DYER,

A PAINTER,

Advising him to draw a certain noble and illustrious Person; occasioned by seeing his Picture of the celebrated Clio.*

FORGIVE an artless, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a muse.

Ye muses, graces, and ye loves, appear!
Your queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine!
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine:
Such vivid tinctures sure through æther glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the watery bow:
If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
Sure some enamour'd god this draught inspir'd!
Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!

Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
Ah!—let no pleasing view the loss supply.
Some dreary den, some desert waste prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my despair.

But still, my friend, still the sweet object stays,
Still stream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvass glows!
Sure the full form, instinct with spirit, grows!
Let the dull artist puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the soul—there genuine nature find,
You, through the meaning muscles, strike the mind.

Nor can one view such boundless power confine,
All nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural scenes in simple grandeur rise!
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feast our eyes,

Now halcyon peace a smiling aspect wears!
Now the red scene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleet o'er Europe's seas preside!
There long lost cities rear their ancient pride;
You from the grave can half redeem the slain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharsalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the honours of the day.

But if new glories most our warmth excite;
If toils untry'd to noblest aims invite;
Would you in envy'd pomp unrival'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvass plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.

For him kind suns on fruits and grains shall shine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise.

* See Dyer's Poems.

Through those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
Each conquering sweetness, each imperial grace,
All that is soft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.

Thus shall your colours, like his worth amaze!
Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
While my dim lamp of life obscure declines:
Dull'd in damp shades, it wastes, unseen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

VERSES

SENT TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

With the Tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, expecting him to correct it.

As the soul, stript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky way,
And views sweet prospects there.

This hero, clogg'd with drossy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright scenes around him rise.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass,
So fought, so long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or brass,
At once to purest gold.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the revival of Shakspeare's King Henry the Sixth, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. Printed before the Play from a spurious Copy.

TO-NIGHT a patient ear, ye Britons lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here, cheaply warn'd, ye blest descendants view,
What ills on England, civil discord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial muse prepares;
While the red scene with raging slaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's sufferings we relate,
Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandfire's guilt, poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekness his disastrous fate.

Thus when you see this land by faction tost,
Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then intestine discord shun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourselves, undone!

THE ANIMALCULE;

A TALE.

Occasioned by his Grace the Duke of Rutland's receiving the Small-pox by Inoculation.

In animalcules, muse, display
Spirits, of name unknown in song!

Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey;
Minuteſt things my ſwarms contain :
When o'er your ivory teeth they ſway,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

Fluids, in drops, minutely ſwell;
Theſe ſubtile beings each contains;
In the ſmall ſanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart and trace the veins.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer ſpirits ſtrike the brain;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And ſeek, through pores, the heart again.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

But, when our lives are nature's due,
Air, ſeas, nor fire, their frames diſſolve
They matter, through all forms, purſue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

Thus once an animalcule prov'd,
When man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet ſame was faithleſs to his praiſe.

In Rome this animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the classics rate !
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, power, and bounty great.

In Britain, Halifax it roſe ;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's ſtrains) ;
And now it redimiſh'd glows,
To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too ſeldom perfect cures befall it :
The muſe may term it beauty's foe ;
In phyſic, the ſmall-pox we call it.

From Turks we learn this plague t' aſſuage,
They, by admitting, turn its courſe :
Their kiſs will tame the tumor's rage ;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
Thus little, guardian, ſubtil ſpright
Did with the poiſon in repair.

Th' infection from the heart it clears ;
Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the ſurface ſkin.

And now it, mouldering, waſtes away :
'Tis gone !—doom'd to return no more !
Our animalcule keeps its ſtay,
And muſt new labyrinths explore.

And now the noble's thoughts are ſeen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's deſires !
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires !

Its priſtine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known

But they, immers'd, no longer ſhine,
Nor equal, nor increaſe his own.

TO MRS. ELIZABETH HAYWOOD,
On her Novel, called, "The Raſh Reſolve."

Doom'd to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A muſe, unfriended, greets thy riſing name !
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phraſe,
Greatneſs ſhe flies, yet merit claims her praiſe ;
Nor will ſhe, at her withering wreath repine,
But ſmile, if fame and fortune cheriſh thine.

The ſciences in thy ſweet genius charm,
And, with their ſtrength, thy ſex's ſoftneſs arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As muſic fires, thy language liſts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The paſſions imag'd in their bleeding ſtriſe :
Contracted ſtrokes, true art and fancy ſhow,
And lights and ſhades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks fear, and reaſon, love's controul,
Jealouſy wounds, and frienſhip heals the ſoul :
Black falſehood wears bright gallantry's diſguiſe,
And the guilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely ſhine,
And when moſt mortal half appear divine.
If, when ſome godlike, favourite paſſion ſways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel cenſure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.

Eliza, ſtill impatient love's powerful queen !
Let love, ſoft love, exalt each ſwelling ſcene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide liſt's ad-
vance !

Spain yields in fiction, in politeneſs France.
Such orient light, as the firſt poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens every
view !

A ſtrong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wiſdom into wild deſire !
Thy fable glows ſo rich through every page,
What mortal's force can the fierce heat aſſuage ?

And yet—but ſay if ever doom'd to prove
The ſad, the dear perplexities of love !
Where ſeeming tranſport ſoftens every pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain ;
Varying from pangs to viſionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it deſtroys !
Say then—if love to ſudden rage gives way,
Will the ſoft paſſion not reſume its ſway ?
Charming, and charm'd, can love from love retire !
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire ?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
More we admire ! but cannot prove divine.

AN APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,
FOR HAVING LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

In Imitation of a certain Mimic of Anacreon.

CAN I matchleſs charms recite ?
Source of ever-ſpringing light !
Could I count the vernal flowers,
Count in endleſs time the hours ;

Count the countless stars above,
 Count the captive hearts of love;
 Paint the torture of his fire,
 Paint the pangs those eyes inspire!
 (Pleasing torture, thus to shine,
 Purify'd by fires like thine!)
 Then I'd strike the sounding string!
 Then I'd thy perfection sing.
 Mystic world!—Thou something more!
 Wonder of th' Almighty's store!
 Nature's depths we oft descry,
 Oft they're pierc'd by learning's eye;
 Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
 Prov'st (like heaven) enquiry vain.
 Charms unequal'd we pursue!
 Charms in shining throngs we view!
 Number'd then could nature's be,
 Nature's self were poor to thee.

AN EPISTLE

TO MRS. OLDFIELD, OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

WHILE to your charms unequal verse I raise,
 Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praise:
 Here art and genius new refinement need,
 Listening, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
 Can art or genius, or their powers combin'd,
 But from corporeal organs, sketch the mind?
 When sound embody'd can with shape surprise,
 The muse may emulate your voice and eyes.
 Mark rival arts perfection's point pursue!
 Each rivals each, but to excel in you!
 The bust and medal bear the meaning face,
 And the proud statue adds the posture's grace!
 Imag'd at length, the bury'd heroine, known,
 Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown in stone!
 As art would art, or metal stone surpass,
 Her soul strikes, gleaming through Corinthian
 brass!
 Serene, the saint in smiling silver shines,
 And cherubs weep in gold o'er saluted shrines!
 If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
 Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow!
 Each look, each attitude, new grace displays;
 Your voice and motion life and music raise.
 Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
 She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines!
 Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry grace transmit;
 Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
 Cæsar, the world's unrival'd master, fir'd,
 In her imperial soul, his own admir'd!
 Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
 And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain.
 Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
 Or catch the silver accents as they flow,
 Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
 Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.
 Say, sweet inspirer! were each annal known,
 What living greatness shines there not your own!
 If the griev'd muse by some lov'd empress rose,
 New strength, new grace, it to your influence
 owes!
 If power by war distinguish'd height reveals,
 Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!

Then could an empire's cause demand your care,
 The soul, that justly thinks, would greatly dare.
 Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the muse's praise,
 You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
 Warm through those eyes enlivening raptures roll!
 Sweet through each striking feature streams your
 soul!
 The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
 Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace
 inspires!
 Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here
 you stand,
 What fate declines, you from the muse demand!
 Each grace that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
 Or may in modern dames refinement wear;
 Whate'er just, emulative thoughts pursue,
 Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
 If godlike bosoms pant for power to bless,
 If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress;
 In conscious majesty you shine serene,
 In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

VERSES.

OCCASIONED BY READING MR. AARON HILL'S
POEM, CALLED "GIDEON."*The lines marked thus ' ' are taken from Gideon.*

LET other poets poorly sing
 Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
 Her airy flight let wandering fancy wing,
 And rival nature's most luxuriant store,
 To swell some monster's pride, who shames a state,
 Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic power!
 Thou, who inform'dst this clay with active fire!
 Do thou, supreme of powers! my thoughts re-
 fine,
 And with thy purest heat my soul inspire,
 That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine!
 As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
 So he with sweet, seraphic lays
 'Redeems the use of captive poetry,' [praise.
 Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious
 Moses, with an enchanting tongue,
 Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung!
 When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
 Surviving David felt the softening fire!
 And, by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
 Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre.
 Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' song,
 Roll in one channel more divinely strong!
 With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies,
 'Wasted in charming music through the air!'
 Unstop'd by clouds, it reaches to the skies,
 And joins with angel's hallelujahs there,
 Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes th' Almighty's ear
 Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see!
 That Gideon born to set his country free.
 O that such heroes in each age might rise,
 Brightening through vapours like the morning-star,
 Generous to triumph, and in council wise!
 Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
 When Gideon, Oreb, Hiram, Shimron shine
 Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!

Great bard! what energy, but thine,
 Could reach the vast description of their rage?
 Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,
 Sareph and Hamar call for aid,
 Lost, and bewilder'd in despair,
 How piercing are the hapless lover's cries!
 What tender strokes in melting accents rise!
 Oh, what a masterpiece of pity's there?
 Nor goodly Joah shows thy sweetness less,
 When, like kind heaven, he frees them from distress!

Hail thou, whose verse, a living image, shines,
 In Gideon's character your own you drew!
 As there the graceful patriot shines,
 We in that image bright Hillarius view!
 Let the low crowd, who love unwholesome fare,
 When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
 Like gross-fed spirits, sick in purer air,
 Their earthly souls by their dull taste disclose!
 Thy dazzling genius shines too bright! [light.
 And they, like spectres, shun the streams of
 But while in shades of ignorance they stray,
 Round thee rays of knowledge play,
 'And show thee glittering in abstracted day.'

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

Daughter of the late Earl Rivers—when with Child.

As when the sun walks forth in flaming gold,
 Mean plants may smile, and humble flowers unfold,
 The low-laid lark the distant æther wings,
 And, as she soars, her daring anthem sings;
 So, when thy charms celestial views create,
 My smiling song surmounts my gloomy fate.
 Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
 Claims my fond wish, and fires my future praise:
 May it, if male, its grandfire's image wear;
 Or in its mother's charms confess the fair;
 At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
 Soft be the pain, but prove the blessing great. [rest!

Hail, Rivers! hallow'd shade! descend from
 Descend and smile, to see thy Rochford blest: [run,
 Weep not the scenes through which my life must
 Though fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid son.
 The bar that, darkening, cross'd my crested claim,
 Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
 That blood which, honour'd, in thy Rochford
 reigns,

In cold, unwilling wanderings trac'd my veins.
 Want's wintry realm froze hard around my view;
 And scorn's keen blasts a cutting anguish blew.

To such sad weight my gathering griefs were
 wrought, [thought!

Life seem'd not life, but when convuls'd with
 Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
 Madness were ease, to misery form'd like mine!

Yet my muse waits thee through the realms of
 day,

Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
 Sure my fierce woes will, like those fires, refine,
 Thus lose their torture, and thus glorious shine!
 And now the muse heaven's milky path surveys,
 With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering
 strays,

Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
 Round suns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy soul!
 Hence lights refracted run through distant skies,
 Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
 So thy mind darted through its earthy frame,
 A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.

Now a new scene enormous lustre brings,
 Now seraphs shade thee round with silver wings;
 In angel-forms thou see'st thy Rochford shine;
 In each sweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
 Such was her soul, ere this selected mould
 Sprung at thy wish, the sparkling life t' infold!
 So amidst cherubs shone her son refin'd,
 Are infant-flesh the new-form'd soul enshrin'd!
 So shall a sequent race from Rochford rise,
 The world's fair pride—descendants of the skies.

TO THE EXCELLENT MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ. ON READING HER
 POEMS.

EACH softening charm of Clio's smiling song,
 Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
 These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
 Tender yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
 Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
 Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
 To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
 The muses and the virtues tune thy mind.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

POLLY, from me, though now a love-sick youth,
 Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
 Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
 So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;
 A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;
 You've cruelty, yet, ev'n with that, good nature:
 Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile;
 Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
 Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd;
 My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
 How would you chide me, should your sex defame!
 Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
 If I despair, with some kind look you bless;
 But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
 You scorn; yet should my passion change, or fail,
 Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
 You love; yet from your lover's wish retire;
 Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.
 Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
 Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

THE GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A DECENT mein, an elegance of dress,
 Words, which, at ease, each winning grace express;
 A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
 Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
 Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
 Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
 To social manners, and the heart humane;
 A nature ever great, and never vain;
 A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
 The sense, that unassuming candour shows;

Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taste; thence truth, which will from taste
ensue:

Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear;
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind:
If these esteem and admiration raise;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praise,
In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man we see;
These graces all are thine, and thou art he.

CHARACTER

OF THE REV. JAMES FOSTER.

* * * * *

FROM Codex hear, ye ecclesiastic men,
This pastoral charge to Webster, Stebbing, Ven;
Attend, ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
Mark faith, mark hope, mark charity, defin'd;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
First wealth, a crossier next, your hope enflame;
And next church-power—a power o'er conscience,
claim;

In modes of worship right of choice deny;
Say, to convert, all means are fair:—add, why?
'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
That persecution then is charity;
Call reason error; forms, not things, display;
Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
Sink demonstration; mystery preach alone;
Be thus religion's friend, and thus your own.

But Foster well this honest truth extends—
Where mystery begins, religion ends.
In him, great modern miracle! we see
A priest, from avarice and ambition free;
One, whom no persecuting spirit fires;
Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires:
Learn'd, not assuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek, though not timorous; conscious, though
not vain;

Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
His faith, where no credulity is seen,
'T'wixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
'Tis that bright crown, which heaven reserves for
worth.

A priest, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to sect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God.
In him from Christian, moral light can shine;
Not mad with mystery, but a sound divine;
He wins the wise and good, with reason's lore;
Then strikes their passions with pathetic power;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, persuasive charms engage;

Charms, which th' unthinking must to thought
excite;

Lo! vice less vicious! virtue more upright:
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wise,
Who so abhor thy heart, and head despise,
May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

But should some churchman, apeing wit severe,
The poet's sure turn'd Baptist—say, and sneer;
Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
Which in one mode of faith, owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
Virtue is virtue, wherefoe'er she dwells;
And sure, where learning gives her light to shine,
Her's is all praise—if her's, 'tis Foster, thine.
Thee boast dissenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotson; and Rome, her Fenelon*.

THE POET'S DEPENDANCE

ON A STATESMAN.

SOME seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardships spring.
Seek the great man! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him, if I court fortune, I succeed.

What friends to second? who for me should sue,
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.

There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?
A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Those love him: let those serve him:—why
should I?

Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views;
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
But, on less terms, in promise he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise;
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.

Be posts dispos'd at will!—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.
All secret service from my soul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state.
I have no power, election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic strain;
To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur, a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;
Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail.
Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the muse and virtue, birth and
wrongs.

Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?

* In this character of the Rev James Foster, truth guided the pen of the muse. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter controversialist are forgotten.

No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain :
 The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again ;
 To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd ;
 By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd ;
 To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require ;
 To lose the health, which should those thoughts
 inspire ;

To starve and hope ; or, like camelions, fare
 On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
 Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
 Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt ;
 In one man's favour, in the world's contempt :
 Worse in my own !—through those, to poets who
 rise,

Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise ;
 Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
 Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.

What though I hourly see the servile herd,
 For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd ;
 See selfish passion, public virtue seem ;
 And public virtue an enthusiast dream ;
 See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied,
 Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride ;
 A scene will show, all-righteous vision haste ;
 The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd !—
 Oh, to be there !—to tread that friendly shore,
 Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no
 more !

But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,
 A poet still is anxious after fame.

What future fame would my ambition crave ?
 This were my wish—could ought my memory
 save,

Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd,
 That my past life no venal view disclos'd ;
 Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
 Without the being base, the being poor ;
 Say, I had parts, too moderate to transcend :
 Yet sense to mean, and virtue not to offend ;
 My heart supplying what my head denied,
 Say that, by Pope esteem'd I liv'd and died ;
 Whose writings the best rules to write could give ;
 Whose life the nobler science how to live.

AN EPISTLE

TO DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
 Truth without anger, without flattery, praise !

A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
 Of a sedate, yet never gloomy thought :
 Prompt to rejoice, when others pleasure know,
 And prompt to feel the pang for others woe ;
 To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
 And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own :
 A will sincere, unknown to selfish views ;
 A heart of love, of gallantry a muse ;
 A delicate, yet not a jealous mind ;
 A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
 Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltless fires,
 In ever-eager, never gross desires :
 A modest honour, sacred to contain
 From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain ;

Constant, most pleas'd when beauty most you
 please :

Damon ! your picture's shown in tints like these.

Say, Delia ! must I chide you or commend ?

Say, must I be your flatterer or your friend ?

To praise no graces in a rival fair,
 Nor your own foibles in a sister spare ;
 Each lover's billet, bantering, to reveal,
 And never know one secret to conceal ;
 Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
 To treat all sighing slaves with flippant scorn ;
 An eye, expressive of a wandering mind :
 Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd ;
 Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,
 Intent on songs or novels, drefs or cards ;
 Choice to select the party of delight,
 To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight ;
 To flutter here, to flurry there on wing ;
 To talk, to teaze, to simper, or to sing ;
 To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
 Whose vain, loose life, should caution or disgust ;
 Him to dislike, whose modest worth should
 please.—

Say, is your picture shown in tints like these ?
 Your's !—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
 Let judgment, truth, the muse, and love decide.
 What your's !—Nay, fairest trifler, frown not so :
 Is it ? the muse with doubt—Love answers no :
 You smile—Is't not ? Again the question try !—
 Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will yes, reply.

TO MISS M***H****,

SENT WITH MR. POPE'S WORKS.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
 Raillied with wit polite, or lash'd severe :
 Let Pope present such objects to our view ;
 Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
 Rapt when, to Loddon's stream * from Windsor's
 shades,

He sings the modest charms of sylvan maids ;
 Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
 And Luddal's spring † still murmurs in my ear :
 But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
 Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies :
 Come then, my charmer, come ! here transport
 reigns !

New health, new youth, inspirits all my veins.
 Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
 Thou life of loveliness ! thou soul of joy !
 Love wakes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay !
 Love warms the world—come charmer, come a-
 way !

But hark !—immortal Pope resumes the lyre !
 Diviner airs, diviner flights, inspire :
 Hark where an angel's language tunes the line !
 See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine !
 Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
 And all your looks and thoughts, unconscious,
 sung.

* Alluding to the beautiful Epistle of Loddona, in
 Windsor Forest.

† A spring near Burford.

ON THE RECOVERY OF
A LADY OF QUALITY

From the Small-Pox.

LONG a lov'd fair had blest'd her consort's sight
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till death, grown envious with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire distortions, strike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.

Here stands her consort, sore, with anguish, prest,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, though mute each muse ap-
pears,

Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, listening bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer ascends!—
Great god of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almost rival'd there.

Each paus'd. The god assents. Would death
advance?

Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant, increase of virtue knows,
And art, inspir'd, with all her patron, glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her consort's breast enlivening feels.
Each grace revives, each muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire.
As health's auspicious powers gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

THE FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE TO AARON HILL, ESQUIRE.

O MY lov'd Hill, O thou by heaven design'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou friend!

If worldly friendships oft cement, divide,
As interests vary, or as whims preside;
If leagues of luxury borrow friendship's light,
Or leagues subversive of all social right:
O say, my Hill, in what propitious sphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and sincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire;

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There may young worth, the noblest end obtain,
In want my friends, in friends may knowledge
gain;

In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.

Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, suc-
ceed;

For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.

Oft when you saw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, soft-hinted, taught the blush to glow.
Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
Just smil'd when faulty; and when moderate
prais'd.

Me shun'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage!

You sung, till pity wept o'er every page.

You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;

Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no shame.

Pierc'd as I was! your counsel soften'd care,

To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.

The man who never wound afflictive feels,

He never felt the balmy worth that heals.

Welcome the wound, when blest with such relief!

For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

From you shall never, but with life, remove

Aspiring genius, condescending love.

When some, with cold, superior looks, redress,

Relief seems insult, and confirms distress;

You, when you view the man with wrongs be-
sieg'd,

While warm you act th' obliger, seem th' oblig'd.

All-winning mild to each of lowly state;

To equals free, unservile to the great;

Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd;

Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.

Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak;

Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek

That worthless bliss, which others court, you fly;

That worthy woe, they shun, attracts your eye.

But shall the muse resound alone your praise;

No—let the public friend exalt her lays!

O trace that friend with me!—he's your's!—he's
mine!

The world's—beneficent behold him shine!

Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,

From either India pour their golden pride;

Rich in good works, him others want employ;

He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy.

To orphans, prisoners, shall his bounty flow;

The weeping family of want and woe.

Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,

In leisure active, and in care sedate;

What aid, his little wealth perchance denies,

In each hard instance his advice supplies.

With modest truth he sets the wandering right;

And gives religion pure, primæval light;

In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,

The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.

Is power his orb? He then, like power divine,

On all, though with a varied ray, will shine.

Ere power was his, the man he once caress'd,

Meets the same faithful smile, and mutual breast;

But ask his friend some dignity of state;

His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?

Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire

With all a people's welfare would require?

§

His choice admits no pause; his gift will prove
 All private, well absorb'd in public love.
 He shields his country, when for aid she calls;
 Or, should she fall, with her he greatly falls:
 But, as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
 Spread slavery, death and desolation round,
 Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
 Against the sons of men a faction rise,
 Glory in hers, is in his eye disgrace;
 The friend of truth; the friend of human race.

Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
 His boundless love embraces all mankind;
 And all their virtues in his life are known;
 And all their joys and sorrows are his own.

These are the lights, where stands that friend
 confest;

This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
 Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can
 shine; [thine?

What would'st thou not, were wealth and greatness

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. JOHN DYER, AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL,

In Answer to his from the Country *.

Now various birds in melting concert sing,
 And hail the beauty of the opening spring:
 Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
 Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
 Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind,
 Melodious comfort to my jarring mind. [see,

Oh could my soul through depths of knowledge
 Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
 I should o'ercome, or bear the shocks of fate,
 And e'en draw envy to the humblest state.
 Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
 From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.

Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
 The muse's mansion is, at best, but air;
 But, if more solid works my meaning forms,
 Th' unfinish'd structures fall by fortune's storms.

Oft have I said we falsely those accuse,
 Whose godlike souls life's middle state refuse.
 Self-love, I cry'd, there seeks ignoble rest;
 Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake unblest;
 Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
 Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—

'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I sought the middle state,
 And found the good, and found the truly great.

Though verse can never give my soul her aim;
 Though action only claims substantial fame;
 Though fate denies what my proud wants require,
 Yet grant me, heaven, by knowledge to aspire:
 Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind;
 Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bless man-
 kind;

From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief!
 Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief!
 To serve lov'd liberty inspire my breath!
 Or, if my life be useless, grant me death;
 For he, who useless is in life survey'd,
 Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.

* See Dyer's Poems.

Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
 Which he gains most, who least has serv'd man-
 kind?

Titles, when worn by fools, I dare despise;
 Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wise.
 When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
 Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.

But, who to birth alone would honours owe?
 Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
 Those trees, with sweetest charms, invite our eyes,
 Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful rise.
 Still we love best what we with labour gain,
 As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.

The great I would not envy nor deride;
 Nor stoop to swell a vain superior's pride;
 Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes;
 Nor crush the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
 My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
 And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
 Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
 Nor by another's fall advance my state;
 Nor misuse wit against an absent friend:

Let me the virtues of a foe defend! [weight;
 In wealth and want true minds preserve their
 Meek, though exalted; though disgrac'd, elate;
 Generous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd they live;
 Grateful to serve, and generous to forgive.

This may they learn, who close thy life attend;
 Which, dear in memory, still instructs thy friend.
 Though cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
 My soul, clear-sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
 Through her deep woe that quickening comfort
 gleams,

And lights up fortitude with friendship's beams.

VERSES.

OCCASIONED BY THE VICE-PRINCIPAL OF
 ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD.

*Being presented by the Honourable Mrs. Knight, to the
 Living of Godsfield in Essex.*

WHILE by mean arts and meaner patrons rise
 Priests, whom the learned and the good despise;
 This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendent mind,
 Are wisdom, purity, and truth enshrin'd.
 A modest merit now she plans to lift,
 Thy living, Godsfield! falls her instant gift.
 Let me (said she) reward alone the wise,
 And make the church-revenue virtue's prize.

She sought the man of honest, candid breast,
 In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest;
 Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
 To science moral, and religious truth.
 She sought where the disinterested friend,
 The scholar, sage, and free companion blend;
 The pleasing poet, and the deep divine, [thine.
 She sought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was

FULVIA.

A POEM.

LET Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
 Her darling passions, scandal and quadrille;
 On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
 Her deeds a satire on herself alone.

On her poor kindred deigns she word or look?
 'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke;
 Worse when good-natur'd, than when most severe:
 The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
 How just the sceptic! the divine how odd!
 What turns of wit play smartly on her god!
 The fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree:
 Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, strait pities me.
 She, like Benevolence, a smile bestows,
 Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
 The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit:
 She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
 With mouth distorted, through a sounding nose
 It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.
 With see-saw sounds, and nonsense not my own,
 She skews her features, and she cracks her tone.
 How fine your bastard! why so soft a strain?
 What, such a mother? satirise again!

Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
 Ah! though unkind, she is my mother still!
 The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims.
 'Tis fam'd—The fame each curious fair enflames:
 The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
 The Brets, alarm'd, a separate peace propose.
 'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!
 My wit's degraded, and my cause forsook.
 Thus she: What's poetry but to amuse?
 Might I advise—there are more solid views.
 With a cool air she adds: This tale is old:
 Were it my case, it should no more be told.
 Complaints—had I been worthy to advise—
 You know—But when are wits, like women, wise?
 True it may take; but, think what'er you list,
 All love the satire, none the satirist.

I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause a while;
 Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile.
 Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends!
 Sir, (she replies) indeed you'll lose your friends.
 Why did I start? 'twas but a change of wind—
 Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
 I bow, depart, despise, discern her all;
 Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with every whim!
 A reed, a weathercock, a shade, a dream:
 No more the friendship shall be now display'd
 By weathercock, or reed, or dream, or shade;
 To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
 For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

CLOS'D are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire;
 Cold is that breast which gave the world desire;
 Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
 Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
 And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
 No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.

Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
 Persuasive reason and endearing truth,
 Could honour, shown in friendships most refin'd,
 And sense, that shields th' attempted virtuous mind;
 The social temper never known to strife,
 The heightening graces that embellish life;
 Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
 Never, ah! never had Melinda died;

Nor can she die—ev'n now survives her name,
 Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A POEM.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE
 AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

(Written in the Year 1734.)

MILD rose the morn! the face of nature bright
 Wore one extensive smile of calm and light;
 Wide, o'er the land, did hovering silence reign,
 Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main;
 When lo! before me, on the southern shore,
 Stood forth the power, whom Albion's sons adore;
 Blest Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle;
 Whom reason gives to bloom, and truth to smile;
 Gives peace to gladden, sheltering law to spread,
 Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
 Rich industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
 Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
 In curious emblems every art, express'd,
 Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest,
 Science in various lights attention won,
 Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun.

My words, he cried, my word observance claim:
 Refound, ye muses; and receive them, fame!
 Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
 The great, third William, stretch'd his naval pride:
 I with my sacred influence swell'd his soul;
 Th' enslav'd to free, th' enslaver to controul.
 In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain:
 He came, he sav'd; in his was seen my reign.
 How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd,
 To humble tyrants, and secure mankind!
 Next Marlborough in his steps successful trod:
 This, godlike plann'd; that, finish'd like a god!
 And, while oppression fled to realms unknown,
 Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone.

Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
 There freedom ever found a sheltering shade.
 Still heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
 Millions to bless, the BRANCH auspicious shoot!
 He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread;
 Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
 Nurse him, ye heavenly dews, ye sunny rays,
 Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!

He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
 Where the last billow swells into the sky,
 Where, in gay vision, round th' horizon's line,
 The moving clouds with various beauty shine;
 As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
 Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold!
 Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
 Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.
 Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spy'd,
 And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!
 Thus spoke the Genius, as advanc'd the sail—
 Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail!
 Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
 Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
 Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
 Soften'd, through condescension, learns to shine.

Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art supply'd;
To noblest objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.

What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
To part with thee, so wont to give her joy! [mien!
How heav'd her breast, how sadden'd was her
All in the mother then was lost the queen.
The swelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The struggling sigh stopp'd short her last adieu:
Ev'n now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind;
The shoal, so treacherous, near the tempting land;
Th'ingulphing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand;
These fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright;
For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in prayers!
Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The sand, the shoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and
wave:

Kind safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And joy to greet thee on the Belgic shore. [tell
May future times, when their fond praise would
How most their favourite characters excel; [clare,
How blest! How great!—then may their songs de-
So great! so blest!—such Anne and Nassau were.

E GRÆCO RUF.

Qui te videt beatus est,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui basiat semideus est,
Qui te potitur est Deus. BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

HAPPY the man, who, in thy sparkling eyes,
His amorous wishes sees, reflecting play;
Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, rise,
And, in soft-swimming languor, die away.
Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll,
In sounds which love, harmonious love, inspire;
On his charm'd ear sits, rapt, his listening soul,
Till admiration form intense desire.
Half-deity is he who warm may press
Thy lip, soft-swelling to the kindling kifs;
And may that lip assentive warmth express,
Till love draw willing love to ardent blifs!
Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual melting breast,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a God!—is of all heaven posselt.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A POEM.

*Addressed to Mrs. Bridget Jones, a young Widow Lady
of Llanelly, Caermarthenshire.*

ONCE beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering love.
Come, purest atoms! beauty aid implores;
For new soft texture leave ætherial stores.

They come, they crowd, the shining hues unfold,
Be their's a form, which beauty's self shall mould!
To mould my charmer's form she all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's
pride.

She calls the Graces—Such is beauty's state,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.
First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
Each stands desigu'd for dignity and ease.
Firm, on these curious pedestals, depend
Two polish'd pillars; which, as fair, ascend;
From well wrought knees, more fair, more large,
they rise;

Seen by the muse, though hid from mortal eyes,
More polish'd yet, your fabric each sustains;
That purest temple where perfection reigns,
A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
By beauty shap'd, to be by love embrac'd.
Beyond that lessening waist, two orbs devise,
What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise!
Fresh peeping there, two blushing buds are found,
Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.
There feeling sense, let pitying sighs inspire,
Till panting pity swells to warm desire:
Desire, though warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss,
All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the blifs.
Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend;
Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning beauty, on each palm, designs
Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines;
And lovely whiteness, either arm contains,
Diversified with azure wandering veins;
The wandering veins conceal a generous flood,
The purple treasure of celestial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where beauty's self appears.
Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,
And, smoothly oval, turn the shapely chin;
The shapely chin, to beauty's rising face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And soon sweet opening, rosy lips disclose
The well rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes
A breath, whose fragrance vies with vernal
blooms;

And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
A beauteous blush at praise, though just the praise.
And nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
Soft, clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes;
New graces, to those eyes, mild shades, allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
May none, but pleasing objects, visit there!
Two little porches, (which, one sense empowers,
To draw rich scent from aromatic flowers)
In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
Shall equal first, then heighten, beauty's face.
To smelling sense, oh, may the flowery year,
Its first, last, choicest incense, offer here!
Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,
And, granting a new power of sense to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what most the soul can move,
Music and reason, poetry and love.

Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:
Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade.
All, with a nameless air and mein, unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
'Tun'd is your melting tongue and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.

The virtues next to beauty's nod incline;
For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine;
Let these, the temperate sense of taste reveal,
And give, while nature spreads the simple meal.
The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
From luxury as taintless as your mind.
The virtues, chastity and truth, impart,
And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.

Thus beauty finish'd—Thus she gains the sway,
And love still follows where she leads the way.
From every gift of heaven, to charm is thine;
To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

SENT TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH THE WANDERER.

*Alluding to an Episode, where a young Man turns
Hermit, for the loss of his Wife Olympia.*

WHEN with delight fond love on beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair express'd,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

Tell her, my muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's absence is to me.

ON FALSE HISTORIANS.

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
In quest of these the muse shall first advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd history—Lo! at once she skims
The visionary world of monkish whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that never liv'd, or such as justice paints,
Jugglers, on superstition palm'd for saints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known;
While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a LIE proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.

History, from air or deep draws many a spright,
Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright;
Or such as but o'er feverish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthusiast wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!

Seers fall entranc'd! some wizard's lawless skill
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will!
Thus history, by machine, mock-epic, seems,
Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.

The devil, who priest and forcerer must obey,
The forcerer us'd to raise, the parson lay,
When Echard wav'd his pen, the history shows,
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend arose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay serpent, glittering to the eye;
But more than serpent, or than harlot fly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'scape,
The demon stands confest in proper shape!
Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll;

Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.

Wondrous historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see,—
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.

But dusky phantoms, muse, no more pursue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine historian's name!
False ones—with what materials build they fame;
Fabrics of fame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curll—with him I wave all strife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Char-
tres.

Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Loose-strung, run glingling into history's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monsters floundering in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, memoirs, views, and reviews appear,
Where slander darkens each recorded year.
In a past reign is feign'd some amorous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unseemly things;
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poisons they surmise!
No royal mortal sure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more base believ'd?
Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er con-
ceiv'd!

Thus slander popular o'er truth prevails,
And easy minds imbibe romantic tales
Thus, 'stead of history, such authors raise
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.

Some usurp names—an English garreteer,
From minutes forg'd, is Monsieur Mesnager*.

* The Minutes of Mons. Mesnager; a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of Queen Anne's reign. The truth is that this libel was not written by Mons. Mesnager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title page to be translated.

Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:
Others, as little to inquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their spring's unknown.

One statesman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will contested character ensue.
View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but scan,
He's angel: view him all—he's still a man.
But such historians all accuse, acquit;
No virtue these, and those no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.

Where hear-say knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party libels; from whose ashes dead,
A monster, misnam'd History, lifts its head.
Contending factions crowd to hear its roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noise no more.
From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir * * * * in some deep debate;
He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his labouring
throat,

To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote:
In sly contempt, some, Hear him! Hear him! cry;
Some yawn, some sneer; none second, none reply.

But dare such miscreants now rush abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp falsehood thus, and plume her
wings,

From present characters and recent things?
Yes: What untruths! or truths in what disguise!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise!
What facts from all but them and slander screen'd!
Here meets a council, no where else conven'd;
There, from originals, come, thick as spawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To secret conference never held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and speeches never spoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like sin from Satan's far and wide they go.

In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit;
In vain with truth confute, condemn with wit:
Confute, condemn, amid selected friends;
There sinks the justice, there the satire ends,
Here, though a century scarce such leaves uncloze,
From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
Now none reply where all despise the page;
But will dumb scorn deceive no future age?
Then, should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanswer'd lie extract?
Well-set in plan, and polish'd into style,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile;
By every language snatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In every clime, by every age believ'd:
How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
When such their lot for infamy or fame?

A CHARACTER.

FAIR truth, in courts where justice should preside,
Alike the judge and advocate would guide;
And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear;

Where all, like Yorke, of delicate address,
Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
Learn'd, just, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like * Fortescue humane,
All eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, so clear, all science is his own.

Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In history, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread;
How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
From floundering in low cases, rose a judge.
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense
thunders,

And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.
His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
Nor e'er † "one uncorrupted finger shows."
See, drunk with power, the circuit lord express!
Full, in his eye, his betters stand confest: [loose,
Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so
'scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuse.
Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Contest stops short, consent yields every cause
To cost; delay, endures them, and withdraws.
But how 'scape prisoners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd,
Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
Prejudg'd with insult, wondrous pity draws.
But 'scapes e'en innocence his harsh harangue?
Alas!—e'en innocence itself must hang;
Must hang to please him, when of spleen possess'd;
Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.

Why liv'd he not ere star-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, subservient to some murderous will,
Became a precedent to murder still?
Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the job to such a slave decreed,
Whose savage mind wants sophist-art to draw,
O'er murder'd virtue, spacious veils of law?

Why, student, when the bench your youth ad-
mits; [fits;
Where, though the worst, with the best rank'd he
Where sound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks, and well report.
Let his own words against himself point clear
Satire more sharp than verse when most severe.

EPITAPH ON MRS. JONES,

GRANDMOTHER TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES, OF
LLANELLY IN CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

In her, whose relics mark this sacred earth,
Shone all domestic and all social worth:
First, heaven her hope with early offspring
crown'd;
And thence a second race rose numerous round.
Heaven to industrious virtue blessing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.

* The Honourable William Fortescue, Esq. one of the
Justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

† When Page one uncorrupted finger shows.

D. OF WHARTON.

Though frugal care, in wisdom's eye admir'd,
 Knew to preserve what industry requir'd;
 Yet, at her board with decent plenty blest,
 The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest.
 Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
 Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe?
 Farewell the friend, who spar'd th' assistant loan—
 A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
 Did piteous lazars oft attend her door?
 She gave—farewell the parent of the poor.
 Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now sighing
 swell,
 Bless her lov'd name, and weep a last farewell.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A POEM.

Addressed to a young Widow Lady.

ADIEU, ye rocks that witness'd once my flame,
 Return'd my sighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
 Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
 Invite my steps along Llanelly's shore;
 There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
 The beach no fierce, amphibious monster knows;
 No crocodile there flesh'd with prey appears,
 And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
 No false hyæna, feigning human grief,
 There murders him, whose goodness means relief:
 Yet tides, conspiring with unfaithful ground,
 Though distant seen, with treacherous arms, sur-
 round.

There quicksands, thick as beauty's snares, annoy,
 Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, destroy,
 I watch'd the seas, I pac'd the sands with care,
 Escap'd, but wildly rush'd on beauty's snare.

Ah!—better far, than by that snare overpower'd,
 Had sands engulf'd me, or had seas devour'd.

Far from that shore, where fyren beauty dwells,
 And wraps sweet ruin in resistless spells; [boast,
 From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's lustre
 Me native England yields a safer coast.

Chloe, farewell!—Now seas, with boisterous pride,
 Divide us, and will ever far divide:

Yet while each plant, which vernal youth resumes,
 Feels the green blood ascend in future blooms;
 While little feather'd songsters of the air
 In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
 The muse exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
 And willing loves the swelling notes inspire.

Sure on this day, when hope attains success,
 Bright Venus first did young Adonis bless.
 Her charms not brighter, Chloe, sure than thine;
 Though flush'd his youth, not more his warmth
 than mine.

Sequester'd far within a myrtle grove,
 Whose blooming bosom courts retiring love;
 Where a clear sun, the blue serene displays,
 And sheds, through vernal air, attemper'd rays;
 Where flowers their aromatic incense bring,
 And fragrant flourish in eternal spring;
 There mate to mate each dove responsive coos,
 While this assents, as that enamour'd woos,
 There rills amusive, send from rocks around,
 A solitary, pleasing, murmuring sound;

Then form a limpid lake. The lake serene
 Reflects the wonders of the blissful scene.
 To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
 And on each breeze immortal music floats.
 There seated on a rising turf is seen,
 Graceful, in loose array, the Cyprian queen;
 All fresh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
 The goddess, rising from the azure wave;
 Dishevel'd locks distil celestial dews,
 And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuse.
 Her voice so charms, the plumy, warbling throngs,
 In listening wonder lost, suspend their songs.
 It sounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
 "Why loiters my Adonis?"—rocks reply.
 "Oh, come away!"—they thrice, repeating, say;
 And echo thrice repeats,—“Oh, come away!”—
 Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears;
 Who, instant at th' enchanting call, appears.
 Her placid eye, where sparkling joy refines,
 Benignant, with alluring lustre shines.
 His locks, which, in loose ringlets, charm the view,
 Float careless, lucid from their amber hue.
 A myrtle wreath her rosy fingers frame,
 Which, from her hand, his polish'd temples claim;
 His temples fair, a streaking beauty stains,
 As smooth white marble shines with azure veins.
 He kneel'd. Her snowy hand he trembling seiz'd,
 Just list'd to his lip, and gently squeez'd;
 The meaning squeeze return'd, love caught its lore
 And enter'd, at his palm, through every pore.
 Then swell'd her downy breasts, till then enclos'd,
 Fast heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd:
 Soft she reclines. He, as they fall and rise,
 Hangs, hovering o'er them, with enamour'd eyes,
 And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus ad-
 mir'd,

He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch was fir'd,
 Half-angry, yet half pleas'd, her frown beguiles
 The boy to fear; but, at his fear, she smiles.
 The youth less timorous and the fair less coy,
 Supinely amorous they reclining toy.
 More amorous still his sanguine meaning stole
 In wistful glances, to her softening soul:
 In her fair eye her softening soul he reads:
 To freedom, freedom, boon, to baon, succeeds.
 With conscious blush, th' impassion'd charmer
 burns; [turns.
 And, blush for blush, the impassion'd youth re-
 They look, they languish, sigh with pleasing pain,
 And wish and gaze, and gaze and wish again.
 'Twixt her white, parting bosom steals the boy,
 And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy;
 Through every vein the vigorous transport ran,
 Strung every nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
 Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, she
 pants,

Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
 Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
 Fond limbs with limbs, in amorous folds, entwine.
 Lips press on lips, caressing and caress,
 Now eye darts flame to eye, and breast to breast.
 All she resigns, as dear desires incite,
 And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.
 Her waist compress'd in his exulting arms,
 He storms, explores, and rifles all her charms;

Clasps in ecstatic bliss th' expiring fair,
 And, thrilling, melting, nestling, riots there.
 How long the rapture lasts, how soon it fleets,
 How oft it pauses, and how oft repeats;
 What joys they both receive and both bestow,
 Virgins may guess, but wives experienc'd know:
 From joys, like these, (ah, why deny'd to me?)
 Sprung a fresh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
 May he, a new Adonis, lift his crest,
 In all the florid grace of youth confest!
 First let him learn to lisp your lover's name,
 And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
 When beauty first shall wake his genial fire,
 And the first tingling sense excite desire;
 When the dear object, of his peace possess'd,
 Gains and still gains on his unguarded breast:
 Then may he say, as he this verse reviews,
 So my bright mother charm'd the poet's muse.
 His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
 Lighten'd with hope, and sadden'd with despair,
 Say, on some rival did she smile too kind?
 Ah, read—what jealousy distracts his mind!
 Smil'd she on him? He imag'd rays divine.
 And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
 How dwelt her praise upon his raptur'd tongue!
 Ah!—when she frown'd, what plaintive notes he sung!

And could she frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
 On him, whose only crime was loving well?

Thus may thy son his pangs with mine compare,
 Then wish his mother had been kind as fair.
 For him may love the myrtle wreath entwine;
 Though the sad willow suits a woe like mine!
 Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
 Ah! never sigh and bleed, like me in vain!—

When death affords that peace which love denies,
 Ah, no!—far other scenes my fate supplies;
 When earth to earth my lifeless corse is laid,
 And o'er it hangs the yew or cypress shade:
 When pale I flit along the dreary coast,
 An helpless lover's pining plaintive ghost;
 Here annual on this dear returning day,
 While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
 May you, my fair, when you these strains shall see,
 Just spare one sigh, one tear, to love and me,
 Me, who, in absence or in death, adore
 Those heavenly charms I must behold no more.

TO JOHN POWELL, ESQUIRE,

BARRISTER AT LAW.

In me long absent, long with anguish fraught,
 In me, though silence long has deaden'd thought,
 Yet memory lives, and calls the muse's aid,
 To snatch our friendship from oblivion's shade.
 As soon the sun shall cease the world to warm,
 As soon Llanelly's* fair that world to charm,
 As grateful sense of goodness, true like thine,
 Shall e'er desert a breast so warm as mine.

When imag'd Cambria strikes my memory's eye,
 (Cambria, my darling scene!) I, sighing, cry,
 Where is my Powell? dear associate!—where?
 To him I would unbosom every care;

* Mrs. Bridget Jones.

To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
 Gall'd in a plighted, faithless virgin's chain.
 At length, from her ungenerous fetters, freed,
 Again he loves! he woos! his hopes succeed!
 But the gay bridegroom, still by fortune cross'd,
 Is, instant, in the weeping widower lost.
 Her, his sole joy! her from his bosom torn,
 What feeling heart, but learns, like his to mourn?
 Can nature then, such sudden shocks, sustain?
 Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
 Though late, from reason yet he draws relief,
 Dwells on her memory; but dispels his grief.
 Love, wealth, and fame (tyrannic passions all!)
 No more enflame him, and no more enthrall.
 He seeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
 Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
 But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
 His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains.
 Would private jars, which sudden rise, encrease?
 His candour smiles all discord into peace.
 To party storms is public weal resign'd?
 Each steady patriot-virtue steers his mind.
 Calm, on the beach, while maddening billows rave,
 He gains philosophy from every wave;
 Science, from every object round, he draws;
 From various nature, and from nature's laws.
 He lives o'er every past historic age;
 He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
 Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
 And him, by turns, each classic muse delights.
 With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would disdain
 A pleasure rising from another's pain;
 Social to all, and most of bliss possess'd,
 When most he renders all, around him, blest:
 To unread 'squires illiterately gay;
 Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
 With the polite, all, all-accomplish'd ease,
 By nature form'd, without deceit, to please.

Thus shines thy youth; and thus my friend, elate
 In bliss as well as worth, is truly great.
 Me still should ruthless fate, unjust, expose
 Beneath those clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
 Me, to some nobler sphere, should fortune raise,
 To wealth conspicuous, and to laurel'd praise;
 Unalter'd yet be love and friendship mine;
 I still am Chloe's, and I still am thine.

LONDON AND BRISTOL DELINEATED*.

Two sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
 And these from commerce different honours claim.
 What different honours shall the muses pay,
 While one inspires and one untunes the lay?
 Now silver Isis brightening flows along,
 Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song;
 Then weds with Tame; and these, O London, see
 Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
 Wide, deep, unsullied Thames, meandering glides
 And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.
 Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
 In glittering pomp, strike wondering China's eye

* The Author prefer'd this title to that of London and Bristol compared; which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants, India's eastern freight.
India, her treasures from her western shores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus shine thy manly sons of liberal mind;
Thy change deep-busied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like senates, that enforce debate,
With fluent eloquence and reason's weight.
Whose patriot virtue, lawless power controls;
Their British emulating Roman souls.
Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
Still lead the senate, and still save the land:
Social, not selfish, here, O learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!

In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol now,
With native malice, lift thy lowering brow!
Then as some hell-born sprite in mortal guise,
Borrows the shape of goodness and belies,
All fair, all smug, to yon proud hall invite,
To feast all strangers ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast,
Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast!
Revere, or seem the stranger to revere;
Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;
Insidious now, our bosom-secrets steal,
And these with fly sarcastic sneer reveal.
Present we meet thy sneaking treacherous smiles;
The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts superior find,
The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.
What friendship canst thou boast? what honours
claim?

To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name.
What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite!
Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight;
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each other's crimes, their own expose:
Thy sons, though crafty, deaf to wisdom's call;
Despising all men, and despis'd by all;
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
As full of turbulence as void of sense?
Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn!
Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn.
Do strangers deign to serve thee; what their praise?
Their generous services thy murmurs raise.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there scatters in a trice
The lurking seeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,

Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from
schools,

Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules;
And, though by nature friendly, honest, brave,
Turn a fly, selfish, simpering, sharpening knave.
Boast petty-courts, where 'stead of fluent ease,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
'Steal of sage counsel in the dubious cause,
Attornies, chattering wild, burlesque the laws—
(So shameless quacks, who doctors rights invade,
Of jargon and of poison form a trade.
So canting cobblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the gospel they pretend to preach.)
Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw;
Unknown to nature's and to statute-law;
Quirks that explain all saving rights away,
To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
Is there where law too rigorous may descend,
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that, shut when pity would redress,
Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
Try misdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
Not to chastise the offender, but destroy;
Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretell;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
Cut off from service due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies;
Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

* * * * *

Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boast thy base* Tolsey, and thy turn-spit dogs,
Thy† Halliers horses and thy human hogs;
Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts;
Thou blank of sciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see!
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of
thee.

Proceed, great Bristol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one Justice heighten yet thy praise;
Still spare the catamite, and swinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

* A place where the merchants used to meet to transact
their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentle-
man's Magazine, vol. xiii. p. 496.

† Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges,
which are here used instead of carts.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
AARON HILL, Esq.

Containing

THE PROGRESS OF WIT,
CAMILLUS,
THE NORTHERN STAR,
A TIME PIECE,
THE IMPARTIAL,
ADVICE TO THE POETS,

ODES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,
EPIGRAMS,
EPITAPHS,
IMITATIONS,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In HILL is all that gen'rous souls revere,
To Virtue and the Muse for ever dear.

SAVAGE'S WANDERER, CANTO I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE;

Anno 1794.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

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THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY ROBERT AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
1824.

THE LIFE OF HILL.

AARON HILL was the eldest son of George Hill, Esq. of Malmesbury Abbey, in Wiltshire, and born in Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, London, February 10. 1684-5.

His father having, by his mismanagement, deprived him of the succession to the family estate of about 2000 l. a-year, he was left to the care of Mrs. Gregory, his grandmother, "a woman of uncommon understanding, and great good nature."

At nine years old, he was sent to the school of Barnstaple in Devonshire, under the care of Mr. Rayner; from whence he was removed to Westminster school, under the care of Dr. Knipe, where his genius soon became conspicuous, and often made him ample amends for his very scanty allowance of pocket-money, by enabling him to perform the tasks of others who had not his capacity.

He left Westminster school, on account of his narrow circumstances, in 1699, at fourteen years of age. Soon after, he formed a resolution of paying a visit to his relation, Lord Paget, then ambassador at Constantinople; and meeting with no opposition from his grandmother, he accordingly embarked on board a vessel going there, March 2. 1700.

On his arrival, he was received with the utmost kindness and cordiality, by Lord Paget, who was no less pleased than surprised at that ardour for improvement, which could induce a youth of his tender years, to run the hazard of such a voyage, to visit a relation whom he only knew by character.

The ambassador immediately provided him a tutor in his own house; under whose care he very soon sent him to travel through Egypt, Palestine, and the greatest part of the East, being desirous of gratifying that laudable curiosity, and thirst of knowledge, which seemed so strongly impressed on the amiable mind of his young relation.

He returned home with Lord Paget, about the year 1703; and, on his journey, had an opportunity of seeing great part of Europe, at most of the courts of which his Lordship made some little stay.

It is supposed that Lord Paget would have made some provision for him at his death, had not the malevolence of a certain female, who had great influence with him, prevented his kind intentions towards him.

A few years after, his abilities and sobriety recommended him to Sir William Wentworth, Bart. of Yorkshire, who was then going to make the tour of Europe, with whom he travelled two or three years.

In 1709, he published a *History of the Ottoman Empire*, compiled from the materials which he had collected in his travels, and during his residence at the Turkish court. This work, though it met with success, he afterwards very severely criticised, and with some justice; for there are in it a great number of puerilities. It is the production of youthful genius, rather choosing to indulge the imagination of the poet, than to make use of the plainness and perspicuity of the historian. Sprat, however, used to observe that "there is certainly in that book, the seeds of a great writer;" a prediction which was amply verified by the merit of his subsequent writings.

The same year, he published his first poetical piece, intituled *Camillus*, in vindication of the Earl of Peterborough; who was so well pleased with the compliment, that he appointed him his secretary, and introduced him to Harley, and St. John, and other leaders of the Tory party, of which he appears to have been an adherent.

In 1710, he quitted the service of Lord Peterborough, and married the only daughter of Edmund Morris, Esq. of Stratford, in Essex, a young lady of great merit and beauty, with whom he had a very handsome fortune.

The same year, he was appointed Manager of the theatre in Drury Lane, and, at the desire of Booth the player, wrote his first tragedy of *Elfrid, or, the Fair Inconstant*, which was favourably received on the stage, though he has himself described it to be "an unpruned wilderness of fancy, with here and there a flower among the leaves, but without any fruit of judgment." To this play was annexed, in the representation, a dramatic piece, called *The Walking Statue; or, the Devil in the Wine Cellar*: the plot of which is farcical, and the incidents beyond the limits of possibility.

The year following, he wrote the opera of *Rinaldo*, which was performed at the theatre in the Hay-Market, of which he was director, and met with very great success. The music was the first that Handel composed after his arrival in England.

His genius seems to have been admirably adapted to the business of the stage; and while he held the management, he conducted both theatres, highly to the satisfaction of the public; but having a misunderstanding with the Duke of Kent, then Lord Chamberlain, he relinquished it in a few months; and though he was not long after very earnestly solicited by a person of the first distinction, to resume the theatrical direction, he still declined it.

It is probable, however, that neither pride nor resentment were the motives of this refusal, but an ardent zeal for general improvement, and the public good, which seems to have been his darling passion, and to which, on different occasions, he sacrificed not only his ease, but large sums of money.

In 1713, he undertook to make an oil as sweet as that from olives, from beech nuts, and obtained a patent for the purpose; but being an undertaking of too great extent for his private fortune, he took a subscription of 25,000 l. on shares and annuities, in security of which, he assigned over his patent in trust for the subscribers, forming a Company who were to act in concert with the patentee, under the denomination of *The Beech Oil Company*.

The success of this undertaking, at a time when profits were already arising from it, was frustrated, by the erroneous warmth and impatience of those persons with whom he was obliged to unite himself; and after three years labour and application, came to nothing.

In 1716, he published *An Impartial State of the Case between the Patentee, Annuity-holders, and Shareholders in the Beech Oil Company*, by which it appeared that all the money that had been employed, had been fairly expended for the benefit of the Company, and that the patentee had not availed himself of the advantages to which, by the agreement, he had been entitled.

After the failure of this project, he was concerned with Sir Robert Montgomery, in a design for establishing a plantation in that part of South Carolina, which has since been extensively cultivated under the name of Georgia; yet, through inequality of his fortune, it never proved of any advantage to him.

In 1716, he brought on the stage at Lincoln's Inn-fields, *The Fatal Vision; or, The Fall of Siam*, a tragedy; which was acted with success. The scene is laid in Siam, but the fable is fictitious, and the characters imaginary. The moral is to expose the dangerous consequences of giving way to rage and rashness of determination. It is dedicated to the two critics, Dennis, and Gildon. He prefixed to it this motto from Horace, to which he declared his constant adherence.

I not for vulgar admiration write,
To be well read, not much, is my delight.

The same year, he published the two first books of an epic poem, called *Gideon*, in twelve books, on the foundation of the story of the redemption of Israel by Gideon, in the book of Judges; of which he afterwards wrote six books more, which made eight; but did not finish it.

In 1718, he wrote a poem called *The Northern Star*, a panegyric on Peter the Great; for which he was afterwards complimented with a gold medal from the Empress, Catherine, according to the Emperor's desire before his death. By an advertisement to the fifth edition of this poem, printed in 1739, it appears that he was to have wrote the life of Peter, from his papers which were to have been sent to him; but the death of the Empress prevented it.

In 1720, he wrote *The Fatal Extravagance*, a tragedy in one act, which he gave to Mr. Joseph Mitchell, at that time in great distress, and got it acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn-fields, and supported it on the supposed author's third night, with all that ardour of benevolence which constituted his character. It was afterwards enlarged into five acts, and exhibited at Drury Lane, in 1726, with great success. It is one of the most interesting dramas in the English language.

In 1723, he brought on the stage, at Drury Lane, his tragedy of *Henry V. or, The Conquest of France by the English*; which is justly esteemed a very good play. The plot and language are in some places borrowed from Shakspeare; yet, on the whole, it is greatly altered, and a second plot is introduced by the addition of a new female character, a niece to Lord Scroope, who has been formerly seduced by the king.

In 1724, for the benefit of a distressed officer in the army, he began a periodical paper, called, *The Plain Dealer*, in conjunction with William Bond, Esq. whom Savage called the two contending powers of light and darkness. They wrote by turns, each six essays; and the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Hill's weeks, and fall in Mr. Bond's.

"I am particularly indebted" says Savage, in the preface to his 'Miscellany,' "to the author of 'The Plain Dealer,' who was pleased, in two of his papers (which I entreat his pardon for reprinting before my Miscellany), to point out my unhappy story to the world, with so touching a humanity, and so good an effect, that many persons of quality, of all ranks, and of both sexes, distinguished themselves with the promptness he here hinted to the noble minded, and not staying till they were applied to, sent me the honour of their subscriptions, in the most liberal and handsome manner. I ought here to acknowledge several favours from Mr. Hill, whose writings are a shining ornament of this Miscellany; but I wave detaining my readers, and beg leave to refer them to a copy of verses called "The Friend," which I have taken the liberty to address to that gentleman."

Mallet communicated to Hill the first sketch of his beautiful ballad of "William and Margaret," originally printed in *The Plain Dealer*.

In 1728, he made a journey into the north of Scotland, where he had been about two years before, having contracted with the York-Buildings Company, to apply the timber upon their estates, on the river Spey, to the uses of the navy. In this undertaking, however, he found various obstacles; for when the trees were by his order chained together into floats, the ignorant Highlanders refused to venture themselves on them down the Spey, till he first went himself, to show there was no danger.

The rocks in the river were another impediment, which his sagacity and perseverance overcame by ordering fires to be made on them, where they were most exposed, and throwing great quantities of water on them, they were, by the help of proper tools, broken to pieces, and a free passage opened for the floats.

"The shore of the Spey," says he, in a letter to his wife, *from the Golden Groves of Abernethy, August 18. 1728*, "is all covered with masts, from 50 to 70 feet long, which they are daily bringing out of the wood, with ten carriages, and above a hundred horses, and bring down from forty to fifty trees a-day, one day with another.

"In the middle of the river lie at anchor, a little fleet of our rafts, which are just putting off for Findhorn harbour; and it is one of the pleasantest sights possible, to observe the little armies of men, women, and children, who pour down from the Highlands, to stare at what we have been doing."

The undertaking was for some time carried on with great vigour, and considerable advantage, till the directors thought proper to call off the men and horses from the woods of Abernethy, to work their lead mines.

What private emolument he received from this project, is not certainly known; but, during his residence in the Highlands, the Magistrates of Aberdeen, Inverness, &c. complimented him with the freedom of their respective towns; and he met with distinguished civilities from the Duke of Gordon, and other persons of rank in that part of the country. His prophetic *Verses*, in compliment to Scotland, are generally known.

In his return from the north, he spent some time in Yorkshire, where his wife then was, with some relations, for the recovery of her health; which afforded an opportunity to some persons to be guilty of a breach of trust, that would have been of very unhappy consequence to his fortune; but he returned time enough to frustrate their villainous intentions.

During his peregrination in the north, he wrote an allegorical poem, intituled, *The Progress of Wit, a Caveat for the use of an eminent Writer*, which gave great uneasiness to Pope, who had been the aggressor in "The Dunciad."

About the same time, he wrote his *Advice to the Poets*, in which he praises worthy poetry, censures the misapplication of poetry in general, and reproves Pope for descending below his genius.

While every meaner art exerts her aim,
O'er rival arts to lift her question'd fame;
Let half-soul'd poets' still on poets fall,
And teach the willing world to scorn them all.
But let no muse, pre-eminent as thine,
Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
Stung by wits, wasps, all rights of rank forego,
And turn and snarl, and bite at every foe;
No—like thy own Ulysses make no stay,
Shun monsters—and pursue thy streamy way.

In 1731, he had the affliction to lose his wife, to whom he had the sincerest and tenderest attachment. By her he had nine children; four of whom (a son and three daughters) survived him.

Her amiable worth and elegant accomplishments are finely delineated by Savage, in his verses *To the Excellent Miranda, Consort of Aaron Hill, Esq. on reading her Poems.*—

Each softening charm of Clio's smiling song,
Montague's soul, which shine divinely strong;
These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaste, sweet-sounding, yet sublime,
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each passion glows, refin'd by precept there;
To fair *Miranda's* form each grace is kind,
The muses and the virtues tune thy mind.

The thought of the following epitaph for a monument he designed to erect over her grave, though not original, is truly poetical.

Enough, cold stone! suffice her long-liv'd name,
Words are too weak to pay her virtue's claim:
Temples, and tombs, and tongues, shall waste away,
And power's vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay,
But e'er mankind a wife more perfect see,
Eternity, O Time! shall bury thee.

The same year, he brought his tragedy of *Athelwold* upon the stage in Drury Lane, written on the subject of his *Elfrid*; or, *The Fair Inconstant*. The difference of time and judgment is visible in favour of *Athelwold*. The language is poetical and spirited, the characters chaste and genuine, and the descriptions affecting and picturesque.

In 1733, his tragedy of *Zara*, taken from Voltaire, was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bond, at the Long-room in Villars Street, York-Buildings, who performed the part of Lusignan, but died before the run of the play was over. It was afterwards brought on the stage at Drury Lane, 1735, where the part of *Zara* was played by Mrs. Cibber, being her first attempt in tragedy. This is justly esteemed one of his best plays.

In 1735, he projected a periodical paper, called *The Prompter*, designed to correct the imperfections of the stage, to which he contributed the papers signed B.

In 1736, his *Alzira*, or, *The Spanish Insult Repented*, a tragedy, taken from Voltaire, was acted at Lincoln's Inn-fields. This play has been much improved in the English version; as was generously acknowledged by Voltaire himself: the language is nervous and forcible, but it abounds in declamation, rather than passion, which, however strongly it may be supported, renders it tedious to an English audience.

In 1737, he published *The Tears of the Muses*, a satire, which he calls a "Species of Poetry that can only be reconciled to humanity by the general benevolence of its purpose, attacking particulars for the public advantage."

In 1738, he published *An Inquiry into the merit of Assassination, with a view to the Character of Caesar*; on whose death he had written a tragedy the year before, named *The Roman Revenge*, which was acted at the theatre in Bath, 1753, with success. "The tragedy," says Bolingbroke, to whom it was dedicated, "is finely wrote; the characters are admirably well drawn, the sentiments are noble, beyond the power of words, and the expression, dignified as it is, can add nothing to their sublime. By inscribing to me one of the noblest dramas that our language, or any age can boast, you transmit my character to posterity with greater advantage, than any I could have given it."

About this time, he withdrew himself from the world, and settled at Plaistow in Essex, where he devoted himself entirely to his study, family, and garden; and the perfection of many profitable improvements; one of which only he lived to complete, though not to reap any benefit from it himself, the *Art of making Pot Ash*, equal to that brought from Russia.

In his solitude he wrote an heroic poem, called *The Fanciad*, inscribed to the Duke of Marlborough, 1743, *The Impartial*, a poem, inscribed to Lord Carteret; a poem upon *Faith*, 1746, the *Art of Aëling*, a poem, dedicated to Lord Chesterfield, 1747; a tract on *War*, and another on *Agriculture*, which he left unfinished, with several other pieces.

In 1749, he revised the eight books he had finished of his epic poem, called *Gideon*, and published three of the books to which he gave the title of *Gideon*, or, *The Patriot*, with a dedication to Lord Bolingbroke; in which he accounts for the alterations he had made since the first publication of two books.

He also adapted to the English stage, Voltaire's tragedy of *Merope*, which was acted at Drury-Lane, 1749, with great applause, and was the last work he lived to complete.

This play, which he has made entirely his own, by his manner of translating it, still continues to be acted with applause, and the use which has been made of the design, in "Barbarossa, Creusa, Douglas," &c. affords a strong evidence in its favour.

He just lived to see his tragedy introduced to the public, and to write a dedication to Lord Bolingbroke, in which there is a melancholy preface of his approaching dissolution.

Cover'd in fortune's shade I rest reclin'd,
My griefs all silent, and my joys resign'd;
With patient eye life's evening gloom survey,
Nor shake th' out-hasting sands, nor bid them stay;
Yet while from life my setting prospects fly,
Fain would my mind's weak offspring shun to die;
Fain would their hope some light through time explore,
The name's kind passport, when the man's no more;

Mallet had made interest with the Prince of Wales, to have it performed for his benefit; but the day before it was, by the command of the Prince, to have been represented, he died, Feb. 8. 1749-50, before he had completed his 68th year, as it is said, in the very minute of the earthquake, after enduring a twelvemonth's torment of body, with great fortitude and resignation.

He was buried in the same grave with his wife, in the great cloister of Westminster Abbey, near Lord Godolphin's tomb.

A collection of his *Original Poems and Letters*, was printed for the benefit of the family, by subscription, in 4 vols. 8vo, 1751; with a poetical dedication to the princess of Wales, by his daughter, *Mrs. Urania Johnson*, who seems to have inherited a large portion of his taste, and amiable benevolence.

His *dramatic works*, including the plays above-mentioned, and *The Roman Revenge*, a tragedy, 1753, *The Insolvent*, or, *Filial Piety*, a tragedy, 1758, *Merlin in Love*, an occasional prelude, *The Muse in Mourning*, a comic opera, *The Snake in the Grass*, a dramatic satire, *Saul*, a tragedy, and *Daraxes*, a tragedy, were printed in 2 vols. 8vo, 1759. A selection from the mass of his miscellaneous compositions is now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Hill was in every respect perfectly amiable. His person was, in his youth, extremely fair and handsome. He was tall, not too thin, yet genteelly made. His eyes were a dark blue, bright and penetrating, his hair brown, and his face oval. His countenance was generally animated by a smile. His address was most engagingly affable, yet mingled with a native unassumed dignity, which rendered him at once respected and admired. His voice was sweet, and his conversation elegant; and so extensive was his knowledge in all subjects, that scarcely any could occur, on which he did not acquit himself in a most masterly and entertaining manner. His temper, though naturally warm when roused by injuries, was equally noble in a readiness to forgive them; and so much inclined was he to repay evil with good, that he frequently exercised that christian lesson, to the prejudice of his own circumstances. He was a generous master, a sincere friend, an affectionate husband, and an indulgent and tender parent; and, indeed, so benevolent was his disposition in general, even beyond the power of the fortune he was blessed with, that the calamities of those he knew, and valued as deserving, affected him more deeply than his own. In consequence of this he bestowed the profits of many of his works for the relief of his friends, and particularly his dramatic pieces, none of which he could ever be prevailed on to accept of a benefit for, except his *Merope*, which, at the very close of his life was commanded to be represented for the relief of its author, from those difficulties out of which he had frequently been the generous instrument of extricating others. His manner of living was temperate to the greatest degree, in every respect but that of late hours, which his indefatigable love of study frequently drew him into. No labour deterred him from the prosecution of any design that appeared to him to be praise-worthy and practicable; nor was it in the power of misfortune, which from his birth he seemed destined to encounter, to overcome, or even shake his fortitude of mind.

He seems to have lived in perfect harmony with all the writers of his time, except Pope, with whom he had a short controversy, greatly to his advantage, occasioned by the following lines in the "Dunciad."

Then H— essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
He bears no token of the fabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

This, though the gentlest piece of satire in the whole poem, and conveying at the same time an oblique compliment, he retaliated in his *Progress of Wit*, which begins with the following lines, in which Pope's well known disposition is elegantly, yet very severely characterised.

Tuneful *Alexis*, on the Thame's fair side,
The ladies' play-thing and the muse's pride;
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Easy, though vain, and elegant, though light;
Desiring, and deserving others praise,
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,
And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves.

The "sneakingly approves" in the last couplet affected Pope extremely; who, indeed, through the whole controversy, seems rather to express his repentance by denying the offence, than to vindicate himself, supposing it to have been given.

"That the letters, A. H." says he, "were applied to you in the papers, I did not know, (for I seldom read them) I heard it only from Mr. Savage, as from yourself, and sent my assurance to

the contrary. But I don't see how the annotator to the *Dunciad* could have rectified that mistake publicly, without particularising your name in a book, where I thought it too good to be inserted, &c."

"I should imagine," he adds, in another place, "the *Dunciad* meant you a real compliment, and so it has been thought by many, who have asked to whom that passage made that oblique panegyric. As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth; which is, that I am not the author of them; though I love truth so well, as fairly to tell you, I think even that note a commendation, and should think myself not ill used *to have the same words said of me*.—But I ask you not to believe this, except you are vastly inclined to it. I will come closer to the point; would you have the note left out? It shall. Would you have it expressly said *you were not meant*? It shall, if I have any influence on the editors."

"As to your oblique panegyric," says Hill, "I am not under so blind an attachment to the goddess I was devoted to in the *Dunciad*, but that I knew it was a commendation, though a dirtier one than I wished for; who am neither fond of some of the company in which I was lifted, the noble reward for which I was to become a diver, the allegorical muddiness in which I was to try my skill, nor the instituter of the games you were so kind to allow me a share in."

"Your offer is very kind," he adds, "to prevail on the editor of the *Dunciad* to leave out the note, or declare that I was not meant in it; but I am satisfied:—It is over, and deserves no more of your application."

The controversy ended in a perfect reconciliation; and Pope ever afterwards treated Hill with a degree of respect, that implied a sense of superiority, bordering on reverence.

The passage in the *Dunciad* relating to Hill, stands thus in the later editions:

Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, &c.

With this note under it. "A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives."

As a great and general writer, Hill must be allowed to stand in a very exalted rank of merit. His tragedies, particularly *Zara* and *Merope*, are generally known and admired. His poems seem not to have hitherto obtained so much notice as they deserve. Dr. Warton has unjustly represented him as "an affected and fustian writer," who, "by some means or other, gained Pope's confidence and friendship." Although it may be allowed, that the rigid correctness with which he constantly re-perused his compositions for alteration, the frequent use of compound epithets, singularity of sentiment, bold experiments in language, and an *ordo verborum* peculiar to himself, have justly laid him open to the charge of being, in some places rather too turgid, and in others somewhat stiff and obscure; yet, the nervous power, force, and weight of sentiment, opulence of imagery, and intrinsic sterling sense with which his writings abound, amply atone for the harshness of the style, and the peculiarity of the diction. They are evidently the production of a genius truly poetical; they have an air of originality, which has no resemblance of any contemporary writer; and the versification and sentiments have a cast peculiar to themselves, which cannot be successfully imitated. The images are animated, though sometimes indistinct; the descriptions forcible, though sometimes quaint; the language elevated, though sometimes forced; and the numbers majestic and flowing, though sometimes encumbered and sluggish. His faults are, not want of fire or enthusiasm, of which he has an ample share; but an elaborate exactness of language, that rather obscures than heightens the beauty and force of the thought, and a studied refinement of sentiment, supported by the utmost effort of language, which has more magnificence than sublimity, more dignity than grace.

In extenuation of his faults, it ought to be observed, that the versatility of his genius was unfavourable to the attainment of excellence; and that he cultivated poetry only as a relaxation from the study of history, criticism, geography, physic, commerce, agriculture, war, law, chemistry, and natural philosophy, to which he devoted the greatest part of his time.

"In all events," says he, "I will be easy, who have no better reason to wish well to poetry,

than my love for a mistress I shall never be married to; for, whenever I grow ambitious, I shall wish to build higher, and owe my memory to some occasion of more importance than my writings."

Of the poetical pieces which he at different times composed, the present collection exhibits but a small number. The epic poem of *Gideon*, his greatest work, has been omitted, for a reason which he has himself given, in one of his letters to *Clio*, the poetical name of the celebrated Mrs. Sansom; "It will require a good share of your patience, for it is a very long one. I will have it writ fair, book by book, for your perusal, if you have courage enough to resolve on going through with so formidable a mortification, as to pick out the *fine* things of the story from the *dull* ones of the author." It has been praised by Savage; and must be allowed to have some fine passages; but the measure is injudiciously chosen, and the story tedious and uninteresting. All the riches of poetic diction are required to invest epic poetry in suitable splendor; but it rejects the variety of measure which is appropriated to lyric composition. The *Fanciad* is not liable to the same objections; but a copy of it could not be procured. An episode from *Gideon*, is inserted among his *Original Poems*, &c. but the *Fanciad*, and many of his earlier pieces, are omitted in the collection of his works.

The list of his pieces which have been selected for republication, might perhaps have been augmented without any injury to his reputation; but, it is hoped, the selection, imperfect as it is, when every deduction is made which criticism requires, will make good his claim to more notice than he has hitherto obtained, and justify the revival of his writings.

It consists of pieces in various kinds of composition, serious, sentimental, humorous, satirical, descriptive, and amatory, which have all their brighter passages; but require no distinct consideration, nor particular criticism.

On the character of Hill, it is unnecessary to enlarge, as the testimonies to his merit, by Bolingbroke, Pope, Chesterfield, Voltaire, Thomson, Mallet, Savage, Richardson, Sewell, Dyer, Fielding, Victor, and Garrick, are sufficiently known to the general readers of English poetry. The following complimentary epigram by Richardson does not appear extravagant; and it is hoped this article will not be thought too long, when it is remembered that Hill, however neglected in later days, was celebrated by the most eloquent of his poetical contemporaries, and commended by the excellent author of "Clarissa," and "Sir Charles Grandison."

When noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Though unencumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds, for want of meaning chime,
Which like the rocks in Shannon's midway course,
Divide the sense and interrupt its force;
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill,
Flows higher from the Muses' sacred HILL.

THE WORKS OF HILL.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO CLIO.

SNAR'D in entangling mazes of thy charms,
Teach me to shake these silky chains away :
Slow, thy sweet force, my stubborn mind disarms,
'Till ev'n ambition bends beneath thy sway.
What shall I do to free my struggling soul,
Bow'd to the soft'ning bias of thy song ?
As circling straws in whirlwinds driving roll,
So are my hurry'd passions swept along.
Fool as I was !—I felt thy distant fire,
E'er from those eyes it flash'd undying flame ;
Yet sure, said I—for once—I may aspire,
And view that heav'n whence all this brightness came.
So the light cork that on the Thames' smooth side
Embay'd, glides buoyant, and just skims the shore,
Edges, ambitious, to the rapid tide,
And rushing down the stream returns no more.
Late my free thoughts, unbounded as the air, [sky;
Could, with an eye beam's swiftness, scale the
Wander in starry worlds, and busy'd there,
From human cares and human passions fly.
Down to dark earth's deep centre could I roam,
And through her chafmy lab'rins wind my way ;
See gold unripen'd in its dusky home,
And mark how springs in veiny bendings stray.
Oft as th' alarming trumpet struck my ear, [rose,
Or the big drum's dead beat hoarse-thund'ring
My summon'd soul sprung out to war's wish'd sphere,
And plung'd me in the ranks of fancy'd foes.
Wide as unmeasur'd nature's trackless space,
Untir'd imagination restless flew ;
Disdain'd to fix on object, or on place,
And every moment some fresh labour knew.
Clio was then unseen, unread, unknown ;—
Now, lovely tyrant, she usurps my mind ;
Devoted fancy vows itself her own :
And my whole thought is to one theme confin'd.
Yet, pow'rful as she is—she doubts her lays ;
Blind, like the sun, to her own blazing flame,

Transports the list'ning soul---engrosses praise ;
Yet humbly wishes---an immortal name.

Oh ! that I could but live, till that late day
When Clio's unremember'd name shall die !
Then should I hope full leisure to display
Those unborn deeds which in my bosom lie.
But, as it is, our fleeting sands so fast
Ebb to their end, and lead us to decay,
That ere we learn to see, our daylight's past,
And, like a melting mist, life shrinks away.

TO MR. POPE.

THE glow-worm scribblers, of a feeble age,
Pale twinklers of an hour, provoke my rage ;
In each dark hedge we start an insect fire,
Which lives by night and must at dawn expire.
Yet such their number, that their specks combine,
And the unthinking vulgar swear they shine.
Poets are prodigies, so greatly rare,
They seem the tasks of heaven, and built with care.
Like suns unquench'd, unrivall'd, and sublime,
They roll immortal o'er the wastes of time :
Ages in vain close round, and snatch in fame,
High over all still shines the poet's name :
Lords of a life, that scorns the bounds of breath,
They stretch existence—and awaken death.
Pride of their envy'd climes ! they plant renown,
That shades the monarch's by the muse's crown :
To say that Virgil with Augustus shin'd,
Does honour to the lord of half mankind.
So, when three thousand years have wan'd away,
And Pope is said to've liv'd when George bore sway,
Millions shall lend the king the poet's fame,
And bless, implicit, the supported name.

STUNG BY A NETTLE.

REVENGE, you see, is sure, though sometimes slow ;
Take this—'tis all the pain I'd have you know !
There's odds enough yet left betwixt our smart,
I sting your fingers, and you sting my heart.

THE SNUFFERS.

DESPIS'D and worthless though I seem to be,
Yon new-top'd flames owe their best light to me.

Though scorn'd—you see I can do service still!
Some good lies hid in every seeming ill.
And hence let fortune's fav'rites learn to know,
That virtue's virtue though in rags it go.

TO A SATIRICAL YOUNG LADY.

FORBEAR, loud thing! to live in laugh and jest,
Wit is like love—the softest is the best!
If thou, by this, wouldst lively thought proclaim,
If empty praise is thy wild fancy's aim;
A while this salt may season single life,
But no man's taste approves a piquant wife.
Be wise, and match, and charm by judgment's aid,
Or witty, and despis'd, and die—a maid.
So the thin razors which young learners please,
Grow notch'd and edgeless, by unmark'd degrees,
Till worn and blunted, by too frequent use,
Th' experienc'd hand detects the steel's abuse;
Then cheaply thrown aside, they gather dust,
Like thee neglected, till consum'd by rust.

TO THE EXCELLENT DAUGHTERS

OF A DECEASED LADY.

Why should ye thus, to prove but vainly kind,
And a weak body to a sickly mind?
Could but your pious grief recal her breath,
Or tears of duty win her back from death,
We would not blame the passion you express,
But share it with you, if 'twould make it less!
But oh! when certain death's uncertain hour
Exerts his known, his unresisted pow'r;
When we are summon'd from our cares below,
To joys which living merit must not know;
When souls, like your dear mother's, quit their
clay,
And change earth's darkness for eternal day:
From their bliss-circled seats, perhaps, they view
These humbler regions, which themselves once
knew. [kind,
And swell'd with thoughts, which make the angels
Pity the pledges they have left behind.
'Tis true, the loss you mourn is vastly great,
But in that loss your country shares your fate;
The public good her wishes would have done,
Made ev'ry man in ev'ry land her son:
Thence, lovely mourners! give us leave to prove,
We ought to share your grief, who shar'd your
mother's love.
Yet may all parties make their sorrow less,
And you, and we, concern enough express;
You may with comfort calm your ruffled mind,
To think your mother left her cares behind;
And we, though losers, should be thankful too,
Since we are still left rich, possessing you.

PARAPHRASE

ON THE THIRD CHAPTER OF HABAKKUK.

God of my fathers! stretch thy oft-try'd hand,
And yet, once more, redeem thy chosen land:
Once more, by wonders, make thy glories known,
And, 'midst thy anger, be thy mercy shown!
O, I have heard thy dreadful actions told,
And my soul burns thy terrors to unfold!

At Israel's call, th' Almighty's thunder hurl'd,
From Paran's summit shook the astonish'd world;
The flaming heav'n's blaze dreadful through the
sky,

And earth's dark regions gleam beneath his eye.
High, in his undetermin'd hands, he bore [store;
Judgment's heap'd horn, and mercy's struggling
Meagre before him, death, pale horror, trod!
And, grinning shadowy, watch'd the Almighty
nod:

Gath'ring beneath his feet flash'd light'nings broke,
And the aw'd mountain shook, conceal'd in smoke.
He stood; and, while the measur'd earth he ey'd,
The starting nations dropp'd their conscious pride;
High-boasting Cushan struck her tents, in shame,
And Midian groan'd beneath repented fame.
He mov'd; and, from their old foundations rent,
The everlasting hills before him bent;
He slept; and all th' uprising mountains stray
And roll in earthquakes, to escape his way:
From their enormous chasms, with roaring tide,
Earth-cleaving rivers spout, and deluge wide:
The sea, alarm'd, climb'd fast, its God to spy,
And in outrageous triumph swept the sky.
Conscious of wrath divine, the sun grew pale,
And o'er his radiance drew a gloomy veil.

Thus did my God (to save th' endanger'd land)
March forth, indignant, with vindictive hand;
This, when I hear, chill blasts my soul o'erspread,
And my lips quiver with the rising dread:
Trembling all o'er, my limbs I faintly draw,
And my bones crumble with ideal awe. [yield;
Now, though the fig-tree ne'er should blossom
Though sterile coldness curse th' unripening field;
Though vines and olives fail their loady cheer;
Nor fainting herds out-live the pining year;
Yet shall my soul in God's sure aid rejoice,
And earth's High Sov'reign claim my heav'n-
tan'd voice.

THE

MUSE'S EXPOSTULATION WITH A LADY.

*Who denied herself the freedom of Friendship, from too
delicate an apprehension of the World's mistaken Censure.*

O BORN to pity woes, yet form'd to give,
Shut from whose presence 'twere a pain to live!
Who make all converse tedious but your own;
And, that withheld, leave the forsaken none.
Urg'd by what motives would you wish to shun
The sight and voice of him whose soul you won?
On what false fears does this cold flight depend?
What fancy'd foe does prudence apprehend?

When bodies only are to bodies dear,
The danger there consists in being near;
And when the fair the soft contagion spy,
Discretion calls 'em—and 'tis wise to fly.
But where associate spirits catch the flame,
Flight is a cruel, and a fruitless aim.
Souls have no sexes; and if minds agree,
Parting is dying, to set fancy free.

Nor let mistaken virtue wrong the breast,
That opens kindly to so sweet a guest:

Not saints in heav'n a purer warmth express,
Than reason feels, when touch'd by tenderness.
Relenting wisdom dignifies desire,
And rais'd ideas fan the bright'ning fire;
Till the white flame, ascending to the sky,
Spreads its low smoke in envy's darken'd eye.

Whence grew society, so wish'd an art,
If the mind's elegance betrays the heart?
Were it a crime in flashing souls to rise,
And strike each other through the meeting eyes?
Those op'ning windows had not let in light,
Nor stream'd ideas out, to voice the sight.

Why are you form'd so pow'rful in your charms,
If beauty ought to fly the wish it warms?
Vainly did heav'n inspire that tuneful tongue,
With notes more sweet than ever seraph sung!
If, justly, all that harmony you hide,
Your music useless, and its pow'r untry'd.
Have wit and eloquence in vain conspir'd,
And giv'n you brightness, but to shine retir'd?
Must you be loveliest, yet be never shown?
Than all be wiser, yet be heard by none?
Oh, 'tis too delicate!—'tis falsely nice,
To bar the heart against the mind's advice.

But you will say that honour's call you hear;
That fame is tender—reputation dear:
'That from the world's malignant blast you fly,
Fear the fool's tongue, and the discerners eye.
The spleen of disappointed wishes dread,
Or envy's whispers, by detraction spread?
Alas! what bounds can limit your retreat?
Where will sought safety rest your flying feet?
Is there a corner in the globe so new,
That malice will not find as sure as you?
The very flight that shuns, attracts the wrong?
And every censure fear'd, you force along. [say,
"There's cause, no doubt, for her retreat, they'll
"A fearless innocence had dar'd to stay!"
Scandal has, either way, an edge to strike,
And wounds distinction every where alike:
Superior excellence is doom'd to bear
The stings of scandalous hate, and rash despair:
'Tis the due tax your rated merit pays,
And ev'ry judging ear will call it praise.

Think—and be kind—convert this fruitless pain
To a fix'd firmness, and a calm disdain.
Since cautious absence can no more be free
From false reproach, than present smiles will be,
Diffuse those gifts which heav'n design'd should
 bless,

Nor let their greatness make their pity less.
Indulging freedom ev'ry fear disarm,
And, with a conscious scorn of slander, charm.
Bold in your guarded strength your heart unbind,
And to be safe—suppose yourself all mind.

Yet needless that! since such respect you draw,
That ev'n your tenderness is arm'd with awe:
Permitted love would silently admire,
And a soft reverence tremble through desire;
The warmest wishes, when inspir'd by you,
Strike—but as heav'nly inspirations do.
The op'ning heart makes room for joys refin'd,
And ev'ry gross idea shrinks behind.

You need not then the gentle sound reject,
Should love's fear'd name be given to soft respect:
When ill-distinguish'd meanings are the same,
How poor the difference which they draw from
 name!

There are, in love, th' extremes of touch'd desire,
The noblest brightness, or the coarsest fire!
In vulgar bosoms vulgar wishes move;
Nature guides choice, and, as men think, they love,
But when a pow'r like yours impels the wound,
Like the clear cause, the bright effect is found.
In the loose passion, men profane the name,
Mistake the purpose, and pollute the flame:
In nobler bosoms, friendship's form it takes,
And sex alone, the lovely difference makes.
Love's generous warmth does reason's pow'r display,

And fills desire, as light embodies day.

Love is to life what colour is to form:
Plain drawings oft are just, but never warm.
Love, in a blaze of tints, his light'ning throws;
Then the form quickens, and the figure glows.

AN EPIGRAM,

Occasioned by some Verses on a Monument in Westminster Abbey.

How lost this pomp of verse! how vain the hope,
That thought can dwell on Craggs, in view of
 Pope!

When upon Rubicon's fam'd bank is shown
Cæsar's press'd foot, on the remember'd stone;
No traveller once asks the quarry's name,
Whence the coarse grit, by chance distinguish'd
 came;

But thinks, with reverence, here great Julius trod,
And hails the footstep of a Roman god!

TO MRS. L——R,

PLAYING ON A BASS VIOL.

WHILE o'er the dancing chords your fingers fly,
And bid them live, till they have made us die;
Trembling, in transport, at your touch they spring,
As if there dwelt a heart in every string.

Your voice, soft rising, through the lengthen'd
 notes,

The marry'd harmony, united, floats;
Two charms, so join'd, that they compose but one;
Like heat and brightness from the self-same sun.

The wishful viol would its wealth retain,
And, sweetly conscious, hugs the pleasing pain,
Envious, forbids the warbling joys to roll,
And, murm'ring inward, swells its sounding soul.

Proud of its charming pow'r, your tuneful bow
Floats o'er the chords majestically slow;
Careless and soft, calls out a tide of art,
And, in a storm of music, drowns the heart.

So when that god, who gave you all your skill,
To angel forms (like yours) intrusts his will,
Calm they descend, some new-meant world to
 found,

And, smiling, see creation rising round!

THE CHANGE;

TO THE LOVELY CAUSE OF IT.

SWEET enslaver! can you tell,
 Ere I learnt to love so well,
 How my hours had wings to move,
 All unbusied by my love!
 'Tis amazement now to me,
 What could then a pleasure be!
 But you, like God, new sense can give,
 And now, indeed, I feel I live.

Oh! what pangs his breast alarm,
 Whom soul and body join to charm!
 Endless transports dance along,
 Sweetly soft! or nobly strong!
 Flaming fancy! cool reflection!
 Fierce desire! and aw'd subjection!
 Aching hope! and fear encreasing!
 Struggling passions, never ceasing!
 Wishing! trembling! soul adoring!
 Ever blest, and still imploring.

Let the dull, the cold, and tame,
 All those dear disorders blame;
 Tell 'em that in honour's race,
 Charm'd by some such heav'nly face,
 Lovers always foremost ran;
 Love's a second soul to man.
 Ease is languid, low, and base;
 Love excites a generous chase:
 Glory! wealth! ambition! wit!
 Thoughts for boundless empire fit!
 All at love's approach are fir'd,
 Bent more strong, and never tir'd,
 He who feels not love's sweet pain
 Lives at ease—but lives in vain!

Little dream you what is due,
 Angel form! to love and you:
 'Tis from you I joy possess;
 'Tis by you my grief grows less:
 Sadly pensive, when alone,
 I the shades of life bemoan;
 If some voice your name impart,
 Care lies lighten'd at my heart;
 Ev'ry woe disarms its sting,
 And I look down on Britain's king.

When my fancy brings to view
 Works which wealth and pow'r can do;
 All my spurr'd excitements wake,
 And fortune charms me for your sake.
 Oh! I cry—'twere heaven possess,
 To make her great who made me blest.

In the morning when I rise,
 If the sun-shine strikes my eyes,
 All that pleases in his view,
 Is my hope to look on you.

When the fable sweep of night
 Drowns distinction from my sight,
 I no inward darkness find;
 You are day-light to my mind.

All my dreams are lives of joy,
 Which, in waking, I destroy:
 You, a slave to custom made,
 Are of forms and rules afraid;
 But your happier image, free
 From fantastic tyranny;

Independent, kind, and wise,
 Scorns restraint, and knows no ties,
 Oh! the dear, the racking pain;
 Who that sleeps thus would wake again.

A SONG.

Oh! forbear to bid me flight her,
 Soul and senses take her part;
 Could my death itself delight her,
 Life should leap to leave my heart.
 Strong, though soft, a lover's chain,
 Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.
 Though the tender flame were dying,
 Love would light it at her eyes;
 Or, her tuneful voice applying,
 Through my ear my soul surprise.
 Deaf, I see the fate I shun;
 Blind, I hear I am undone.

A SONG.

Now ponder well, ye husbands dear,
 The fate of wives, too bright;
 A woeful cause you have to fear,
 Their day will turn to night.
 At first all gay, and rais'd with joy,
 They charm the poor man's heart;
 With smiling eyes they sport and toy,
 And gild the nuptial dart.
 But ah! too soon they quench their fire;
 (Alas! good hearer, weep)
 Then gape, and stretch, and yawn, and tire,
 And hum their souls to sleep.

HINT FROM SOME OLD VERSES,

On a Stone in Stepney Churchwall.

Two thousand years, ere Stepney had a name,
 In Carthage walls I shar'd the punie fame;
 There to the strongest, added strength I lent,
 And proudly propp'd the world's best ornament.
 Now to cold Britain a torn transport thrown,
 I piece a church-yard pile unmark'd, unknown:
 Stain'd, and half sunk in dirt, my sculpture lies,
 And moulders, like the graves which round me
 rise. [claim,
 Oh! think, blind mortals! what frail dust you
 And laugh at wealth, wit, beauty, pow'r, and
 fame;
 Short praise, can fleeting hopes like yours supply,
 Since times, and tongues, and tow'rs, and empires
 die.

ON CLIO'S BIRTH-DAY.

O'er the blue violet, while the amorous wind
 Bends and perfumes his wings, to fan this day;
 Why has pale sickness winter'd o'er my mind,
 And, with chill agues, check'd the warmth of
 May?

Is it not Clio's birth-day?—Toil of thought!
 Height beyond all that e'er ambition trod.
 Sum of refin'd desire! by angels taught,
 To look, and think, and act a female god!

Oh! my rapt soul sits trembling in my eyes,
 Starting, impatient, at her pow'rful name:
 Dearer than life, to that sweet sound it flies,
 And health rides rosy on the living flame.
 Wak'd into sudden strength, I blaze again,
 Love, the restorer, dress'd in Clio's smile,
 Triumph'd o'er nature, gave delight to pain,
 Sweeten'd affliction, and could death beguile.
 May joys unnumber'd, as the charmer's sweets,
 Bless this revolving day's eternal round;
 Till the proud world its dawn with rapture greets,
 Conscious of her who made it first renown'd.
 Long—let 'em say—long ere our father's days,
 Three thousand years ago, on this sweet day,
 That Clio, whom contending nations praise,
 Embloom'd, by her sweet birth, the first of May.
 Britain, illustrious by the starry lot,
 Far in the north, distinguish'd island, lies,
 Now known by later names—oh, envy'd spot!
 Why did she not in our warm climates rise?
 Sure she was heav'nly grac'd; for to this hour,
 After such length of ages roll'd away,
 Fame of her charms, augments her sexed pow'r,
 And her thought's lustre gives our wits their
 fway.

TO A LADY,

DESIRING HER LETTERS MIGHT NOT BE
 EXPOSED.

No! thou best soul that e'er this body knew,
 Unhappy I may be, but not untrue.
 Blest, or unblest, my love can ne'er decay,
 Nor could I, where I could not love, betray.
 Cold, and unjust, the shocking caution kills,
 And, in one meaning, spots me o'er with ills.
 Silent, as sacred lamps, in bury'd urns,
 The conscious flame of lovers inward burns:
 Life should be torn, and racks be stretch'd in vain,
 And vary'd tortures tire their fruitless pain,
 Ere but a thought of mine should do thee wrong,
 Or spread thy beauties on the public tongue.
 Yet thou canst fear me—oh! be lost the shame,
 Nor heap dishonour on my future name!
 Have I been never lov'd?—yet, cruel, tell,
 Whom I betray'd to thee, though lov'd so well?
 Take thy sweet mischief back, their charms erase,
 Oh! leave me poor, but never think me base.
 Not e'en when death shall veil thy starry eyes,
 Shall thy dear letters from my ashes rise;
 Fix'd to my heart, the grave shall give 'em room
 To charm my waking soul in worlds to come.
 While in my verse, with far more faint essay,
 Thy wonders I to after times convey;
 Tell thy vast heav'n of sweets, and sing thy name,
 Till, fir'd by thee, whole kingdoms catch thy flame.

EPITAPH ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

MORE than his name were less.—'Twould seem
 to fear, [here.
 He who increas'd heav'n's fame could want it
 Yet when the suns he lighted up shall fade,
 And all the worlds he found are first decay'd;

Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
 And time and Newton's name together die.

TO MR. DYER, ON HIS ATTEMPTING
CLIO'S PICTURE.

SOUL of your honour'd art! what man can do
 In copying nature may be reach'd by you:
 Your peopling pencil a new world can give,
 And, like Deucalion, teach the stones to live.
 From your creating hand a war may flow,
 And your warm strokes with breathing action
 glow:

But, from that angel form to catch the grace
 And kindle up your ivory with her face;
 All unconsum'd to snatch the living fire,
 And limn th' ideas which those eyes inspire;
 Strong to your burning circle to confine
 That awe-mix'd sweetness, and that air divine;
 That sparkling soul, which lightens from within,
 And breaks in unspoke meanings through her skin.
 This, if you can—hard task, and yet unprov'd:
 Then shall you be adorn'd, as now belov'd.
 Then shall your high-aspiring colours find
 The art to picture thought and paint the wind:
 Then shall you give air shape, imprison space,
 And mount the painter to the maker's place.

WHITEHALL STAIRS.

FROM Whitehall Stairs, whence oft, with distant
 view,

I've gaz'd whole moon-shine hours on hours away,
 Blest but to see those roofs which cover'd you,
 And watch'd beneath what star you sleeping lay.

Launch'd on the smiling stream, which felt my
 hope,

And danc'd and quiver'd round my gliding boat,
 I came this day to give my tongue free scope,
 And vent the passion which my looks denote.

To tell my dear, my soul-disturbing muse,
 (But that's a name can speak but half her charms)
 How my full heart does my pen's aid refuse,
 And bids my voice describe my soul's alarms.

To tell what transports your last letter gave,
 What heav'ns were open'd in your soft complaint;
 To tell!—what pride I take, to be your slave,
 And how triumphant love disdains restraint.

But when I miss'd you, and took boat again,
 The sympathetic fun condol'd my woe;
 Drew in his beams, to mourn my pity'd pain
 And bid the shadow'd stream benighted flow.

Sudden, the weeping skies unfluic'd their store,
 And torrents of big tears unceasing shed;
 Sad I drove downward to a flooded shore,
 And, disappointed, hung my dripping head.

Landed at length, I sate coffee drink,
 And ill surrounded by a noisy tribe,
 Scornful of what they do, or say, or think,
 I, rapt in your dear heav'n, my loss describe.

TO THE SAME.

Yes—now 'tis time to die—despair comes on;
 Who keeps the body when the soul is gone?

She sets—fair light, that show'd me all my joy,
And, like the sun's, her absence must destroy.
She, who once wept my fancy'd loss of breath,
Now, crimeless murd'rer! gives me real death.

Yet have a care, touch'd heart, nor sigh one
thought,
That stains such goodness with a purpos'd fault.
Soft as her tears, her gentle meanings move;
Her soul sheds sweetness though her look is love.
Her voice is music, tun'd to heav'n's low note;
Her touch bids transport, through each art'ry,
float;
Her step is dignity, by pity check'd;
At once she fans desire and plants respect.
Unconscious of her charms, she dreams of none,
And doubling other's praises shuns her own.
Modest in pow'r, as kneeling angels pray,
Noiseless as night's soft shade, though bright as
day.
Wife unassumingly; serenely deep,
Easy as air, and innocent as sleep:
Blooming like beauty, when adorn'd for sin;
Yet like the bud unblown all blush within.

O! 'tis impossible, to quit such bliss,
Yet live superior to a loss like this!
Where will she next her thousand conquests make?
On what new climate will her sun-shine break?
Where will she next (sweet tasker of my care!)
Teach our charm'd sex, to hope, to wish, to dare?
Far from her fruitless guardian's watchful eye,
What may she hear! what answer! oh! I'll die.
Bless'd by her sight—time's race were one short
stage;
She gone—one widow'd moment were an age.

A SONG.

CLIO! smiling, soul-invader!
Soft amuser of my days,
Be my silent passion's aider,
Teach my tongue to speak thy praise.
Thou, like heroes, scarr'd all over,
Wanting room to suffer more;
Pill'd with praise, can't hear no lover
Tell thee ought, untold before.
Truth, with modest bounds contented,
Rightly praising thee, must say,
More than falsehood e'er invented,
When she widest went astray.

WRITE ON A BLANK LEAF OF AN OB-
SCENE POEM.

THE sacred nine, first spread their golden wings,
In praise of virtue, heroes, and of kings:
Chaste were their lays, and ev'ry verse design'd
To soften nature, and exalt the mind.
Loosely the moderns live, and loosely write,
And woo their muse, as mistresses, for delight.
Thick in their lays obscenities abound,
As weeds spring plenteous in the rankest ground:
All who write verse, to taint a guiltless heart,
Are vile profaners of the sacred art.

Cloy'd the sick reader from the work retires;
And e'er the writer dies his fame expires.

TO MRS. T——T.

WHERE in this land (Alzira cry'd)
Shall Indian virtues rest?
Who will be here the stranger's guide,
And lead her to be blest?
Seek, said the whispering muse, some fair
Of England's beauteous race;
Who does herself those virtues share
Which most Alzira grace.
One who has taste as nobly strong,
And charms as softly sweet,
Will guard her sister soul from wrong,
While graces graces meet.
I took the muse's kind advice,
Look'd round the fair and bright,
And found Alzira, in a trice,
Was matchless T——t's right.

A SONG.

O CELIA! be wary when Celadon sues,
These wits are the bane of your charms:
Beauty play'd against reason will certainly lose,
Warring naked with robbers in arms.
Young Damon, despis'd for his plainness of parts,
Has worth that a woman should prize;
He'll run the race out, though he heavily starts,
And distance the short-winded wife.
The fool is a saint in the temple of love,
And kneels all his life there to pray:
The wit but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Sick of the worthless world, and courting rest,
My sullen soul, with pensive weight oppress'd,
Disturb'd and mournful sought the silent shade,
And fed reflection in the breezy glade:
Stretch'd on the grassy margin of a brook,
Whose murm'ring fellowship my mind partook,
Actively idle I repining lay,
Gaz'd on the flood and sigh'd the stream away.

Who knows, I cry'd, what course thou hast to
pass, [grasps]
Sweet stream, that thou creep'st softly through this
How wilt thou flow!—Anon, perhaps, slid hence,
Thy deep'ning channel fills some moated fence,
Hems in some farm, where homely rustics meet,
And their sweet bread, prize of hard labour, eat;
Thence, through some lord's delightful garden, led,
Thou may'st thy vegetative influence spread;
Where, as through fragrant beds, thy purlings slide,
The grateful flow'rs shall kiss 'em as they glide:
There, charm'd and ling'ring, thou may'st wish to
stay,
And, hoarsely murm'ring, roll displeas'd away.

But while, with careless pace, thou journey'st
flow,
Oft halting to look back at this fair show,

Some precipice, that in close ambush lies,
 Thy virgin current shall at once surprize,
 Cross whose broad shoulders thrown, and tum-
 bling o'er, [roar.
 Thy frightened stream shall rush with unavailing
 Next may thy silver current's brightness die,
 And muddily some stagnate fen supply;
 Where shadow'd reeds in thy slow stream shall
 shake, [make:
 And floods fly trembling from the gloom they
 Frighted, are glad to 'scape this horrid place,
 Thou may'st wind short, and new-direct thy race,
 Through verdant meads, o'erjoy'd, may'st dan-
 cing go,

'Till cattle sip thy whirlpools, as they flow:
 Thence, for protection of thy ruffled charms,
 Thou may'st rush swift to some great lover's arms;
 Some stately stream by keely courtship prest,
 And mark'd with wealth's proud furrows on his
 breast: [brace,

Grave Thames may next receive thy mix'd em-
 And fam'd Augusta see thy fully'd face;
 From her wash'd foot thy scatter'd flood may stray,
 And to the swallowing ocean roll away:
 There, wasted stream, in wind-driv'n billows tost,
 Thy oft-chang'd being shall be wholly lost.

So, gentle brook, I cry'd, does human life,
 'Midst endless changes, and in endless strife,
 Glide, with impatience, through unknown events,
 'Till nature asks repose and death consents.

Why then is such a life so much desir'd?
 By what pursuits is vain ambition fir'd?
 Friendship is lost on earth; love goes astray;
 And men, like beasts, each on the other prey:
 Ev'n the soft sex their downy bosoms hide
 With inward artifice or outward pride.

Beauty's spoil'd shafts no more the soul can hit,
 Dull'd by gross folly or misguided wit.
 Nothing is now worth wishing for on earth,
 And death is grown a much less woe than birth.

While thus I mourn'd---back roll'd th' astonish'd
 brook, [shook;

The trees bow'd down, the earth beneath me
 All heav'n descended to the glowing ground,
 And radiant terror dazzling shone around:
 Blind with the strong refulgence, fix'd I lay
 Bury'd in brightness and o'erwhelm'd with day.

Listen, a sound broke out---impatient youth,
 Listen and mark the voice of sacred truth,
 Rous'd at that name, I would have blest'd my sight,
 But strove in vain to stem the tide of light;
 Still as I rais'd my eyes, their balls struck fire,
 And wat'ry gushings wept the rash desire:
 The unseen phantom's voice, sudden and loud,
 Startled the ear as thunder rends a cloud;
 But soft'ning more and more, grew sweet and
 kind,

And dy'd away like music in the wind:
 I come, continues she, to bring thee peace,
 To bid thy diffidence in friendship cease;
 Again to reconcile thee to mankind,
 New-wing thy transports, and unclog thy mind;
 To guide thy wand'ring choice, to find that joy
 Distrust of which does thy sad hours employ:

There lives a charmer, whom divinely fir'd
 E'en her whole sex's virtues have inspir'd;
 Where all that's manly joins with all that's sweet,
 And in whose breath engross'd perfections meet;
 Her mind no conscious pride of merit stains;
 O'er her wide soul unfully'd reason reigns:
 Blind to her worth, she feels not her own flame,
 Enriches merit, yet despises fame.
 Her unaffected charms what words can paint?
 She looks an angel, and she speaks a saint:
 While sparkling gayness wantons in her eye,
 In her wise soul the laughing Cupids die.
 A thousand graces round her person play,
 And all the muses mark her fancy's way:
 To hear her speak, the soul with rapture fills,
 Her looks alarm---but when she writes she kills.
 Rise, then, and meet her, as she this way strays,
 And thy own wonder shall outspoke my praise.

The goddess vanish'd to her native skies,
 And the recover'd shade unbarr'd my eyes;
 I look'd, and lo! within the honour'd wood,
 Lovely Cleora hid in bay leaves stood;
 Cleora---but her wonders to reveal,
 Were to describe what I can only feel!
 Now reconcil'd to the shunn'd world I'll live:
 Her friendship---joys worth living for can give.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MISS ———

CARE, be banish'd far away---
 Fly, be gone, approach not here:
 Mirth and joy demand this day,
 Happiest day of all the year!

Summers three times sev'n have shone,
 All outshin'd by Delia's eyes:
 Winters three times sev'n are gone,
 All whose snows her breast supplies:

Dance we then the cheerful round,
 Music might have stay'd away;
 She but speaking, organs sound:
 She but smiling, angels play.

'Tis her birth-day---let it blaze;
 Born to charm and form'd for bliss;
 Live she lov'd a world of days,
 Ev'ry day as blest'd as this,

Let her beauty not increase;
 Too, too strong, already there;
 But let heav'n augment her peace,
 'Till she's happy as she's fair.

THE GLOVE.

TELL me, sweet glove! what name the charmer
 bears,

Whose downy hand thy snowy cov'ring wears?

'Tis a dear name I am forbid to tell,
 But these distinguish'd marks may paint her well:
 She gently awful, winningly severe,
 Charms when she speaks, yet rather loves to hear;
 Wise as a god; as fancy'd angels fair;
 Lovely as light, and soft as upper air.

Enough, sweet glove! by this plain picture
 taught,

He---e, I find, is the dear name I sought.

RONALD AND DORNA :

BY A HIGHLANDER, TO HIS MISTRESS.

From a literal Translation of the Original.

COME, let us climb Skorr-urran's snowy top ;
 Cold as it seems, it is less cold than you :
 Thin through its snow these lambs its heath-twigs
 crop ;
 Your snow, more hostile, starves and freezes too.
 What though I lov'd of late in Skie's fair isle ;
 And blush'd—and bow'd—and shrunk from
 Kenza's eye ;
 All she had power to hurt with was her smile ;
 But, 'tis a frown of your's for which I die.
 Ask why these herds beneath us rush so fast
 On the brown sea-ware's stranded heaps to feed ?
 Winter, like you, with-holds their wish'd repast,
 And, robb'd of genial grafs, they brouse on weed.
 Mark with what tuneful haste Sheleila flows,
 To mix its wid'ning stream in Donnan's lake ;
 Yet, should some dam the current's course oppose,
 It must, per force, a less lov'd passage take.
 Born, like your body, for a spirit's claim,
 Trembling, I wait, unsoul'd, till you inspire :
 God has prepar'd the lamp, and bids it flame ;
 But you, fair Dorna, have with-held the fire.
 High as yon pine; when you begin to speak,
 My light'ning heart leaps hopeful at the sound ;
 But fainting at the sense, falls, void and weak,
 And sinks and saddens like yon mossy ground.
 All that I taste, or touch, or see, or hear,
 Nature's whole breadth reminds me but of you ;
 Ev'n heav'n itself would your sweet likeness wear,
 If, with its power, you had its mercy too.

ABSTRACT FROM PSALM CXIV.

WHEN from proud Egypt's hard and cruel hand,
 High-summon'd Israel fought the promis'd land,
 The opening sea divided at her call,
 And reflux Jordan rose, a wat'ry wall :
 Light as met lambs the starting hills leap'd wide,
 And the slow mountains roll'd themselves aside.
 Why, O thou sea ! did thy vast depth divide ?
 And why, O Jordan ! fled thy back'ning tide ?
 Why leapt your lines, ye frightened hills, astray ?
 And what, O mountains ! rent your roots away ?
 Hark ! I will tell—proud earth confess'd her God,
 And mark'd his wond'rous footsteps as he trod.
 While bent to blefs, He cheer'd his thirsty flock,
 And into floods of liquid length dissolv'd the
 loosening rock.

THE SINGING BIRD.

POPE, in absence of his pain,
 Easy, negligent, and gay,
 With the fair in am'rous vein,
 Lively as the smiling day,
 Talk'd, and toy'd the hours away,
 Tuneful, o'er Belinda's chair,
 Finely cag'd, a linnet hung ;
 Breath'd its little soul in air,

Flutt'ring round its mansion sprung ;
 And its carols sweetly sung.

Winding, from the fair one's eye,
 On her feather'd slave to gaze ;
 Meant, cry'd Pope, to wing the sky,
 Yet, a captive all thy days,
 How dost thou this music raise !
 Since a prisoner thou can'st sing,
 Sportive, airy, wanton, here,
 Hadst thou liberty of wing,
 How thy melody would cheer !
 How transport the list'ning ear !
 No, reply'd the warbling song.
 Rais'd—articulate, and clear !
 Now, to wish me free were wrong ;
 Loftier in my native sphere,
 But with fewer friends than here.
 Though with grief my fate you see,
 Many a poet's is the same ;
 Aw'd, secluded, and unfree,
 Humble avarice of fame,
 Keeps 'em fetter'd, own'd, and tame.
 To our feeders, they and I
 Lend our lives in narrow bound ;
 Perch'd within our owner's eye,
 Gay we hop the gilded round,
 Changing neither note nor ground.
 For, should freedom break our chain,
 Though the self-dependent flight
 Would to heav'n exalt our strain,
 Yet unheard and out of sight,
 All our praise were forfeit by't.

A SONG.

GENTLE love, this hour befriend me,
 To my eyes resign thy dart ;
 Notes of melting music lend me,
 To dissolve a frozen heart.
 Chill as mountain snow her bosom,
 Though I tender language use,
 'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen,
 To my arms, and to my muse.
 See ! my dying eyes are pleading,
 Where a breaking heart appears :
 For thy pity interceding,
 With the eloquence of tears,
 While the lamp of life is fading,
 And beneath thy coldness dies,
 Death my ebbing pulse invading,
 Take my soul into thy eyes.

MY SOUL'S LAST SIGH,

TO THE DIVINE LOTHARIA.

LET plaintive thoughts in mournful numbers flow,
 Prose is too dull for love, too calm for woe.
 Has she not bid thee quit thy faithful flame ;
 Sell her and truth for equipage and name ?
 Nay, she has bid thee go—Whence this delay ?
 Whence this fond, fruitless, ling'ring wish to stay ?
 Lotharia bids thee go—she, who alone
 Makes all life's future blessings, means thee none !

Begone then—let thy struggling heart obey,
And in long distance sigh sad life away.
Still, still, vain flatt'ring hope misleads desire,
Fed by faint glimm'ring shoots of glow-worm fire.
What though she sweetly writes to ease thy grief,
Or points kind comfort by the folded leaf:
Such pity must thy grateful rev'rence move,
But judge it right—nor think compassion love.
What though each word she marks, like spring's
soft show'rs, [flow'rs,
Flows sweet as new-blown breath of op'ning
Such borrow'd sounds she need not have apply'd,
Her own, more tuneful, thou too oft has try'd.
To speak in music ever was her claim,
And all grows harmony that bears that name.

Had'st thou e'er touch'd her heart with one
soft pain,
And blest'd in loving been belov'd again,
All her cold reasoning doubts had ceas'd to move,
And her whole gen'rous breast conceiv'd but love.
She who believes not, loves not---Feel thy fate :
Friendship from her pains more than other's hate.
All the kind passions, wanting one, she'll own ;
But, that one wanting, all the rest are none.
Would love and she disperse the threat'ning storm,
Let her believe, and trust, and break through form:
Let her command thy stay to know success,
Nor fear the god-like attribute to blest :
Born to distinguish her from womankind,
To court her converse and to take her mind ;
Form'd for her empire, with her image fill'd,
Charm'd by her form, and in her temper skill'd ;
Piercing her tim'rous heart's most secret thought,
And knowing, and adoring each dear fault,
How art thou pain'd---to find her soft'ning will
Held against love by ev'ry guard of skill !
How art thou doom'd to lengths of op'ning woe,
Should she feel love---yet fear to tell thee so ?

If she distrusts thy truth---all hope must fall,
Doubting her pow'r, she disbelieves thee all.
And none who doubts her lover dares to love.
Go, then---to climes cold as her heart remove;
A distant fate thy gloomy choice prefers,
Present thou can'st not live and not live hers.

Farewell, kind, cautious, unresolving fair !
To hear the blest'd will charm amidst despair.
'Tis death to go---'tis more than death to stay,
Rest will be soonest reach'd the first dark way.
Ne'er may'st thou know a pain ; still cheerful be,
Nor check life's comforts, with one thought of me.

TO MR. JAMES THOMSON,

On his asking my advice to what Patron he should address his Poem, called Winter.

SOME peers have noble skill to judge, 'tis true,
Yet, no more prospect bounds the muse's view :
Firm, in your native strength, thus greatly shown,
Slight such delusive props, and stand alone :
Fruitless dependance oft has prov'd too late,
That greatness dwells not always with the great.
Patrons are nature's nobles, not the state's,
And wit's a title no broad seal creates : [flow,
E'en kings, from whose high source all honours
Are poor in pow'r when they would souls bestow.

He who stoops safe beneath a patron's shade,
Shines, like the moon, but by a borrow'd aid :
Truth should, unbias'd, free and open steer,
Strong as heav'n's heat, and as its brightness clear;
Heedless of fortune, then, look down on state,
Balanc'd within by merit's conscious weight :
Divinely proud of independent will,
Prince of your wishes live a sov'reign, still ;
Oh ! swell not, then, the bosoms of the vain,
With false conceit you their protection gain,
Poets, like you, their own protectors stand,
Plac'd above aid from pride's inferior hand.
Time, that devours a lord's unlasting name,
Shall lend her soundness depth to float your fame ;
On verse like yours no smiles from pow'r expect,
Born with a worth that doom'd you to neglect.
Yet, would your wit be prais'd—reflect no more,
Let the smooth veil of flatt'ry silk you o'er,
Aptly attach'd, the court's soft climate try ;
Learn your pen's duty from your patron's eye.
Ductile of soul each pliant purpose wind,
And, following int'rest close, leave doubt behind :
Then shall your name strike loud the public ear,
For through good fortune virtue's self shines clear.

But, in defiance of our taste—to charm,
And fancy's force with judgment's caution arm,
Disturb with busy thought so lull'd an age,
And plant strong meanings o'er the peaceful page,
Impregnate sound with sense, teach nature art,
And warm ev'n winter, 'till it thaws the heart :
How could you thus your country's rules trans-
gress,
Yet think of patrons, and presume successful

A SONG.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
All ye sweets of blooming May;
How can empty sunshine warm me,
While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds ; go, leave me,
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky ;
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sunshine fills her eye.

VERSES.

*Writ for and sent to a Widow Gentlewoman, on occasion
of her Son's melancholy, upon their losses and disap-
pointments in life.*

WELCOME, ah! welcome, life's last friend, decay!
Faint on tir'd soul, and lapse, unmourn'd, away;
Now I look back, agham'd at hope's false blaze,
That shone, delightful, on my happier days;
In their true colours now, too late, I see
What youth, and pride, and mirth, and praise,
must be!

Bring, then, great curer, death, thy dark relief,
And save me from vain sense of hopeless grief.
Shut me for ever from the suffering scene,
And leave long voids for silent rest between ;
Thy hand can snatch me from a weeping son,
Heir to my woes, and born to be undone !
Place me where I no more his wrongs shall hear,
Nor his told sorrows reach my shelter'd ear.

Thus while I mourn'd, retir'd from hated light,
 Sleep came, and hid affliction in the night;
 The night, instructive to my bold complaint,
 In a long dream did that sad march repaint,
 That pomp of tears which did for Sheffield flow,
 Who lately blacken'd half our streets with woe.
 There, cry'd a pointing seraph, look! compare!
 And blush, forgetful of your light despair!
 What has this mother lost, as far distress'd
 Beyond her sex, as late beyond 'em blest.
 Son of her soul! her child, by mind and birth,
 Bright by her fires, and guardian of her worth;
 Promise of virtues to the rising age.
 Yet, ah! how blasted is the lov'd presage!
 Think of her loss, her weight of woe bemoan,
 And, humbly conscious, sigh not for your own.

ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. VI.

Part of the Sermon on the Mount.

LET shining charity adorn your zeal,
 The noblest impulse gen'rous minds can feel:
 But have a care you take this virtue right,
 And shun the glare of the proud hypocrite.
 Mistaken men! who, fond of public fame,
 Disgrace the act, while they affect the name!
 On earth, vain-glorious zeal may meet regard,
 But heav'n nor owns it, nor vouchsafes reward.
 Thou, on the contrary, whose pitying breast
 Wou'd, as it ought, give ease to the distress;
 Scarce tell thy right hand, what thy left will do,
 But be at once resolv'd and silent too.
 Secret, as night, thy pious alms convey;
 For God, who sees by night, rewards by day.
 So, when thy soul approaches God in pray'r,
 Be not deceiv'd, as those false zealots are,
 Who daily into crowded temples press,
 And there, with feign'd devotion, heav'n address;
 But, when thou pray'st, all public notice shun,
 And, private, to thy inmost closet run:
 There, close and earnest, to thy duty fall,
 And God will show thee that he hears thy call.
 Swell not thy forms of pray'r with wild desires,
 Excess of fuel chokes the brightest fires;
 The erring heathen so mistake their way,
 And think they best are heard who most can say.
 But shun thou this, and know God's piercing eye
 Sees all thy wants before thy words come nigh.
 From rising malice guard thy yielding will,
 Nor proudly dare to take revenge for ill:
 Thou must forgive, that God may pardon thee;
 For none who pities not shall pitied be.

Misled by av'rice, seek not wealth to gain,
 By hoarding treasures which are got in vain:
 Deceitful riches, which the moth destroys,
 Which rust consumes, or the bold thief enjoys!
 In heav'n's high storehouse, let your heaps be laid,
 A wealth which no destroyer can invade;
 No moth there enters, rust corrupts not there,
 Nor plund'ring thief alarms the owner's care:
 Safe, therefore, in that place, your treasures lay;
 For where your riches are, your heart will stay.

Secure of heav'n's regard, live free from care,
 Nor toil, life's common comforts to prepare:

Banish vain forecast for thy needful gain,
 Nor let meat, drink, and clothing, give thee pain.
 Observe the fowls—they neither reap, nor sow,
 Yet find their wants supply'd, where'er they go.
 Look on the lilies of the ripening field:
 No toil of theirs does those sweet colours yield;
 Yet was not Solomon, when drest to please,
 So gloriously adorn'd as one of these.
 If, therefore, God so feeds the feather'd train,
 So clothes the grass, which withers on the plain;
 How much more careful will he be of you,
 O, faithless man! who yet distrusts him too?

TO THE LOVELY MRS. H——E,

On her Descent from the first Saxon Kings of our Island.

H——E, sweet name! whose princely meaning
 shows, [flows,
 From what high spring your blood's rich current
 With needless awe, reminds us of your race,
 Since heav'n has stamp'd dominion on your face.
 Still in your sov'reign form, distinctly live
 All royal rights your father kings could give.
 In your commanding air, we mark their state,
 And, in your words, their wisdom and their
 weight.
 Warm in your noble breast, their courage lies,
 And all their pow'cr and mercy in your eyes.

THE GARDEN WINDOW.

HERE, Amanda, gently bending,
 Sweetly pensive, loves to lean
 O'er the groves, her sight extending
 Through the walks that shoot between;
 Plac'd, says she, within this window
 Screen'd, I distant charms survey,
 Taught by poor deceiv'd Olindo,
 Nothing's safe that looks too gay.
 Here, I view, in soften'd shadings,
 Am'rous flow'r to flow'r incline,
 Too remote to mourn their fadings,
 When with hanging heads they pine.
 Here I smell the fragrant breezes,
 Safe from ev'ning's chilly blast;
 Here the noonday sunshine pleases,
 Fearless when 'twill overcast.
 Hence I hear the tempest rising,
 See the grovy greatness shake,
 Ev'ry distant ill despising,
 While I every good partake.
 So commanding life's gay garden,
 Let me thornless wear the rose;
 Choice like mine let fashion pardon,
 Tasting charms but shunning woes.

AT SETTING DAY.—A SONG.

SINCE sounding drums, and rising war,
 Invite my love to danger,
 I'll ask of every smiling star
 To shield my roving ranger.
 While o'er the field, unfearing wounds,
 You press the foe retreating,

I'll trace the dear remember'd bounds
Of our more gentle meeting.

I'll pass whole days in yon sweet grove,
Where first thy tongue deceiv'd me,
When, list'ning dumb, I blush'd my love,
And no fear'd absence griev'd me.

On ev'ry bank thy side hath prest,
I'll sleep, and dream I'm near thee;
And each sweet bird, that strains its breast,
Shall wake my hopes to hear thee.

To all our haunts I will repair,
And cold on yon bleak mountain,
Trace all thy once-trod footsteps there,
And weep o'er each sad fountain.

There will I teach the trees to wear
Thy name, in soft impression,
And borrow sighs from ev'ning air,
To swell my soul's confession.

EPILOGUE,

For a Lady who acted Eudocia, in the Siege of Damascus, represented at the Duke of Bedford's at Woburn.

I've heard of maids, who first resolve to fast,
And then weigh arguments, when facts are past;
Young, though my reason is not so, it stray'd;
But first found pleadings for the part I play'd.

Play'd, said I,—second thought that word retracts;

Fancies and follies play, but passion acts:
Passion! the spring that all life's wheels employs,
Winds up the working thought—and heightens joys.

Passion! the great man's guide, the poor man's
The soldier's laurel, and the sinner's flame.

Passion! that leads the grave, impels the gay,
Bids the wise tremble, and the fool betray.

Ev'n at this hour, what's here our pastime made,
Gives the court business, and the kingdom trade;
When factions quarrel, or when statesmen fall,
Each does but act his part at passion's call.

Like our's, to night, Lord Passion sets their task;
Their fears, hopes, flatteries, all are passion's masque.

The world's wide stage, for this one practice, fill'd,
Sees some act nobly, others play unskill'd.

Triflers and smarts, who toy time's dream away,
Sots, beaux, and hounds of party, these but play.
Sons of their country's hope, sublimely rack'd
For other's rest.—These do not play, but act.

Who play the poorest parts?—the bought, the vain,

The light believer, and the perjur'd swain;
The dull dry joker, the coarse ill-bred bear,
The friends of folly, and the foes of care.

Who act their parts with praise—the firm, the
Who sell no sentiments, and break no trust;
The learn'd, the soft, the social, and the kind,
The faithful lover, and the plain good mind.

Such the best actors—form'd for honour's stage!
Who play no farces, and disgrace no age.

But copying nature, with true taste, like ours,
Please, and are pleas'd, and wing the guiltless hours.

APOLOGY FOR DEATH.

WHENCE this reluctance, when we cease to run
Life's slow sad race, and leaves its toy unwon?
Death's but our tide of ebb, to that dark sea,
Time's shoreless swallower, void eternity!

'Tis rest from labour—'tis escape from care;

'Tis shunn'd oppression, and reliev'd despair.

'Tis but to redissolve to formless flow,

And join the mingled mass, that feels no woe.

Fluid to fade, as all things round us do,

Or from old being launch, to find out new.

Emerging, or emerg'd, life rolls away,

Foams into note, or flattens to decay.

Round, with unceasing wheel, distinction glides,

And through time's maze, in short succession slides;

Flames its hot hour, like humbler household fires,

Shines but to leave us, and in use expires.

'Tis the flash'd spark of thought, that bursts to light,

Strains soon, and big, and rushes into night:

So the proud storm, that frights us with its roar,

Breathes itself weary, and is heard no more.

See that soft flow'r, whose sighs perfume the gales,

Blooms into dust, and its snuff'd life exhales!

All nature heaves, and sets, like human breath,

And life's loose links but stretch the chain of death.

Why then does erring fancy fright the mind?

Why call that cruel, nature meant for kind?

Who knows but fates we tremble at may bless,

And length of happiest life be found distress?

Murder! that blast of thought, that bane of law,

The good man's horror, and ev'n villain's awe!

Murder! that nature dreads, and conscience flies,

Perhaps but spurs us to some waiting prize!

Else, why should creature still with creature jar?

And clash'd existence wage eternal war?

Beast bleeds by beast; fishes on fishes prey;

And birds act murder with more waste than they;

Ev'n the sweet thrush, that bribes us with her song,

To guard her dread of death from beaks more strong,

Sav'd from the kite, strait bloodier grows than he,

And snaps the shiv'ring insect from the tree.

Life starts but up, to answer death's due call,

And one mysterious darkness wraps us all!

PASSING A LADY,

IN THE PARK, WITHOUT SEEING HER.

So slide our comforts by, unmark'd, unknown,

While our ill-fate comes felt, and all our own!

Too cruel world! where things we wou'd refuse,

We start upon—and, what we wish we lose!

And yet Lotharia would be hid in vain,

She cannot be conceal'd whom thoughts retain.

Air, and Lotharia, every where are found;

Held by our breath, and to our being bound!

Darkness itself wants pow'r to cover friends,

Whom the soul dwells with, and the sense attends.

TO THE LADY THAT LAUGHS,

AT DYING IN METAPHOR.

AND why, fair trifler, does that meaning eye
Smile in contempt, when lovers swear they die?

'Twixt death and love, but one small diff'rence
lies,
The soul, in both, from its left body flies :
In death 'tis gone, like smoke dissolv'd in air.
Lost in expanse, the loser knows not where :
In love we trace it with such willing pain,
'Twere to die twice to take it back again.

MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease, in beauty, shines most bright :
Unaiming charms, with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

TO A LADY,

*Who sent back the top of a Sweet briar Branch, and re-
tained the worst end of it.*

WHILE the way of the world is, to keep all the
best,
And then in due form oblige friends with the rest,
You, Madam, who would lend ev'n trifles a grace,
Teach your meanings to borrow a smile from your
face ;
And polite to your pain, when a present you send,
Give the thorn to yourself, and the rose to your
friend.

TO THE LADY,

Who sends me all her good Wishes.

SUPPOSE that the sun had a tongue, and shou'd
say,
May your journey be bless'd with a very fine day :
Then, withdrawing his face, slip aside with his
light, [night ;
And surround me, at once, with the coldness of
What would Florimel say to this trick of the sun ?
I would say, cry'd the charmer, 'twas cruelly done.
Would you so, answer'd I !—have a care what you
own, [none.
Who have wish'd me all blessings, yet granted me

*Writ upon a Pane of Glass in Westminster House, under
the names of his four Children.*

ALL happy, then while o'er their smiling air,
A living mother breath'd her guardian care ;
But, joyless, since their sweet supporter dy'd,
They wander now through life with half a guide.

August 25. 1731.

BELLARIA AT HER SPINET.

SWEETLY confus'd, with scarce consenting will,
Thoughtless of charms, and diffident of skill ;
See ! with what blushful bend, the doubting fair
Props the rais'd lid—then sits with sparkling air,
Tries the touch'd notes—and, halt'ning light
along, [wrong.
Calls out a short complaint, that speaks their
Now back'ning, awful, nerv'd, erect, serene,
Asserted music swells her heighten'd mein.
Fearless, with face oblique, her formful hand
Flies o'er the ivory plain, with stretch'd command ;

Plunges, with bold neglect, amidst the keys,
And sweeps the sounding range with magic ease.

Now, two contending senses—ear and eye,
In pride of feasted taste, for transport vie ;
But what avails two destin'd slaves debate,
When both are sure to fall, and share one fate ?
Whether the god within, evolving round,
Strikes in her notes, and flows dissolv'd in sound ;
Or silent in her eyes, enthron'd in light,
Blazes, confess'd to view, and wounds our sight.
This way, or that, alike his pow'r we try,
To see, but kills us—and to hear, we die.

Oh ! far-felt influence of the speaking string,
Prompt at thy call the mounting soul takes wing ;
Waves in the gale, fore-runs th' harmonious
breeze,

And sinks and rises to the changeful keys.

But, hark ! what length'ning softness, thrilling
new,
Steals, 'twixt the solemn swells, and threads 'em
through :

'Tis her transporting voice !—she sings—be still,
Sweet strings, forbear !—ye hurt her sweeter skill.
Yet, no—sound on—the strong and sweet should
join ;

With double pow'r, mix'd opposites combine.
'Tis plain ! my captive senses feel it true ;
Ah, what dire mischief may not union do !
Cou'd she not save delight from half this strain ?
Heard and beheld at once !—'tis hopeless pain.
Fly and escape—let one press'd sense retire ;
The rais'd hat shades it from the darted fire.
Alas, vain screen !—the soul's unclouded ray
Sees from within by a new blaze of day :
Sees the spread roof, with op'ning glories crown'd,
And radiant deities descending round !
Throng'd in bright lines, or wing'd in ambient air,
Spirits, in fairy forms, enclose the fair.

Some, on the keys, in am'rous ambush lie,
And kiss the tune-tipt fingers dancing by.
Some hov'ring wide, expiring shakes prolong,
And pour 'em back to swell the rising song.
Gods, in abridgment, crowd their needless aid,
And pow'rs, and virtues, guard th' unconscious
maid.

Pity, with tears of joy, stands weeping near ;
Kneeling devotion hangs her list'ning ear ;
Candour and truth firm fix'd on either hand,
Propping her chair, two sure supporters stand !
Round her, while wrong'd belief imbibes new
strength, [length,

And hugs th' instructive notes, and aids their
Love, and his train of Cupids craftier cares,
Scatter, with plummy fans, the dreaded airs.
Pride, from a distant corner, glooms a leer,
And longs, yet hopes not, to be call'd more near :
But charity sits close—a well known guest,
Bold, and domestic—and demands her breast.
High o'er her cheeks, to shade their tempting glow,
Shame and soft modesty their mantles throw.
While, from her brow, majestic wisdom seen,
Tempers her glory, and inspires her mein.

Such, and perhaps more sweet, those sounds shall
rise,

Which wake rewarded saints, when nature dies :

When heaven's heard blast shall shake the stubborn
mind,
And one mix'd melody unite mankind!
When time's last wreck shall sink in seas of flame,
And void eternity resumes its name.

CELIA IN THE GARDEN.

Come, walk, and rouse the languid year:
All nature blooms when you appear;
Each leafless oak would bud a-new,
And push out shade, to shelter you.
Your sight would summer's want supply;
You gone---'tis winter---and we die.

Yon warbling nightingale complains,
Your praise, too seldom, tempts her strains:
The tow'ring lark but hears you sing,
And soars to heav'n with silent wing.
Come, angels come (he cries)---and see
Yourself as much outdone as me.

Each violet sighs itself to death,
To scent the gales that fans your breath:
Stop but, and see th' unfolding rose,
With emulative blushes glows:
While hood-wink'd lilies prostrate lie,
Asham'd to see your breast so nigh.

Look round, and smile---and ev'ry flow'r
Smiles too---and charms, with ten-fold pow'r.
Depart, and lo! they bend and fall,
And weeping dew-drops waste 'em all.
'Tis thus your love inflames my joy,
And thus your coldness might destroy.

THE RECOLLECTED COMPLAINER.

ALL mother as I am, and loth to part
With this poor playful gladd'ner of my heart,
I know too well, and I confess my crime,
'Tis not my right, but heav'n's, to limit time:
Parent at once, of progeny and pain,
Of what would my regardless grief complain?
I gave him birth, but ah, discern'd not why!
Children are born, poor suff'rers, but to die!

Pity, 'tis true, revolves their leapful springs,
Smil'd thanks, atoning pray'rs, embracing clings,
Sallies of guiltless joy, gay gleams of sense,
Soft stroking flatt'ries---active impotence;
Tricks of dumb love, which grateful wills express,
And all their nameless pow'rs of prettiness!
These the fond mother's feeling mem'ry seize,
And then the tear of nature flows for ease.

But reason's voice corrects the bold complaint,
Enjoins submission, and instructs restraint.
Thus wipes the plaintive parent's weeping eye,
And bids the unpermitted drop---be dry.
What is it, thou thyself, mistaking mind!
Hast found in this bad world, or hop'st to find?
That thy presumptuous wish would dare retain,
Whom heaven's kind call exempts from future
pain:

Grant that the worst thou fear'st, should end this
blow,
And death's dark screen defends thy child from
woe!

VOL. VIII,

Are not thy sad forebodings, too, no more?
Are not thy fears for all his perils o'er? [way!
Of what proud wrongs might clog his life's long
What crimes might blast him, or what wiles be-
tray!

What follies draw down scorn, what vice disgrace!
What loss of honour might bespot thy race!
What want of duty might neglect thy tears!
What want of prudence grind his waning years!
What bloody dangers might cut short his fame,
Or hooting infamy prolong his shame!

Look up, fond sorrower! see the morning's ray;
Now, if you canst, fore-judge the rising day:
Shall its ascending shine continue bright?
Or shall o'ercasting tempests call down night?
Canst thou not tell?---Why then dost thy bold guess
Presume to call an infant's death distress?
Blind to the future, thank a watchful God, [rod.
That snatch'd the child from school, to spare the

THE RESIGNATION.

WELL, be it so!--Sorrow, that streams not o'er,
Spare but the eye, to wound the heart the more:
Dumb, infelt pangs, too well supply the woe,
That grief, in suff'ring silence, shuns to show.
Yet let my will's reluctant pride submit,
And learn to love the lot that heav'n find fit.
All I can lose, God gave---and, when 'tis flown,
Whom does he wrong, who but resumes his own?

Should I in fruitless agony complain,
Fretting my wound but multiplies my pain:
While they, who patiently embrace distress,
Teach shame to satisfy, and grief to bless.
Whate'er has been, 'tis madness to regret;
Whate'er must be, shocks least when braveliest met,
Learn then, my soul, thy course resign'd to run,
And never pray thy will---but God's be done.

COPIES

FOR CHILDREN TO LEARN TO WRITE.

THE body's beauty dwells in shape and face,
The soul's in mildness, modesty, and grace;
The first but charms an earthly lover's eye,
The last draws angels from beyond the sky;
One, for a moment, man's frail heart procures,
The other makes your God for ever yours.

ADVICE

TO THE VIRGINS, TO GUARD AGAINST FLAT-
TERY.

FAIREST, forgive the too officious lay,
That send the muse you charm to smooth your way;
I, though admiring, act no lover's part,
Nor bid soft sounds seduce your list'ning heart:
Candidly touch'd my pen's obtrusive fear,
Nor dares to shock, nor aims to soothe your ear;
Needless, 'tis true, to bid such nymphs beware,
Who ev'ry grace and virtue make their care:
Yet modest excellence will oft descend
To thank unwanted caution in a friend.
A faithful pilot, fervent in his fears,
And, trembling, anxious for the worth he steers,

U u

'Twere mortal pain, to see such beauty mourn,
By bold distress, or impious falsehood, torn.
Love's gay delusion tempts a thousand ways;
Now wounds with softness, now destroys with
praise.

Thy veil, O flattery! hides a traitor's heart,
And gives up confidence---a prey to art:
Unbridled youth, to consequences blind,
Indulging body, hears no call of mind.
Feeble discretion, so by warmth o'er-run,
Does, with a peacock's feather, fan the fun.
Beauty, that trusts too fast, is beauty's bane,
A self-betrayer, that embraces pain.
Oh, hear suspicious, when the lover sues!
She most attracts, who longest can refuse.
Poise the try'd terms on which his hope depends,
Prop'd on the parent's counsel, and the friend's:
So, leaning safe, and wanting space to stray,
Love's guardian angels crown your nuptial day.
Or should the gilded hypocrite at last
Show, that he meant your spotless fame to blast,
Fly the found tempter, each low lure despise,
And lift your heart's wrong'd wish above surprise.
Nature, that form'd you loveliest, doubly kind,
To like perfection rais'd your conquering mind.
Fram'd you to truth, to virtue turn'd your taste,
For honour dress'd you, and for rev'rence grac'd.
Freedom regain'd, pursue the shining track,
And leave the base repentor to his rack.
Then bless the verse, that from such ruin sav'd
An artless conqueror, by success enslav'd:
Now happy, painless hours shall unperplex
The best-lov'd pattern of the loveliest sex.

LESBIA'S LAMENTATION

ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW.—ALTERED
FROM MR. CARTWRIGHT.

TELL me not of joy—there's none;
Now my little sparrow's gone:
He, just like you,
Would toy and woo:
He would chirp, and flatter me:
And, till he saw me look, and smile,
Lord, how fullen he would be!
He would catch a crumb, and then,
Sporting, let it go again;
He from my lip
Would sit and sip;
From my plate he lov'd to feed;
Here would hop, and there would run,
And ev'ry look and motion heed,
Till my very heart he won.
O, how eager he would fight,
And never hurt, though often bite!
He perch'd, alas!
Upon my glass,
And ev'ry thing I did would do:
Ruffling now his feathers all,
Now as sudden let them fall,
And then grew proud, and sleek'd 'em too.
Would'st thou, Cupid, reach a heart?
With his feathers wing thy dart?
Love might that way
Sure wounds convey.

But my faithful bird is gone;
Mournful turtles murmur on.
Hop, ye red-breasts, o'er his stone;
Cease to sing, and learn to mourn.

THE MESSENGER.

Go, happy paper, gently steal,
And soft beneath her pillow lie:
There, in a dream, my love reveal,
A love that awe must else conceal,
In silent doubt to die.
Should she to flames thy hope consign,
Thy suff'ring moment soon expires,
A longer pain, alas! is mine,
Condemn'd in endless woe to pine,
And feel unslack'ning fires.
But if inclin'd to hear and bless,
While in her heart soft pity stirs;
Tell her—her beauties might compel
A hermit to forsake his cell,
And change his heav'n for her's.
Oh, tell her—were her treasures mine,
Nature and art would court my aid;
The painter's colours want her shine;
The rainbow's brow not half so fine
As her sweet eye-lids shade!
By day the sun might spare his rays;
No star make ev'ning bright;
Her op'ning eyes, with sweeter blaze,
Should measure all my smiling days,
And, if she slept, 'twere night.

THE GNAT.

WHILE in the Mall my Celia shone,
And drew th' adoring world to gaze,
A wanton gnat came buzzing on,
To gambol in her blaze.
Enliven'd by her lucid beams,
And urging bliss too nigh,
Th' attractive beauty's pow'ful streams
O'erwhelm'd him in her eye.
The glowing orb swift catching fire,
Now heat was mix'd with light;
The wing, that durst so high aspire,
She rubb'd to dust in spite.
Mean while the clouded sight shone dim;
Her sun through mists appears;
Moist anguish rose above the brim,
And flow'd away in tears.
O Gnat! too happy thus to die!
My Celia weeps thy fate;
She kills me ev'ry day—yet I
No pity can create.
Mysterious sex! by custom led,
Mere trifles, most to prize!
O, truth, to turn a lover's head!
They murder men, and weep for flies.

THE KISS THROUGH A WINDOW.

SAV'D on a shoal the shipwreck'd sailor stands,
And views with wat'ry eyes, and wringing hands
Soul-cheering prospects from the neighb'ring lands;

But if he tempts the waves, he toils in vain,
Big, buoyant billows rise between, and float him
back again.

Oh! shameful loss of an invited kiss!
Can brittle glass impede so near a bliss?
Frail is our am'rous hope, if love must be
Subservient to a thing so weak as thee!
We knew before, nor sought thy aid to prove,
That light's a nat'ral enemy to love!
But now, thy malice does new arts employ;
First, give the hope, then dash the proffer'd joy.
Thus absent fanciers dream they meet the ghost
Of some dead partner, whom they value most:
But when, with op'ning arms, they rush to greet,
And, mix'd in mutual grasp, would warmly meet,
Cold blasts of wind divide the starting pair,
And the thin phantom flows away in air.

EPITAPH,

ON THE TOMB OF HENRY JERNEGAN, ESQ.

ALL that accomplish'd body lends mankind,
From earth receiving, he to earth resign'd:
All that e'er grac'd a soul from heav'n he drew,
And took back with him as an angel's due.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HIGH o'er the winding of a cliffy shore, [roar;
From whose worn steep the black'ning surges
Freeman—sweet lot! in quiet plenty lives;
Rich in the unbought wealth which nature gives;
Unplanted groves rise round his shelter'd seat,
And self-sown flow'rs attract his wand'ring feet;
Lengths of wild garden his near views adorn,
And far seen fields wave with domestic corn.

The grateful herds, which his own pastures feed,
Pay their ask'd lives, and, in due tribute bleed.
Here, in learn'd leisure he relaxes life,
'Twixt prattling children, and a smiling wife.
Here, on dependent want he sheds his care,
Moves amid smiles, and all he hears is pray'r.
The world lies round him like a subject soil,
Stor'd for his service, but beneath his toil.

Hence, in a morning walk, his piercing eye
Skims the green ocean to the circling sky.
And marks at distance some returning sail,
Wing'd by the courtship of a flatt'ring gale.
The fearless crew concluding danger o'er;
With gladd'ning shouts salute the op'ning shore;
They think how best they may their gains employ,
And antedate thin scenes of promis'd joy.
Till a near quick-sand checks their shorten'd way,
And the sunk masts point through the rising spray.
Freeman starts, sad! revolves the changeful sight,
Where mis'ry can so soon succeed delight;
Then shakes his head in pity of their fate,
And sweetly conscious, hugs his happier state:

THE POWER OF ROYAL PITY.

*Verses made for a Young Gentleman in Despair, and
sent to Queen Caroline, by N. C—p—r.*

FROM a moist bank, beneath a silent shade,
Whose dark'ning arch depending willows made,

A death-devoted youth, in day's cool dawn,
Weary of insults, and from woes withdrawn,
Long on the fallen surface fix'd his view,
And sigh'd—resolv'd to bid loath'd life adieu.

'Tis but to plunge, he cry'd, one moment there
Saves me from sorrow, and outleaps despair;
Cover'd with calmness in this lulling bed,
No fear shall reach my heart, no pain my head:
Terror, and shame, and want, shall with me die,
And anguish be no more alive than I.

Yet, one dear mourner will my death distress,
Whom I would live for, could I live to bless!
Her tears are tortures which I cannot bear;
Her charms give madness, and her wants despair.

Just at this word the dear distruster came,
Pierc'd the deep gloom, and catch'd the fatal aim.
Trembling with horror, yet by love impell'd,
Timely she grasp'd him; and, convulsive held:
Ah! let me keep thee, though we beg, she cry'd;
Life has no want, but what's by love supply'd:
Wretched with thee, there's recompence in pain,
And bless'd without thee, I were bless'd in vain.
Hope, suffer, think, resolve, submit, contend,
Move every foe—solicit every friend!
Die not thus young—e'er half our days are past,
Love has long years to come: death pulls too fast.
I will not feel distress while you are kind;
Nor bear a joyless world you leave behind.

See! be advis'd: turn there your hopeless eye,
View those sweet rising shades that spread so nigh,
Think, did their royal planter hear my pray'r,
How would she pity my poor heart's despair!
She the best wife, best mother, daughter, queen!
Ah! that she, now, beheld this dreadful scene!
Think on her smiles—and do but live to try!
And, if that hope proves vain—I, too, will die.

THE WEDDING DAY.

'Twas one May morning when the clouds un-
drawn,
Expos'd, in naked charms, the waking dawn;
When night-fall'n dews, by day's warm courtship
won,

From reeking roses, climb'd to kiss the sun.
Nature, new-blossom'd, shed her odours round,
The dew-bent primrose kiss'd the breeze-swept
ground.

The watchful cock had thrice proclaim'd the day,
And glimmering sun-beams faintly forc'd their
way:

When, join'd in hand: and heart, to church we
Mutual in vows, and pris'ners by consent.

Aurelia's heart beat high with mix'd alarms,
But trembling beauty glow'd with double charms,
In her soft breast a modest struggle rose,
How she should seem to like the lot she chose,
A smile she thought would dress her looks too gay;
A frown might seem too sad, and blast the day:
But, while, nor this, nor that, her will could bow,
She walk'd, and look'd, and charm'd—and knew
not how.

Our hands, at length, th' unchanging fiat bound
And our glad souls sprung out to meet the sound:

Joys meeting joys unite, and stronger shine;
 For passion purify'd grows half divine.
 Aurelia, thou art mine, I cry'd---and she
 Sigh'd soft---now, Damon, thou art lord of me.
 But wilt thou, whisper'd she, the knot now ty'd,
 Which only death's keen weapon can divide,
 Wilt thou, still mindful of thy raptures past,
 Permit the summer of love's hope to last?
 Shall not cold wint'ry frosts come on too soon?
 Ah, say! what means the world by honeymoon?
 If we so short a space our bliss enjoy,
 What toils does love for one poor month employ?
 Women thus us'd like bubbles blown with air,
 Owe to their outward charms a sun-gilt glare.
 Like them we glitter to the distant eye;
 But, grasp'd like them, we do but weep and die.

Lest more, said I, thou should'st profane the bliss,
 I'll seal thy dang'rous lips with this close kiss;
 Not thus the heav'n of marriage hopes blaspheme,
 But learn from me to speak on this lov'd theme.
 There have been wedlock joys of swift decay,
 Like lightning, seen at once, and shot away:
 But theirs were hopes, which, all unfit to pair,
 Like fire and powder, kiss'd and flash'd to air.
 Thy soul and mine, by mutual courtship won,
 Meet, like two mingling flames, and make but one.
 Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make;
 'Tis sympathy of mind keeps love awake.

Our growing days increase of joy shall know,
 And thick-sown comforts leave no room for woe.
 Thou, the soft swelling vine, shall fruitful last;
 I, the strong elm, will prop thy beauties fast:
 Thou shalt strow sweets to soften life's rough

way,
 And, when hot passions my proud wishes sway,
 Thou, like some breeze, shall in my bosom play.
 Thou for protection shalt on me depend;
 And I, on thee, for a soft faithful friend.

I, in Aurelia shall for ever view,
 At once my care, my fear, my comfort too!
 Thou shalt first partner in my pleasures be,
 But all my pains shall last be known to thee.

Aurelia heard, and view'd me with a smile,
 Which seem'd at once to cherish and revile!
 O, God of Love! she cry'd, what joys were thine,
 If all life's race were wedding days like mine!

THE DREAM.

SLOW-RISING night had her black flag unfurl'd,
 And spread her sooty mantle o'er the world;
 The waning moon shed pale, a sickly light,
 And stars scarce twinkl'd to th' inquiring sight.
 Half the lost earth by darkness over-run,
 Wept in cold dews the absence of the sun.
 The waves were hush'd; the winds forgot to roar,
 And storms detach'd in breezes cours'd the shore.
 The mix'd creation was involv'd in sleep;
 Fishes roll'd flumb'ring through the stagnate deep,
 Beasts, birds, and serpents, various beds possess'd,
 Some in thick woods, some in dark caverns rest.
 Antipathies in common sleep took part;
 Care curs'd not thought, and woe forgot to smart.
 Immers'd in rest my drowsy senses lay,
 And death's proud image practis'd on my clay.

But while, disdainful of the mean controul,
 No dull desires invade my wakeful soul;
 Active the inspirer, skilful to pursue
 Through the wild tracks of mazy mem'ry flew;
 There scatter'd images to union brought,
 And form'd this wond'rous vision to my thought:
 I found myself at dead of deepest night,
 Cheer'd, by no glimm'ring spark of remnant light,
 Lock'd in that ancient venerable pile,
 Which holds her sacred dust, who, lately blest our
 isle;

Ascending damps the gloomy concave fought,
 And hung imprison'd to th' impervious vault:
 While my shod feet trac'd swift the dusky round,
 Hoarse echoes multiply'd the trampling found,
 The sweating stones distill'd a noisome dew,
 And earthy scents my death-fed nostrils drew.
 Cold frosts of fear pierc'd keen through ev'ry
 part,

And shiv'ring agues shook my ice-bound heart.
 A hollow wind from whistling murmurs bore
 As gath'ring din more high, and strove to roar!
 The tatter'd trophies fann'd the prison'd air,
 And chill amazement stiffen'd up my hair.

While fix'd I stood, intent on rumblings near,
 And distant groans alarm'd my aching ear;
 Sudden, the temple shone, with rushing light,
 And new-born terrors overwhelm'd my sight.
 Ghosts from the loos'ning pavement rais'd their
 head,

And yawning graves disclose their shrouded dead.
 Shot up in streams, a mist of spirits rise,
 As morning exhalations streak the skies.
 Soul-freezing horror tingled through my blood,
 And curdling fear bound hard the vital flood!
 Unbending nerves their dying vigour lost,
 And drooping life scarce held her dang'rous post!
 Large drops of sweat, from every finger shed,
 And the whole frame of nature shook with dread!

From the east end, where mould'ring monarchs
 lie,

And worms, luxuriant, feast on royalty;
 Where each proud tomb some dust of princes boasts,
 There marches out a troop of sov'reign ghosts:
 Each in his shadowy hand a sceptre brings,
 Th' acknowledg'd mark of pow'r in living kings.
 A glittering diadem each forehead wore,
 Their robes trail'd loose, and swept the honour'd
 floor.

With slow and stately stride, the monarchs tread,
 And ev'ry meaner spirit bows its head.
 In foremost rank, as latest known to fame,
 The grave-brow'd ghost of awful ANNA came;
 Calm and serene the silent walks they trace,
 And halt, regardful, at each solemn place:
 Visit each tomb, and in mysterious state,
 Hail the dry remnants of the wasted great.

This pomp of death, thus, wore half night away,
 And came, at length, where DENMARK's body lay:
 There ANNA staid, and looking careful round,
 With shadowy sceptre, touch'd the conscious ground.
 'Tis strange, she sigh'd, that he whom most I blest,
 Has never thank'd me, since I came to rest.

The willing ghost his marbly fetters broke,
 And rose up, slowly, at the pow'rful stroke:

An air of sorrow bent his serious head,
His eyes some seeming tears, reluctant, shed ;
With folded arms, and discontented look,
Thrice bow'd he, gently, and thus faintly spoke :
Hail, happy shade ! rest here, unforc'd to reign,
Nor toil, to save a stubborn land in vain :
How did just pity sweeten thy controul ?
How did'st thou strain thy virtue-propping soul ?
How did'st thou wish th' unfinish'd course to run ?
And act in will, what pow'r has left undone !
For this, since death, detraction wounds thy fame,
And insolent reproach corrodes thy name,
Ungrateful people ! unrepenting state !
Hast thou, O queen ! deserv'd th' ungentle fate ?
He ceas'd :—Each list'ning monarch shook his

head,
While she to whom he spoke, thus answ'ring said :
O DENMARK ! wonder not at ills like those ;
Angels, if crown'd in England, would have foes !
Desert like mine, with living glories paid,
Can fear no scandal, when become a shade.
If aught's left wanting to my people's pray'r,
Mourn not th' unfinish'd progress of my care :
When princes some wish'd good in vain pursue,
By them not done, 'tis left for heav'n to do.
Let us in peace enjoy our silent bed,
Truth always triumphs when she serves the dead.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

BORN in an age, when virtue veils her face,
And bold corruption turns the blush on grace ;
Where reptile genius winds, at pow'rs controul,
And fortune's whelmy tides engulf the soul :
Where sense by flatt'ry ; shame by want is
weigh'd,
And servile poets make their art a trade,
Rise, gen'rous muse ! out-soar the venal view ;
For praise is insult where 'tis giv'n undue.
Though pension'd fame can fawn, till fools are
taught
To boast th' imputed wit their brib'ry bought ;
Yet man to man's respect is rais'd, not born,
And dullness dignifi'd, but doubles scorn.
Ah ! narrow hearts ! that know not wisdom's
weight,

But impudently call the proud the great.
Spread the broad wings of truth, impartial muse !
Dare a new theme—nor, now, let fancy choose ;
Serious, and sad, the faults of custom mend,
To friendless genius fame's due succour lend—
If, in some dusky corner, thou shalt find
A ragged fortune hide a nobler mind,
Disperse the cloud ; and be the labour thine,
To teach the shame-fac'd virtue, how to shine.

Or, should some wealth-encumber'd churl with-
hold

Th' enlivening use of unpartaken gold,
If meanly proud, the wretch disdains to weigh,
The wise man's wants, against the treasure'd clay.
With ceaseless satire, goad his sneaking soul,
Till his pride, suff'ring, gives his taste controul.

Then, muse ! from life's low wrongs, indignant,
turn,

With loftier flame, for suff'ring nations, burn.

On flatter'd statesmen, scowl a patriot eye ;
Strip their badg'd poets, when they write, to lie.
If, rais'd by chance, some tarnisher of sway,
Blund'ring through shifts, mistakes th' unwinding
way,

If, lumb'ring clogg'd, he drags, be-mir'd, along,
Cow'rs, to be safe—yet, injures, to be strong,
Tell him,—that hair-breadth 'scapes, and life-long
fear,

Buy pow'r, and pomp, and infamy, too dear.
Pass, pass, these sulph'ry meteors, of a day ;
Their blaze too dang'rous ! and too lost, their
way !

On suns, not comets, fix thy eagle ken,
Touch the proud hearts of monarchs, into men.
Thence, flows contagion : light must generate
light,

Or mimic millions catch the royal blite :
Kings, who are kings, shed lustre o'er mankind ;
But dim-ey'd princes make whole nations blind.
—So, godlike Cæsar rul'd ungrateful Rome,
And short-liv'd virtue shot a blasted bloom :
But, when lewd Nero stain'd imperial sway,
Vice, with a rapid stream, swept shame away.

Let the low muse, that strikes the venal strings,
Tune her tame lyre, and swell the pomp of kings.
Undreading, thou, where'er the censure falls,
Enter proud palaces imperious walls.
There,—good, or evil—seize th' unshadow'd fact,
And call truth, truth, however princes act.

Sublimely fir'd, I snatch the glorious aim !
'Twere great, indeed, to give the royal, fame !
But,—where, O spotless light, of reason's eye !
Where, among princes, wilt thou greatness spy ?
Shall Britain's boast o'erload my lab'ring lines ?
No—with known force, domestic glory shines !
Flatt'ry were base : and needless the design,
To say (to angels), heav'n is all divine.

Northward, departing muse, extend thy flight ;
There, a new sun inflames the land of night ;
There, arts and arms, the world's fifth empire
raise ;

There dateless times shall hail my prophet praise ;
Thy line, great Czar ! shall stretch that shorten'd
name,

To more than Cæsar's pow'r, and all his fame.
Taught, by thy plans, to reign victorious still,
And length'ning down, through time, thy death-
less skill,

Legions of kings, shall wait their doomful nod,
As hosts, from Moses, watch'd th' inspiring God !

O ! pride, celestial, of my muse's praise !
Thou ! best invok'd !—inspire my rising lays,
Kindle my glowing soul, with fires, like thine,
And lend me light, to make my off'ring shine !
Though right to mark, how tow'ring eagles fly,
Asks the try'd sharpness of an eagle's eye ;
Though high-rais'd view, can best, a prospect show,
Which he but ill describes, who stands too low ;
Yet, if, aspiring to the theme,—I feel

Thy glory's love propel my trembling zeal,
O, prince ! the grateful arrogance forgive ;
No genuine muse, so charm'd, can silent live.

Perish the pride, in poor distinction shown,
That makes man blind, to blessings not his own !

Briton and Russian differ, but in name :

In nature's sense, all nations are the same.

One world, divided, distant brothers share,
And man is reason's subject---every where.

So, does dark Nile's mysterious torrent stray,
And oozy wealth, in annual flood, convey.
Memphia's rich plains, imbibe th' impregnate
flow,

And pleas'd Egyptians see proud harvests grow.
Yet while on Egypt partial harvests smile,
Egypt's glad sons engross not all their Nile.
Egypt, and all the world, the river claim :
Egypt in influence, and the world in fame.
So, Russia feels her Czar's intensest heat :

But the warm'd world his distant brightness greet.
Ages, obscurely lost to slighted fame,
Rob'd the dim empire of its bury'd name ;
One city's bounds usurp'd her monarch's rights,
And shrunk his thousand states to Muscovites.
Unmeasur'd realms lay hid in noiseless reign,
And Russia cover'd half the world in vain !
Till rip'ning time this giant-genius sent ;
Divinely siz'd---to suit his crown's extent !
He breath'd prolific soul, inspir'd the land,
And call'd forth order, with directive hand.
Then pow'r's whole energy, at once spread wide,
And old obstruction sunk beneath its tide.
Then, shad'wing all, the dread dominion rose,
Which late no hope, and now no danger knows !

Did not, O prince ! thy love of art's soft charms
Suspend the keener influence of thy arms,
Astonish'd Europe, envious of thy sway,
Must wink malignant, in thy stream of day !
But 'tis thy generous task, to steer thy reign,
'Twixt the two wide extremes of mean and vain.
To teach fierce conquerors all that arts bestow,
Yet hold back arms till justice names the foe.

Not so, of old, when, stern in horrid arms,
The needy north pour'd forth her Gothic swarms ;
Roughly they warr'd, on arts they could not taste.
And, blindly laid the tracks of learning waste.
This heav'n remember'd, and, with kind command,
Call'd for atonement from the barb'rous land.
The prince, disdainful of his country's crime,
Guileless, springs forward, to uncurse the clime :
And, nobly just, has taught the nations more,
Than the world's empire ruin'd---lost before !

How vast the engine!--and the force how
great !

That could, so swiftly, move such pond'rous
Enormous boast of kings ! who,---though his reign
Stretch'd empire's endless line, from main to main,
Counts not his greatness by his country's length,
Nor from dependent millions steals his strength.
But, to himself (like heav'n) his effluence owes,
And gives---not takes---what pow'r from number
flows.

Born, for eternal growth---and stor'd with
For whit'ning time, with ever-blooming themes.
Wonders on wonders gild a glowing land,
That almost ow'd distinction to his hand !
From frozen climes, where nature, stiff with cold,
Nourish'd no hope ; and time in tears grew old :
Warm'd by the monarch's worth, we rising saw
Springs of gay virtue---and ripe fruits of law !

Doubly supreme ! thy unrestrain'd controul
Directs the body, and empow'rs the soul !
While vulgar kings their views supinely scan,
And limit what they would by what they can ;
Thy nobler pow'r, with more than martial sway,
Commands---and makes men able to obey !
Transporting thought !---let me indulge it long,
Hence realms grow mighty and their influence
strong.

Ah ! why by civil broils should patriots bleed,
For parts in pow'r, they not enjoy nor need ?
Less factious subjects happier freedom share ;
Mis-reckon'd slaves in such a sovereign's care.
Slaves are blind buff'lers, who, deceiv'd by names,
Promote, unknowingly, their spoiler's aims :
Who (told sedition sets a nation free)
Hug the new chain---and call it liberty.
Then---walking gall'd, beneath th' incumbent
weight,

Grind a curb'd curse, and bear th' impos'd deceit.

If just Athenians, by a Theseus led,
Their scatter'd country's strength-uniting head !
To lasting praise consign'd his cherish'd fame,
And, conscious of his bounty, bless'd his name ;
If hard Lycurgus, now immortal grown,
Sheds deathless glory round a realmless throne ;
If, Romulus ! thy mem'ry triumphs still,
For teaching Rome to rob with safer skill ;
For reining rapine in from private harms,
To mightier mischief in confed'rate arms :
What praise, prodigious Czar ! shall dare to tread,
In awful circles, near thy sacred head ?
To whom, not one small portion singly kneels,
In thanks for sep'rate benefits it feels :
But nations, numberless as Libyan sands,
Share the long bounties of thy reaching hands---
Thy hands ! to whom delighted with thy praise,
God gave not thrones to reign on---but to raise.

Thy catching lustre fires the north's wide soul,
And thaws the icy influence of the pole.

The shaggy Samoid, shaking off the snow,
Warms his cold breast with new desire to know.
The rugged Tartar, from whose swarthy bands
A gloom of horror us'd to shade thy lands,
Charm'd by thy gen'rous daring, checks his own,
Assumes new nature, and adorns thy throne.
Beams of young learning, active as the wind,
Radiant, flame out, and light up half mankind :

Stern superstition's misty cloud dispell'd, [held :
Quits her chief throne, through long dark ages
And Russian arms a glitt'ring terror cast, [past :
O'er realms, where scarce the Russian name had

Blush, ye bought bards ! of our degen'rate days,
Whom pension prostitutes to high-way praise :
Who fear it fruitless for a muse to roam,
Thence, poorly, pin your venal hearts at home !
The world's my country : born, no matter where,
Man is a denizen of earth and air :
Native to truth, 'tis his all worth to show,
And love the hostile virtues of a foe.

Ah ! how too weak my willing verse pursues,
And flags beneath new heights of op'ning views !
Touch my charm'd heart, thou God ! that didst
inspire

His force ! and let me feel th' impulsive fire.

Sunk amid fens, in fortune's stagnate tract,
And curs'd myself, with want of power to act.
Let me at least describe, with conscious blaze,
And, from another's triumph, force some praise.

O! great Eternal Pow'r, that bounds our minds,
What circling darkness human foresight blinds?
Where are the lost effects of statesmen's dreams?
Whose erring envy spun such cobweb schemes!
Long—each vain terror beat one devious road;
And sigh'd at growing France with false forebode:
While, unobserv'd, th' exulting northern bear
Grin'd over gen'ral empire, rising there.

Henceforth, let none the strength of states compare:

Nor what they may be, judge from what they are.
Low the lord's genius, all his realms the same:
The king's breast wid'ning, swells his throne to fame.

Then, pow'r effulging, distanc'd equals find,
That man's whole boundless diff'rence dwells in mind.

This truth,—dread dark'ner of each rival throne!
Well has thy life's long tract of wonders shown;
What sudden fleets have shadow'd distant seas,
With flags that start to pow'r, and scorn degrees;
Glooming at pleasure, ev'ry hostile shore,
Far-trembling nations hear new thunders roar;
Th' intrepid Swede does fortune's change upbraid,
And sees th' assaulted enemy invade!

The Dane finds gratitude too weak for fear,
And hates his helper's strength, display'd too near.
The furrow'd Baltic a new lord obeys,
And to strange keels reluctant homage pays.
The virgin Caspian, he, bold lover! woes;
Nor vainly, for her envy'd favour sues:

Grasp'd to his wish, she has her love confess'd,
And giv'n him leave to wander o'er her breast.
Persia's heap'd wealth shall her huge portion be,
And India's sovereign's give her lord the knee.

From nameless outlets, endless naval hosts,
Black'ning, still more, the fable Euxine's coasts,
Shall teach the Porte's imperial walls to shake,
And the fell sultan's iron sceptre break.
Grecia's lost soul shall be restor'd by thee!
Great savor! setting empire's genius free!
Then, Hellespont, whose stream indignant glides,
And a subjected world's two bounds divides;
Shall feel, while reaching both, thy thunder roars,
Europe and Asia, trembling to her shores.

Then, may thy floating empire's conqu'ring sweep
New greet vast Russia round th' Atlantic deep.

So spring the seeds of pow'r, when wisely sown!
So pregnant genius plans the future throne!
Mean while, great founder! gath'ring strength
from blows,

They spread thy glory who thy arms oppose.
The self-priz'd lords of China's boastful land,
Feel their pride shrink beneath thy bord'ring hand:
The trackless wilds, which both vast states disjoin,
Are ev'n, when arm'd with shiv'ring winter,
thine!

O'er realms of snow thy furry squadrons fly,
And bring, at ease, the dreadful distance nigh!
In vain oppos'd, th' enormous wall they see;
Proclaim'd defiance can but quicken thee.

Zembla's white cliffs—eternal hoards of frost,
Where proud discov'ry has so oft been lost;
Through every period of the world till now,
Have check'd all keels that would those oceans
plow.

Nature's last barrier! they all search withstood,
And bound ambition up in freezing blood.
Reserv'd by heav'n, and for thy reign design'd,
Thy piercing eye shall that dark passage find.
Or, east's and west's embracing confines shown,
Join two emerging world's; and both thy own.

Stop, headlong muse!—Ah! whither would'st
thou go?

Look down with caution on the depths below:
Prospects too vast the rash presumer fright;
And, dazzling, wound an uncollected sight.
Congratulate a while our church's gain,
And mingling joy, relax thy wonder's strain.

Shall then, at last, beneath propitious skies,
The cross triumphant o'er the crescent rise?
Shall we behold earth's long-sustain'd disgrace
Reveng'd in arms on Osman's haughty race?
Shall Christian Greece shake off a captive shame,
And look unblushing at her Pagan fame?

'Twill be—Prophetic Delphos claims her own:
Hails her new Cæsars on a Russian throne.

Athens shall teach once more! once more aspire!
And Spartan breasts reglow with martial fire:
Still, still, Bizantium's bright'ning domes shall
shine,

And rear the ruin'd name of Constantine, [be!
Transcendent prince! how happy must thou
What can'st thou look upon, unblest'd by thee?
What inward peace must that calm bosom know,
Whence conscious virtue does so strongly flow!
Each fame, of ages past, in ruin lies:

How timely, therefore, does thy greatness rise,
To fire forgetful thrones, with thirst of praise;
And build example for these feeble days! [shine,

Such, are the kings, who make God's image
Nor blush to dare assert their right divine!
No earth-born bias warps they climbing will;
No pride their power—no av'rice whets their skill.
They poise each hope which bids the wise obey,
And shed broad blessings from their wid'ning sway.
To raise th' afflicted, stretch the healing hand,
Drive crush'd oppression from each rescu'd land.
Bold in alternate right, or sheath or draw
The sword of conquest, or the sword of law.
Spare what resists not; what opposes, bend;
And govern cool, what they with warmth defend.

How blest'd were man! would heav'n hereaf-
ter please,

That all earth's princes should be form'd like these!
Wish it, O muse! howe'er the wish be vain;
It gives some joy to hope th' unlikelyst gain. [shine

Adieu—dread flame! that bids the pole out-
The torrid brightness of the burning line!
Drawn by thy beamy force, I still would gaze;
But my eyes ake beneath th' oppressive blaze,
Descend, rash muse!—'tis decent to retire;

Thy fall were dang'rous, if thy flight were higher.
'Thou, too, great prince! forbear th' ador'd
excess!

Rest—for thy life, and make thy glory less.

Heav'n must reclaim thee—nor thy absence bear,
When earth yields no new wonder worth thy care.
Mourn'd, the near prospect! yet not mourn'd
by all!

There are, whose humbler glory waits thy fall.
When thou, great sun of royalty! shalt set,
And pay sad nature's last and surest debt:
Then earth's low lords may boast their poor designs,
And ev'ry upstart twinkler think—he shines.

Then, when no more thy wonders wake mankind,
But dying envy leaves delight behind,
Here, while thy steps admiring ages trace,
Where shall amazement first encomium place?
Arduous decision! which most honour won?
Thy actions, or the speed with which they're done.

When Rome, that glitt'ring, that immortal
name!

Aspir'd to rule, and panted after fame;
Age copying age, spun length of patient will,
And ek'd th' oft-breaking thread, with lab'ring
skill.

Nor till sev'n hundred hard-press'd years were past,
The late propitious fortune smil'd at last.
Not such slow rise, O prince! thy Russia fears:
Thou dragg'st not glory from such depth of years.
At once resolv'd, at once the columns rise,
Which lift thy dreadful fabric to the skies.
Form and degrees, let bounded spirits need:
Thy soul, eccentric, moves with in-bred speed:
Makes nature shake, and raises in a day,
What with less ease in ages shall decay.

So, when young time its first great birth-day kept,
And huddled nature yet in chaos slept;
Th' eternal Word, to set distinction free,
But spoke th' almighty fiat—Let there be.
Millions of ways the starting atoms flew;
Like clung to like—and sudden order grew:
Struggling in clouds, a while confusion lay,
Then died at once and lost itself in day.

THE PICTURE OF LOVE.

Love is a passion by no rules confin'd,
The great first mover of the human mind:
Spring of our fate! it lifts the climbing will,
Or sinks the soften'd soul in seas of ill:
Science, truth, virtue, sweetness, glory, grace,
All are love's influence, and adorn his race;
Love, too gives fear, despair, grief, anger, strife,
And all th' unnumber'd woes which tempest life,

Fir'd with a daring wish, to paint him right,
What muse shall I invoke to lend me light?
Something divine there lives in love's soft flame,
Beyond our spirit's pow'r to give it name!
How shall I paint it then? or why reveal
A pleasure and a pain which all must feel?

Soul of thy sex's sweetness! aid my hope,
Pride of my reason, and my passion's scope!
Thou, whose least motion can delight inspire!
And whose sweet eye-beams shed celestial fire!
Thou, at whose heav'n-tun'd voice the dead might
wake!

And from whose face we fatal learning take,
Teach me thy godlike pow'r the heart to move,
Smile on my verse and look the world to love!

Far, ye profane, from my chaste subject fly,
Nor stain its brightness with a tainted eye;
What if a thousand ills the wanton prove,
Whose earth-born heat usurps the name of love?
Lovers, indeed, are cast in no coarse mould,
How few have yet been form'd, though time's
grown old!

No wild desire can this proud bliss bestow,
Souls must be match'd, in heav'n, though mix'd
below,

As fire, by nature, climbs direct and bright,
And beams in spotless rays, a shining light;
But if some gross obstruction stop its way,
Smokes in low curls and scents the sullied day:
So love itself, untainted and refin'd,
Borrows a tincture from the colour'd mind;
The great grow greater while its force they prove,
But little hearts want room and cripple love.

Cautious, ye fated, who frequent the fair!
Your breasts examine, nor too rashly dare,
Curb your untrusting hearts while yet they're free,
Love is resistless when you feel 'tis he. [dart,

Small is the soul's first wound, from beauty's
And scarce th' unheeded fever warms the heart.
Long we mistake it, under liking's name,
A soft indulgence that deserves no blame;
A pleasure we but take to do her right, [light;
Whose presence charms us, and whose words de-
Whose sweet remembrance broods upon our breast,
And whose dear friendship is with pride possess'd.

Excited thus the smother'd fire at length,
Bursts into blaze, and burns with open strength:
That image which before but sooth'd the mind,
Now lords it there, and rages unconfin'd.
Mixing with all our thoughts it wastes the day,
And when night comes, it dreams the soul away,
Pungent impatient tingles in each vein,
And the sick bosom throbs with aching pain,

Absent from her, in whom alone we live,
Life grows a bankrupt and no bliss can give;
Friends are importunate, and pleasure's lost,
What once most charm'd us now disgusts us most:
Fretful to silent solitude we run,
And men, and light, and noisy converse shun;
Pensive in woods, on river's sides we walk,
And to th' unlist'ning winds and waters talk;
How next we shall approach her pleas'd we weigh,
And think in transport all we mean to say:
Tenderly bowing, thus will we complain,
Thus court her pity, and thus plead our pain;
Thus sigh at fancy'd frowns, if frowns should rise,
And thus meet favours in her soft'ning eyes.

Restless on paper we our vows repeat,
And pour our souls out on the missive sheet:
Write, blot, restore—and, in lost pieces rend
The mute entreaters, yet too faint to send;
Unblest'd if no admission we procure,
'Tis heav'n at distance to behold her door!
Or to her window we by night repair,
And let loose fancy to be feasted there;
Watch her lov'd shadow as it glances by,
And to imagin'd motions chain our eye;
Has she some field, or grove, or garden blest'd?
Pleas'd we retread the paths her feet have press'd:
Near her, by chance, at visits or at plays,
Our rushing spirits crowd in speaking gaze;

Light on her varied airs our eye-balls ride,
Blind as the dead to the full world beside.

If blest'd by some kind letter from her hand,
The cherish'd flame is into madness fann'd;
Trembling we half devour the sacred prize,
And lend our thoughts and lips to aid our eyes;
No wild extravagance of joy's too much,
For aught once warm'd by her enlivening touch.

These are the sweet effusions of desire,
When absence wounds us, or when wishes fire;
But when in presence we our vows address,
Who can the tumults of the soul express?
Boundless desire, aw'd hope, and doubtful joy,
Stormy by turns the veering heart employ;
Sick'ning in fancy's sunshine, now we faint,
And licence wounds us deeper than restraint:
Fix'd in her opening door surpris'd we stay;
Dumb and depriv'd of all we meant to say:
Our eyes flash meanings but our rooted feet
Pause till due reverence faints the hallow'd heat:
Soft tremblings seize us and a gentle dread,
Speechless our thought, and all our courage fled.

Slowly reviving, we from love's short trance,
Softly with blushful tenderness advance;
Bowing we kneel, and her giv'n hand is prest,
With sweet compulsion to our bounding breast;
O'er it in ecstasy our lips bend low,
And tides of sighs 'twixt her grasp'd fingers flow:
High beats the hurried pulse at each forc'd kiss,
And ev'ry burning sinew aches with bliss:
Life in a souly deluge rushes o'er,
And the charm'd heart springs out at ev'ry pore.

The first fierce rapture of amazement past,
Confusion quits us, and desire grows fast;
We sit, and while her gaz'd-at beauties rise,
A humid brightness sparkles from our eyes:
Modest disquiet ev'ry action wears,
And each long look the mark of passion bears!
Disorder'd nature no cold medium keeps,
Transport now reigns, and dull reflection sleeps:
All that we feel, or wish, or act, or say,
Is above thought and out of reason's way;
Joy murmurs, anger laughs, and hope looks sad;
Rashness grows prudent and discretion mad:
Restless we feel our am'rous bosom burn,
Now this way look we, and now that way turn.
Now in sweet swell of thought our lifted eyes,
Lose their low languor and attempt to rise,
Now sinking suppliant seek the charmer's feet,
And court wish'd pity in their glanc'd retreat,
Oft, in fix'd gaze, they dwell upon her face,
Then start astonish'd from some dazzling grace;
Now in bold liberty fly out unbid,
Now aw'd, 'scape inward 'twixt the closing lid.

If we dare speak, and would our wish pursue,
The words fall feath'ry like descending dew;
The soft'ning accents ev'n in utterance die,
And the tongue's sweetness here out-charms the eye;

'Till mingled sighs the fainting voice confound,
But lover's meanings speak though robb'd of sound.

Is there no more? oh! yet the last remains!
Crown of our conquest! sweet'ner of our pains!
There is a time when love no wish denies,
And smiling nature throws off all disguise;

But who can words to speak those raptures find?
Vast sea of ecstasy that drowns the mind!
That fierce transfusion of exchanging hearts!
That gliding glimpse of heav'n in pulsive starts!
That veiny rush! that warm tumultuous roll!
That fire which kindles body into soul!
And on life's margin strains delight so high,
That sense breaks short, and while we taste we die.

By love's soft force, all nature is refin'd,
The dull made sprightly and the cruel kind:
Gently the stubborn passions learn to move,
And savage hearts are humaniz'd by love:
Love in a chain of converse bound mankind,
And polish'd and awak'd the rugged mind:
Justice, truth, pity, openness of heart,
Courage, politeness, eloquence and art,
That gen'rous fire with which ambition flames,
And all th' unsleeping soul's divinest aims,
Touch'd by the warmth of love burn up more bright,

Proud of the godlike pow'r to give delight.

Thus have I vainly strove, with strokes too faint
Love in his known and outward marks to paint;
Unmindful that of old they veil'd his face,
And wisely cover'd what they could not trace.
Lovely creator of my soul's soft pain,
Pity the pencil that aspir'd in vain:
Vers'd in love's pangs and taught his pow'r by you,

Skill'd, I presum'd that what I felt I drew;
But I have err'd; and with delirious aim,
Would picture motion and imprison flame.
He who can lightning's flash to colours bind,
May paint love's influence on the burning mind.
Then when we master him and give him law,
Then may we chain him and his image draw:
But who would bind this god must captive take
A power which all mankind can captive make:
I am too weak of heart, yet I can tell
Those who dare seize him, where he loves to dwell.
I see him now; in his own heaven he lies,
Close at sweet ambush in Miranda's eyes.

ADVICE TO THE POETS.

Too long provok'd, immortal muse, forgive;
Rouse a dead world, and teach my verse to live.
Not the low muse, who lends her feeble fire,
To flush pale spleen, or light up loose desire;
But that bright influence, that expansive glow,
Which first in angel's numbers learn'd to flow;
Ere time had struck eternity with shade,
Or day, or night, or space, or form, was made:
Tun'd the rais'd notes at which creation grew,
And worlds, and stars, and suns, and heav'ns, shot new.

She, she, the muse—Oh, ne'er to be defin'd;
Thou flame of purpose! and thou flow of mind!
Thou path of praise, by heav'n's first fav'rites trod!
Thou voice of prophets! and thou breath of God!

I feel her now—th' invader fires my breast;
And my soul swells, to suit th' heav'nly guest:
Hear her, O Pope! she sounds th' inspir'd decree,
Thou great archangel of wit's heav'n! for thee.

Let vulgar genii, sour'd by sharp disdain,
Piqu'd and malignant words, low war maintain,
While ev'ry meaner art exerts her aim,
O'er rival arts, to lift her question'd fame;
Let half-soul'd poets still on poets fall,
And teach the willing world to scorn them all.
But let no muse, pre-eminent as thine,
Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
Stung by wit's wasps, all rights of rank forego,
And turn, and snarl, and bite, at every foe.
No like thy own Ulysses, make no stay;
Shun monsters, and pursue thy streamy way.

Wing'd by the muse's god to rise sublime,
What has thy fame to fear from peevish rhyme?
Shalt thou, decreed till time's own death to live,
Yet want the noblest courage—to forgive?

Slander'd in vain, enjoy the spleen of foes;
Let these from envy hate; from int'rest those!
Guilt, like the first, your gratitude requires,
Since none can envy, till he first admires:
And nature tells the last his crime is none,
Who to your int'rest but prefers his own.

Disgrac'd by victory where we strike too low,
And meanly furious stretch the stooping blow,
Pride, that provokes revenge, misleads it too;
Return of slander is the weak man's view:
The wise expect it with a cold disdain;
And, while they not receive, retort the pain.

Should ev'n hot rashness erring javelins throw,
And strike our friendly breast, suppos'd a foe?
How nobler still to undeceive than blame!
And chasten insult with the blush of shame?
Never, ah, never shall that worth be found,
Which neither malice nor mistake can wound!

Thus far might ev'ry strength of heart extend;
Thus far can ethic springs our tempers bend:
Thus far the thoughts of saints or kings may rise,
And each known greatness of earth's usual size:
But far more tow'ring still the poet's fires!
Whose breast a ray from God's own heart inspires.

Heroes and saints rise rare—yet still they rise;
And time's full stream each common art supplies.
Philosophy's proud heights are hourly gain'd,
And painting's charms, and music's force attain'd;
But when the deathless poet is to shine,
Long-lab'ring ages swell the slow design.
At length he comes: the birth of time appears!
And heav'n smiles satisfy'd a thousand years.

Strange greatness this! with which compar'd,
priest, saint,
King, hero, and philosopher, sound faint!
He's none of these, whom time shall poet call,
But more than either, and creates them all.

Learn, poets, learn, th' importance of your
name;

And, conscious of your pow'r, exalt your aim.
Soul-shaking sov'reigns of the passions, you
Hold wider empire than the Cæsars knew.
While clam'rous rhet'ric but suspends the mind,
And whisp'ring morals sigh, unheard, behind;
While frail philosophy but starts designs,
And revelation's light to distant shines,
Ardent and close the muse maintains her sway,
And the consenting wishes make her way:
Ev'n pride's rash plunge, the poet's curb endures;
And ev'ry passage to the heart is yours.

Scorn, then, the servile imitator's name,
Nor humbly splendid were cast coats of fame:
Lean not sustain'd—a weight no muse allows!
Pill'ring the faded bays from classic brows;
Nor creep contented in the modern way;
A dry, dull, soft, low, languid, tiresome lay!
But, strongly sacred, and sublimely warm,
Strike the aw'd soul, and the touch'd passions
charm;

Till the stern cynic, soft'ning at your strain,
Feels himself mov'd, and hugs the pleasing pain.
While lazy lovers from their langour start,
And gain a conquest, though they lost a heart.

Such wond'rous change can harmony command!
For heav'n lent nature to the poet's hand;
Gave him the passion's boundless pow'r to know;
And, like a god, distribute joy and woe: [spring,
Taught the tun'd nerves at each known sound to
And bound obedient to the warbling string:
And the blood's current in compliance roll;
And the charm'd spirits rush in tides of soul. [lent,

Ye who feel strong this power that heav'n has
Be your rais'd hearts with equal ardour bent:
Dare to praise virtue, though unprais'd before;
Lance your keen satires at oppressive pow'r:
Be worth obscure by your bright genius sought,
And gild its paleness in your sun of thought:
Lift it to notice; give it strength to move,
And teach dull greatness how to know and love.
With nerves of thought invig'rate manly themes;
Nor idly sport in fancy's empty beams;
Let no base flatt'ry tempt your verse astray,
Nor a light laughter a low taste display.
In wit's cold shallows wade, for shame! no more,
Her soundless ocean tempts you from the shore:
Up her vast steep launch with intrepid climb,
And swim through ages down the stream of time.

Though faint, through modish mists religion
shines,

Oft let her sacred soarings lift your lines:
Oft let your thoughts take fire at that first flame,
From whose bright effluence inspiration came.
Th' Almighty God, who gave the sun to blaze,
Voic'd the great poet for his Maker's praise:
First, for his glory, form'd the world's extent;
Then form'd a language for that glory meant.
Hence have all tow'ry minds, sublimely fir'd,
With in-born strength to their own heav'n aspir'd;
While conscious pertness, for such heights unfit,
Safe to slight subjects pins its puny wit. [glows?

Lives there a man, whose breast with honour
Who, wrong'd by friends, forgives and pities foes;
Who, still deserving, never gains success,
But lives oppress'd, by shunning to oppress?
Who can all grief for his own woes restrain,
Yet melts in generous tears at other's pain?
Teach him, O muse! to wish no monarch's sway,
Greater in want, than in dominion they! [mind,
For, oh!—what diff'rence! 'twixt th' effulgent
That longs for light, lest others should be blind,
And him, who, wanting nothing, grasping all,
Seems great himself, because all round look small!

Or does a softer subject suit your mind?
Fond of the fair, and to their int'rest kind;
Pity some maid, whom modest wishes move,
Unless'd by fortune, yet inspir'd by love;

Fair without followers, without art sincere,
 Rais'd without hope, and without conquest dear :
 There let the muse the rights of beauty prove,
 For all are equal by the laws of love.

There let the muse persuade on virtue's side,
 And teach lame love to leap the bars of pride :
 The pains of passion let the muse impart,
 And to soft yieldings mould the stubborn heart.

Are there, whose rais'd distinction sweetly
 shines,

And whom high fortune fills with high designs ?
 Who greatly blessing all o'er whom they rise,
 Smile on th' inferior world with friendly eyes ?
 Or whom the love of useful arts inspires ?
 Or whom faith, gratitude, or friendship fires ?
 Or whom by charity's soft glowings warm'd ?
 All vice has fled from, and all virtue charm'd :
 These, and all these, deserve the muse's strain ;
 At once adorn, and are adorn'd again.

Shines there a captain, form'd for war's controul,
 Born with the seeds of conquest in his soul ?
 By envy driv'n to trust his in-bred store,
 And still the less supply'd renown'd the more ?
 'Gainst foes and friends, at once compell'd to guard,
 But hardest press'd by those for whom he warr'd ;
 Victor alike, supported or betray'd,
 And obstinate in his oppressor's aid ;
 Pointing superior from the heights he won,
 To teach his rash supplanters what to shun.
 Disclaiming vengeance, while secure of fame,
 And griev'd, not angry, at his country's shame :
 Fearless of flattery here, confess the great,
 And to wrong'd glory lend the muse's weight.
 To crowns and senates hold a daring light,
 And, 'spite of M——'s, do a M—— right.

Should wit's high guardians e'er their charge
 neglect,

Nor watch her waning, nor her growth protect,
 Cold and unmov'd see tragic warmth decay,
 And epic splendour fade, unfelt, away ;
 While in their place low tastes the land defame,
 Jest without words, and laughter without shame !
 Poets expell'd the stage, supremely theirs,
 And the bays with'ring round the heads of play'rs ;
 Then should the muse indignant wake the throne,
 And the whole thunder of her voice be shown.

O that all verse would senseless sound expel,
 And the big subject bid the numbers swell !
 But, ah, far short th' unsolid tinklers rise,
 Nor soar, but flutter, in the muse's skies !

Shame on your jingling, ye soft sons of rhyme !
 Tuneful consumers of your reader's time !

Fancy's light dwarfs ! whose feather-footed strains
 Dance in wild windings through a waste of brains !
 Your's is the guilt of all, who, judging wrong,
 Mistake tun'd nonsense for the poet's song.

Provoking dulness ! what a soul has he,
 Who fancies rhyme and measure poetry !
 He thinks profanely, that this gen'rous art
 Stops at the ear, with power to shake the heart.

For twice nine cent'ries, why has partial fame,
 O'er worthier Romans, swell'd th' Augustan name ?
 O'er Julius, nobler, and of mightier mind ?
 O'er ev'n Vespasian, darling of mankind ?
 What but the muse this lasting diff'rence made ?
 Pleas'd poets lent the world's great lord their aid :

And from their grateful praise consent first grew,
 That he, who rais'd the arts, surpass'd them too.

Think, ye vain statesmen ! whose self-pointed
 aims

Die with your dust, nor save your bury'd names,
 Think on the crowds of busy cyphers lost,
 Who once, like you, their sov'reign's smiles en-
 gross'd !

Cloudily bustling fill'd a realm alone, [throne :
 And, with state curtains, screen'd the darken'd
 'Twixt crowd and subject, stood an envy'd wall,
 Bought, built, clear'd, clouded, and decided all :
 Yet, dead for ever, in dumb graves are laid,
 And rest, forgotten, with the noise they made.

No Richelieu's they—nor knew the poet's pow'r,
 Nor, skill'd to plant, invok'd the genial show'r :
 Hence their dry names in happy haste decay,
 And ev'ry barren glory fades away.

In peace, such themes demand the poet's fire,
 Such subjects raise th' exalted art still higher :
 But, if provok'd too far, some wav'ring state,
 Push'd and insulted in perplex'd debate,
 Feels her slow patience blush—and, tir'd at length,
 Weighs her mean wrongs against her mighty
 strength ;

If then wish'd war th' exerted genius warms,
 And glowing verse would rouse a realm to arms,
 Then the joint muses animate the song,
 And the whole godhead pours the sound along :
 Then the big notes in tun'd excitement roll,
 Bid the blood boil, and wing the wafted soul :
 Courage impatient burns in ev'ry breath ;
 And a taught brav'ry leaps the lines of death.

These are the seasons, O, ye muse-inspir'd !
 When states unwarlike may to war be fir'd ;
 Then pow'ful verse should long-lost heroes raise,
 And kindle glory at the catching blaze :
 Arthur's great ghost unresting and asham'd,
 That William's brav'ry saw the brave defam'd,
 Shining, redeem'd in honour of our land,
 Would smile to 'scape the knighted tort'rer's hand,
 Then might our great third Edward's awful shade,
 Hem'd with ris'n standards dreadfully display'd,
 Pale from his tomb in epic strides advance,
 And shoot cold horror through the heart of France.
 Wide o'er the reading world extend alarms,
 And warn proud states to shun Britannia's arms.

Or, since the muses sons in courts are known,
 And pleas'd pay homage round a reigning throne,
 Why are they slow to sing the Saxon fame ?
 From whose long lineage sov'reign Brunswick came ?
 When their white courser, by brave Hengist born,
 Did first in Albion war's wav'd pomp adorn :
 While German aids thy cliffs, O Britain, scal'd
 To triumph, where ev'n Rome's great help had
 fail'd !

To save, and give forgetful England name ;
 To plant a race, that know not whence they came :
 To lend us language to express our fires,
 In grateful railings at our German fires.

Thus, O ye happy few ! for glory born,
 Whose starry wreathes your country's fame adorn,
 Waste not, on vulgar themes, your breathing fire,
 But tune, for gen'rous ends, your living lyre :
 Teach the mistaken world a juster rate,
 To court your praises, and to dread your hate.

Then, when kind heav'n inspires the vast sublime,
And your verse lives, and claims the stamp of time,
Hist'ry shall die, and scarce preserve a name;
While poets flourish in immortal fame

How have endanger'd balancers of state
Liv'd in light ign'rance of the muse's weight?
How might a guided stage men's wills prepare,
To brook tame peace, or wish reluctant war!
How might the subtle scene our passions wind!
And the watch'd arms of young sedition bind!
How timely might this pow'rful art persuade!
How make light lovelier, and illumine shade!
Ease statesmen's labours, animate their aims,
Adorn their actions, and embalm their names.

Should W——'s self, unconscious of the muse,
Provoke her vengeance, or her rev'rence lose,
In vain were votes! she could his pow'r defy,
And bid his blacken'd mem'ry never die:
Shade his best virtues, widen each mistake,
And his hop'd fame from unborn ages take.
Or she could force unwilling praise to climb,
And float him, topmost, on the tide of time;
Bid millions bless him ages after death,
And give new life in a charm'd people's breath:
When no skill'd antiquary finds his bust,
And his proud buildings shall be lost in dust.

Pardon, ye living lights! where'er you shine,
Ye blest elect! ye prophets of the nine!
Pardon that I, whom fainter flames inspire,
Have thus presum'd to point your heav'nly fire:
To make the great more great, requires your skill;
I want the pow'r, nor ev'n possess the will.
While to myself I live obscurely bless'd,
Look round the busy world, and hug my rest;
Plac'd below greatness, and above distress,
I pity pow'r, and hold fast happiness;
Pursue no int'rest, no mean prospect raise,
Reject no censure, and invite no praise.

THE IMPARTIAL.

ARE these the marks then of our promis'd shame?
Or did detraction steal the patriot's name?
Weak if we were, how rose we now so strong?
Or whence, if pow'rful, were we scorn'd so long?
Burn, footy slander, burn thy blotted scroll:
Greatness is greatness, 'spite of faction's foul.

I gaze, astonish'd kingdom, o'er thy face,
And each weigh'd wonder to its fountain trace.
Glory flows in where infamy was spread:
And long lost triumph lifts her tow'ring head.
Warm o'er the icy north thy influent awe
Bids hostile leagues dissolve in friendly thaw.
Up Rhine's strong stream Britannic thunders wind,
And Alpine mountains shake, and states, behind.
Austria's plum'd eagle beak'd, and wing'd oncemore,
Sees baffled Bourbon driv'n from shore to shore.
Sea-shook Aufonia red with warring hosts,
Starts from her Adrian to her Tyrrhene coasts.
Ev'n Rome's imperious mitre learns to bow,
And Spain's Thalestris is but woman now! [fear:

Whence this amazing change?—'twas late all
No warring god invok'd, inclin'd his ear.
Tyrants combin'd, found freedom's rights betray'd:
Faith fast expiring, saw the false invade,
Commerce cajol'd, reluctance brib'd, rage tame:
Ev'n empire trod on—yet uncouch'd by shame!

Then was the crisis; then fate's hand appear'd:
Then might the world be deaf, for Britain heard.
Wave-worshipp'd Britain! one to all oppos'd!
By friends deserted, and by foes inclos'd;
Fills the world's eye—dispels the doubter's care;
Bids the bold tremble, and the backward dare:
High to the nations points their guardian's throne,
And acts, and arbitrates, and shines alone.

And have such fires inflam'd a patient reign?
Immortal heav'n! and must we still complain?
Still must we rail, and blacken, and suspect?
At once curb vigilance and goad neglect?
Deep let my soul detest th' adhesive pride,
That changing sentiment unchanges side:
True to contempt of truth repents within,
Yet screens conviction, and strains hard to sin.

Shame on this craft to scare!—this toil to seem!
O heart indignant, fly th' unmanly scheme!
Blush for thy past injustice—shrink no more;
But wake, and wonder, thou wert dark before!
Learn from whose hand th' unlook'd-for effluence
came;

And, in the teeth of insult, sound his name.

What though some friend thou lov'st had narrower sight?

Truth knows no parties, and involves like light.
Shadows and names fright cowards—but the strong
Ne'er call that lightness, which is scorn of wrong.
Dare to be just, 'tis all that brav'ry means;
He stoops too basely, who to flattery leans:
But whom pale prejudice has taught his part,
Born for a slave, wears fetters on his heart;
Sees undiscerning; feels without his touch;
Judges too little, and decides too much.

Poets have nobler souls: fame's paths they show;
They glow themselves, and teach the world to glow.

Satire's whole pow'r their own—yet praise they choose,

Ev'n of unconscious kings, who flight the muse.
Proud of neglected force, each heav'n touch'd mind

Open to reason is, to int'rest blind.

Self, all unthought of, can for others think;
Swim till the state rides safe, then smile, and sink.
Lift ev'n the worth that hates him—love is shown;
And, for his country's joys, exclude his own;
This is to think like muses, act like man:
This princes ought to feel—and poets can.

Ye, once misguided! is retraction vain?
Trust the brave injur'd; nor persist to stain.
Why should suspicion penitence outlive?
None doubt forgiveness, but who ne'er forgive.
Heav'n has been wrong'd, yet still goes on to bless;
For sins of blindness err beneath distress.
So wrong'd, so pard'ning, Cart'ret heeds no foe;
But saves—unangry at the rage below.

Oft with these shackly quoils of twin'd intrigue,
These nets for liberty, these links of league.
Trite, venal cant! which envy's arts can teach,
To censure ev'ry pow'r we fail to reach.
No gen'rous heart, misdrawn to devious beat,
When truth's new lustre shines, disclaims its heat.
Charm'd and surpris'd, I hug my country's fame;
Compar'd, O heav'n! with years of length'ning
fame.

Ye sons, who love her, weigh the threat'ning
swell
Of Spain, France, faction, calumny, and hell!
Weigh with what speed, repell'd from mound to
mound.

Subsiding danger sought her bidden bound!
Hail the white cliffs of Albion held serene,
While round her redd'ning rolls the bloody scene,
I hail it all;---and hail th' acknowledg'd cause;
Hail the mind's reach, that gives earth's uproar
laws!

Safe mid surrounding menace, guards mankind;
Guides ev'ry council, busies ev'ry wind, [main,
Shakes the world's shakers, hears for land and
And binds fell tyrants, while they bite their chain.

Ye muse-made Mentors! rais'd on fancy's
wings,
To think for heroes, and to reign for kings;
When cou'd your sons of time's feign'd births do
more?

For ne'er true story reach'd these heights before.

Fav'rites have oft, in many a troubled state,
Poiz'd the king's love against the people's hate;
Oft the firm leader, in some patriot scheme,
Has, with bold steerage, stemm'd the royal stream:
And sometimes too---yet rare, too rare, that praise!
The safe at home, abroad, have gather'd bays;
But none, till Cart'ret rose, e'er hop'd to see
One mast'ring genius grasp th' unwilling three!
Prince half confiding---people all unjust---
Abroad all discord, and at home distrust---
Propp'd on himself, like the world's weight he lay,
And through contention's impulse shap'd his way;
Heard the clash'd elements, despis'd their brawl,
Roll'd on self-centred---and inorb'd 'em all.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

If on the tow'ring Alps' amazing height,
Whose clifly tops our climbling eyes affright,
And with chill horror strike the startled sight; }
If there, Celinda, thou had'st chanc'd to be
The piny product of some teeming tree;
Tasteless of human pity might'st thou grow, }
And forc'd to bend, when ruffling tempests
blow,
Nod angry at the plains that spread below. }
Ev'n pines and oaks can bend to stones, and be
More flexible, than thy strong hate to me!
The greedy ocean, whose insatiate waves
Flow to devour; whose smoothest smiles are
graves;
Of all its monstrous forms, has none so cold,
Nor does one rock, in its vast bosom, hold,
That, had it sense, such cruelty would show,
To triumph in the shipwreck'd sailor's woe:
Nothing in nature does so fix'd remain, }
But love's soft fire can gradual entrance gain,
And all but thee, once lov'd, will love again.

THE STATESMAN.

See'st thou yon mountain, so immensely high,
Around whose sky-crown'd head raw tempests fly!
How low'ring darkly o'er the shadow'd plain,
It hangs the genuine seat of horror's reign!

Its craggy sides hold thin a sterile soil,
Which, promising no harvest, tempts no toil!
No grazing cattle crop subsistence there,
Nor flow'r-fed breezes feast the hungry air!
No soft meand'ring current glides along,
To court the meadows with its murm'ring song;
No lofty spires a wand'ring glance invite,
Nor wind-shook woods arrest the ravish'd sight!
All rough and wild, it rears its rocky head,
Severely awful, and unlovely spread:
From its cold top, soil-sweeping torrents flow,
Form'd by unfruitful floods of native snow!
Sorrow sits brooding on its furrow'd face,
And desolation covers all the place. [state 2
See'st thou all this, fond youth! so charm'd with
Such is the envy'd bliss that gilds the great.
Such are the barren honours they enjoy;
For such distinction, they their cares employ.
They move our pity, while they tempt our fight;
High above all indeed, but fruitless in their height.

SOLITUDE.

WELCOME cool breeze, to fan my glowing mind,
Cinder'd with feverish cares and constant woe!
Welcome soft bliss, by gracious heav'n design'd,
The out-worn paths of ancient peace to show,
The road which wisdom loves to go,
And teach aspiring man true happiness to know,
In thy sweet shades uninterrupted reigns,
Free from care-toil'd nature's strains,
The downy god of ease!
In the innocent and life-bliss'd swains,
Unway'd, by low desire of worldly gains,
Their uncorrupted senses justly please,
Nor know the penetrating curse of pains,
But travel smoothly up to death, by mild and flow
degrees.

On thy calm coasts no whirlwind doubts we find,
No terrifying blasts to break soft sleep,
No self-raisd tempests shake man's hurry'd mind,
For question'd riches which the wild winds sweep,
Along the furrow'd bosom of the deep;
And which, ev'n e'er we gain, we fear to lose.
No watchful guards in thee we need to keep,
But rest in peaceful slumbers duly find,
Nor feel the killing cares, which great men madly
choose.

Smoothly revolving years,
Unloaded with a needless weight of fears,
Slide unperceiv'd and steadily away;
Safe in the humble shelter of content,
Our apprehension, easy and unbent,
Sometimes but seldom looks abroad to know,
How things about us go.
Sometimes we upward deign to cast our eye,
And view, with curious scorn, the gath'ring clouds,
Which warring princes, plac'd for mischief high,
Supinely sit and bid against each other fly:
From coverts, where our choice our fortune
shrouds.

We see all this, and hear the noise it makes;
As one well hous'd, sees the blue light'ning fly,
And hears the rolling thunder shake the sky;

While he, regardless where the tempest breaks,
Without the danger, the delight partakes;
Thus, while on earth, our bodies happy stay,
While here our joy-fin'd moments swim away.

Our elevated minds, above the spheres,
Forget their weak-built tenement of clay;
And by the trying fire of reason, grow
So pure, so free, from thought-disord'ring sin,
That when from life on their last call they go,
In large expanse of soul, they upwards flow,
And rather mix with heav'n, than dwell therein.

ON MR. COWLEY'S INTRODUCING PINDARIC VERSE.

SACRED soul, harmonious swan!
Whose sweetest notes long before death began;
And the long tuneful race unwearied ran,
Long before death began the song; and still the
song improv'd, [mov'd!

And still new strings, and still new pleasure
How, mighty muse! didst thou, and thou alone,
(For the gigantic task was all thy own)

Find means to draw such unexhausted store,
From springs which were so poor?
From fountains chok'd with blood, and made by
dust impure.

How, 'midst an iron age,
The dreadful and the over-acted stage,
Of undistinguish'd scenes of rage,
Where striving merit, struck by mis'ry, fell:
And all that learning then could teach, was how
to suffer well.

How, in this toilsome age,
Didst thou, immortal man! when arts were over-
thrown,

When all the muses garden was o'ergrown,
And whole Parnassus tumbled down,
Stand on its ruins, and erect a new one of thy own.

Yet, as within the all-enlight'ning sun,
Some spots our glasses find, amidst the blaze;
Too small, tho' visible, to look on long,
Because encircled with eye-dazzling rays;
So thou, great king of fancy! led astray
By thy high melted muse, uncurb'd and gay,
And prancing proudly on, in wit's unmeasur'd
way!

Hast err'd in judgment, where thou didst design
Thy judgment most should shine! [vine.

But all that's human in thy verse, is lost in the di-
Immortal man! thou dost too rashly blame

The wasteful spirit of thy gloomy times,

Ev'n of that age of crimes,

Which gave the fate of suff'ring Charles to fame!

Short-sighted man, scarce ever aiming right,

Though eagle-ey'd, in mortal fight,

Oft thus mistakes, for chance, heav'n's well-re-
solv'd decree,

And does against it fight!

That which lights to shadows are,

Or peace to war;

Such was that age to thee!

Such contraries Almighty wisdom finds,

And stamps on human minds;

That virtue's visage, made thereby more bright,

May, when set opposite to sin's black night,

To strike all eyes that shall her lustre see;
Shine out with double force, and doubly charm-
ing be.

So fell the royal martyr, to convince
The wond'ring ages since,
How blest their fathers were, in such a prince;
Oh, wond'rous mystic, undiscover'd maze!
What man can search his God's untrodden ways?
Hence our slow learners late are taught, lost worth
to idolize!

And hence our long posterity shall know,
(What heav'n thence meant to show)
How many curses three torn nations owe
To zeal's hot sons, who really had no eyes,
And pride, who saw truth plain, and seeing durst
despise.

So, too immortal subject of my muse,
The fav'rite theme she loves to choose!
So, too, the sable ignorance of that age,
Like foils, which lustre can to diamonds give,
Inspir'd thy sacred muse with that just rage,
Which greatly handing up to fame,
Thine and thy sov'reign's rescu'd name,
Shall ev'n thy Pindar's praise, but in thy works,
outlive.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA.

Translated from Crasshaw.

WHEN Christ, at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cry'd they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.

ARRIA AND PÆTUS, FROM MARTIAL.

WHEN, from her breast, chaste Arria dragg'd the
sword,

And faintly reach'd it her expecting lord;
My wound, said she, but wastes unvalu'd breath,
'Tis thine, dear Pætus, gives the sting to death.

ON THE DEATH OF

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

SINCE she by whom her people all live blest,
To sorrow's reign, has giv'n her ruling breast,
Grief should be loudly heard as well as seen,
To noise his death, and mourn our widow'd queen,
The friends of Anna must not silent weep;
Of streams, 'tis said, the gentlest are most deep!
But grief is passion; and where passion reigns,
Nature scorns decency, and breaks her chains:
Like some fierce wind-driv'n show'r true grief
appears;

'Tis but a breeze that is allay'd by tears,
She does, indeed, with sighs and tears complain,
Like spring-born zephyrs, mix'd with sprinkling
rain! [spread,

But we, the cloud with thunder charg'd, should
And gen'ral woe speak big, to suit the virtue dead,
Great as his mercy should our pity be:

Ah! who unmov'd, can yon fair sorrow see?

The royal Dane that treasure long possesst,
Dear to her soul, and faithful to her breast!

Free from ambition, innocently great,
 'Twixt faction's shoals he piloted the state!
 And temp'ring pow'r, though lord of sov'reign
 sway,
 Shone bright, yet scorch'd not like the sun in
 May.

THE DISCOVERY.

THIS comes to let Liberia know,
 That beauty is so much heav'n's care,
 That all fine women say or do,
 Is mark'd and treasur'd in the air.
 Hence I, a stranger to your sight,
 Whose hand perhaps you do not know,
 Learn all you do by day or night,
 As by these presents I shall show.
 Your memory cannot but retain
 Some hint of little Pope's bold muse,
 Who, made by lady's secrets vain,
 Did once a tell-tale subject choose.
 Have you not read him where he prates,
 Of Arabella's ravish'd hair;
 And stories of those sylphs relates,
 Whose sweet task is to guard the fair.
 I am that happy sylph assign'd,
 To screen Liberia's breast from harms;
 To flutter round her in the wind,
 And feast my fancy with her charms.
 I have you always in my view;
 And, t'other day employ'd my wit,
 With nameless lines to puzzle you,
 On the grief-wither'd sun-flow'r, writ
 I, at that time, in ambush plac'd,
 Snug, under Mopsy's left ear lay,
 And laugh'd to hear how wrong you guess'd,
 Who thought they came another way.
 'Twas I, your faithful sylph, 'twas I,
 That, ever studious of your ease,
 My skill in verse, resolv'd to try,
 In verse which most the fair can please.
 Perhaps, 'twill startle you to hear,
 How I your actions hourly watch:
 That though you see me not, I'm near;
 And fly each straggling sigh to catch!
 Sometimes in this shape, sometimes that,
 My various duties I perform;
 Sometimes astride your rambling cat,
 I hide in fur, and shade my form.
 But, when your stroking hand I feel,
 From the soft back I leap with joy;
 My fairy fabric still conceal,
 But Puss's active paws employ,
 And sportful, with your milky fingers toy.
 Oft as you sit to sip your tea,
 In a fly's shape, your charms to search,
 Seeking some place, where, best to see,
 I, on the lumps of sugar perch,
 There, while one day divinely pleas'd,
 I gaz'd in raptures on your face,

Your sugar tongs the Captain seiz'd,
 And me between two lumps he squeez'd,
 Half dead upon the place.

But I was even with him soon,
 For catching him all gay,
 At the Park door one afternoon,
 With hands too full of play:
 I took the figure of a gnat,
 And, midst his am'rous strains,
 Whisk'd from your bosom where I sat,
 And stung his fingers for his pains.

But, oh! I tremble to relate,
 How, by your smile-blest looks, bewitch'd,
 I lately 'scap'd a far worse fate;
 While you, with red and yellow mix'd,
 At work, on yonder threshold fix'd,
 Your silky mazes stitch'd.

There I again, a luckless fly,
 Not dreaming any danger near,
 Lay basking in your sunny eye,
 My little aching heart to cheer.

When, on a sudden, through and through,
 Your piercing needle careless pass'd,
 And the dragg'd silk, swift-following, too,
 Bound down my tiny body fast.

There, had I stay'd, transfix'd till now,
 Nor miss'd, nor mourn'd, perhaps by you!
 But that the stitch, the Lord knows how,
 You lik'd not, and, thank heav'n, withdrew.

When once with you your sister Celia stood,
 Celia! that sweet and lovely maid! [rude,
 Two thoughtless bold park-wond'ring fops were
 And you two charmers both afraid,
 Rush'd in, and fled dismay'd,

I, then, fair charge! unknown to you,
 By love, and vow'd revenge, inspir'd,
 Did, like a wasp, the fools pursue,
 And sily down their throats retir'd.

Then to their tongue's presumptuous root I flee,
 And both with tingling venom fir'd;
 Now learn, said I, when next you see
 Yon tempting pair adorn their gate,
 How sacred modest loveliness should be,
 And what the insolent profaner's fate!

Thus, all day long, is Seraphil
 Liberia's wakeful sylph employ'd;
 So rich a charge claims ten-fold skill,
 And care, so charm'd, can ne'er be cloy'd.

But, when at night the happy bed
 Receives her snowy limbs to rest,
 I sleep's soft mist about her spread;
 Then stretch me, blissful, on her breast.

There, till the full grown morning smiles,
 In downy heavings, lost, I lie,
 Or wander o'er those charms 'twixt whiles,
 For which a thousand lovers die.

At last, unwillingly I rise,
 And seizing fast her rubied lip,
 In a sharp-biting flea's disguise,
 I, from her breath the nectar sip.

And then, Liberia starting cries,
 Deuce take this ugly sharp-mouth'd flea!
 But, now I'm wak'd, I think I'll rise:
 So drestes—and ne'er dreams of me!
 Thus have I honestly at last confess'd,
 What sort of little scribbling thing I be:
 Left, growing curious, you might wrong have
 guess'd,
 And thought some other sent what came from me.

TO LIBERIA,

WITH A SQUIRREL.

THESE, my last lines, I write with bleeding heart,
 For, oh! Liberia and her sylph must part!
 I must no more engross that envy'd care,
 Which angels now in crowds have begg'd to share.
 Now, I no more must flutter in your sight,
 And, from your eye-beams, gild my wings with
 light:

No more in fields of air when sylphs rejoice,
 Dance to the soft tun'd music of your voice!
 Listen no more while in the Mall you walk,
 What the admiring crowds that meet you talk.
 On your right shoulder's tip no more shall blaze,
 Bright with the flash of eyes, which passing gaze!
 And when sometimes you're sad, no more shall I
 See myself weep, by peeping in your eye!
 These comforts past, and mention'd now in vain,
 Serve but to make remembrance ache with pain!
 Little, alas! I thought, when last I writ,
 That I, so soon my boasted charge must quit!
 But our great king, whom all we sylphs obey,
 Wretch that I am! commanded me away:
 Far off, to eastern shores I was to go;
 Where the proud Turk keeps love, and woman
 low:

Where full twelve hundred rival beauties strive,
 To keep one lover's lazy flame alive:
 Where female charms are taught the humble skill,
 To court the fancy, and not bow the will:
 To this new post preferred, I was to fly;
 And past before the haughty sultan's eye;
 There, in his glitt'ring palace, gay with state,
 On his new fav'rite sultane's to wait:
 But, ah, Liberia! by thy sweetness won,
 Thy doating sylph was doom'd to be undone;
 These proffer'd honours had no charm for me
 I cou'd not taste a joy, remote from thee!
 Thou art my pride, and, where thou art not seen,
 Sorrow would catch me, though I serv'd a queen!
 This, when I told our prince, he never weigh'd
 My grief's just cause, but thought I disobey'd,
 Swift he o'ertook me, with an angry vow,
 And chang'd me to the shape I come in now.
 Scarce had I time to write my wretched fate,
 And begg'd a friend to bring me to your gate;
 Helpless and dumb, ah! whither should I go,
 But to her breast, whose pitying soul I know?
 She who to Puss and Mopsy kind can be,
 Will sure, thought I, have some concern for me.
 Weak though I am, some gratitude is due;
 I claim your care, for my past care of you.
 Elsewhere I will not my new wants supply,
 And when you starve me 'twill be time to die.

I may hereafter some small service do;
 For yet my body's weak and form but new.
 If you shall please to help me through my youth,
 And with milk-soften'd biscuit save my tooth;
 Grateful when I grow up, I'll keep your's strong;
 And crack nuts for you, all the glad day long;
 If kindly, you shall bless me with your care,
 And shield me from the pinching wint'ry air,
 Close round your neck, like some warm tippet
 roll'd,

In frosty nights, I'll guard you from the cold;
 And while in your soft hand you let me play,
 I'll growl the Captain's rivals all away.
 Refuse not then, though chang'd, to keep me still,
 And oh! remember, Pug was Seraphil.

*To my dear and ever honoured Mother, in answer to
 some Verses which she sent me about Spirits, from
 Malm'sbury Abbey.*

MADAM, your lovely muse's late employ
 Was read with wonder, and a pride-mix'd joy:
 Fortune, in vain, her batt'ring engines bends,
 'Gainst souls, which such a wit-rais'd strength de-
 fends:

Secure within, you outward storms defy,
 And look serenely on a ruffled sky:
 So Philomel, by night, disdaining rest,
 Sings o'er the pointed thorn which galls her breast.

The busy ghosts your fancy seems to hear,
 Have no design to fright your list'ning ear:
 Nor springs their restlessness, from Rome's old
 pride,

Nor vain regret, that so long since they dy'd;
 A purer race these bustling spirits are,
 And a more noble aim inspires their care!
 Some beauteous band of nuns they seem to be:
 Stript to the naked soul, and so set free.
 Through death's dark shade your shining form they
 spy,

And trace your virtues, with a ravish'd eye!
 Hence ev'ry night allur'd by fresh desire,
 They press to view the charms they so admire.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN DAMON AND PHILEMON,

*Concerning the Preference of a Town Life to a Country
 Life.*

Philemon.

WHY does not Damon, un aspiring swain!
 Choose rather not to live, than live in vain?
 From bright examples thy ambition fire,
 Let others honours whet thy dull desire;
 Let rustic sports engage the lab'ring hind,
 And cultivated acres plough his mind;
 Let him to unfrequented woods repair,
 And snuff, unenvy'd, his lean mountain air;
 'Till death, unfought, o'ertakes his heavy pace,
 And unfam'd dust consumes his mould'ring race.
 Do thou to warmer joys thy wishes raise,
 And taste the pleasure of deserving praise!
 If sparkling genius does thy fancy fill,
 In muse-led stages, try thy journeying skill:

Or, if thy soul more roughly is possess'd,
And struggling valour swells thy glowing breast;
To war's red toils let glory call thee hence,
And draw thy untry'd sword, in Britain's just defence.

Damon.

And why, Philemon, to the vicious town,
Not that way lies the road to just renown;
No virtue prospers in that barren soil,
That nursery of unregarded toil:
There fools, and knaves, by purchas'd favour rise,
And shine beyond the valiant and the wise.
Shall hope allure me to the wretched state,
Of cringing at the levees of the great;
With servile awe to court a stately nod,
And treat some glorious folly like a god?
No! sooner I'll the clown's free labour's share,
And with their brutes a nobler burden bear!
The wars, I must allow, a gen'rous thought,
A glory by fame-thirsty spirits sought;
Who scorch'd within, by hot ambition's flood,
Quench passion's fever in a lake of blood!
'Tis great to see 'em march through cannon's roar,
While sweat-wash'd wounds all-gild their faces
o'er:

To brave the northern blasts, and with swollen veins,
Bear scorplings when the sultry dog-star reigns.
But will your unnerv'd youth encounter these?
Ah no! effeminate, they rust in ease!
And should our sinewy hinds forsake the field,
France will stand high when Britain learns to yield.

Philemon.

Can Damon whose bright genius strongly shines,
Through the soft beauties of his tuneful lines;
Can he defend, or muses bless the strife,
Th' unglorious preference of a country life?
'Tis not alone for honour or renown,
The seat of wit and pleasure is the town:
To her, ungrateful, all those darts you owe,
Which, now, against her battlements you throw.
For sure, no rural dictates could inspire,
The rapt'rous energy of Damon's fire!
The cot-bred soul with ignorance content,
Is meanly miserable by consent:

Proud in his native sloth he scorns to think,
And has no end in life, but meat and drink;
While the brave learn'd, whose knowledge bids
him try,

The mystic gulf of deep philosophy,
Wades 'cross the narrow bounds to reason giv'n,
Spurns back the measur'd earth, and fathoms
heav'n!

Had glory's props in ages long since past,
In the rough mould of country life been cast;
A blind stupidity the world had sway'd,
And mother ignorance been still obey'd:
No deathless wit had crown'd the Grecian stage,
Nor skill-mix'd courage grac'd the Julian age!
No sun of thought had shin'd, with glorious
beams,

No seas of knowledge spread their silver streams;
Then Damon come, to courtly pleasures fly,
Nor thus th' attractive charms of wealth and
pow'r deny.

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Damon.

Oh! would this tuneful youth whose numbers
flow,
Soft as the love-inspiring zephyrs blow;
Sweet as maids look, when first they own their
loves,

Smooth as the down which feathers Venus' doves.
Sweet as the dulcid streams, from Hybla run,
Or as the bloom, displaying to the sun!
Oh would he to our sylvan shades repair,
To taste our wholesome, our inspiring air!
Would he but leave that sable-clouded soil,
On which Aurora never seems to smile;
What bright, what glorious images would rise,
From all his thoughts to emulate the skies!
For if such charms, there, in his numbers shine,
Here, they would prove ecstatic and divine.
But why is Damon so ungrateful thought;
As if the town his humble fallies taught!
What muse could e'er endure your smoke and noise;
Your night alarms and your tumultuous joys?
No! 'tis the murmur'ing brook, the shad'wy grove,
And flow'r-dress'd valley, that invite their love!
Then haste, Philemon, to our blissful state,
And learn to live, before it grows too late.

Philemon.

If truth, dear swain! with freedom might advise,

Thou may'st be happy, for I know thee wise;
Quit for a trial once, this meagre air,
And all impartial to thy friend repair.
Then wilt thou ever fix'd with me remain,
And envious rustics tempt thee back in vain.
Thus some raw youth, on a domestic shore,
With terror hears th' encircling surges roar;
Trembling, he sees the threat'ning tempest roll,
And ev'ry rising billow lifts his soul:
But when a riper age has call'd him o'er,
To try the pleasures of some foreign shore,
Sad he returns, nor will at home remain,
But pants to taste abandon'd joys again.
Your muse, in vain, of boasted prospect sings;
Your flow'ry meadows, and your murmur'ing
springs:

Poor short-liv'd scenes of shadow-skimming joy,
Whose pride a change of season can destroy!
The rising floods your valleys over-flow,
And winter spreads your hills, with sheets of snow:
Autumnal winds strip bare your gawdy trees,
And cold December nights your purling currents
freeze.

But we, more happy, constant blessings share,
Nor hang our comforts in the changeful air:
Our diff'ring seasons have their different sport,
The park, the play, the tavern, and the court!
Our rolling hours can sweetly wear away,
The utmost moments of the longest day:
When tir'd with business, we would care decline,
We drown the weight of thought in gen'rous wine:
By that made sprightly, to the park repair,
And eloquently silent, court the fair:
Thence, to the theatre, inspir'd we move,
And feast at once, on mingled wit and love!
These and a thousand nameless new delights,
Make our days fruitful, and enrich our nights;

X x

While you, 'midst few repeated pastimes live,
Nor ever taste the joy which changing pleasures
give.

Damon.

'Tis true, Philemon, our autumnal storms
Disrobe our trees, and strip their quiv'ring forms:
'Tis true, our liveliest beauties are but short,
Short as the joys which recommend your court:
But these new charms, in following springs obtain,
While those, once set, shall never rise again,
In vain your plays allure; all there, that's fine,
Does faintly to our artless beauties shine.
Their scenes as grossly imitate our groves,
As their lewd actors our soft past'ral loves.
Frequent their comedies to please the town,
Descend to borrow, hence, some wit-grac'd clown.
The park, their folly's larger stage charms less;
An ill-mix'd scene of noise, grimace, and dress!
The court, 'tis true, shines out with tempting
state;
For ruin, angling there, to catch the great,
Hides the hook, wisely, with attractive bait!
The joy which wine can give, like smoky fires,
Obscure their sight whose fancy it inspires.
Thus, like old Sodom's fruit, that seat of sin,
Your pleasures, fair without, are worms and dust
within.

Philemon.

Affist me, sacred sisters! aid my voice,
And guide lost Damon to a nobler choice!
The crowds of rustics, who to town repair,
And quit, for vulgar hopes, their native air,
Are gross-form'd vapours heavily exhal'd,
Where profit's sunny influence has prevail'd;
But those alone, my friend, are beams for me
Which draw such limpid innocence as thee!
What pleasures reap you from the unprun'd field,
Which cities cannot more completely yield?
If, to some peace-blest cot we would retire,
An hour's short journey crowns the soft desire:
There, strait we taste the sweets so prais'd by you,
And then return to those you never knew!
Ev'n heav'n approves not solitude, else why
Did his great will direct society?
Why did the ancients else to towns repair,
And quit, for houses, tents and open air?
Would the great Hebrew favourite of Heav'n,
To whom both pow'r and wisdom's charms were
giv'n,
Would he on Sion's hills have fix'd his seat,
Had rural pleasures been, in truth, most sweet?

Damon.

While here the rosy-fronted morning's light
Shines o'er the hills, and charms the distant sight;
While heav'n's gay choristers in clouds arise,
And, with harmonious warblings, shake the skies;
While we our mirth with moderation crown,
And shun th' excesses of the dangerous town.
Why would Philemon, unadvis'd, obtrude
On us the unfeelt woes of solitude?
What though the Hebrew, whom you well call
great,
Made Sion, for her temple's sake, his seat?
What knowledge did his city life impart?
But that 'twas empty all, and vanity of heart!

Cowley, that shining bard, had try'd and known
The whole heap'd pleasure of your boasted town;
And, finding all its beauties false and base,
Retir'd, and ever after loath'd the place.
Great Dioclesian, when he reach'd the height
Of human glory, shook off cumb'rous state,
Wak'd into man, and shun'd th' alluring bait.
To rural peace, his search he next address'd,
And there his crown despising choice was blest.

Philemon.

Immortal Cowley's tuneful verse I own,
Spoke pow'rful arguments against the town;
So Æsop's fox in vain exerts his pow'r,
And then, like Cowley, cries—the grapes are sow'r,
Had court indulgence smil'd as he desir'd,
He never had to rural shades retir'd.
Your Dioclesian, from plebeian birth,
Rais'd to the rule of a dependant earth,
Stagger'd, with giddy steps, beneath the weight,
And, trembling at his danger, cast his state:
But, if examples can thy genius fire,
And move the rusty springs of dead desire;
Behold great Plato, whose acknowledg'd fame
Has, from his worth, immortaliz'd his name:
Big with town hopes to Dionysius fly,
And to ambition tune philosophy.
Far-fam'd Charibdis threaten'd him in vain,
Nor Scylla's terrors fright him back again.
Sicilian grandeur, like the golden fleece,
Drew all the men of excellence from Greece;
Pythagoras to town invites his friends,
And Socrates our city life defends.
But, lest you should the pow'r of truth deny,
And, in a cause so bad, unmov'd reply;
Know, though assembled nature's sweets combin'd,
And art the country's honour had design'd,
Their joint endeavours would allure in vain,
While heav'n-sought Anna does with us remain:
For as those parts where Phœbus fullest shines,
Though rough and wild, are stor'd with silver
mines, [lands
Whose wealth, attractive, draws from lovelier
Advent'rous thousands to those barren strands:
So, though the city no delights possess,
Did Anna choose it for a place of rest,
Millions would hurry thither and be blest.

Damon.

Farewell, ye once belov'd, retir'd abodes!
Ye murmur'ing springs! and unfrequented woods!
Farewell, ye winged choirs that warble there,
And fill with melody the fluid air!
Ye soft amusements which indulge and please,
And life's bent springs relax with blissful ease!
Farewell, ye rural sports, the eager chase,
The mountain falcon, and the nimble race!
Philemon calls, the charming swain invites,
And wakes my drowsy soul to new delights.
Impregnated with fire, from his bright lines
My mind unfreezes, and my bosom shines.
We not to all our country pleasures owe
Such soft delights as in thy numbers flow.
Less bright the rosy blushes of the morn
Than those ideas which thy thoughts adorn.
Not tuneful Philomel, so musical,
Nor murmur'ing springs, with sweeter accents, fall!

The god of oracles inspires thy songs,
And all is truth which to that god belongs.
Let others then th' unequal strife maintain,
And, with Philemon's muse contend in vain:
I yield; and in his conquest take more pride,
Than if I'd conquer'd all the swains beside.
Farewell, ye once belov'd, retir'd abodes,
I'll to Augusta now, the darling of the gods!

Philemon.

Welcome, dear Damon! in a high degree;
Welcome, sweet swain! to London and to me.
To love the late shun'd field I now begin,
For, yielding thus, you more than conquest win.
Such tender warmth in thy soft soul I see,
That I could dwell in woods, to dwell with thee.
Secure of thee, I may with ease defy
Th' attempt of any future enemy.
Abandon'd nymphs will now forsake the plains,
And dew-drench'd valleys weep departed swains:
Envy shall leave the lonesome cottage free,
For wit and virtue both must follow thee.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN DAMON AND PHILEMON.

Concerning the preference of Riches to Poverty.

Damon.

ACCURSED gold! till thou begot'st offence,
All nature smil'd with artless innocence.
Men's days slid smoothly on in soft delights,
Nor fear'd they villains to disturb their nights:
No blooming virgins then were basely sold,
Slaves to the sordid tyranny of gold! [press'd,
But swains, with honest hearts, kind truths ex-
And nymphs, unblushing, their felt flames confess'd:
Astræa then, with unstain'd glory reign'd;
The judge's ear, by brib'ry yet ungain'd.
No avarice, with her foul train, was known,
But his was theirs, and ours was no man's own.
War had not yet, with stains of blood and rage,
Her mangled offspring brought upon the stage;
But all beneath the peaceful olive sat,
Fill'd and delighted with their blissful state.
But when thy birth, O gold! disturb'd the world,
Nature was into swift confusion hurl'd:
Her charms were lost, and her all-pleasing forms
O'erwhelm'd by tempests, or disguis'd by storms:
Noise and destruction, with gigantic strides,
And all their horrid children at their sides,
March'd round the frighted globe in search of thee,
And plow'd up murder, shame, and perjury!
Philemon then th' inglorious chase refrain,
Nor waste thy life in search of sordid gain.

Philemon.

Gold! thou gay quintessence of earth refin'd;
Which heav'n, to balance struggling pow'r, de-
sign'd.
Till thy decisive weight depress'd the scale,
Contenders did alternately prevail.
Now, reign'd as lord, some chance-ascending
swain;
Another conquers him, yet wins in vain;
A third dethrones 'em both, nor can his pow'r
maintain.
Each would be chief, but all unhelpt by thee,
Stick in the mire of mean equality.

Gold first the famish'd mouth of learning fed,
And drew the curtain which dark ign'rance spread.
No lab'ring industry alarm'd the day,
For there was no reward such toil to pay.
None to the search of knowledge would aspire,
Since wit's increase could raise their wealth no
higher.

Supine stupidity forbade all strife,
And sleep refresh'd not, but imprison'd life.
But, since thy worth, O gold! was greatly known,
Arts have sprung thick, and hope is wider grown.
Men, blest with thee, the murmur'ing world com-
mand,

And tread down discord in each rebel land:
In hopes of thee, the stupid aim to think,
And sin's broad eye, for profit, learns to wink.
The sea's vast depth, for thee, we boldly sound,
And sleep, undreading, upon hostile ground.
For thee, the hind with plenty-spreading hand,
Lifts lazy nature from his sluggish land:
Thou, gold! can'st melt the frosty-breasted fair,
And dry damp sorrows, and soul-drenching care:
In short, by gold alone we happy live;
O Damon! joys are goods which only gold can
give.

Damon.

Thus does the glitt'ring fiend debauch our wills,
And smiles to see us stroke his sting-hid ills:
Base dirt! the fools who are enslav'd by thee,
Slaves to a slave confess themselves to be.
'Tis true thou art the origin and source,
Whence pow'r first rose, and which maintains her
course:
But, what is power, which wealth, not justice gives?
How ill-distinguish'd such a sov'reign lives.
Could men but read the Gallic monarch's breast,
And trace swift tumults through his broken rest,
How would they curse his shadow-circled state,
And laugh at envy, which maligns the great.
Sometimes, O shame! the fair thy pow'r adore,
And feign to love, where they disdain'd before.
But, ah! the tempters who this charm have try'd,
Gain'd not the woman, but the woman's pride.
Can then Philemon, whose alluring strains,
Lov'd by the nymphs, and envy'd by the swains,
Might reconcile antipathies, and move
The cruel hearts of savages to love.
Can he esteem that baneful ore divine?
Or kneel dishonour'd at blind fortune's shrine?
No—rather in her lowliest form, describe
That stain affixing foe to virtue's snow-wash'd
tribe.

Philemon.

Damon, I love thee, and thy welfare seek;
Thence lend my truth the liberty to speak:
Just as I wish, my friendship would advise,
And have thee rich and mighty, as thou'rt wise:
Thy keen-wrought edge of satire cuts too deep,
Not always ills we from wealth's harvest reap.
Gold is the gift of heav'n; and heav'n is wise,
And knows the worth of virtue's far-wish'd prize.
The starts which shake the Gallic monarch's breast,
Those night-born tumults which distract his rest,
Spring not from gold, my Damon, but from pride,
Which swell'd ambition with too high a tide.

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Had he been pleas'd with glories gain'd before,
 Fate had not dash'd his hopes in search of more :
 Though gold the engine of man's fortune is,
 The pilot wisdom must direct the bliss :
 Calm moderation ought to measure choice,
 And high-flown wishes stoop at reason's voice.
 The sun, which at such distance paints the year,
 Would scorch it, Damon, if it came too near.
 You may, with ease, o'er shining millions reign,
 And never be a slave to flowing gain.
 But he whose birth directing stars decree,
 That he shall wear out life in poverty,
 Let him be cast in nature's choicest mould,
 And lord of every gift of heav'n but gold ;
 While that alone he wants, to crown the rest,
 Not all his other charms can make him blest.

Damon.

Philemon's lines do gold so far outshine,
 So far more radiant, dazzling, and divine,
 That ev'n the praise he gives it serves to show,
 What more to wisdom than to wealth we owe !
 But oh ! 'tis false that gold can give us friends,
 Flattery and friendship have wide-diff'ring ends :
 They who crowd round us while our hopes look

gay,

Will in the dusk of fortune shrink away.
 Timon, the brave ! the gen'rous ! and the great !
 Timon, the wise ! but wise, alas ! too late !
 Who dragg'd of wealth's proud dross a mighty load,
 And shed his blessings round him like a god !
 Timon who heal'd the woes of half mankind !
 What curs'd returns did wretched Timon find !
 Content is bliss, I'll with Philemon hold ;
 But that was never purchas'd yet by gold ;
 Our affluence but serves to spur desire,
 And dang'rous flights attain'd but tempt us higher.

Philemon.

Oh ! let me triumph in a golden fate !
 If I am rich I can be wisely great.
 With nice-tim'd aids can fainting worth assist,
 And make the wretched happy when I list :
 But if on fortune's barren strands I lie,
 My fruitless pity shall unpity'd die !
 You tell me, Damon, friends are bought and sold,
 And that assistance comes and goes with gold.
 If help in life affords the greatest bliss,
 Sure, that which buys that help the greatest com-
 fort is.

Damon.

All your strong arguments no proof produce,
 Of gold's intrinsic value but its use !
 Your generous soul your friends would entertain,
 And general bliss with wide-spread aids maintain,
 Call forth dim virtue on the world to shine !
 'Tis great ! 'tis wond'rous great ! 'tis all divine !
 But still, Philemon, this sublime delight,
 Springs not from gold's access, but from its flight !
 You praise the use, yet cannot bear the sight. }
 Should villains aid me some worse foe to kill,
 I'd love the act, but hate the villain still ;
 I'd prize a truth sent in the devil's name,
 But still abhor that devil from whom it came.
 So gold, pernicious in its nature, may
 By souls like your's be bent a nobler way :
 Thus, as the needle, by magnetic force
 Once touch'd, still to the magnet guides its course.

Trembling, while wand'ring thence, and finds no
 rest,

'Till clasp'd and fasten'd to its darling breast.
 So though our thoughts on diff'rent points de-
 sign,

Meeting at last we in one centre join, [thine.
 And in the union lose the terms of mine and

Philemon.

I praise, dear swain, the use of gold, 'tis true ;
 But use includes intrinsic value too ;
 Whence but from use does estimation rise ?
 And ev'ry thing is worth what ev'ry thing supplies.
 'Tis true, a diamond cannot keep out cold,
 Nor can we eat or drink our heaps of gold ;
 Yet blest'd with either, Damon, we can buy
 What neither in their nature can supply.
 And since for wealth the joys of life are sold,
 There's an intrinsic value sure in gold.
 I hold with Damon gold should be a slave,
 I treat as such the moderate sums I have.
 And as kind fortune shall increase my store,
 I'll make a slave of that and ten times more.
 Yet gold possesses every healing pow'r ;
 Not love alone falls in a golden show'r.
 Gold makes men wise as well as gives 'em rule ;
 For who e'er knew a wealthy man a fool ?
 Ev'n in the shades below the rich were blest,
 And born by Charon to the fields of rest.
 While the poor beggar, shiv'ring on the shore,
 Wanting his penny, found no passage o'er.
 So poverty with shame to death was hurl'd,
 And drew down scandal to the other world.
 But since, my Damon, whom the muses bless,
 Affects not gold and bids me love it less,
 I'll listen to his sweet bewitching voice,
 And guide my soul to meet him in his choice.
 Since then, nor you nor I can happy be,
 You with much gold, nor I with poverty,
 Let's bend our search to find some freer fate,
 And crown our wishes in the middle state.

TO A LADY,

Desiring to know what Love was like.

Love is a treacherous heat, a smothering spark,
 Blown up by children's breath who shun the dark.
 At first, the fire is innocently bright,
 Glows gently gay and scatters warm delight :
 But left neglected and unquench'd too long,
 The nourish'd flame grows terrible and strong ;
 Till blazing fierce, it spreads on every side,
 And burns its kindler with ungrateful pride.

PLAIN TRUTH.

CHLOE, you talk with joy of Celia's face,
 Admire her wit, and ape her fancy'd grace ;
 The praise you give is sure sincere respect,
 Your practice proves what airs your thoughts af-
 fect.
 But since you know that friendship should be free,
 Give her this hint, and say—it came from me.
 A face like her's, if manag'd well, might please,
 But no charm strikes that is not arm'd with ease.
 Striving too eagerly, she strives in vain ;
 These studied airs put beauty to the strain :

Would she wound sure and conquer with a grace,
Tell her, the careless runner wins the race.

CELINDA IN THE SNOW.

CELINDA riding in a snowy day,
The wind-driv'n flakes about her hov'ring flew,
Some to her tempting bosom made their way,
And melting, chill'd her beauties through and through.

Some aiming with less art her clothes beset,
And froze to little buttons as they fell;
Others, which could not such fair quarters get,
Flew by unblest and miss'd the shiv'ring belle.

Quite tir'd at last, and freezing as she rode,
Her ivory teeth all chattering in her head;
Was ever such a day? she cry'd, good God!
If it much longer snows I shall be dead.

Madam, said I, 'tis true, your lovely breast
Is far more us'd to give than suffer pain;
Yet of this accident to make the best,
'Tis better I should preach than you complain.

All nature's works in some degree alike,
Confess the wisdom of their Maker's will,
And bear hid meanings man's dark mind to strike
With mystic hints that try comparing skill.

Thus some with envy fill'd, envenom'd look, [see;
And gnaw themselves when happier men they
Some can success in others gladly brook,
Though they, perhaps, steep'd o'er in misery be.
Others, again, by outward winds unshook,
All chances but their own indifferent see.

So, my Celinda, 'tis with the sharp snow,
Those feath'ry flakes have each a sev'ral aim;
The envy-act'd see your bosom glow,
And rush, malicious, to assault the flame.

But shock'd to find themselves, when nested there,
So far exceeded in their boasted white;
With melting grief their humbled pride they bear,
And weep themselves to death to shun the light.

Others, of this white tribe that see and know,
With rev'rence shun that bliss-warm breast of thine,

But strive t' adorn thy dress with some new show,
And froze to glitt'ring gems about thee shine.

A third sort, unattracted ev'n by thee;
And cold indeed such snow we ought to call;
With dull indiff'rence all thy charms can see,
And, disregardful, round thee scattering fall.

Celinda list'ning, answer'd with a smile,
You poets keep your fancies always warm;
Could but this inward heat the frost beguile,
We need not stop at yonder smoky farm.

TO CELINDA,

In Excuse for looking on her at Church.

If fix'd on your's my eyes in pray'r you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry;
For since our Maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy:

And what's most bright, most gives him to our
view,
I look most near him when I look on you.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

Am I awake? or is my soul misled,
Through the bold tracks of mem'ry's mazy deep,
The empty realms of mimic sleep,
Horrors by wild imagination bred,
Skim shadowy, and about me circling spread,
Oh! who can tell the cause of these new fears?
Whence these loud groans which tortur'd fancy
hears?

Whence this loud thund'ring in my ears?
Why seems the starting sun to hold back day?
Why does he leap at once out of his fire-pav'd way?
And half-extinguish'd upward fly,
To shroud his beams behind a sabbled sky? [hurl'd?
Why every way at once are these swift lightnings
Trembling nations to amaze,
And terribly adorn with quiv'ring blaze,
The horrors of a shade-benighted world?

Why breaks yon rising ocean o'er the lands?
Disdainful of its old appointed bounds: [lands,
Why does it open far behind its brine-delighted
And leaving dry its roomy bed,
Let loose at once, high lift its frightful head,
To seek forbidden grounds?

And hugely swelling from afar, with earth-assault-
ing roar, [the kingdoms o'er.
Rise o'er the swallow'd mountain tops, and sweep
Why does this circle-spreading earthquake swell,
Deep-flowing like a subterraneous tide?

Frighted fancy, canst thou tell,
Why this strong foe, assum'd, his face should hide?
'Tis not sure for want of pride,
He shakes down cities with his mildest shocks;
Plows in the hill he rolls beneath, and harrows up
the rocks!

Unseen, he dreadful does appear;
The marble-hearted mountains quake for fear:
And as they find the danger drawing near,
With huge unwieldy terror leap aside,
And, shook with agues, cast their snowy pride.

The dead themselves, by nature's charter blest,
With promis'd beds of lasting rest,
Are from their graves, their dark long houses
thrown up and dispos'd.

See the pale ghosts of our forefathers rise!

Horribly serene they glide,
And snuff, with shadowy nostrils, scents of day,
Which fled so lately, all at once, away.

See how to earth they bend their beamless eyes,
And seem to wander, guideless, every way,
Unwilling through our hated world to stray,
In search of the forgotten graves where once their
bodies lay.

Too conscious soul! I feel it now:
Well may the stubborn pride of nature bow.

Well may trembling nations moan,
And mem'ry, sick with consternation, groan,
God, who to man his ev'ry blessing gives,
From whom, ungrateful, he receiv'd his breath:

That God, by whom alone man lives,
That very God, this day, by man met death.

THE DISPARITY,

FROM A HINT OF SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Ye starry sparks, on which, by night, we gaze,
That meanly satisfy our distant eyes,
More by your number than your blaze,
Ye common people of the skies :
What are ye when the sun shall rise ?
Ye warbling rangers of the groves,
That sweetly strain your little throats :
And, perch'd on boughs, to sing your loves,
Charm the still forest with your notes ;
Who will admire your tuneful lays,
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?
Ye violets that in early spring appear,
And, cloth'd in purple, wait upon the sun,
Adorning earth's damp face, with blooming cheer,
And making ev'ry verdant bank your own,
What are ye when the rose is blown ?
So, when my charmer shall be seen,
Gaz'd on, and wonder'd at by all,
Beauty must own her rightful queen,
And ev'ry fair usurpers fall :
For she was sure by heav'n design'd,
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

BELINDA'S GRAVE.

HERE, woe-mark'd spot ! once dear Belinda lay ;
Here her cold bosom mix'd with colder clay ;
And here, despairing and afflicted I
Planted this tree, which now makes haste to die :
While this lov'd cypress a sad shelter made,
Oft would I lose myself beneath its shade ;
Guide, with a painful pleasure, each dear shoot,
And water with my tears the rich-fed root.
Sigh through the boughs, like some moist April
breeze,
And the grasp'd trunk in am'rous rapture squeeze.
And when some warbling songster, nested there,
Belinda's voice, methought, shook soft the air !
The murmur'ing branches, bending from the wind,
Breath'd a cool comfort o'er my love-shook mind.
Thus, seven long years, I learnt to hear and see
My lost Belinda, in her funeral tree.
But, mad at last, and all impatient grown,
To make my fruitless passion still more known :
Fatally fond, I put a cruel mark,
And carv'd my name upon the shrinking bark.
Wretch that I was ! the tree, from that curs'd day,
In sad resentment, pin'd itself away !
And that new life, which dead Belinda gave,
Wither'd with pain, crept downward to her grave.

THE ROYAL SEPULCHRE.

Is this the boastful pride of mortal state ?
Is it for this we covet to be great ?
What short-liv'd bliss from envy'd grandeur
springs,
When these poor relics once were mighty kings !
O frail uncertainty of earthly pow'r !
Where graves can majesty itself devour !

How naked now does royalty appear !
Alas, how vast, how sad a change is here !
Tell me, dumb dust, how wide was thy command ?
Where's now the sceptre that once fill'd this hand ?
Where are those brawny guards which aw'd thy
state ? [wait ?
Where the gay crowds which once were proud to
Can narrow limits, dark like these, contain
The chang'd extent of thy contracted reign ?
Canst thou, at whose least frown a nation shook,
And, trembling, watch'd the light'nings of thy
look :
Canst thou, at last grown humble, be content
To let bold search profane thy monument ?
And common men, grown rude and wanton too,
Thus poise your dusty bones, and wonder at the
view.

MAY-DAY.

WELCOME, dear dawn of summer's rising sway,
Fair fav'rite of the year ! soul-soft'ning May !
Late I have learnt, by love's sweet queen inspir'd,
Why, from my youth, this day my bosom fir'd ;
'Twas for her birth that blooming nature sprung,
'Twas in her notes the sky's soft rangers sung.
The breeze blew soft, to sigh her soul's sweet
frame,
And the boughs bent in homage to her name.
Thick shot the meads, to paint her fruitful mind,
And flow'rs, that roll'd her breath, enrich'd the
wind ;
For her the sun wak'd out to bless our isle,
And lighted up half heav'n to paint her smile.
Oh ! we are lovers all ! our Celia reigns,
And the warm'd world is sick with my sweet
pains.

MOSES'S SONG OF THANKSGIVING,

On the overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea,

FROM EXODUS, CHAP. XV.

The first Part only.

TEMPLES and altars let us raise,
Ours, and our father's God, provokes our praise.
God is our strength, God is our theme :
Where is Egypt's fall'n esteem ?
Pharaoh wakes from his proud dream ;
Wakes to feel a warrior's hand.
Lord of a pow'r more vast than his, that shakes
his wond'ring land !
Vainly the following foes our God defy'd,
Their rapid wheels in vain tore up the strand ;
In vain they mock'd the waving wand ;
Not all their noise could the loud sea withstand ;
The wat'ry world flow'd fearless o'er their pride,
A drowning army beat th' involving tide.
On wave-wash'd chariots, half sustain'd, the trem-
bling captains ride.
Up-lifted hoofs paw'd loose the liquid way,
And round 'em, black'ning through the foam, the
floating legions lay.
Down, down, th' ungrounded footsteps go ;
Strain'd to feel for sands below,
Sands where wat'ry mountains flow !

Sinking, like rocks, they clog the deep with prey,
High-cov'ring rose the briny flood, and swept their
rage away.

Saving God! thy hand was here:
Thou protecting, who can fear?
Threat'ning aloud, the thund'ring legions rose,
And at thy chosen shock th' extended spear:
Behind, amaz'd, we saw th' o'ertaking foes,
Hearts anticipating blows.
But while thy blast, O base despair! blew keen,
Safely from heav'n shot down between!
Dreadful, in wrath, thy lifted arm but shone,
And all th' unnumber'd thousands melt away:
O'er stubbly fields, so wind-driv'n fire rolls on,
And sweeps the blazing breadth with crackly sway.
Th' Almighty's voice but spoke a loud command,
And strait th' unlinking surges backward rise.
High climbing waves in quiv'ring mountains stand,
And hang their billowy horrors in the skies.
In murmur'ing cleft th' obedient deep yawns wide,
And shad'wy glooms lour dark from either side.
Down through the horrid vale's moist concave led,
Safe and dry bold Israel tread;
Gay, 'twixt terrors, round her spread,
Her tearful eye now smil'd once more and hail'd
her guardian God.

Hark! aloft the wond'ring foe!
Look! they cry'd, all pointing low,
Shall the cowards 'scape us so;
'Twixt the dividing waves they go!
Their forc'er cleaves the sea with magic skill:
Haste, prevent, o'ertake and kill.
They hear, they march—they dare the mad com-
mand;
The shouting squares invade the cover'd strand;
Chariots, impell'd on fiery wheels, gore wide th' in-
cumber'd sand.
Mix'd horse and foot, in bann'ry pomp descend;
See, from each horn th' inclining length'ners bend,
Loose slides the weeping ooze to shun their weight,
And the deep murmur'ing mourns th' unusual state.
Hark! the bursting thunder speaks!
Waves your wat'ry ranks disband!
Oh! behold how vain, how weak
Strength that dares its God withstand!
Down at once from either hand,
Hoarse sounding hills, o'er hills let loose, devour
the vanish'd sand!
Helpless, ingulf'd, th' immersing squadrons roll:
Pharaoh, proud-sinking, drinks down brine that
chills his fiery soul.
Mix'd on th' involving surge, a-while they strive,
Then, like sunk plumbets, to the bottom dive.
Of all the gods, no god like ours is found!
Join heav'n and earth, applause like his let men
and angels sound.

DAVID'S ELEGY

For the Death of Saul and Jonathan.

2 KINGS, CHAP. I.

O ISRAEL! how does all thy beauty fade!
How are the mighty fall'n, the strong betray'd!
Ne'er may this woe in Gath's full streets be told;
Never let Ascalon our fate unfold.

Mountains of Gilboa! may ye drink no dew;
Let rain's mourn'd want turn red the verdant hue;
Let your vines wither, and your olives die,
And your parch'd fields no grainy wealth supply;
For there, abandon'd Saul, brave monarch, bled,
As if no awful oil had hemm'd his head.

Never in vain drew Jonathan his bow;
Never Saul's sword fell frustrate on a foe:
Lovely and loving, one dear life they led,
Nor parted dying, but together bled.
Swifter than eagles, to the fight they flew,
Stronger than lions, they could foes pursue.

Daughters of Israel! weep the loss of Saul:
In scarlet and in gold he cloth'd you all:
Peaceful, beneath his warlike shade, you smil'd;
And triumph'd, by their toil, whose hosts he spoil'd.

Thee, Jonathan, my brother! thee I mourn;
With grief still growing must thy loss be borne.
Soft and delightful partner of my soul:
Two halves divided made us one dear whole.
Vast was thy love, and wonderful to me;
And never woman lov'd as I lov'd thee.

TO A LADY,

ON CALLING ME JEALOUS.

He whose whole treasure one dear vessel bears,
Through seas on which destructive pirates
swarm,
Must be excus'd a thousand fears and cares,
And bend his soul to ev'ry strong alarm.
Ill do they love, and feel thee at their heart,
Who seem unmov'd, while others hope thee
theirs;
My kindling bosom burns with open smart,
For my proud soul her unveil'd meaning wears.
Nice as thy own, and all refin'd as thine,
My tow'ring passion climbs with gen'rous flame;
But, shrinking from neglect, in sad decline,
Burns downward, and forgoes a frustrate aim.
Tender as infant sighs, in slumb'ring ease,
My soft'ning soul admits and owns thy sway:
'Tis my life's sweetest care thy taste to please,
And in thy sunshine melt my griefs away.
Woes are too weak to wound me through thy
smiles; [me;
The pole's fix'd frost were warm as heav'n to
I tread down malice through her mazy wiles,
And triumph over all things charming thee.
What task so dang'rous, or what toil so vast,
Would not thy love inspire me to defy:
Soul'd with immortal fire my flame must last,
And I should conquer worlds beneath thy eye.
O that my struggling thoughts which heave within,
Could borrow but a voice and speak my soul;
Then would this heart thy grateful passions win,
Till—oh, vast empire! I should claim the whole.
Yet as it is indulge my trembling fear,
And give thy lover's counsel leave to speak:
Fools are all false, nor long can hold thee dear,
For soon they find whatever they know to seek.

Boastful, ungenerous, vain, and grossly mean
 On all thy charms they only feed their sense;
 Thou art by them but as mere woman seen,
 Blind to thy heav'n of inward excellence.
 Sudden the wretches' smoky flames expire;
 Such earthy fuel must of course decay;
 But I, while adoration lifts desire,
 Light up a love that ne'er can burn away.

ALONE IN AN INN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

April. 25. 1737.

TWENTY lost years have stol'n their hours away,
 Since in this inn, ev'n in this room, I lay:
 How chang'd! what then, rapture, fire, and air,
 Seems now sad silence all and blank despair!
 Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
 And, life advancing, fancy fades her light?
 Ah, no!—nor yet is day so far declin'd,
 Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.

'Tis that I miss th' inspirer of that youth;
 Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth.

Her, from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
 And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.
 Prospects that view'd with her inspir'd before,
 Now seen without her can delight no more.
 Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
 But left her griefs to multiply my care.

Pensive and cold this room in each chang'd part
 I view, and, shock'd from ev'ry object, start: [day,
 There hung the watch, that beating hours from
 Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.
 There her dear diamond taught the sash my name;
 'Tis gone! frail image of love, life, and fame.
 That glass, she dress'd at, keeps her form no more;
 Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor,
 There sat she—yet those chairs no sense retain,
 And busy recollection smarts in vain.
 Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here!
 I wonder, and retract a starting tear,
 Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell,
 And o'er and o'er on each weigh'd object dwell.
 Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
 And tempt idea to permit delight.
 But unimpressive, all in sorrow drown'd,
 One void forgetful desert glooms around.

Oh life!—deceitful lure of lost desires!
 How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires!
 Scarce can a passion start (we change so fast),
 Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.
 Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste ex-
 plore,

That e'er we learn to live, we live no more.
 Who then can think—yet sigh, to part with breath?
 Or shun the healing hand of friendly death?
 Guilt, penitence, and wrongs, and pain, and strife,
 Form the whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer,
 life!

Is it for this, that toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
 Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each new year?
 Oh take me, death! indulge desir'd repose,
 And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.

Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that pray'r,
 Still there remains one claim to tax my care.

Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
 In four dear transcripts of her copy'd mind.
 They chain me down to life, new task supply,
 And leave me not at leisure yet to die!
 Busied for them I yet forego release,
 And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace.
 But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night,
 Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas on the day whose un auspicious fate,
 With dismal news alarm'd Britannia's state;
 And in our admiral's shipwreck let us see,
 That courage cannot stem mortality!
 The sea's grim sov'reign in a calmer place,
 Unbent the wrinkly terrors of his face:
 Where, stretch'd at ease, the wanton monarch lay,
 And, hemm'd with nereids, laugh'd the hours
 away;

Soft knots of uniform'd coral swell'd his bed,
 And oozy samphire crown'd his bushy head.
 A watchful guard the best arm'd fishes keep,
 And wind-rock'd billows lull'd their lord to sleep.
 While thus he lay, thick-gathering shouts were
 heard

From ev'ry part the scaly nation steer'd;
 With sudden force the swelling sea ran high,
 And moving mountains swept the darken'd sky.
 Disturb'd, the monarch rais'd his wond'ring head,
 And started, doubtful, from his briny bed:
 Angry, his awful trident thrice he shook,
 And swift possession of his chariot took:
 Fix'd in the stately seat, he drives, he raves!
 The frightened steeds divide the foamy waves;
 And plunging fiercely through retorted tides,
 Dash the drops both ways from their panting sides.

Soon he arriv'd, where shoals on shoals amaz'd,
 In gath'ring swarm, as on some wonder, gaz'd:
 Triumphant tumult spoke unusual joys,
 And growing numbers swell'd the savage noise.
 The god advanc'd; and, as he nearer drew,
 The shooting fishes fled his awful view!
 He came; and curious what the cause could be,
 That had at once alarm'd th' assembled sea!
 He saw—and, starting back, declin'd his head,
 The well-known Clou'sly, Britain's admiral,
 dead!

Stretch'd on the sands, the wave-swol'n warrior lay,
 To death's wide jaws an unexpected prey!
 Swift he descends, o'erjoy'd at what he found,
 And rais'd the body from th' unwilling ground;
 Invok'd the soul to re-inform his breast:

The late ejected spirit, greatly blest,
 Return'd, and joyful its own seat possess'd;
 The waking hero felt a strange surprise,
 And starting, open'd wide his sea-wash'd eyes:
 Look'd round, with curious horror all amaz'd,
 While thus the god bespoke him as he gaz'd.

Illustrious rival of my wat'ry throne!
 Welcome to regions more than half your own.
 Long have my seas been practis'd to your sway;
 Scarce would my doubtful slaves my laws obey,
 Unknowing, till surpris'd, they saw you die,
 Who was most god of oceans, you or I!

Live now confess'd, from this propitious hour,
Imperial partner of divided pow'r. [pride,

Grateful, the chief bow'd low, unmov'd with
And to the gen'rous offer thus reply'd:
You tempt me with a pow'r I would not lose,
Had I my queen's consent that pow'r to use,
She bid me rule the seas to my last breath,
But gave me no commission after death.

THE FRENCH PROPHETS.

PROPHECY, no—'tis luxury of soul!
No cataracts down religion's rivers roll! [clear,
Her streams, though deep, are ever smooth and
And from their bottoms all things plain appear.
On superstition's sea these vessels ride,
Foul with the dashings of her muddy tide.
What marks, what tokens, can they boast from
heav'n?

Knowledge is still with inspiration giv'n!
While these the dusky paths of ignorance tread,
And impudently prophecy for bread!
With counterfeited shocks of soul they swell,
And in forc'd sweats, convulsive falsehoods tell.
To heights like this religion would not fly;
Ev'n zeal grows madness, when 'tis screw'd too
high.

Now law, methinks, most wholesomely severe,
Might truth's fair garden from this rubbish clear;
Which long despis'd, may strike too vig'rous root,
And into groves of godly error shoot!
'Twere easy, now, to sweep loose weeds away,
Which may destroy the flow'rs by short delay.

So, in the bottom of some goodly plain,
Flows a small rill, increas'd by casual rain;
Near which, with careful steps, and sounding hands,
Some cautious clown with needless terror stands;
Loth to attempt a nimble passage o'er,
While still the swelling stream increases more;
Till faint essays protracting time in vain,
The rising river drowns the cover'd plain.
Then staggr'ing with affright he gazes round,
And forc'd to pass at last mistakes his ground:
Till deeply wading toward the wide miss'd shore,
The current sweeps him, and he's seen no more.

CELIA TO AMINTOR.

SINCE God, whom we continually offend,
Is still so merciful, that he forgives,
Man sure a pitying ear may justly lend,
When woman penitent in sorrow lives.

The mournful dove, when absent from her mate,
Sits brooding melancholy all alone;
Pines and bemoans her separated state,
And all the groves can ne'er the loss atone.

So I, depriv'd of all I hold most dear,
My much-mourn'd lover, and my tend'rest
friend,

Hear reason whisper in my conscious ear,
That only your blest sight my grief can end.

Sure, if I see you not before I sleep,
A second Niobe I shall become;
Fly then, Amintor, give my woe relief;
Rather than vex you, I'll be always dumb.

AMINTOR'S ANSWER.

If you too frequently provoke your God,
That God, who merciful, forgives you still,
You must expect at last to feel his rod;
His rod, the fittest scourge of head-strong will.

But I, long vers'd in women's winding ways,
Unmov'd with patient phlegm their follies see;
And, like men tir'd with dirty wint'ry days, [be.
Would wish 'twere spring, but know it cannot

No longer then in spite of nature pine;
Those tiny eyes can spare no room for tears;
Your wand'ring dove has snatch'd the first glad
sign,
And with the peaceful olive-branch appears.

For should your tuneful clack be stricken dumb,
More wonders would arise than you have shown;
Not Celia only statue would become,
But all th' astonish'd town would turn to stone.

TO MIRANDA, AFTER MARRIAGE;

WITH MR. LOCK'S TREATISE ON EDUCATION.

SINCE every day with new delight I see
These lively little images of thee,
I would their tender minds to virtue bow,
And have 'em never less belov'd than now.
Take then, thou gentle partner of my care,
A glass, to show thee what these infants are:
By this just light direct their opening way,
Lest road-met folly lead their steps astray: [owe,
First, teach 'em what to heav'n's high throne they
Then—whence on earth the wise man's comforts
flow:

Teach 'em, while fortune smiles to use her right,
And nobly scorn her when she takes her flight.
The rare-sound charms of friendship let 'em know,
And learn, that love's soft dress is lin'd with woe.
Form with progressive care the wid'ning mind,
And, growing, bid 'em leave the world behind:
Till having learn'd whate'er becomes the free,
You lastly teach 'em, how to charm like thee.

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED UNMARRIED.

RIPE in virtue, green in years,
Here a matchless maid lies low:
None could read, and spare their tears,
Did they but her sweetness know.

Humbly wise, and meekly good,
No earthly lover's arms she blest;
But full of grace, her Saviour woo'd,
And hides her blushes in his breast.

AUGUSTA'S COMPLAINT TO HER THAMES.

NEAR the soft solitudes of Hampton's plain,
Where the moist banks perpetual spring maintain;
The gentle Thames has form'd a deep'ning bay,
Where sportful streams in wanton whirlpools play.
In this sweet place the clouds no terrors wear;
Here no bold tempests discompose the air;

No ruffling billows here assault the shore,
Nor wint'ry floods with swell'd ambition roar;
But all, serene and calm, is form'd to please,
And the smooth stream reflects the bord'ring
trees;

Hither no winds, but zephyrous breaths repair,
Soft as the sighs of love-sick virgins are!
Here safety reigns, and on the silent brink,
Cud-chewing cattle watch their fleeting drink:
While fishes, conscious of no foes to shun,
Turn up their scaly noses to the sun. [bred,

Here, sick with grief, which Anna's absence
Augusta's genius hid her mournful head;
And, with low accents, speaking inward pains,
Thus to the gliding river she complains:
When gentle stream to shun the briny tide,
Anon thy sea-met waves shall backward glide;
Then, gentle stream be kind, one moment stay,
And, on thy surface, bear my sighs away;
Tell the great mistress of this happy isle,
Augusta, stript of joy, forgets to smile. [state,

What though yon tow'ring spires have ris'n in
The city's genius feels an humbler fate.
Shou'd art and nature toil to make me fair,
Cou'd I taste glory, and my queen not there?
But, oh! too fondly I to thee complain;
Thou know'st, unkindly know'st, 'tis all in vain!
Thy streams their eye-bewitching pleasures join,
To raise thy Windsor's state to ruin mine!
Windsor has other boasts, but help'd by thee,
Grows proudly charming and out-rivals me.
But turn sweet current! bid thy waters stray,
And guide their mazy bends some other way.
Strip the gay cottage of its boastful pride,
Nor longer through th' imperious prospect glide.
So to thy care this glory shall remain,
T' have given Augusta back her queen again.

Grave Thamesis thrice shook his dripping head,
And slowly rising from his oozy bed, [ran,
While the hush'd stream with awful smoothness
He to the mournful genius thus began:

Yon queen of cities ought to learn content;
Her gratitude shou'd these complaints prevent.
Have I not rais'd her to an envy'd state?
Is she not rich, licentious, pow'rful, great?
And would she thus make every bliss her own?
And must our Anna live for her alone.
Do not yon sun-beams with unwearied race,
Whelm their enliv'ning light from place to place?
Why, then, must Britain's glory cease to move,
And bless her world with her divided love?
Go, go, retire! your tears with pain I see,
And this complaint renew'd shall dang'rous be!
He said, and gliding from her presence went,
And sad Augusta strove, but could not be content.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

Of the beautiful new Piece, called Pamela.

BLEST be thy pow'rful pen, whoe'er thou art,
Thou skill'd great moulder of the master'd heart!
Where hast thou lain conceal'd? or why thought
At this dire period to unveil thy wit? [fit,
O! late befriended isle! had this broad blaze,
With earlier beamings bless'd our fathers days,

The pilot radiance pointing out the source,
Whence public wealth derives its vital course;
Each timely draught some healing pow'r had
shown,

Ere general gangreen blacken'd to the bone.
But fest'ring now, beyond all sense of pain,
'Tis hopeless, and the helper's hand is vain.
Sweet Pamela! forever blooming maid!
Thou dear enliv'ning (yet immortal) shade!
Why are thy virtues scatter'd to the wind?
Why are thy beauties flash'd upon the blind?
What though thy flutt'ring sex might learn from
thee,

That merit forms a rank above degree?
That pride, too conscious, falls from ev'ry claim,
While humble sweetness climbs beyond its aim.
What though religion, smiling from thy eyes,
Shows her plain pow'r, and charms without dis-
guise?

What though thy warmly-pleasing moral scheme,
Gives livelier rapture than the loose can dream?
What though thou build'st by thy persuasive life,
Maid, child, friend, mistress, mother, neighbour,
wife?

Though taste like thine each void of time can fill,
Unfunk by spleen, unquicken'd by quadrille?
What though 'tis thine, to bless the lengthen'd
hour,

Give permanence to joy, and use to pow'r?
Lend late-felt blushes to the vain and smart,
And squeeze cramp'd pity from the miser's heart?
What though 'tis thine, to hush the marriage
breeze,

Teach liberty to tire, and chains to please?
Thine though from stiffness to divest restraint,
And to the charmer reconcile the saint.
Though smiles and tears obey thy moving skill,
And passion's ruffled empire waits thy will.
Though thine the fancy'd fields of flow'ry wit,
Thine art's whole pow'r in nature's language
writ.

Thine to convey strong thought with modest ease,
And, copying converse, teach its style to please;
Though thine each virtue that a God could lend;
Thine every help that every heart can mend:
'Tis thine in vain, thou wak'st a dying land,
And lift'st departed hope with fruitless hand.
Death has no cure—thou hast mistim'd thy aim:
Rome had her Goths—and all beyond was shame.

ON CORINNA'S FIRST ATTEMPT IN POETRY.

WITH eyes unbrib'd, by your enchanting view,
I trac'd impartial your soft numbers through.
Your loose-dress'd fancy in each sparkling line,
Gilds the gay current of your deep design.
Your poem, strongly fine, and softly bold,
Is silkworm's labour spun with threads of gold.
Go on, bright maid! nor doubt the world's ap-
plause;

Wit arm'd with looks, like yours the critic awes.
Though years may knit and lengthen your success,
Think not your youth will your due praise op-
press:

Ev'n the broad sun, when first his glories rise,
With struggling tincture, streaks the eastern
skies;
But soon, through heav'n's enlighten'd orbs, the
conquering lustre flies.

THE VALENTINE.

WHY, be it so! it matters not what name
You river bears, since still it flows the same.
Whate'er I call you, this I'm sure I feel,
No name can speak of you with half my zeal.
In vain, love's meaning, this or that we call,
The comprehensive lover takes in all!
Yet since to custom's bent we all incline,
You shall, to please you, be my valentine.
And since my charming trisler asks a gift,
The mystic value of this present list.
Accept these gloves, and if they worthless seem,
Learn, thus, what pleas they bring for your e-
steem.

Their spotless white preferr'd their choice to me,
As the best emblem of your chastity.
Their smoothness may almost the honour win,
To represent the velvet of your skin. [find,
Their suppleness, which join'd with strength, you
Is the just fabric of your well mix'd mind.
The kid, that wore 'em, had some faint pretence,
To be the type of your sweet innocence.
How then can I a fitter present choose?
Or you these emblematic gloves refuse.
One stronger reason, too, my fear has found;
Women, they say, oft slight the breast they wound.
And when dark absence shades us from their view,
They look not after us, but seek out new.
To shun this fate these gloves your lover sends,
That you may have him at your fingers ends.

THE REVENGE.

HIGH on the summit of a craggy rock,
Whose harden'd sides resist the billows shock;
Whose cliffy brow, mens eyes with horror view,
O'erlooking, proudly, land and ocean too:
There stands a roomy cave by nature made,
To knit, in just embraces, light and shade:
Its spacious mouth the sun's up-rising greets,
Admits his lustre, but repels his heats!
No glaring gold on this rough portal shines,
But creeping ivy round its entrance twines.
Wall-flow'rs, wild thyme, and juniper grow there,
And with their odorous influence feed the air.
Surrounding groves, at distance, graceful rise,
Shades for the little songsters of the skies.
And near the cave, a torrent gushing o'er,
Dashes the sea beneath with tributary roar.

Stretch'd on a bed of fresh-blown roses here,
Serene the region, and the prospect clear,
Rests, when grown weary by her summer toil,
The wakeful genius of our happy isle.
Hence, her unbounded sight can trace the shore,
And look high-posted the proud-ocean o'er.
And hence, while hostile winds grow hoarse in
vain, [main.
Guide safe her wide-watch'd Britons 'cross the
'Twas here of late, on an ill-fated day,
The awful nymph, o'ercharg'd with business, lay;

Now swelling winds deficient sails to fill;
Now soft'ning tempests with reductive skill,
Now with wide blessings looks she through the isle,
And calls forth harvests with a fruitful smile.
Then t'wards Augusta's spires she loves to lean,
And guide stray'd comforts to Augusta's queen.
But, whether tir'd with her long line of care,
Or lull'd to rest by the unacted air,
A rising languor o'er her senses creeps,
And in a fatal hour the guardian sleeps.

Now was the time! the prompted Gallic foe
Call'd out to strike a chance-invited blow,
With shameful odds, in strength advanc'd to meet,
Th' unfearing convoys of a British fleet!
With deadly shock th' unequal squadrons join,
And death-wing'd fires fly swift from either line.
In jetty pomp black terrors force their way,
And sulph'rous smoke puts out the eye of day.

Just in the thunder of the growing fight,
The waking genius started at the sight!
In sad surprise she rolls her sparkling eyes,
Springs from her couch, and to the ocean flies!
Arriv'd, incumbent on the ruffled air,
She sees rude globes the floating forest tear:
Her sons o'ermatch'd, like men untaught to yield,
Scud, unresolv'd, about the watry field:
The spacious seas with scatter'd vessels charg'd,
To double length the breaking line enlarg'd.
Averse to fly, nor deaf to safety's call,
They hang, like scatt'ring clouds, about to fall.
But while the foe, encourag'd at his view,
Pressing triumphant on, would dare pursue;
Again united they the fight restore,
Again dart vengeance fiercer than before:
Again the big-mouth'd cannon rends the sky,
And the unconquer'd sufferers rush to die.

Thus, while the hunted panther spent with fight,
Looks round distressed, and meditates a flight;
If then prevented, he with sudden roar
Turns back, and dyes the field with hostile gore;
Disdaining life upon the spears he flies,
And heap'd on piles of victims proudly dies.
All this the trembling nymph with grief beheld;
At length her care the victor's force repell'd;
Then wastes no time the ruin'd to deplore,
But guides the rich remainder safe to shore:
Thence to the cave with threat'ning transport flew,
Revolving what her hop'd revenge should do!
There, while depress'd with melancholy thought,
Her working fancy diff'rent projects taught,
From heav'n's bright orb a youth divinely fair,
With wings extended, cleav'd th' enlighten'd air;
Just at the mourning charmer's feet he stay'd,
Look'd lovely on her, bow'd him low, and said:

Mourn not this little loss, nor blame thy fate;
Decreed revenge shall on thy wishes wait:
Look up, bright maid! read Ramilies writ there,
And pay thyself large int'rest for this care!
He said: and strait his wings their plumies advance,
And bear him glitt'ring through the wild expanse;
The ravish'd nymph beholds his starry flight,
And fill'd with promis'd glory blest the sight.

JOISTLING IN SNOWY WEATHER.

FORGIVE me, Chloris! nor my rudeness blame;
Strange as it is, this frost has bred a flame!

Driv'n from your breast, I glow with new desire;
 And melt like straggling snow that falls on fire.
 Had you been black you might have shunn'd this
 blow;
 For diff'rent colours would each other show;
 But, oh! you're fair, and cold, and soft, and every
 way like snow.

LIBERIA WATCH'D AT MIDNIGHT.

As from a window in the wane of night,
 With starry views I feasted wand'ring sight,
 I saw Liberia watch the rising day,
 Whose lustre was to light her friend away!
 That friend whose kindred passion serv'd to prove
 The promis'd ardour of her brother's love!
 That brother's love, which though it meets regard,
 Remains uncrown'd with the yet-hop'd reward!
 As in some overcast and dismal day,
 We start to see the sun at once break way;
 So, at that hour, to see such charms advance,
 When ghosts are said to rise, and fairies dance!
 With more than usual pleasure fill'd my sight,
 And mix'd some wonder with much more delight!
 While arm in arm they trac'd the garden walk,
 The love-hush'd air hung list'ning to their talk,
 The dancing breeze which had till then been gay,
 At their appearance sigh'd and dy'd away.
 As they drew near the moon more strongly shone,
 To view their brightness, not to boast her own.
 A gen'ral stillness seem'd to soothe their cares,
 And nature's face grew sad, to suit with theirs:
 Shrill-barking Mopsy smother'd her own joys,
 Fearing to drown her mistress' charming voice:
 Liberia spoke, but seem'd to speak in vain,
 As if unable to describe her pain!
 When grief is true, no words its force can paint;
 A silent sorrow far outspeaks complaint!
 A thousand leaves the destin'd sisters took;
 A thousand unspoke meanings fill'd each look:
 Oft they gaz'd upward to the dawning sky,
 And curs'd th' expected hour for drawing nigh:
 If now, thought I, some gentle zephyr blew,
 Thus should it whisper as it round her flew:
 Think, since your pitying soul does absence hate,
 Absence from you must sharper pangs create!
 Think, if to lose the sister gives you woes;
 What losing you the brother undergoes!
 Who every night from your lov'd presence sent,
 Does long repeated absences lament!
 And if this parting does yourself displease,
 Be taught by sympathy to give him ease.

TO LORD GEORGE GRAHAM;

On his Action near Ostend, on the 24th of June 1745.

'Twas finely tim'd! third Edward's brightest days
 Had from such captains claim'd increase of praise,
 But now, 'tis tenfold greatness thus to rise,
 Where sense of vict'ry, lost in purse-craft lies!
 Where war but pilfers, and but bags contest;
 And public honour is the public jest.
 At such a time, to dare the sneerer's joke;
 To rush on danger when but foes provoke;
 Unbrib'd by profit's impulse, fight for bays,
 And court no premium but his country's praise,

'Tis prodigy! 'tis out of nature's road;
 'Tis scorn of prudence, and offence to mode.

Shake, Dunkirk! and retract thy bold extent,
 Doom'd to due dust, stands each proud battlement:
 Swell high, propitious surge, hide Tournay's stains,
 And wash off insult, from our cow'rd campaigns.
 Lookup, ye sea-driv'n ghosts! whom pleas'd Toulon
 Saw sink in fruitless fight, forgot too soon!
 O'er the salt wave triumphant thunders hear,
 Hail the wish'd vengeance that at last draws near!
 While France starts wide, and wonders whence it
 came,

Pale to her trembling genius point a Graham!
 Tell her, 'tis his to feel his country's fire,
 Hold her past fame in view to urge it higher:
 Tell her, reawaking glory waits his call,
 To pour atonement o'er the pride of Gaul;
 Reclaim asserted ocean's question'd sway,
 And teach the doubtful nations to obey.

Say, pitying Heav'n, that sav'st a blund'ring state,
 Whom hast thou late inspir'd to lend us weight?
 Blow, ye broad winds, expand his op'ning light,
 Tell us, whence rose he? Do his country right;
 Born on thy bleaks, Albania! nurse of kings!
 From gen'rous stock this gen'rous scion springs.
 Son of thy soul, Montrose! There, known, too well!
 Prop of a crown when three lost kingdoms fell!
 Far be the omen from thy filial fire,
 In every wreath but death's transcend thy fire,
 Far from thy great forefather's suff'rings rais'd,
 For more than all his virtues lov'd and prais'd;
 Down through time's tide transmit his length'ning
 fame:

O born above his fate to lift his name.

Oh, Mallet this was he—sweet heav'n-fac'd boy!
 Thy friend congratulates thy conscious joy:
 Pride of thy care, thou led'st his earliest youth,
 To court plain glory, white as robeless truth;
 To scorn dark lifts, which men distinction call,
 And climb, self-sinew'd—or not rise at all.
 Courage by nature his—thou taught'st him taste,
 And innate warmth with polish'd brightness grac'd.
 Breath'd o'er his list'ning heart reflection's breeze,
 Gave him desire to know, with pow'r to please:
 Thine, half the triumphs of his rising fame!
 And Britain's future flag shall bless thy name.

IN A BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK

SENT TO MIRANDA.

Go, happy book,—

Who, void of life, art from life's cares so free,
 Thou canst before my lovely charmer lie,
 Unscorch'd by all the lightnings of her eye.
 'Midst her inspiring touch thou canst remain,
 Tasteless of pleasure, and secure from pain:
 While absent beauty breaks thy author's rest,
 And hope and fear by turns distract his breast.
 My angel mistress must henceforth be thine,
 And I devote thy offerings to her shrine:
 On varied themes divert her wand'ring eye,
 As o'er thy honour'd leaves her glances fly:
 But when her thoughts on softer subjects rove,
 And lead her where thy pages talk of love;
 Oh! then, so mindful of thy author be,
 To bid her in a whisper think on me.

THE PROGRESS OF WIT;

A CAVEAT.

TUNEFUL Alexis, on the Thames' fair side,
The ladies play-thing and the muses pride;
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Easy though vain; and elegant though light:
Desiring, and deserving others praise,
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,
And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves.
This to the juniors of his tribe gave pain,
For mean minds praise but to be prais'd again;
Henceforth renouncing an ungracious Baal,
His altars smoke not, and their off'rings fail:
The heat his scorn had rais'd, his pride inflam'd;
Till what they worship'd first they next defam'd;
Depos'd at length, from Pindus' top he roll'd,
While insect witlings pleas'd, his fall behold,
And each cold-croaking Heliconian frog
Leaps scornful, and bestrides th' unreigning log.

Far-fall'n Alexis, who so ill aspir'd,
Sick of successful war, from wounds retir'd,
Where, while in sleep, his sorrows ebb'd away,
And hush'd in darkness, indignation lay;
Fancy, fair mistress of the poet's mind,
For ever changing, yet for ever kind;
Soft o'er his dreams her formful radiance shed,
And his rapt soul through heav'n's thin purlicus
led;

Seated beside the star-invading dame, [flame.
Whose steeds, wind-footed, paw'd the lambent
High as a widow'd lover's grief can climb,
Her air-built chariot rose, and hung sublime.

Unveiling, thence, the world's bleak wastes be-
low,

They saw the stream of life beneath 'em flow;
Dim from the fable sea of birth it rose,
In a slow, silent, sullen, dread repose:
For, round th' emerging source that glimmer'd
pale,

Mountains of midnight darkness roll'd a veil:
But, as the evolving surge swell'd into day,
Quick'ning it mov'd, and roar'd, and rush'd away.

Broad on the left from low oblivion's shore,
Quickfands and rocks reach'd half the current o'er:
Lucid, like truth, the treach'rous water shone,
And o'er gay gilded shoals ran tuneful on;
Pebbles of gem-like hue, with painted pride,
Glow'd through the wave, and burnt amid the tide;
Wantonly kind, the sun's enliv'ning beams
Shower'd in light spangles on the dancing streams,
While insect nations, gnats, and wasps, and flies,
Ting'd in the rainbow's ever-changing dyes,
Sheathing their stings, and smiling like the fair,
Peopled the sunshine, and adorn'd the air.

Less lively, on the right the streams deep flow,
There no false colours mix'd their varied glow;
No gawdy bottom catch'd the downcast eye:
Above no flutt'ring insect wing'd the sky:
Serenely solemn all—One equal whole
Flash'd not upon the sense, but touch'd the soul:
Instead of rocks green islands flourish'd here,
Silent and fruitful as the full-grown year;

In place of flies, grave swans of snow-like hue,
Sweetly majestic in flow circles flew;
But though these isles the distant prospect cheer'd,
No bay, no port, no landing-place appear'd;
Kind birds alone gave entrance o'er the mound,
Nor from the stream below was inlet found.

Then fancy thus—Fame's future regions these,
Where nothing surfeits, yet where all things please;
Here memory stands fix'd while time runs on,
And worth blooms fresh when life itself is gone;
Danger keeps distance, soften'd spleen grows kind,
Ambition temperate, and love refin'd:
Nor pride nor jealousy can here annoy,
Nothing is ecstasy, though all is joy:
Peace without languor, labour void of pain,
Glory unenvied, and unslander'd gain.

Though diff'ring thus the streams unsocial sides,
Yet one broad gulf absorb'd the double tides;
From birth devolving, death's blind sea below,
Boundless, and formless, snatch'd the mingled flow;
Both rounding oceans backward seem'd to tend,
And vast beneath their fable surges blend:
But far more frightful this!—whose dark pro-
found,

A depth eternal! life wants line to found:
Unbottom'd shade roll'd loose, o'er swallowed
light—

Fancy grew giddy, nor sustain'd the sight:
But starting into fear, transpos'd remark,
And sought the source less dreadful, though as dark.

Thick on the rising stream's emitted tide,
Millions of shapeless bodies seem'd to glide;
Whose breathing bulks to life and motion blown,
Shot into human forms completely grown;
Mix'd rank and sex sprung through the liquid jet,
But pouring outward, clear distinction met;
Some wading naked, trode the slipp'ry plain,
Some cut the fluent wave—some tir'd with pain,
Failing to float, or wade, neglected fell,
And sunk un snatch'd at in the troubled swell:
To others, rising happier and serene,
Fortune, dark bustling pow'r, obscurely seen,
Reach'd with blind bounty, and with hasty hand,
Thin boats—and buoy'd 'em o'er the shining sand:
Of diff'rent form these boats—a single oar
Distinguish'd some—some wing'd their sides with
more:

Others, with oars and sails conjoin'd, made way,
And mow'd the murmur'ing surge with sweepy
sway:

While some slow pole-men, o'er their toil reclin'd,
Push'd their check'd barks, and lab'ring, lagg'd
behind.

While some essay'd to cross, and veering wide,
Would with strong stem the stubborn stream
divide,

And slowly slanting, fought the silent side;
Swift to the shelvy shore light gallies flew,
As the fierce channel's rapid current drew,
'Twixt rocks, and whirlpools, driv'n obliquely gay,
And through the shoaly sunshine danc'd away.

Caught by a gulfy void that gloom'd below,
These from the current's fair descending flow,
In-drawn at once by darkness swallow'd o'er,
Sunk from their sunny scene and rose no more:

Still gap'd th' unclosing deep, o'er millions gone,
Yet still insatiate, hourly swallow'd on !
Titles, distinctions, forms, rush mingled down,
Not levity itself wants weight to drown ;
Gamesters, beaux, casuists, jinglers, jesters, drinkers,
Fox-hunters, politicians, and free-thinkers,
Prudes, devotees, coquets, grave, light, young, old,
In one mix'd night, the covering waves infold :
Swept from the noise they sought, to rest they
shun'd,

They plunge for ever into death's profound ;
While abler pilots, who resolv'd, stood o'er,
And edging broad, gain'd slow the safer shore :
Snatch'd from their sinking seats, were borne to
land,

By watchful swans, whose wings the surface fann'd :
There, on green islands reign'd, escap'd from cares,
Lords of a blooming world, for ever theirs.

Wide o'er the scene, Alexis winds his eye,
Swift as the progress of the gliders by ;
A strange confusion rose---of all who past,
With earnest emptiness and barren haste,
Few cross the flood, repugnant strove to steer,
Fewer had strength of oars to hold them near !
Tir'd by the current's ill-resisted force,
Or bulg'd by envious prows which cross'd their
course,

The boldest keels, pursuing, or pursu'd,
Entangling and perplex'd, were lost in feud :
While others, heedless of their sleeping oars,
Drove in light negligence, nor shun'd the shores ;
But pendant o'er the helm each shoal explor'd,
And snatch'd in transport, shells and stones on
board :

Or leaping wanton, catch'd the glittering prey,
That buzz'd and gambol'd in their sportive way.

Mean while, most mournful of the motley scene,
O'erish'd effect of pride, and food of spleen !
Boat over boat destructive passage made,
And weeping pity mourn'd defective aid :
Sailing presumers, pressing proudly on,
Bore down each envied rower who nearest shone,
The oar-wing'd vessel eye'd, with dumb disdain,
The creeping pole-man's slow-availing pain,
And lordly wanton, with invasive beak,
Sunk the faint struggler, criminally weak !
He too, in concert with superior hate,
Loth to exert less guilt than match'd his state,
Triumphant, in his turn, sought equal prey,
And, o'er the naked wader forc'd his way.

Alexis pondering in suspended thought,
What meaning all these mazy mixtures taught,
Sudden a shout, from every distant side,
Eddied the air, and broke the back'ning tide ;
Acclamatory thousands rose alarm'd,
All eyes attracted, and each hearing charm'd ;
Pointing in transport, all their helms forsook,
And on one object hung their length'ning look.

Down from the gloomy source in side-long float,
Proudly descending, mov'd a glitt'ring boat :
Her silken sails a colour'd radiance threw,
And ting'd the sunny beams through which they
flew ;

While oars of silver dash'd the wat'ry spray,
That rain'd in gemmy show'rs, and dazzled day :

High on the painted stern a youth appear'd,
Who rather happily than strongly steer'd ;
Faint and unstriking was his anguish'd mien,
Sadden'd by sickness, and o'ercast with spleen ;
Yet, from his eyes, there beam'd a living light,
Keen and intent as a fir'd eagle's sight :
And from his voice, (for as he sail'd he sung)
Such magic sounds of melting music sprung,
That the hush'd heav'n all downward seem'd to
bend,

And, against nature, the charm'd earth ascend.

Careless he look'd, yet heedful of his way,
Broke the kind current's unobstructing sway,
That kiss'd his oars, and hasten'd to obey :
Scarce was his course oblique, for each glad boat,
That envious stem'd all other's rival float,
Fix'd and enchanted, when this youth drew nigh,
Hung on his passing notes, and help'd him by :
The muses row'd him, and the graces care
Trim'd his light sails, and spread them to the air ;
In his boat's bottom, green-ey'd envy lay,
And serv'd as ballast, while she clogg'd his way ;
Down from her chariot, light-wing'd fancy flew,
And o'er him, loose, her starry mantle threw ;
Pleasure, praise, beauty, 'twixt his shrouds trod
gay,

And danc'd the measur'd moments soft away ;
Sportful as zephyrs, in his smiles they strove,
And the young loves forsook their mother's grove.

Thus fortunate, thus favour'd, and thus bright,
Luckily negligent, and aptly light ;
He touch'd no shoal, safe rounded every rock,
Despis'd all danger, and sustain'd no shock ;
Till to that calmer coast approaching nigh,
And gliding 'twixt green islands safely high,
Circles of hov'ring swans with joyful note,
Clapp'd their broad wings in triumph o'er his boat,
Charm'd, that so soon, he reach'd their solemn side,
Ere yet one third of the stream's length was try'd.

Steering from isle to isle, with joyless awe,
Thim o'er each height, their white rob'd lords he
saw,

Pleas'd, without transport, how the palms they bore,
To hail his passage near their silent shore :
Cold and uncharm'd, he sought his fav'rite crowd,
Immensely distant now, though late so loud :
All was serene, the air was hush'd around,
The waters calm !—Lost ev'n his music's sound !
Back to the life, impatient looks he cast,
And long'd for ev'ry shining insect past ;
Distant he saw them, wings o'er wings display,
And in light chafes thread the colour'd ray :
Eager for these, contending pilots strove,
And catch'd them, careless how their vessels drove ;
Then with their trophies dress'd each gaudy sail,
While humming drones, in swarms, their fortune
hail ;

Record past leaps, foretell their next essays,
And buz, melodious, in the fly-men's praise.

Warm'd and misled, by this false fire of fame,
His beaming eyes with emulation flame ;
And have I, recreant, thus renounc'd a field,
Where baffled danger can such glory yield ?
Lives there a catch-fly of yon vent'rous preys,
More brave than I am ? or, who fears them less ?

Show me the warring wasp, whose threat'ning wing

I dare not strike at, and provoke his sting!
Swans give me way! your shoreless islands keep,
Too safe your clime is, and too calm your deep;
I choose a rapid glory, not a flow,
Shoals are sought harbours, where these jewels grow.

He said, and rising, push'd with liquid sweep
Th' inverted helm, and goar'd the groaning deep:
Flaming erect, re-fought the surgy side,
And bounded, threat'ning, o'er the foaming tide;
Sailing athwart the swarms, and skipping high,
He snatch'd, triumphant, every tempting fly:
Gave his loose rudder to the current's claim,
And drove, disdainful, through his rival's game;
Press'd by invaded wasps excited stings,
He warr'd, revengeful, on the falling wings:
'Through dust of slaughter'd gnats, he fought in shade,

[made;

And squeez'd them, deathful, on the wounds they
Fleets of cold opposites from all sides join,
And wedg'd against this general foe combine;
Vainly indignant they resist his sway,
Yet block his passage and obstruct his way:
Still though he stagnates he the fight maintains,
While drones, applaudive, with their ductile strains,
Homage the rising hero's new renown.
And prince of fly-catchers the champion crown.

The swans, mean while, which from the calmer side,

Forfaken, saw him trust the fatal tide;
Mournful, with pendent wing, his triumph griev'd,
And wish'd his wasted vigour less deceiv'd:
Trembling they mark'd his vessel downward bent,
Hang o'er th' engulfing oceans's dark descent,
While he, regardless still, new trophies won,
And bent to conquer, saw not what to shun.

Fancy still busied, still enamour'd, staid,
And still concurring, lent his rashness aid;
To her far distant, touch'd Alexis cry'd,
And with strain'd voice, to reach her notice try'd:
"O! save him, warn him, bid him turn and think,
"Let not his bark in yon black ocean sink!
"Teach me to call him by his pow'rful name,
"Point out his danger, quench his devious flame;
"Rash spleen of heart, that could such war advise!

"Blind rage! to lose himself and catch but flies!
"Oh teach my tongue his name:"—Then fancy heard,

And smiling, at her chariot's side appear'd:

"Why dost thou ask, she cry'd, what nations know,

"Even all whom wit or worth inspire below?

"His is a name that dwells on ev'ry mind,

"Tunes every tongue, and sails with every wind!

"Not surer is that river life's extent,

"Or by those oceans birth, and death,

"Not surer fortune, is that dark pow'r's name,

"That left oblivion, and that right side fame.

"Than that, no son of wit dares justly hope,

"Fame dwell in folly's paths, but thou, O POPE!

Alexis starting, heard his own lov'd name,

Felt his pride shrink, and blush'd with conscious shame!

Pitch'd from the chariot, lost to fancy's call,
And had not waiting judgment broke the fall,
Contempt's cold vale had caught him wak'd and stunn'd,
And deep intomb'd him in his own profound.

THE ART OF ACTING.

DEDICATED TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Why sleep the silent pow'rs that guard the stage,
While yawning opiates lull the tasteless age?
Shall trite cold themes catch fire from wit's essays,
Yet, hov'ring chillness damp theatric blaze?

Mourn it, ye sons of spleen, whose hands (mis-
taught)

Tore up this seed of sense, this plant of thought:
Whence reasoning shoots might bloom life's garden o'er,

And weedy wildness choke her walks no more.—
Horror (at alien woes) by genius mov'd,
To sense of home-felt bliss, be there improv'd:
Wits ent'ring hand dissect sedition's breast,
Show the malignant springs and call forth rest.

There the touch'd heart, in secret silence chid,
Might learn to hate the guilt it once but hid:
There, scorn from note of pity's praise—catch grace,

Start and pause conscious—in pride's slack'ning race.

There heedless beauty, warn'd of man's false fire,
Might chain down wav'ring love, and edge desire:
Each maid's mild eye correct her heart's warm trust,

Dull perts grow pensive, and false thinkers just.
There (now) sits mummery, thron'd on passion's urn!

There noisier fires than wit's (unbright'ning) burn:
There vice with laughter shares divided rule,
And only serious purpose marks the fool!

Vain the lost pray'r that courts a muse's aid,
By foes untasted, and by friends betray'd:
Patrons immers'd 'twixt faction's rapid tides!
Poets in flattery's, pow'r absorb'd in pride's!
Gone is the learned leisure once rever'd,
And the still voice of genius sighs unheard.

Happier lerne! mourn our drains no more;
Richly reveng'd, thou drain'st a nobler store.
Poor in our turn, see wit's lost channel dry,
Robb'd of her fountain—for thy full supply.

Yet, while home ruin wrings the heart distress,
'Tis recompence to fall for others blest:
Less thy doom'd distance (soul of absent joys)
Pains the shook realm, whose hope it half destroys;
Conscious thou go'st to warm one sister's fears
To transports, lasting as the others tears.

Long in sad silence on the willows hung,
Now she resumes her harp, for praise new strung:
Tires her tun'd hand to pour her grateful soul,
Wide as her chief can charm, from pole to pole.
Genius, from ages hers, 'midst want and wrongs,
How will she now transcend past poets songs!
At once of every nations grace made free,
By every added muse, bestow'd with thee!
There, 'midst the toils of empire's manag'd weight,
Law's lights extended, and embellish'd state;

Find a calm hour to lend the stage thy care,
And times unborn shall feel a Stanhope there.

Dark'ning mean while, our muse's lamps expire,
Blank is their prospect, and unfann'd their fire:
Friendless, neglected, laugh'd at, and unfelt,
No now-crown'd conq'rour cares where Homer dwelt.

Banish'd from court, from senate, city, scene,
Wit's sons, all tongue-tied! mute, even Harlequin!

Yet, let the thinker scorn such dumb suspense,
Nor (flattering custom) sneak his aid from sense:
Wing'd for the future o'er the present rise,
Spurn the times cloud, and strike benigner skies.
Not always shall ambition's muddied brain
Work to persuade—yet hold example vain!
Bribe to each further'd interest's venal cue,
Yet dream diversion all the stage's view.

The time shall come (indulge it soon flow fate!)
When power shall taste that wit can think with weight:

The time shall come (not far the destin'd day)
When soul-touch'd actors shall do more than play:
When passion, flaming from the asserted stage,
Shall to taught greatness fire a feeling age:
Tides of strong sentiment sublimely roll,
Deep'ning the dry disgraces of the soul:
Pity, fear, sorrow, wash'd from folly's foam,
Knock at man's breast, and find his heart at home.
Then plaintful grief shall drop her whiney drawl,
And heart-felt anger nerve the insensate bawl;
Then shall the moving art old powers possess;
Wake valour, call forth joys, and stamp distress.
Then shall the player take pains in pleasure's right,
Sweat for his praise, and labour to delight:
Then shall he thank the hand (in death long cold)
That fir'd his languor, and his fame foretold.

Tasteful ev'n now, there want not some choice
few [view:
Whose hope-warm'd hearts can hail the distant
Hearts that the subject's lov'd importance know,
And feel the fire they bear with conscious glow.

Why was the actor stain'd by law's decree?
Lost time's recoverer! truth's awak'ner be!
Passion's refiner! life's shoal coast survey'd—
The wise man's pleaser, and the good man's aid.
Precept and practice in one teacher join'd,
Bodied resemblance of the copied mind!
Nature confirms, art dignifies his claim,
And only cant's low crawl defiles his name.

If but by comprehension we possess,
And every greater circles hold the less,
No rank's high claim can make the player's small,
Since, acting each, he comprehends them all.

Off to due distance half ye stalking train!
Blots of a title your low tastes profane!
No dull cold moulder shares the actor's plea,
Rightly to seem is transiently to be.

How shall this goal be reach'd, that, seen most
nigh,
Still glides more distant from th' advancing eye?
Like the sky's sea-dipt arch, heaven's fancied
bound,

For ever sail'd to, and yet never found.
How shall trac'd practice hit th' untrodden way,
Where life is travell'd out, in arts to stray?

Arduous the task, and asks a climbing brain,
A head for judgment, and a heart for pain,
E'er sense, impress'd, reflects adopted forms,
And changeful nature shakes with borrow'd storms;
E'er ductile genius turns as passions wind,
And bends to fancy's curve the pliant mind.

Mark when th' expanding seed from earth's
moist bed,

Starting at nature's call, prepares to spread; [cend
First, the prone root breaks downward, thence as-
Shot stems, whose joints collateral boughs extend:
Twigs from those boughs lend leaves—each leaf
contains

Side-less'ning stalks, transvers'd by fibry veins.
So, from injected thought, shoots passion's growth;
No sprout spontaneous, no chance child of sloth:
Idea lends it root—firm on touch'd minds,
Fancy (swift planter!) first th' impression binds;
Shap'd in conception's mould, nature's prompt skill
Bids subject nerves obey th' inspiring will:
Strung to obsequious bend the musc'ly frame
Stamps the shown image. Pleasure, pity, shame,
Anger, grief, terror, catch the adaptive spring,
While the eye darts it, and the accents ring.

See art's short path!—'tis easy to be found,
Winding delightful through the mazy round!
Tempt the try'd skill, to no sole proof confin'd;
Shift the short shadowings o'er your figur'd mind.

Mournful, recal some friend's lamented fate;
Sad on each feature hangs the mind's felt weight.
Seek you strong sense of joy? looks first impart,
Then the nerve stricture bounds it from the heart:
Does rage inflame? no visage can conceal
What the mark'd muscle bids the spirit feel:
Still as the nerves constrain the looks obey,
And what the look enjoins the nerves display:
Mutual their aid, reciprocal their strain,
Will but commanding, face and nerves explain.
Light'ning and thunder, so concurring, strike;
One their joint origin, though form'd unlike:
So to the look th' attentive nerves reply,
As from the flash succeeding thunders fly.

'Tis cause and consequence; nor flows more grace
From beauty's smile than the touch'd actor's face:
Poise the rule's practice; turn it o'er and o'er;
Nor think it tedious, though conceiv'd before:
'Tis but to look and will. Th' imprinted eye
Moves the struck muscles, and the limbs comply:
Gesture is meaning's ape—grave, furious, gay,
Changeful as cloud-form'd shapes when winds
make way;

Imag'd conception first, but face inflames,
Then the mein paints it, and the tone proclaims.

Is there who doubts an art thus briefly shown?
Call out proof's pow'r, and make that art his own:
Bid him, with mournful brow, swell sounds of joy,
Half the mock'd sense th' unbracing nerves de-
stroy:

Tun'd to the tearful ey's retentive woe,
Rapture's check'd phrase shall quench its fiery
glow:

Painfully plaintful, each flat note shall die,
And his look's anguish give his words the lie.
Next while soft smiles restrain his voic'd essay,
Bid angry sounds give rage its thund'ring way;

Vainly mouth'd menace swells th' attempted storm,
Kind as consent th' unfright'ning accents form :
While his look frown'd not, sense could sound but
sweet ;

No nerve concurring help'd th' unfinew'd heat.
But had his eyes th' impatient fire display'd,
Each note had snatch'd it, and each stop convey'd :
Thus one plain practice paints whole nature right,
And all her changeful pictures move delight.

Is there who loves not joy?—There then begin,
Search the soul-pleasing passion's pow'r within ;
Find your smile's force before some faithful glass,
Heedful to let no faint impression pass : [train,
There to touch'd gladness thought-form'd features
'Till each crisp'd fibre feels th' enrapt'ring strain ;
Then (stretch'd) behold your op'ning forehead
Back'ning in boastful sense of sparkling eyes. [rise,
Broadly majestic your breast expands,
Brac'd your press'd joints—neck, knee, feet, shoul-
ders, hands,

Treading on air, each step new soul displays,
Your limbs all lighten, and your looks all blaze :
Then speak,—joy answers ; every sound its own ;
Music and rapture mix'd in transport's tone !

Fall from this height (ah ! 'tis but fortune's
road !)

Down to deep sense of sorrow's pungent goad ;
Damp your loose feature's into thought's distress,
Fade fancy's gloss to dim-ey'd wretchedness :
The sad look sick'ning, straight the spirits break,
Unbending nerves grief's lax impression take :
Faint hangs the clouded eye, short steps drag slow,
And every heedless gesture bends with woe :
Now to the heart-touch'd sense the voice com-
plains,

And sighing pityers catch th' infectious pains.

Say, should some slack'ner of the passion's care,
Form'd for gay flights, and struggling from de-
spair,

Bow'd from his native bent to doubt's new part,
Find fear's cold cast assign'd a fearless heart ?
What could he do ? where house th' intrusive
guest ?

Let his eye lodge him—'twill prepare his breast.
From the soul's optic shoots th' admitted shape,
Nor let one tim'rous wavering state escape.
Fear is elusive sorrow, shunning pain ;
Active, yet stopp'd, it dims the doubtful brain ;
Spirit snatch'd inward, stagnating by dread, [lead :
Slow through the limbs crawls cold the living
Form'd to the look that moulds th' assumer's face,
His joints catch tremblings, life's moist strings un-
brace ;

This road and that th' alarmful passion tries,
Halts in the motion, flutters in the eyes ;
Checks the clipt accent's hesitative way,
And on th' evasive muscles hangs delay.

Anger is pride provok'd (so felt, so known),
Strange ! its stage influence is so faintly shown !
Yet, with what absent sense of all its flame
See we rage meek, fire cold, and fury tame !
Bid the face redd'ning warm'd idea take,
Straight the soul's wildfires all obstruction break :
Stung by inflicted thought's imagin'd pain,
Hard heave the muscles, rolling eye-balls strain :

VOL. VIII,

Twixt the clos'd teeth, indignantly suppress,
Or storm-like loud out pours th' unguarded breast :
Slack'ning exclaiming, swift, slow restless change,
Wings the voic'd tempest in its whirlwind range ;
Quick turns and startings face and air deform,
And thick short breathings paint the infelt storm.

Nor sea, nor life, eternal tempest sweeps,
Hush'd calms succeed it, and the thunder sleeps :
Such the soft silent tide, that floods the mind,
To mov'd compassion's pain-touch'd warmth in-
clin'd :

Aidful idea springs to pitied woe,
Thence every quiv'ring finew learns to glow :
Back from the panting bosom to the eye,
Kind sigh-wing'd dews in soft sensation fly :
So from earth's op'ning breasts, in flow'r-dress'd
May,

Steam the slyt fragrance to the sun's felt ray ;
Lightly sustain'd, to morn's faint clasp it clings,
Yet oft (let go) falls back, oft upward springs :
So learn to steal soft pity's copied grace ; [face ;
Languor's moist cloud marks first the mournful
Then hope's kind tension warms the muscly mein,
Dragg'd diff'rent ways contending contrasts lean ;
Clash'd looks 'gainst movements paint internal
fight,

'Twixt the heart's anguish and the help's delight :
Then touch'd attention's hark'ning hush creeps
round,

And breathless mouths devour th' expected sound.

Nature loses change—Cold night succeeds to
And pity's dark'ning opposite is scorn : [morn,
Far be this brow-stretch'd arrogance of air
From misery's doomful claim, its sons of care.

Ah ! minds (too apt) turn but the look within,
We find pride's image there as sure as sin !

Yet with such bias rolls man's will from right,
That search first misses what is most in sight :
Else how unneedful to describe a rage

No player wants power to feel—but on the stage.

Cautious (life's speaking picture) wear that
stain,

Rightly to show be thine, but not retain !

Scorn is calm careless anger flagg'd of wing,
Brush'd sense of harmless wrong, too weak to sting :
Safe in suspended power, eas'd warmth disclaims
Exertion, and with slack remissness flames :

Now smiles, now frowns, yet both with eye serene,
While half-strung nerves play springs of painless
spleen.

Close-following scorn, amazement ought to rise ;
Angels feel wonder, men should dare despise !

Born to mistakes, and erring out life's span,
Man, as if heaven were his, looks down on man.
Say then what wonder is—trace its taught cause,
Mark its true features, and make known its laws.

Wonder is curious doubt—will's check'd retreat,
Shrinking from danger it prepares to meet ;
'Tis fear's half-brother, of resembling face,

But fix'd, unwavering, and bound down to place :
Earnest, alarmful gaze, intently keen,

Notes the weigh'd object, yet distrusts it seen ;
As in pale churchyards, gleam'd by silent night,

Should some cross'd spectre shade the moon's dim
light,

Y Y

Shudd'ry, the back'ning blood, revolving swift,
Clogs the press'd heart—stretch'd fibres fail to
lift:

Loft in doubt's hard'ning frost, stopt motion lies,
While sense climbs gradual to the straining eyes.

Hatred is fullen fury long retain'd;
'Tis willing mischief warily restrain'd;
'Tis thought's corrosion acridly perplex'd;
'Tis self in pain, lest others live unvex'd.
This to touch vivid—(pencil! pleas'd and free,
Paint the coil'd serpent thou abhorr'st to see.)
Veil the malignant leer that burns with spite,
Bid the brow's lour o'erhang the sick'ning sight;
Swell the blown cheek, th' unopening lip restrain;
Stretch'd the wide nostril marks th' impatient
pain.

Ardent, yet heedless, half th' averted eye
Skims the loath'd object, and disdains it nigh.
Hard back-brac'd nerves in sett'ry fervour toil,
And the curv'd system heaves in check'd recoil.
Hast from taught pain—shun hatred's baneful
shade,

And to love's sunshine lend the muse's aid.

Love is intense desire, by rev'rence check'd;
'Tis hope's hot transport, streak'd with fear's re-
spect;
'Tis passion's every soul-felt power disjoin'd;
'Tis all th' assembled train's whole force combin'd.
'Tis like soft air, through which admitted light
Peoples pleas'd fancy, and lends shape to sight:
Yet, like that air disturb'd, man's quiet breaks,
Tempests his reason, and his triumph shakes.

You who infuse this pow'r must first have felt;
No heart, unmov'd itself, bids others melt:
Yet, would chalk'd outline sketch th' imagin'd
grace?

Dumb earnest gaze tongues o'er th' unvocal face:
Soft'ning in apprehension's awe-check'd air,
Each limb beseeches, each slow step's a prayer:
While high-brac'd raptures imag'd pride confess,
Meekness sits guardian o'er the mild address:
Doubt dissipating hope, to blanch desire,
Hangs the mind's curb upon the body's fire.

Snatch'd from the scene, claim this the box's
care;

It paints and warns for every beauty there:
But there love's shafts (of late) all pointless lie,
Blunt from bold meip, and dead'ning in the eye:
Naked of heart, and hateful of delay,
Erring time-short'ner! meeting with half way!
Woman, outstriding art's old luresful skill,
Mann'd o'er with invitation, drives back will;
Falls her past price, owns patient hope buys dear,
Hawks for quick market, and hawls chapmen near;
Talks loud, struts, elbows, calls a grace a fool;
Dress'd like a scarecrow, manner'd like a mule:
Pall'd, the press'd cheap'ner dreads th' out-bluf-
tring air,

Eyes the braw'd swaggerer, and rejects her ware.

Turn, coarse conceiver! all unsex'd by mode,
Maid that trot st uglying in the monster's road!
Proud, yet immodest! light, rude, wileless, pert,
Bold, jostling, hoid'ning, bluntness, pow'rless flirt!
Emptier than air thy coloury gewgaws play,
While every hour's new forms push old away:

Trifler! for cards and contradictions born!
Panting for conquest, yet compelling scorn!
Lab'ring from nature to grow loath'd by art,
And for man's manners forfeiting his heart! [just;

But hold—contempt wrong plac'd becomes un-
Perhaps stage whiners gave love's friends disgust:
For (goblin-like) there lovers walk unshown,
Talk'd of in every play, yet seen in none:
Loft in unfeeling cold affected drawl,
They touch no tenderness, attempting all.
Lump'd lazy lifeless indolence one cause,
And one th' admiring fool's misjudg'd applause.
Why should pain sweat for praise, proud ease can
win,

By the rais'd footstep and exalted chin?
By the heav'd halt, that swings its load along,
Clumsily solemn, and serenely wrong?
By the big, broad, round, mellow, trounding troll,
That means no passion, and conveys no soul:
Half swells, then sinks, like sails of ships becalm'd,
A dry dead sweat, man's mummied voice em-
balm'd.

Shame on the whineling, sleep-inductive tone!
Not by such glow-worm glimse love's fires are
shown:

Heart, voice, mein, visage, all pay love their aid,
Cupid exacts more strict alliance made; [he
'Twixt the mind's states than once 'twixt Europe's,
Who bound all princes, yet left none unfree.
Not such loose treaties please th' all-buckling god,
Punctual he yokes tun'd sounds to meaning's nod:
Pardons no void vain voluble harangue,
And hates to hear the unaiming bowstring twang.

Say, female shades of love, who haunt the stage,
What fiend, close-treading, tags desire with rage?
If in your hospitable bosoms bred,
Th' unresting fury thrives, by beauty fed,
Tell the dire name—But if you silent feel
Th' impressiv tooth, and no gnaw'd thought re-
veal, [bite,

Speak, tell-tale muse. Thou shar'st th' envenom'd
For jealousy ne'er sleeps when poets write.

The Janus jealousy two faces wears,
Each diff'ring, apt as form'd by diff'rent cares;
While infant-wing'd the callow harpy lies,
Too dim for daylight, too unfledg'd to rise:
'Tis doubt-mix'd anger, struggling to confide,
Floating half-sunk on pity's pleading tide:
Here hope-fed softness soothes the affiant heart,
There rage vindictive bids the spirit smart:
'Twixt the two wav'ring scales, by turns deprest,
The eye's short wand'rings mark the mind di-
strest;

Languidly strung, flow-nerv'd, half-finewy strain,
Paints an unsettled, half-determin'd pain:
Whence rous'd resentment, catching hasty flame,
Cool'd by met pity, blushes into shame:
But does weigh'd proof confirm th' ideal wrong,
Then the eye lightens, and the brace binds strong;
Not vengeance burns more turbulently stern,
Though (through it) pain'd affection sighs concern.

Thus has the muse, in passion's changeful dress,
Led ent'ring art through nature's dark recess;
Fair to her eye one source of action shown,
Whence every branch'd meander flows her own:

Brief let precision's scale contract the view;
 Then grasp it mem'ry, and remit the clue.
 Previous to art's first act (till then all vain)
 Print the ideal pathos on the brain;
 Feel the thought's image on the eyeball roll;
 Behind that window sits th' attentive soul:
 Wing'd at her beck th' obedient muscles fly,
 Bent or relaxing to the varied eye:
 Press'd, moderate, lenient, voice's organ'd sound
 To each felt impulse tones the tuneful round:
 Form'd to the nerves, concurring mein partakes,
 So the mov'd actor moves, and passion shakes.

THE DEDICATION OF THE BEECH-TREE,

*Occasioned by the late Discovery of making Oil
 from the Fruit of that Tree.*

HIGH in thy starry orb,
 Great ruling planet of our brighten'd sphere,
 The muse invokes thee, and demands thy ear!
 Her Harley's ear! O yet confess the name!
 Thy titles borrow lustre from thy fame.

Fearless to fall, my rein-loos'd fancy soars
 High as thy deeds, nor common aid implores.
 Let conscious fawners blow their smoky fire,
 And vainly bid th' unlist'ning gods inspire,
 My muse, disdainful of their sullied wings,
 Views the vast height, and dauntless upward
 springs,

Inspir'd like angels by the worth she sings.

Yet, Oh! mistake not my aspiring lays;
 They would but speak my duty, not your praise;
 Praises like yours, who lives and does not know;
 The poorest debtors count the sums they owe;
 But I, impatient of the growing score,
 Would pay you something ere I owe you more.

Accept, great guider of the stormy state,
 An off'ring worthy of the brave and great:
 Accept what heav'n, propitious for your sake,
 Smiles on this peace-blest land, and bids her
 take:

This art of old had been some altars due,
 Now, fir'd with purer zeal, she kneels to you,
 That awful pow'r who guards our Anna's throne,
 And to that Anna made your virtues known,
 To place such worth above all wish'd controul,
 Blest'd the long labours of your peaceful soul.
 But one thing wanted,—fam'd Minerva's tree,
 The gift of peace from gods to men like thee;
 That oleous plant, the pride of sunnier climes,
 Chief in the poets songs of ancient times;
 Too long profan'd for thy chaste brow to wear,
 Fled the cool influence of the northern bear.
 Heaven's voice was heard, deficient nature groan'd,
 Felt his new will, and the correction own'd.
 The humblest forest of our favour'd land
 Grew proud beneath this bounty of his hand;
 Confess'd the secret he vouchsaf'd to teach,
 Disdain'd the olive, and enthron'd the beech.

Hail, happy tree! wou'd after-ages know,
 To whom their sons thy oily harvests owe,
 Oxford's lov'd name, deep on thy bosom grave,
 Who from his country did his country save;
 Who gave our harass'd land its long-wish'd rest,
 And forc'd unwilling nations to be blest;

Whose known esteem of arts gave birth to thee,
 Omen of greater, which e'er long shall be.

Thy pious hand, which made war's thunder
 cease,

Shall cultivate the nobler arts of peace;
 Till murmur'ing faction owns, with thankless joy,
 'Tis far more great, to build than to destroy.

Nor shall thy rising country's sons alone,
 Thy wiser care of their lost int'rest own,
 The boundless blessings of thy lib'ral hand,
 Shall shed their influence on our fruitful land:
 The long-mourn'd absence of th' inspiring plant,
 Whose pow'rful juice ungrinds the edge of want,
 Whose sov'reign strength makes glad the lab'ers
 toil,

Shall now no more reproach our injur'd soil;
 Our teeming glebe, if I a right divine,
 E'er long shall swell with floods of gen'rous wine,
 France shall no more her courted vineyards boast;
 But look with envy on our northern coast,
 Which now enrich'd, with matchless oil and corn,
 Unequal'd vintages shall soon adorn.

Nor this alone! on, on, prophetic fire!
 Though boundless is the flight, disdain to tire;
 Unwearied all his glorious aims pursue,
 'Till sick'ning envy dies to shun the view,

Fir'd with the sure preface, methinks I see
 The struggling east resign her morian tree;
 The roughest Dryads of our oaken isle,
 Charm'd with the gentle stranger, learn to smile;
 The dancing boughs their breezy homage pay,
 The oak nods welcome, and the beech gives way.
 And now, glad spring, by rising warmth renew'd,
 The various insect seeks its leafy food,
 Spins out its little life's industrious thread,
 In grateful toil, to find its feeder's bread.
 Dies a rich recompense of female care,
 And leaves its silken treasures to the fair;
 The fair, long mindful, whence th' advantage
 came,

Shall teach their sons to speak, by lisping Har-
 ley's name. [join'd,

From views, like thine, with thy vast knowledge,
 What blessings may not happy Britain find?
 Fierce emulation shall new pow'rs impart,
 Till ev'ry wish grows possible to art;
 Rivers shall roll, where now huge mountains grow,
 And tides, new channel'd, wonder how they flow.
 For thee, proud Thames his wealthy arms shall
 spread,

And take the swift Sabrina to his bed.
 Enamour'd Trent shall love-sick Avon meet,
 And distant seas in mix'd alliance meet.

Dear, to thy care, ev'n th' unhoping Scot
 Shall bless the union, and hold fast the knot;
 Britain no longer shall explore from far,
 The costly magazines of naval war;
 High on the mountains of her northern shore,
 The gummy pine shall shed her pitchy store;
 Tall firs, which useless, have long ages grown,
 Shall fright the seas, and visit worlds unknown;
 Till the check'd sons of Norway's timber'd state,
 Learn love by force, while we disarm their hate.

And here rejoice, ye Caledonian shores,
 Whose empty strands my friendly muse deploras;

Shortly, strong fleets shall plow your stormy seas,
And wealth's warm breath your icy ports un-
freeze!

The Belgic spoiler shall no more pursue [you;
Those finny shoals which court your guides and
Summon'd to greatness, worthy of your fame,
Nor ill-supported in the gen'rous aim,
Approaching time shall see you, justly brave,
Assert the right which God and nature gave.
Then shall that fire which now your bosom fills,
With virtues useless on your barren hills,
New-nerve the grasp of application's hand,
And rouse the latent glories of your land.

Wide lies a tract beneath the sunny line,
Where rays direct with burning lustre shine;
Where ribs of silver bind the sea-wash'd plains,
And virgin wealth unmix'd with av'rice, reigns.
This the proud Spaniard never yet possess'd,
So much has heav'n the happy natives bless'd;
Reserv'd for British rule, their isthmus free,
Divides the northern from the southern sea.

Nor this, the hapless tract, the direful spot,
Dear to the brave, the unpermitted Scot.
North of that sad, that ill-remember'd shore,
A happier work does happier hands implore.

Here shall the sons of our advent'rous land,
Through unborn ages stretch decreed command;
Here shall they draw both oceans to their sway,
And through repugnant mountains cut their way:
'Tis done! methinks I hear their cannons roar,
Hostile repiners shun the envied shore,

And round vast capes a tedious course pursue;
While we, and only we, possess the new.
Hence shall the shorten'd distance guard our health,
Secure our traffic and increase our wealth:
The western bullion to our merchants sold,
Shall send us weight for weight in eastern gold.
Nor then shall Asia's aromatic store
Pile the proud markets of a neighb'ring shore;
All shall be ours, and while we all maintain,
No bloody war shall the chaste vict'ry stain.

O blind profaners of obtruded bliss!
Who wanting soul to fathom depth like this,
Instead of owning debts, you cannot pay,
Strike at the friendly hand which points the way.

Forgive, thou great inspirer of my song,
If ending here, thy wider views I wrong;
If arts more wish'd, or worlds less known there
were,

Thy *ne plus ultra* had not rested there.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE V.

Quis multa gracilis.

Cool, within the grotto toying,
Soft on scatter'd roses laid,
What young bud art thou destroying;
Why to-day those charms display'd?

Trifly plain in subtle sweetness,
What fond heart is here beset?
Why, with negligent completeness,
Loosely curis that tressy net?

Soon by sufferings taught to know thee,
O! ye changeful gods! he cries,

Too, too light, thy falsehoods show thee,
Late the fond believer's wife:

Then with foolish wonder starting,
He compares thy sunshine past,
With those storms of spleen's preparing,
Which thy present looks o'ercast!

Silly truster! vain supposer!
In his am'rous empty mind,
Soft he forms thee joy's disposer:
Ever grateful, hush'd and kind.

But alas! and shame upon thee!
Little dreams he what a sky,
Heaping clouds in whirlwinds on thee,
Soon shall dim thy future eye.

Pity, gods! those faithful creatures,
Yet unbroke to woman's arts:
Fondly trusting lovely features,
And for smiles exchanging hearts.

As for me, by heaven befriended,
Long ago I 'scap'd the storm:
Safe with all my sails extended,
Flying from that fraudulent form:

Broad my pictur'd story flaming,
Now shall love's gay temple grace:
From some pillar's height proclaiming
Warnings, to the rising race.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. DENNIS.

ADIEU! unsocial excellence! at last
Thy foes are vanquish'd, and thy fears are past;
Want, the grim recompence of truth like thine,
Shall now no longer dim thy destin'd shine.

Th' impatient envy, the disdainful air!
The front malignant, and the capitious stare!
The furious petulance, the jealous start,
The mist of frailties that obscur'd thy heart,
Veil'd in thy grave shall unremember'd lie,
For these were parts of Dennis, born to die!

But, there's a nobler Seity behind,
His reason dies not—and has friends to find!
Though here, revenge and pride withheld his
praise, [days:

No wrongs shall reach him through his future
The rising ages shall redeem his name,
And nations read him into lasting fame!
In his defects untaught! his labour'd page,
Shall the slow gratitude of time engage.

Perhaps some story of his pitied woe,
Mix'd in faint shades may with his memory go,
To touch futurity with gen'rous shame,
And backward cast an unavailing blame,
On times too cold to taste his strength of art:
Yet warm contemners of too weak a heart!

Rest in thy dust, contented with thy lot,
Thy good remember'd, and thy bad forgot:
'Tis more than Cæsar and his world cou'd give!
Spread o'er his virtues his few errors live:
Till reasoning brutes, whose speck of soul wants
room,

To lodge the just conception of his doom,

Dare with lewd license noise his question'd fame,
And blot the sacred rev'rence of his name.

WRIT ON A WINDOW,

In the Highlands of Scotland.

SCOTLAND! thy weather's like a modish wife!
Thy winds and rains forever are at strife:
So termagant a-while her thunder tries,
And, when she can no longer scold—she cries.

VERSES

*Made for Mr. Savage; and sent to my Lady Mac-
clesfield, his Mother.*

HOPELESS, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd,
Lost to delight, and every way distress'd:
Cross his cold bed, in wild disorder thrown,
Thus sigh'd Alexis, friendless, and alone.

Why do I breathe? what joy can being give,
When she who gave me life forgets I live!
Feels not these wint'ry blasts—nor heeds my smart;
But shuts me from the shelter of her heart?
Saw me expos'd to want! to shame! to scorn!
To ills!—which make it misery to be born!
Cast me, regardless, on the world's bleak wild,
And bad me be a wretch while yet a child!

Where can he hope for pity, peace or rest,
Who moves no softness—in a mother's breast?
Custom, law, reason, all! my cause forsake;
And nature sleeps, to keep my woes awake!
Crimes, which the cruel scarce believe can be,
The kind are guilty of, to ruin me!

Even she who bore me blasts me with her hate,
And, meant my fortune, makes herself my fate!

Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes
The softest, tend'rest breast, that pity knows!
Her eyes shed mercy where'er they shine,
And her soul melts at every woe—but mine.
Sure, then, some secret fate for guilt unwill'd,
Some sentence pre-ordain'd to be fulfill'd,
Plung'd me thus deep in sorrow's searching flood,
And wash'd me from the mem'ry of her blood.

But, oh! whatever cause has mov'd her hate,
Let me but sigh in silence at my fate;
The God within, perhaps, may touch her breast;
And when she pities, who can be distress'd?

ON LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE'S BRING-
ING WITH HER, OUT OF TURKEY, THE ART OF
INOCULATING THE SMALL-POX.

WHEN Greece reviving into short delight,
Felt pride and comfort at our muse's sight,
The rival'd nine no sooner saw her face,
But ev'n their envy gave their wonder place.
Charm'd into love of what eclips'd their fame,
They wak'd Apollo with her powerful name.

See, god of Grecian wit! Urania cries,
How sweet a muse the western world supplies:
Say, should she ask some favour from your throne,
What could you bid her take, that's not her own?
Sparkling in charms, the heavenly stranger view,
So grac'd, she scarce can owe a beam to you.
Beauty with love her power to your's prefers;
And wit and learning are already her's.

Rous'd at her name, receding from her eyes,
The gazing god rose slow in soft surprise!
Fair miracle! (he said)—and paus'd a while:
Then thus—sweet glory of your envy'd isle!
Charm'd and oblig'd lest we ungrateful seem,
Bear hence at least one mark of our esteem.
One of my three great claims your wish may fit;
Whose voice is music, and whose thoughts are wit.
Physic alone remains to grant you here—
A skill! your godlike pity will endear. [cure,
Form'd to give wounds, which must no ease pro-
Atone your influence by new arts to cure.
Beauty's chief foe, a fear'd and fierce disease!
Bows at my beck, and knows its god's decrees.
Breath'd in this kiss, take power to tame its rage,
And from its rancour free the rescued age:
High o'er each sex in double empire sit;
Protecting beauty, and inspiring wit.

TO CLELIA, IN THE COUNTRY.

ON THE PULLING DOWN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

WHILE from the noisy crowd you lean retir'd,
In silent shades by love of thought inspir'd,
I, vex'd by various cares, to business chain'd,
Mourn'd your lost converse, and in town remain'd:
Dark as the midnight world, your sunshine gone,
Guideless in sullen gloom, I wander'd on:
Passion's wild influence ebb'd and flow'd my mind,
As seas drive diff'rent with the changing wind:
But to what point so'er my will was bound,
In vain I turn'd th' unresting compass round:
Doubtful a while th' wav'ring needle hung,
Then, trembling, backward to your image sprung.

Pensive I view'd a sacred pile of late,
Which falls, like man, to rise in nobler state;
The doors thrown wide, it seem'd unveil'd to lie,
And reverend ruin struck my startled eye.
Ent'ring amidst the busy hammer's sound,
I saw time's dusty trophies scatter'd round:
Each violated pillar stood bedew'd;
And wept in solemn grief a fate so rude.
From tombs, by force disjoin'd, reluctant stones
Roll'd, mix'd with clouds of dust, and human bones;
From faithless walls defac'd inscriptions fled,
And to long night consign'd the nameless dead:
The pew's pale squares, in their whole lengthen'd
row,

Gave way, and open'd a sad scene below!
Beauty, youth, wealth, and power, reduc'd to clay,
Larded with bones, yet moist, unshelter'd lay:
Remnants of eyeless skulls, with hollow stare,
Mock'd the proud looks which living charmers
wear:

Coffins rose broke, unfaithful to their trust,
And flesh flew round me in unjointed dust.
Scarce a short span beneath that opening floor,
Where kneeling charmers pray'd the week before;
Where forms like yours rejoic'd th' admiring eye,
Forms once like yours, in naked atoms lie.
O fate of failing life! O flatt'ring dream!
What wint'ry sunshine is thy shadowy gleam!

Thus while I mus'd, thy soul approach'd my ear;
Thy soft-wing'd soul, that always hovers near.
See'st thou, it sigh'd—how these sad relics lie;
And dost thou fear that Clelia thus can die?

No—she's all mind; and her immortal name,
Eluding death's short reach shall tread on fame.
Tongues yet unthought of, Clelia shall adorn,
And charm adoring nations---yet unborn.
Heroes, at whose resolves the world will shake,
Shall treat thy sex with reverence for thy sake;
And each fair tyrant who would empress be,
Form but one wish---to think and look like thee.

ANSWER TO THE RESOLVE.

WHILST empty coxcombs blast a woman's fame,
In ev'ry state and ev'ry age the same:
With their own folly pleas'd, each fair they toast,
And where they least are happy, swear they're
 most;
No diff'rence marking 'twixt the gay and lewd,
But dreaming all who fly would be pursued:
While thus they vainly think, and vainly live,
Lost to that reverence love's soft lessons give;
Let this great maxim be my passion's guide;
May I ne'er hope where I am ne'er deny'd,
Nor gain a woman willing to be try'd.

ANSWER TO A SCURRILOUS OBSCENE POEM,
Intituled, *An Epistle from Mrs. Robinson to Senesino*.

FROM thy loose lines I turn my eyes away,
Nor know, o'erspread with blushes, what to say:
The modest muses, wounded by thy strain,
For me, and for themselves, do thus complain.
O thou, our country's folly and expence!
Dull foe to tragedy and godlike sense;
Too long, mean mercenary shade, too long,
Has't thou these isles enchanted with thy-song.
Music's soft god unbinds the charm he rais'd,
He blest thy tongue, and while he blest we prais'd:
By thee polluted, he disclaims his choice,
And will no longer warble in thy voice.
His trembling notes where melting softness hung,
And every grace will seek a chaster tongue.
No more the lover shall thy song repeat,
No more the fair one sigh---'tis wond'rous sweet!
Oh, guilty Senesino! thou no more
Shalt bravo! bravo! hear---or loud encore.
The loose and dull shall all thy audience be;
The chaste and witty shall resent for me.
All unattended shall thy awkward form,
To sad uncrowded scenes, or whine, or storm.
Thy wretched ha! shall unapplauded grow,
And ill-plac'd bays fall with'ring from thy brow.
Know, Songster, Julius, God-like chief, disdains
Thy shrill, unnatural, ungraceful strains:
With rage redoubled, Pompey's ghost must burn,
To find such tears profane his sacred urn.
Remember, echo, soon thou'lt know the time,
Strip'd of thy robes, thy legions, and thy rhyme;
Thou poor machine of mean delusive sound,
When I shall see thy temples all unbound,
And those who heroes act, like heroes crown'd.
Thou to thy famish'd Italy shalt go,
And rival Faustus in the shades below.

THE CHOICE, TO A FRIEND.

Oh greatly blest'd! who can, as fate requires,
By ductile wisdom temper your desires!

Balance'd within, you look abroad serene,
And marking both extremes pass clear between;
Oh, could your lov'd example teach your skill!
And as it moves my wonder, mend my will!
Calm would my passions grow, my lot might
 please,

And my sick soul should think itself to ease,
But to the future while I strain my eye,
Each present good slips undistinguish'd by.
Still what I would, contends with what I can;
And my wild wishes leap the bounds of man.

If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd desires can fix a scope; [poor,
This were my choice---oh! friend, pronounce me
For I have wants which wealth can never cure.
Mean is that soul which its own good can fill;
A prosp'rous world alone could feast my will.
He's poor at best who others misery sees,
And wants the wish'd-for power to give it ease.
He's rich who sole supreme and unconfin'd,
Can with unbounded influence bless mankind.
A glory this, unreach'd!--but on a throne!
All were enough---but less than all is none.
This my first wish---but since 'twere wild and vain,
To grasp at glitt'ring clouds with fruitless pain,
More safely low let my next prospect be;
And life's mild evening this fair sun-set see.
Far from a lord's loath'd neighbourhood---a state,
Whose little greatness is a pride I hate! [plac'd,
On some lone wild should my strong house be
Surrounded by a vast and healthy waste:
Sterile and coarse the untry'd soil should be;
But forc'd to flourish, and subdued by me.
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, streams,
 and skies,
Should with a changeful grandeur charm my eyes,
Still where I mov'd, new marks of my past pains
Should plume the mountain tops, and paint the
 plains:

Greatly obscure, and shunning courts, or name
Widely befriended, but escaping fame.
Peaceful in studious quiet would I live;
Lie hid for leisure, and grow rich to give.

TO THE EDITOR OF CLARISSA.

PAINTERS to poets owe their noblest praise;
Mute are their tints, till voic'd by living lays:
Passive the semblant forms but seem to breathe;
Delusive surface holds no depth beneath.
Far other lines Clarissa's painter drew;
Far other force his pensive colours knew:
There in round fulness active pictures glow,
Turgid with speaking life, and thinking woe.
His the soul's pencil, whose warm strokes impart
Mind to the form, and passion to the heart.
A delegate creator, calm he lies,
And sees the worlds he calls for round him rise.
Oh, might he live till his Clarissa's death!
But life immortal suits not mortal breath.
Let him but live till all who read are taught,
What aided influence beauty draws from thought.
Then would his length'ning years all bounds defy,
And nature and her friend together die.
So would he charm whole time---yet vainly too,
Reach every conscious heart---to change---how
 few!

Let him not hope too much---nor heaven nor he
 Set human minds from human frailties free :
 Though each can own where all the rest are hit,
 And every flaw, remote from self, admit :
 Though marks external catch the visual ray,
 All in-shut objects shun the search of day.
 Each ugliest likeness for another shown,
 Strikes all ; but none find eyes to note their own.
 Yet his---whate'er stage, press, or pulpit can ;
 Whate'er the heart's touch'd feelings lend to man :
 All that from all is learn'd, one genius gives,
 And in collective right of virtue lives. [ply'd,

Whence was his more than magic power sup-
 So skill'd to start life's game on every side ?
 Where could his line th' unmeasur'd vastness find,
 To fathom all the depths of all mankind ?
 Piercing as light from heaven, to earth he flows,
 And every stain and every beauty shows.

The three great powers that shake the human
 heart,

Are music, eloquence, and paintive art :
 Picture and eloquence already charm,
 In every tearful page divinely warm.
 Oh, let tun'd numbers fill th' illustrious trine !
 In some new work let added music shine ;
 Let his next wreath the poet's ivy claim,
 And his own verse immortalize his name.
 Verse so inspir'd, inspiring, and combin'd,
 Would pour th' enrapt'ring virtues o'er the mind ;
 Rouse from their roots in earth, hearts hard as
 steel,
 And teach once more the trees and beasts to feel !

TO THE

TWO GENEROUS MASTERS ST. QUINTIN,

*On their tender Affection to each other, in their Progress
 through, and Recovery from the Small-Pox.*

SEXES are needless aids in love's pure claim,
 Since souls (not bodies) light our social flame.
 Lamps of imprison'd life misplac'd we shine,
 Leap, lean our lengthening points---and long to
 join.

So long'd your brother minds to mix embrace,
 As light meets light, and space is lost in space.
 Death, with suspended hand, beheld your strife,
 Call'd off disease's rage, and set free life.
 Why should they die, the ghastly pauser cry'd,
 Whom names but separate, and but forms divide ?
 See with what spring th' elastic strugglers flew ;
 Clung to their fate, and to death's horrors grew !
 In vain eruptive fires their faces screen ;
 Fever's hot anguish vainly burnt between.
 Wolves that behind some thicket scent their prey,
 Not with more fierce delight o'er thorns make
 way,

Than, lur'd by danger, one with rapture fought
 Th' infectious grasp that his best half had caught.
 There smil'd their twisted souls, farewell all fear ;
 We rise together to a heaven not here.

No---let 'em stay, to earth's dim dust confin'd,
 Cross'd in their clouded way t'ward realms of
 mind.

'Twas not death's drift to strike for---added bliss,
 In next world angels---You're but men in this.

SENT TO A LADY

WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.

SEE, my soul's serene invader,
 See the face I first ador'd :
 Heaven for love and pity made her,
 And with angel's graces stor'd.

Mark her forehead's awful rising,
 See her soul-subduing eyes,
 Every look and air surprising,
 Modest, lively, soft, and wise.

Next to you I own I love her ;
 But your sweet discerning eye,
 Must not now be jealous of her :
 She's ne'er seen but you are by.

TO DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

On a mistaken supposition that I had forgot him.

WIT like yours---and yet forgot ?
 Dreamy doubt ? believe it not.
 Faith in silence loves to dwell,
 Fill'd with sense it shuns to tell.
 Shoaly waters loudest dash ;
 Distant light'nings longest flash :
 Spare pretence's empty drum,
 Deepest joys are oft'nest dumb :
 Bodies part---but mutual mind
 Stretch'd immense, contiguous join'd,
 Ever tangent, always seen,
 Souls embrace, with worlds between.
 Pride, indeed, avows it fit,
 Men forgotten should forget :
 Reason more to justice owes ;
 Reason loves---because it knows.
 Debt can ne'er for traffic stay ;
 Unreceiving it must pay :
 Taste of other's worth---should none
 Lend a weight to aid our own---
 Dou't, howe'er, the balance fail,
 Toss in self to turn the scale.

THE ACTOR'S EPITOME.

If comprehension best can pow'r express,
 And that's still greatest which contains the less ;
 No rank's high claim can make the player's small,
 Since acting each he comprehends them all.

Off, to due distance, half the stalking train !
 Blots of a title your low tastes prophane :
 No dull cold mouther shares the actor's plea,
 Rightly to seem is transiently to be.

Arduous the task, and asks a climbing brain ;
 A head for judgment, and a heart for pain :
 E'er sense impress'd reflects adopted forms,
 A changeful nature shakes with borrow'd storms.
 Then strong-mark'd passions signs external bear,
 And stamp assum'd distinctions on the player ;
 Joy, grief, fear, anger, pity, scorn, and hate,
 Wonder, shame, jealousy, and love's soft weight.

These, when he paints, did he but first conceive,
 Each on his fancy would its image leave ;
 Thence ductile fibres catch the expressive spring,
 And the eyes dart it, and the accents ring.

Y y iij

You who would joy's triumphant pride express,
What most you wish, imagine you possess.
Strait flames th' idea to the kindling eye,
And every nerve in concord braces high:
Treading on air, each joint a soul displays;
The looks all lighten---and the limbs all blaze.

But you who act unhoping grief's distress,
Touch fancy with some home-felt wretchedness.
Then slack'ning nerves the loose impression take;
Each sad look sickens: the shock'd spirits break:
Dim falls the faded eye;---the steps drag flow,
And ev'ry heedless gesture heaves with woe.

Fear is but active grief, avoiding pain,
Yet flies too faintly, and avoids in vain:
While stagnate spirits, thick'ning as they spread,
O'er the cold heart, crawls slow, the living lead.
What though the eye's prompt ray keen light'ning
dart;

'Tis fruitless:---loos'ning fibres lame the heart.

Anger is pride provok'd beyond controul,
When some felt insult fires the smarting soul:
Then the will's warmth, repelling fancy'd shame,
Strings the nerves hard, and bids the eye-balls
flame;

Then marks of menace, air, and face deform;
And short thick breathings paint the infelt storm.

Pity is active sense of alien grief;
Think some dear dying suff'rer begs relief:
Aidful idea springs to succour woe,
And ev'ry quivering sinew learns to glow,
While mild as sighing saints, the sadd'ning face
Clouds into anguish with relenting grace.

Scorn is cold anger, careless and at ease,
Calm sense of wrongs too harmless to displease;
Bold in undoubted safety, 'twould disclaim
Defiance---and with proud remissness flame.
Now smiles, now frowns,---yet both with eye
serene;

And lets the nerves play loose with painless spleen.

Hatred is sullen fury long retain'd;
'Tis willing mischief warily restrain'd:
This to paint strong the back-brac'd nerves should
toil

In fetter'd strain, and heave in curv'd recoil;
While, with impatient frown, th' averted eye
Shuns the loath'd object it disdains too nigh.

Pain-seeking jealousy feels doubtful rage,
Which trustful pity struggles to assuage;
Thence frets uncertain pain, with pensive glow,
And look and action share divided woe.

Sad in the face the heart's felt softness reigns,
While each tugg'd sinew angry vengeance strains.

Wonder is curious fear---Suppose by night,
Some pale met spectre cross'd the moon's dim
light.

Sudden the back'ning blood, retreating swift,
Swells the press'd heart:---each fibre fails to lift;
Lost in short pause arrested motion lies,
And sense climbs doubtful to the straining eyes.

Love is at once intense and slack desire;
There hope inflames, while reverence cools the fire.
Fear of repulse, bold sense of joy withdraws;
Sighs in each accent; every movement awes.
Soft, earnest looks blush o'er th' inclining face,
And sinewy transport borrows shade from grace.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.

ALMIGHTY Father! of high heaven posses'd:
Be thy name holy, and thy power confess'd.
Teach us, on earth, to know and do thy will;
As heaven's bright train thy great commands fulfil.
Gracious our daily bread of life bestow;
And show us mercy, as we mercy show:
Guard us from strong temptation's powerful call;
Nor, when we meet with evil, let us fall.

AN ADDRESS

FROM THE STATUES AT STOWE,

To Lord Cobham, on his return to his Garden.

FROM every muse and every art thy own;
Thy bowers our theatres, thy mind our throne:
Hail to thy virtues, manumiz'd from state;
Hail to thy leisure, to be wisely great.
Fetter'd by duties, and to forms enslav'd,
How timely has thy life a remnant sav'd!
To taste that freedom which thy sword maintain'd;
And lead, in letter'd ease, a life unpain'd:
So Scipio, Carthage fall'n, resign'd his plume,
And smil'd at the forgetfulness of Rome.

O, greatly blest! whose evening sweetliest
shines,

And in unclouded slowness calm declines:
Now free reflection, with reverted eye,
Wan'd from hot noon-tide, and a troubled sky,
Divides life well---the largest part long known
Thy country's claim---the last and best thy own.

Go, like the masters of the world, go shine;
Be Charles' life, and Dioclesian's thine:
Form thy own power, dependent peace create,
And shade distinction from the storms of state:
With pray'rs and praise, thy toil (like heaven's)
be paid, [made.

And guard the growing world thy hands have
There, while detach'd, thy self-supported soul
Resumes dominion, and escapes controul;
Moves with a grandeur monarchs seek in vain,
Above all forms, all dangers, and all pain:
The muse shall find thee in thy blest retreat,
And breathe this honest wish at Cobham's feet:
Fresh as thy lakes, may all thy pleasures flow;
And breezy, like thy groves, thy passions blow;
Wide as thy fancy be thy spreading praise;
And long and lovely as thy walks---thy days.

TO LADY W---,

*On seeing her in the Park, after her recovery from a
long Illness.*

PLEAS'D at your wish'd return, to cheer the shade,
For your long life, a pensive neighbour pray'd;
Shock'd and disgusted at the modern fair,
Vacant of thought and turbulent of air;
He hail'd your health, restor'd who live to prove,
How women once compell'd the wise to love.
How unaffected ease in motion charms!
How knowledge holds the heart that sweetness
warms!
How thinking spirit quickens every grace,
Till the soul lightens through the meaning face!

Griev'd to observe what now the sex employs,
 Whose wit is laughter, and whose converse noise.
 Who loudly ignorant, and coarsely light,
 Repel men's reason, and offend their sight;
 Make youth distasteful, dignity despis'd,
 And every claim of beauty pass unpriz'd:
 Charm'd, he beheld once more your air sublime,
 In all but wisdom, still unchang'd by time.
 Patterns, like you, may teach the faithless eye,
 What, in your absence, wou'd be judg'd a lie;
 Shou'd it be told these quenchers of love's fire,
 That woman once was soft and mov'd desire;
 By modest tenderness compell'd respect,
 And, arm'd with influ'nce, never fear'd neglect.
 That friend, and lover both, she cou'd impart
 Peace to the mind, and passion to the heart,
 'Twould now be thought a dream—but that in
 you
 They see such proof, that they must own 'tis true.
 Live then a lengthening age of painless hours,
 Your sex's envy—and the wish of ours.

TO MR. GARRICK,

On his united Ideas of Actor and Writer.

Form'd for each other's aid, these powers but
 meet,
 As nature's self shows light combin'd with heat:
 Oh! born to grace their union, let 'em share
 Thy thoughts exertion, and reward thy care.
 The willing arts bid all their praise be thine,
 For thee, tun'd discords into music join;
 What others, lab'ring hopeless, hardly gain,
 'Twas thine at once to start for and obtain.
 To instant growth without gradation drawn,
 High-noon leapt backward to embrace the dawn;
 Time and experience sunk to speed thy way,
 And genius crasp'd creation in a day.
 Nor let malignant envy blast thy claim,
 Since wit and virtue triumph in thy fame.
 Oh! let no rogue of damn'd Iago's race,
 To wile-try'd torture rack that honest face:
 Seem what thou art, brave, faithful, amorous, gay;
 The noblest passions please the noblest way.
 Heart humaniz'd, head clear, hands clean, soul
 great,
 Sharp sense, mild manners, ease, adorning weight,
 Sun of our stage shine on: we feel thy light:
 Thy warmth how fruitful, and thy beam how
 bright!
 Each guilt thou paint'st by borrow'd art is shown;
 But every goodness native, and thy own.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

O'er nature's laws God cast the veil of night,
 Out-blaz'd a Newton's soul—and all was light.

TO CLIO,

*On her praising Mr. Dyer, and showing me some of
 his Verses.*

MATCHLESS inspirer of my muse and me,
 Thou heaven of blended smiles and majesty!
 Thou, by whose light all others worth is shown,
 While thou art dark as midnight to thy own.

Praising desert, like his, you charm me too,
 And for your blessing him my thanks are due.
 Mean are the minds, who but their own possess,
 And reap no joy from other's happiness.
 I groan beneath their pains, whom sorrow wrings,
 And when their hope is rising, mine has wings.
 O Clio! to deserve such praise from thee,
 Points out thy friend, a bosom one for me;
 My sympathetic soul reveres his name,
 And my warm heart beats anxious for his fame.
 Sweet are his thoughts, and soft as evening air;
 Joy gilds his smiles—his sighs invite despair:
 Strong is his sense, and his reflection deep,
 Wide as his prospects—as his mountains steep:
 Oh, may he still be blest with thy esteem!
 Oh, may thy charms for ever be his theme!
 Vast is my wonder at his fancy's flight,
 Till I remember whence his store was drawn;
 Clio, the inspirer Clio! lent him light,
 And spread soft influence o'er his wid'ning
 dawn.
 Warm'd by the enliv'ning lustre of her beams,
 His rip'ning reason burnt with conscious glow;
 Blaz'd in the radiant charmer's starry streams,
 And shed diffusive heav'n on all below.
 Oh! thou soft sun of wit, and love's gay clime,
 Point but one ray of thy broad shine on me;
 Then shall my kindl'd soul flame out sublime,
 And glitter proudly with thy friend and thee.

ON TWO LOVELY AND LOVING SISTERS.

WHEN equal charms, in different colours dress'd,
 Have two sweet sisters, rival persons, blest'd:
 How kind is heaven, their minds with love to
 strike,
 And teach 'em both to look and think alike.

TO THE EDITOR OF ALBANIA.

A POEM.

*Addressed to the Genius of Scotland, and dedicated to Ge-
 neral Wade.*

KNOWN, though unnam'd, since shunning vulgar
 phrase,
 Thy muse would shine, and yet conceal her rays;
 Think thyself hid, and hope in vain to be
 Unseen, like light, that shows us all we see.
 But while thy readers are deny'd thy name,
 They feel thy genius, and attest thy flame.
 They pity too, in death, thy noteless friend,
 Poor by the generous aid thy wealth wou'd lend,
 Prefac'd by thee, his feeble lights expire;
 Ev'n in producing, thou obscur'st his fire.
 Not but the muse had warm'd his youthful song!
 Bold were his notes, and his ideas strong;
 But where domestic dearnefs warp'd his lays,
 And partial birth mist the patriot praise;
 Wilt thou not join to blame the bounded zeal,
 That bids us only for our country feel?
 Yes—thou wilt censure this too scanty care,
 That shuts out pity, and appropriates prayer.
 Thou wilt enlarge affection, till it fees
 Beyond itself, and pants for public ease.

Stretch liberty to disengage mankind,
And ev'n from nature's biases free the mind.

What though (we know not why) soft inbred
pride, [guide;
Makes home seem sweetest, and can choice mis-
Till native darkness erring taste constrains,
And Lapland deserts rival Persia's plains.
Let the soul's reach the heart's restraint reprove,
And widen to the world our country's love.

Base are these local limits to men's hearts,
That canton out humanity in parts.
Truth has no districts to divide her toil;
And virtue is at home in every soil.
Since, on one common globe, we neighb'ring
dwell,

What narrower line shou'd man from man expel.
Each born alike, and sons of nature all,
Human can ne'er from care of human fall.

But passion's rapine, nature's union breaks,
Not soil but int'rest all this difference makes:
Born brothers, each from each wou'd something
draw,

Till ravag'd equity is shrunk to law.
Blindly forgetful, that the whole is dust,
We hate for parts, nor feel ourselves unjust:
Confine repute to place, and praise or rail,
As self or stranger turns the varied scale;
Till sense grown harden'd in her partial plea,
Justice is crippled into bribery.

Thou!—son of liberty!—can'st shun this self;
Loos'ning reflection, and out-launching self:
Can'st burst the chain of custom round the heart,
And from worst slavery—(that of reason)—start.
Thou, on thy country's hills, can'st praise bestow,
Yet stoop not the encomium to her snow!
So wants confess'd, but strengthen merit's claim,
And right from wrong distinguish'd fixes fame.

When rock-fenc'd Scotland boasts her hardy
race,
Or English beauty claims but matchless grace;
When France the praise of sprightliest wits as-
sumes,

And German plainness spreads its honest plumes;
Concurring plaudits grant unquestion'd dues,
And truth and reason sanctify the muse.

But shou'd Teutonic heaviness aspire,
From French vivacity to ravish fire,
Or Caledonia's manlike virgins vie,
With the soft sunshine of an English eye,
Justice wou'd blush at nature's erring pride,
And each forc'd trophy be by truth deny'd.

More just thy mind, more gen'rous is thy muse!
Albanian born, this English theme to choose:
No partial flattery need thy verse invade,
That in the ear of Scotland sounds a Wade.

Such as thy muse, such is thy patron's aim;
Nor north nor south can bound his spirit's claim.
Warm'd from within, he burns with Roman fires;
Shines for the world, and for mankind aspires;
Adorning power, he beautifies a state;
Endears dominion, and absolves the great.
Kind by his care, rapacious licence grows,
And polish'd jealousy no hatred knows:
Felt in their hearts, to love of faith he charms,
And softly conqu'ring, needs no aid of arms.

When (ages hence) his last line's lengthen'd
dies,

And his lost dust reveals not where it lies;
Still shall his living greatness guard his name,
And his works lift him to immortal fame.
Then shall astonish'd armies, marching high,
O'er causeway'd mountains that invade the sky,
Climb the rais'd arch, that sweeps its distant throw,
Cross tumbling floods, which roar unheard below,
Gaze, from the cliff's cut edge, through midway
air,

And, trembling, wonder at their safety there!
Pierce fenny deeps with firm unsinking tread,
And o'er drain'd deserts wholesome empire spread.

While charm'd, the soldier dwells on wonders
pass'd, [last,
Some chief, more knowing and more touch'd—at
Shall, (pointing) to the attentive files, explain,
How (many a cent'ry since)—in George's reign,
Wade's working soul, that grac'd his prince's
throne,
Built these vast monuments—and spar'd his own.

VERSES WRITTEN ON WINDOWS,

*In several Parts of the Kingdom, in a Journey to
Scotland.*

LETTERS from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near:
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embody'd thought a thousand ways:
Could souls to bodies write, death's power were
mean,
For minds could then meet minds, with heaven be-
tween.

ORDER! thou eye of action! wanting thee,
Wisdom works hoodwink'd in perplexity;
Entangled reason trips at every pace,
And truth bespotted, puts on error's face.

TENER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures,
Use 'em kindly they rebel:
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well,

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how diff'rent to pretend and know!
Like a poor high way brook, pretence runs loud
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud:
While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge
glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

WHIG and Torry scratch and bite,
Just as hungry dogs we see:
Toss a bone 'twixt two they fight,
Throw a couple they agree.

WOMEN talk of love for fashion,
 So they do of spirits walking :
 But no more they feel the passion,
 Than they see the ghost of which they're talking.

HAVE a care, gay, young, and wanton,
 Give no ground for love to plant on ;
 Guard against the fair deceiver,
 See and hear, but don't believe her :
 Or if nothing seems unjust,er,
 Than to love, and yet distrust her :
 On your side to turn the laughter,
 Try her first, and trust her after.

HERE in wet and windy weather,
 Muse and I two mopes together,
 Far from friends, and short of pleasure,
 Wanting every thing but leisure :
 Scarce content in any one sense,
 Tell the showers, and scribble nonsense.

WHERE'ER the diamond's busy point could pass,
 See what deep wounds have pierc'd the middle glass !
 While partial and untouching all the rest,
 Highest and lowest panes shine unimpres'd !
 No wonder this !—For e'en in life 'tis so ;
 High fortunes stand unreach'd—unseen the low,
 But middle states are marks for every blow.

As in a journey just begun,
 We think the distance vast,
 Yet while we travel gaily on,
 Insensibly 'tis past.

So in our youth we measure flow,
 Long views of promis'd breath :
 'Till like a shadow out we go,
 And vanish into death.

WERE women wise, their names on glass,
 Light froth of empty fashion !
 Would to their lovers sorrow pass,
 For proofs of brittle passion.
 Love should in secret, like the sun,
 Burn though a world should shade it ;
 But shows its source of heat to none,
 Except that God who made it.

THE DISTINCTION OF AGES.

THE seven first years of life, (man's break of day)
 Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display ;
 When fourteen springs have bloom'd his downy
 cheek,
 His soft and blushful meanings learn to speak ;
 From twenty-one proud manhood takes its date,
 Yet is not strength complete 'till twenty eight ;
 Thence to his five-and-thirtieth, life's gay fire
 Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce desire :
 At forty-two, his eyes grave wisdom wear,
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care ;
 On to the nine-and-fortieth, toils increase,
 And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace ;
 At fifty-six, cool reason reigns entire,
 Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire ;

But sixty-three unbinds the body's strength,
 E'er th' unwearied mind has run her length ;
 And when from seventy, age surveys her last,
 Tir'd she stops short—and wishes all were past.

THE MUSE TO THE WRITER.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF
 DUBARTAS.

SCARCE was the April of my life begun,
 When anxious to immortalize my name,
 Pleasure and soft repose I learn'd to shun,
 And lab'ring upward, sought the mounts of fame.
 But as a traveller, in viewless plains,
 Stops amid crossing roads, and doubts his way ;
 Pensively searchful, and unsure remains,
 Eager to journey on, yet loth to stray.
 So stop'd, and so unfix'd, I mark'd around,
 The flow'ry paths that led to groves of bays ;
 But pausing, doubtful, long confusion found,
 Which best to choose of all those tempting ways.
 One while my genius plann'd the glowing scene,
 And from the Grecian source example drew ;
 Taught pride to pity, ignorance to mean,
 And form'd the many, by the suffering few.
 Anon domestic discord snatch'd my pen,
 My country's woes I now aspir'd to feel ;
 Historic truths, and wrongs of injur'd men,
 Impell'd my justice, and inflam'd my zeal.
 Then sinking sudden, from the glorious height,
 Low mercenary praises quench'd my fire ;
 Poorly a flatt'rer, I for profit write,
 And to my fortune tune my tortur'd lyre.
 At length grown lazy, I by love was caught,
 And finding age, and taste, and will to fit,
 In warm light sallies, wanton lessons taught,
 And to the size of Cupid crop'd my wit.
 While roving thus uncenter'd and unstead,
 I lik'd by turns, and did by turns refuse ;
 Sudden before me a descending maid,
 Confess'd the shape of a celestial muse.
 All that we dream of angels form'd her air ;
 Sweet was her gesture and her step divine :
 But when she spoke, she would have charm'd de-
 spair,
 And taught the gloom of wither'd age to shine.
 High from her head, aspir'd a starry crown,
 Immensely beaming its effulgence round ;
 An azure mantle flow'd obliquely down,
 And bright with lamps of silver swept the
 ground.
 Mortal ! she cry'd, Urania's face behold !
 Urania—muse of all the heavenly nine ;
 Best skill'd the paths of glory to unfold,
 And make the poet (like his art) divine.
 I through the dancing numbers breathe a soul,
 And to the sound of reason tune mankind ;
 I teach true pleasures, false ones to controul,
 And warm the yielding heart, to stamp the
 mind.

Mark me, and keep my image long in sight,
And when departed to my starry sphere,
Strike this new harp, and from it draw delight,
By sounds that list'ning angels love to hear.

Long have I mourn'd my sister's fully'd fame,
By friendless mirth or cheerless malice stain'd;
Cramp'd by cold flatteries that blight their name,
Or by wild warmth of loose desire profan'd.

But most I grieve that rebel waste of wit,
Which boldly pushing its infernal claim,
With darkness for such blind presumption fit,
Turns its own arms on heaven with impious aim.

Learnt are the vulgar arts—but poets draw, [fire :
From heaven alone the gift that wings their
Not the best lights that ever learning saw,
Could living verse by study'd strength inspire.

Thence 'tis that Homer, powerless, poor, and blind,
Beggar, himself has taught e'en kings to shine :
Buoy'd sinking heroes by fresh floods of mind,
And stretch'd the human grasp with reach divine.

Thence 'tis that Ovid could not speak in prose,
But wept in measure, and expir'd in verse :
Thence the Jessian lyre to music rose,
Which seraphs in their Maker's ear rehearse.

Read, meditate, reflect, grow wise—in vain;
Try every help; force fire from every spark;
Yet, shall you ne'er the poet's power attain,
If heav'n ne'er stamp'd you with the muses mark.

Man must be out of man sublimely swell'd,
Whose wreckless verse would swim the storms
of time,
By force, not fury, meaningly impell'd,
To scorn the puny prostitutes of rhyme.

The warmth of fury but compassion moves,
And less than man makes man to man appear :
But warmth of genius, man from man removes,
And lifts his wid'ning soul to Heaven's high
sphere.

Mark this soft flute—when void of vocal wind,
In tuneless silence rests the sleeping sound :
Yet, when thus breath'd in, hark! what power
'twill find,
To waft the modulated raptures round!

So, till the whisp'ring Godhead bids—begin,
The poet's silent spirit stands unbent :
But when he feels th' inspiring power within,
Tuneful he spreads the transports heaven has
lent.

Since, therefore, all that makes his genius shine,
Is heaven's own gift,—how dares he subjects
choose,
Base and unworthy of that warmth divine,
And poorly noxious to the passive muse?

Why is his pen employ'd on idle themes?
Why is his fancy light? his purpose low?
Why does he waste his fire in fruitless dreams?
And with a tide of wanton wishes flow?

Why does he stoop to praise unletter'd pride?
Why celebrate defects in those who rule?
Why does his wit soft am'rous trains provide,
And bid love's wild-fire catch from fool to fool?

Ah! 'tis too much that he himself has crimes,
Which, unrepented, ne'er unpunish'd go :
Why would he lend his guilt to distant times,
And teach an unborn race to merit woe?

As on the yielding wax the seal we find,
Left in strong likeness with imprinted glow :
So does the reader steal the poet's mind,
And to the bias lent inclining go.

Shame on your pens, ye flexible of heart!
Whose poorness does not hurt yourselves alone,
But teaches blockheads to despise your art;
Judg'd by false patterns you have lightly shown.

Conscious of this, would you but turn at last,
And bid true genius with true lustre shine ;
All would, admiring, lose th' impression past,
And feel and own you of a stamp divine.

Then as my Moses his Jehovah sung,
And Israel wafted by the guardian rod :
Poets from every kindling country sprung,
Shall in a thousand tongues uncover God.

O you, who would the deathless laurel win,
No king's vile badge, but time's all-rev'rend
crown!

High as the fountain of your verse begin,
And with the god you write for, share renown.

This is a subject, that outstretching thought,
Through depths unfounded, wit's long plummet
draws :

There by immense effects immensely taught,
Pour out your straining souls, and claim applause.

There, and there only, find the road to fame ;
The hardest themes the noblest glory yield :
On low light subjects scorn to build a name ;
But ent'ring boldly, plough th' untrodden field.

Vainly shall envy blast your budding praise ;
Malice and hatred vainly press you down :
Slow shall you rise, indeed, but sure to blaze,
And hourly broad'ning reach decreed renown.

Envy's a cur, that at all strangers barks ;
But on the known and licens'd creeps to fawn :
Its hov'ring smoke hangs hard on kindling sparks,
But when the fire burns up 'tis strait withdrawn.

On then, be mine—Urania hears your pray'r ;
Glow in your breast and fans it gen'rous flame :
Write to be read—be times to come your care,
And bloom for ever fragrant still the same.

She said : and breath'd ambrosial o'er my face :
The circling sweetness swell'd my ravish'd mind ;
She rose, and left me in an empty space ;
But left her pow'rful influence still behind.

AN ODE TO ASTRÆ :

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUBARTAS.

FAIREST pattern from above,
Though I only live for love,
'Tis not for those sparkling eyes;
Though the stars that gild the skies,
When the twinklers shine most bright,
So compar'd have lost their light.
Though the sun in all his blaze,
Sees that smile, and hides his rays.

'Tis not that my fancy dips,
In the rainbow's red thy lips,
'Tis not ev'n thy lips that please:
Though the happiest Hybla bees,
When they rob the flow'ry spring,
Never ply'd the busy wing,
Charg'd with honey half so sweet,
As it would be those lips to meet.

'Tis not your neglect of air,
Far outcharming others care;
Nor those locks that fall resign'd,
Catch'd and courted by the wind:
Though the drifts of glitt'ring sand,
Strow'd o'er Afric's yellow strand,
Ne'er to charm ambition, roll'd
Half such tempting veins of gold.

'Tis not to those polish'd rows,
'Twixt whose openings music flows,
That I find my offerings due,
Vows so tender and so true!
Though the pearl-producing east
Ne'er did Europe's wonder feast,
Spite of all its toothy store,
With such ivory before.

'Tis not that declining waist,
Nor that neck so sweetly grac'd;
Nor the pantings of that breast,
(Soft as pity, and as blest!)
I could even that breast defy:
Though were Læda's swan but nigh,
All its down would fail to show,
Half so white and soft a snow.

When that forehead I behold,
(Smooth as flatt'ry and as cold!)
'Tis not its majestic frown
Throws my heart's defences down:
Though the silver moon at height,
Shines less awful through the night,
Than the meanings of that brow
Shoot correction at me now.

'Tis not that this azure vein
Marks your arm with heav'n's own stain,
While along the white it flows,
Swell'd with triumph as it goes;
'Tis not this engaging hand,
Holds my heart in soft command;
Though to hear it touch the lute,
Rocks would speak—and birds grow mute.

Teach me, then, mysterious fair,
What your power to charm, and where?
If this flame of my desire,
Did not at your eyes catch fire:
If those lips (how sweet they be!)
Have not thus entangled me;
Tell me what my heart could move?
Teach me whence arose my love?

If those ringlets of your hair
Did not string this amorous snare;
If that beauteous mouth has fail'd,
Nor those ivory teeth prevail'd?
Tell me what resistless cause,
Felt unknown my fancy draws?

Still unpleas'd but where you are,
Still untaught what pleases there!

Since those breasts—(how soft they rise!)
Reach no farther than my eyes;
Since I count a thousand charms,
None of which my heart disarms:
Let your still-uncounted store
Guide my search to find out more,
Till the cause I learn to know,
Pleasing cause! that charms me so.

Ah! 'tis found—delightful truth!
Sense with beauty, temp'ring youth.—
'Tis that peerless soul of thine,
Breaks like day-light into mine;
Charg'd with heav'n's ethereal flame!
Full of charms without a name!
'Tis thy converse turn'd to move,
Claims respect and forces love.

EPIGRAM,

On giving the Name of Georgia to a Part of Carolina.

WHILE rip'ning flow the future purpose lay,
And conscious silence plann'd the op'ning way;
Kind o'er the rising scheme an angel hung,
And dropt this counsel from his guardian tongue:
Wish you this way the royal pair inclin'd?
To Carolina be a Georgia join'd—
Then shall both colonies sure progress make,
Endear'd to either for the other's sake:
Georgia shall Carolina's favour move;
And Carolina bloom by George's love.

A LETTER

*From a departed Spirit to the Author (Mr. Pope),
of a Lady's Character, lately published in a Thurs-
day's Journal.*

STIRT to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life:
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And though unbody'd conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind controul?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?
No—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss!
That feels the worth it left in proofs like this:
That not its own applause, but thine approves,
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves!
Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame,
Then dying late, shall all thou gav'st reclaim.

THE CIV. PSALM.

LET my exalted harp be doubly strung!
High-tune thy praise, my soul! and let thy God
be sung!
See! how around his throne the conscious rays
Shoot quiv'ring, with continuous curve, and trem-
ble in their blaze! [displays!
See! what soul-shaking majesty, effulgent he

Cloth'd with embodied light, see! where he stands!
 Pointing wide his dread commands!
 As earth's dim flames, o'erwhelm'd by streaming day,
 Beneath the sun-beams die away;
 The sun full met, with cover'd face, retires,
 Burns inward and rolls back his frightened fires!
 Gracious, th' unequal eye of man to screen!
 See! where the maker kindly shades the too resplendent scene!
 And like a curtain widely drawn, spreads out whole heaven between.
 Look! now, amazing! where he glides!
 Look! where yon gathering host of clouds he dreadfully bestrides!
 And, awful on those self-roll'd chariots rides!
 He moves! he walks upon the swift-wing'd wind!
 He steps, from world to world at once, and leaves even thought behind!
 Myriads of hovering angels crowd the God-grac'd scene to fill!
 Angels! fit heralds for th' Almighty's will!
 Ten thousand firey light'nings sweep his way!
 Nimble couriers of his sway!
 And round his temples, hissing swift, in blue meanders play
 The firm-fix'd balance of the self pois'd globe,
 To neither bias partial sway'd, [obey'd!
 Became thus just, at his great word, and lastingly
 At his command the covering deep, drew off the world's wet robe;
 Gave back, and fill'd the channels he had made!
 But peeping o'er the hills reluctant staid;
 Displeas'd with its new bounds, but more afraid,
 Its old to re-invade!
 E'en yet the stubborn-hearted flood, no more High-licens'd as before,
 Disdains to give its proud repinings o'er:
 Oft, with bold murmurs, it alarms the shore,
 And, now and then, with rebel rage breaks out in general roar!
 But when presumptuous billows swell too high,
 And sprinkle heaven's eternal eye:
 Straight all the thunders of God's voice in loud resentment rise;
 The starting flood hears, shakes, and flies!
 Down sinks the quash'd aspirer from the skies,
 And hush'd in humble flatness lies!
 Yet if the Sovereign will but nods, black oceans quit their bed!
 Foamy they lash each other on, with high discovering head,
 And curling climb the steepy hills, and o'er drown'd mountains spread;
 Thence call'd again, again they rush, confessing God's controul!
 Again let loose, re-seek their sandy beds,
 Tumble for haste o'er one another's heads!
 And, sweeping with resistless breadth, o'er delug'd kingdoms roll!
 Fierce as they are, they're subject to his check!
 They know th' appointed bounds, and watch th' imperious beck!

From the huge treas'ry of the briny deep,
 Through thousand earth-form'd lab'rins taught to slide,
 In search of springs the salt-stript waters creep,
 And trickling thence into sweet rivers glide.
 Smooth-travelling to seek their mazy way,
 And devious 'twixt th' enamour'd hills, slowly delightful stray;
 These God appointed thus to flow, exhaustless stores of drink,
 Where every beast may quench his thirst, that seeks the smiling brink!
 And in the shady groves, which on their borders rise,
 He hous'd the warbling songsters of the skies!
 The pride-swolln mountains, which ambitious grow, [below;
 And neighb'ring heaven disdain the world
 Nor will to humble brooks refreshment owe,
 He waters with th' ætherial seas or coronets of snow!
 Amazing goodness! where's the smallest space,
 That does not feel and boast his grace?
 For cattle's food green flourishes the flow'r-embroider'd mead;
 For man's free use is every fruit decreed:
 For him th' inspiring grape was taught to bleed;
 Bread-bearing corn makes glad the labourer's toil; [oil.
 And his rough skin grows supple, smooth'd with
 When, at fix'd times, up rolls the changeful moon,
 God shoots her shadowy gleam through night's black noon!
 Rapid as is the ever-wheeling sun,
 He dares not measure heaven one thought too soon?
 Yet at God's word the flag of day is furl'd,
 And licens'd darkness rises o'er the world:
 Then does the gloomy forest quake,
 And all th' assembled savage kind their holiday then make:
 Leaf-trembling trees in silent horror shake,
 And panting herds creep terrified away,
 While the stern lion, hungry, roars and stalks abroad for prey.
 God suffers him the needful prey to take,
 And then new-wakes the day:
 Out breaks the sun, and to their dens the beasts fly swift away. [found!
 Almighty Power! how dost thou thought conceal?
 What human search can trace thy mazy round?
 How wisely, and how vastly, Lord! are all thy wonders done:
 Not earth alone does with thy wealth abound,
 But all above, and all beneath the sun.
 The sea's wild herds, as well as those on land,
 Rough-moulded sons too of thy formal hand,
 All live and move by thy command. [ing eye;
 The horrid wonders of that scene fatigue the ach-
 There wave-toss'd ships the op'ning depths defy;
 And circling through th' imprison'd winds their different courses ply:
 There does Leviathan wide-wallowing lie;

And while his broad unwieldy sports the scaly
people fly, [at the sky.
He, dreadful monster! sucks in seas and spouts 'em
On thee, obedient, all thy creatures wait;
And, in due season, all by thee are fed:
Thy single bounty does their bliss create;
They gather what thy op'ning hand has spread;
If thou but hid'st thy face they fall away:
Thou tak'st their breath and they decay;
At once return to uniform'd dust and old paternal
clay.

Again thou dost but speak thy potent will,
And life, rekindling, glows within 'em still!
For ever shall thy glorious power endure:
The pillars of thy majesty stand stedfastly and sure:
Approach'd by thee, the conscious mountains smoke,
And earth dissolv'd, flows loose beneath thy stroke!

TO HIS MUSE.

THY country! blast it, if it once disdains
To prop thy virtues, or reward thy pains:
If there I prosper, here was only born
That claims my duty: this deserves my scorn.
O muse! 'tis mean to stoop to helpless moan;
Try if no clime is gentler than thy own:
Offer, on distant shores, a faithful hand;
In vain, not useless, in thy mother land.
When fortune frowns, and care's black harvest
springs,

A change of place, a change of prospect brings:
Far off thy reason's force uncurb'd may reign;
But even the prophets preach'd at home in vain.

Yet hold; and e'er it quite determin'd grows,
Let me some sudden starts of hope disclose:
E'er, widely wand'ring, led by false distrust,
From my wing'd feet I shake their native dust.
Perhaps my doubt clouds some domestic ray,
And hides a prospect bordering on my way:
Though men of title seem exempt from thought,
And pride's assistance is but vainly sought;
Though truth, oft try'd, this known advice im-
parts,

That noble blood may warm ignoble hearts:
Hid in a cloud of pomp which hems the throne,
There may be greatness, to my hopes unknown;
How'er unfought, how'er unseen by me,
There may some soul-distinguish'd nature be:
Some gen'rous breast, whose mind, divinely warm,
Has taught him how uncourted favours charm.

If such there be, so rich, so strong a mind,
And thou, blest muse, shall his bright bosom find,
Whisper, in gentle notes, thy master's pray'r,
And in soft accents this sad truth declare:

There lives, O brightest gem of honour's crown,
Thou angel-act'd theme of just renown!
There lives, who, skill'd in fortune's wanton sports,
Hopes, with such faintness, for regard from courts,
That, though not blind to worth, which all men
see,

He sends me, half despairing, even to thee.
No gain-polluted aim inspires his views;
He seeks not office, nor reward pursues: [sign,
More nobly fir'd, his thoughts high schemes de-
To stretch dominion, and make empire shine.

Oh! were his wishes blest, and thy kind ear
Would once, impartial, his conceptions hear;
Th' important moment might resolves produce,
And clothe ideas with substantial use.

Stop there, O muse! 'twere needless more to say;
And with unwilling slowness glide away:
If mov'd, he calls thee back, regardful, go;
If not, return ungriev'd; all vain complaint is low!

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

A POEM.

GERMANICUS, for love and empire born,
At once to govern kingdoms, and adorn;
Too good for greatness, but that kings can bless;
Too firm for fear, but of his friend's distress.
Fore-temp'ring pow'r, by reason's generous plan,
To task the monarch, meditates the man.

In a town grove, whence Driad's noise exclude,
And hush loud streets to sylvan solitude,
Veil'd by a verdant skreen's encircling shade,
Whose angly sides eight arching lights pervade;
Friend to mankind their pensive fav'rite stood,
Revolving previous plans of purpos'd good.

Soft to his sight a female suppliant press'd,
In all the speaking marks of mis'ry dress'd;
Down-look'd, relax'd of mien, oft bending low,
Now stopping short, now re-advancing flow:
Pardon, she cry'd, th' intruding sighs of grief
Hope is the friendless wretch's last relief.

Germanicus, who, when distress draws nigh,
Catches quick sorrow from the suff'rer's eye;
With gentle waft invites her back'ning fears,
And smiles the warmth of pity on her tears.
Her, while advancing, heedful he survey'd,
Chance stretch'd his eye to the remoter shade;
Where, dimly obvious, from the bord'ring wood,
Dark'ning the arches, eight new phantoms stood,
All like the first, thin forms of shiv'ring woe,
Wept all—in dumb, sad, solemn, circl'y show.

Think, cry'd th' approacher, prostrate at his feet,
How sharp is insult, and relief how sweet:
Pity a wretched sisterhood of tears,
Nine friendless mourners, whom no comfort cheers.
All arts were ours, that polish'd life could gain;
But arts, and polish'd life, were ours in vain.
See what reward wish'd knowledge could impart,
Where fool is fashion, ignorance is art.
Urg'd by derision, and escaping hate,
We sad, slow exiles, seek some gentler fate.
To the bleak north's new-rising coasts we go,
Less cold than these, amidst eternal snow.
Glory's gay beams, to whose felt warmth we run,
More than supply the absence of their sun.
There mourning merit cannot miss relief,
Where watchful pow'r supplants prevented grief.
Fam'd for munificence, thy princely hand
Singly absolves an unbestowing land.
Ah! save the friendless—help the wrong'd away;
Too poor to go, yet too unlov'd to stay.
Pay but wish'd passage from this cruel shore,
And never, never will we trust it more.

Scarce had th' imploring accents voic'd her
pray'r,
When the known sounds and recollected air

Through the false semblance, natively convey'd
To the charm'd prince, a speaking muse betray'd.
Round, while uncrediting the storied woe,
His curious eyes discov'ring glances throw.
Th' examin'd umbrage, as he turn'd, reveal'd
Each muse that ev'ry distant arch conceal'd.
Waiting impatient for the finish'd tale,
Quit your vain hope, he cry'd, by want's thin veil
Unhid, to 'scape the rev'rence of my zeal,
Who all your power through all your changes feel.
Joyful he snatch'd th' implorer from the ground,
Then, turning graceful, bow'd progressive round;
Press'd their joint access, undisguis'd and gay,
And shone receptive of each effluent ray.

Seated and circled by the beamy train,
Their shapes resuming, and themselves again;
Tell me, said he, ye soul-inspiring nine!
Ye living fires that give the great to shine,
Who, quick'ning regal courage into flame,
Guide it, by justice, to immortal fame.
Why would ye leave a land distinguish'd long
For love of valour, and for hate of wrong;
Where freedom unrestrain'd her empire holds,
And legal monarchy new bloom unfolds?

He paus'd—and Clio answering, thus began:
Perish pale malice!—It oblit'rates man.
Where envy blasts, the muse inspires in vain;
No human culture there extends its reign.
Lost in malignity by civil hate,
Virtues that clash with virtues, curse a state.
Stifled in faction, arts unfriended sink,
Or pigmy'd into partial flatt'ry shrink.
Hist'ry must blush the wiles of spleen to pen,
And grace the bloodless broils of angry men.

Smother'd in self there breathes no public soul,
Where sep'rate strugglings general strength controul;

There policy's old gen'rous straitness bends;
And shifting medium crawls to sidelong ends:
There fraud triumphant, tempts the just to fall;
And every one man's gain is loss to all:
There love internal, checking sighs that roam,
Begins and ends all charity—at home.
Each pray'r appropriates one man's modest aim,
And humbly trusts to God, the common claim.
Crush'd by contempt of praise exertion dies,
And public spirit, laugh'd at, shuns to rise.

Thither when hope misleads th' historic muse,
Swift let her seek some scene of nobler views;
Where guileless pow'r no praise to craft ascribes,
Where courage scorns deceit and duty—bribes;
Where nervous meaning dares directly speak,
And crooked windings teach no truth to sneak.

'Tis found—for see—the icy pole dissolves;
Honour's new warmth with sunny force involves.
There glows event, there more than Roman arms
Clash their prophetic thunder's fear'd alarms:
There the puls'd public beats in ev'ry vein;
Strong to one purpose, lifts with equal strain.
No vile pretension there at titles aims;
No pride-swoln lumber lazy lordship shames:
There shines the sword in honour's guarded track;
No knight-hood blushes on a miser's back;
No bought emblaz'nings eminence efface;
No dirty dignity sublimed disgrace:

There heroes multiply; and labouring fame
Grows busy—to record each sparkling name.

She ceased—the prince, his patriot eyes with-drew;

[true;
Weigh'd the long charge, and wish'd it half un-
Sigh'd at the waste domestic discord made,
And mourn'd unfriended arts by spleen betray'd:
Then view'd the sisters, re-prepar'd to hear,
While Erato, soft sighing, charm'd his ear.

Lur'd, said the am'rous muse, from realms
above,

Pleas'd I descended on this land of love:
Look'd and approv'd; and form'd aerial schemes
Of heart-felt ties, and hope's elusive dreams;
Vainly propos'd—each sex by each to mend,
And smooth the rugged paths of life with friend.
Snatch'd at one sweet example new to fame,
Urg'd its dear pow'r th' unhappier to reclaim.
Misguided millions hail'd th' acknowledg'd charms,
And lov'd perfection when it bless'd thy arms.
But ah! too lost at length themselves were gone;
They worshipp'd and confess'd—but still sinn'd on.
Yet I, vain hop'er, still new helps apply;
And, ever failing, would for ever try.

To slighted beauty would new powers impart,
And stretch the aided empire of the heart.
Teach man that woman's strength in softness lies;
Teach woman why the modest charm the wise.

Useless to either I from both remove;
Money's th' inspiring muse of modish love:
O'er truth and passion avarice prevails,
All vows are venal, and all sighs are sales.

Int'rest and vanity, and self, disarm
Mutual esteem, till neither sex can charm:
The blank unnat'ral whims pervert desire,
Attraction failing they exchange attire.

Then man's lac'd lightness apes the lady's air;
And bluff big boldness masculates the fair.
With changing sexes, love's lost motives change,
From wish to wish, the short-liv'd passions range;
Recorded constancy becomes romance,
And, among millions, two may love—by chance!

Why should I then supporting present scorn,
Stretch my too patient hope to times unborn?
When to the north, where nature shines unstain'd,
Confiding sexes love with faith unfeign'd,
Their native beauties, in no clime excell'd,
To rising force by conscious worth impell'd;
While through the sparkling eye taught spirit
breaks,

And the felt lustre of their fame partakes.

The lover prince unwillingly believ'd,
Faults which his nobler nature scarce conceiv'd;
Touch'd for the honour of the human heart,
His own glow'd painful with ideal smart:
When loftier accents from Urania broke,
And snatch'd his list'ning soul, while science spoke.

From heav'n's unsounded depth, she cry'd, I stole
Angelic fire, and form'd a Newton's soul;
Taught him the secret walks of God to tread,
And 'twixt the starry worlds his spirit led.
All æther op'ning to a mortal's eyes,
Till earth sent colonies, and held the skies,
What king for this magnificently just,
Bless'd him in life, or dignified his dust?

What voted honours mark the aspirer's race?
 What thinking statues emulate his face?
 He who immortaliz'd his country's name,
 Beyond ten thousand conqu'rors bounded fame,
 He, who to lift mankind, new heav'ns display'd,
 And every human breather nobler made;
 Did he to public fame all nature raise?
 And is he poorly left to private praise?
 In such a land, ah! what can arts expect,
 What claim has hopeless science, but neglect.

O fate of wint'ry worth, by climate cross'd!
 Budding untimely to be nip'd in frost!
 Newton has multiplied the suns!—yet pours
 In vain the light of all their orbs on ours,
 When will the incurious courts for which he found
 New worlds, find will to trace an old one round?
 What promis'd pension ships th' unshaken soul,
 To dare discov'ry and ungloom the pole?
 What coasting keel indenting southern strands,
 Starts the long shores of cloud-benighted lands?
 No annual bounty persevering kind,
 Draws the dark veil that covers half mankind.
 What regal influ'nce easing learning's birth,
 Now adds new stars to heav'n, or arts to earth?
 Who sows munificence to root up sloth,
 And call forth harvests of eternal growth?

Hail to the land where war makes science room!
 Where realms from deserts rise, and ruins bloom!
 Where conquest spreading to embrace distress,
 Lets loose ambition, not to waste, but bless:
 There pow'r inverts destruction into birth,
 And the prolific sword empeoples earth!
 There desolation, fruitful in decay,
 Fades into opulence, and strengthens sway.
 There ports (unnative) indrawn seas confine,
 And climbing streams o'er channel'd mountains
 shine;

There public splendor swallows private pride,
 And claims which all men share in all men guide;
 There art rewarded strains excited skill,
 Till dazzling wonders wid'ning empire fill:
 The fierce free Tartar, sees the Tartar taught,
 Grins at advancing rule, and pants for thought;
 Then in long link, new nations forward draw,
 And the drain'd wilds of nature crowd to law.
 Hail promis'd land!—All now that seems severe,
 Is—that removing hence we leave you here.

Urania stopp'd and bow'd.—The prince whose
 heart

Inly confess'd the pow'r of cherish'd art,
 Nobly approving praise so justly warm,
 Smil'd conscious of his inborn right to charm.

Next rose Terpsichore,—melodious muse!
 Soft her first accents like descending dews;
 Sweet, and slow swelling, till in livelier sound,
 Gay to the ravish'd ear quick transports bound.
 Tim'd to the tuneful voice each trembling tree
 Strain'd its tugg'd roots, and labour'd to be free:
 Warm'd through the wak'ning stone the sculptur'd
 ear

Of every starting statue seem'd to hear;
 Air catch'd, and length'ning back the mazy notes,
 Curls, while the undulating music floats.
 Earth list'ning to inhale harmonious pain,
 Sigh'd it in soft vibration back again.

VOL. VIII.

Pardon a mourning muse that leaves with tears,
 The land that lov'd Germanicus endears;
 But ah, what toils! what anguish shalt thou bear!
 What endless labour must o'erload thy care!
 Ere thy last views a taste like thine inspire,
 And sparkling kingdoms catch thy manly fire!

Near operas fribling fugues what muse can stay,
 Where wordless warblings winnow thought away;
 Music when purpose points her not the road,
 Charms to betray, and softens to corrode:
 Empty of sense, the soul-seducing art
 Thrills a slow poison to the sick'ning heart:
 Soft sinks idea dissolute in ease,
 And all life's feeble lesson is to please.
 Spirit, and taste, and generous toil, take flight,
 And lazy love, and indolent delight,
 And low luxurious weariness of pain,
 Lull the lost mind,—and all its powers are vain.

Hence to the realms of fame ye muses fly,
 There to the drum's big beat the heart leaps
 high;

There fighting flutes but temp'ring martial heat,
 Teach distant pity and revenge to meet;
 The manly pipe there scorns th' expanded shakes,
 That wind wav'd nothings, till attention akes;
 There now concurring keys and chords increase,
 The heart's soft social ties, and cherish peace;
 Then trumpets answ'ring trumpets shrill and far,
 Swell to the sounding wind th' inspiring war;
 There the rous'd soul in exercise grows strong,
 Nor pools to puddly foulness stopp'd too long:
 Strength'ning and strengthened by the poet's fire,
 There music's meaning voice exalts desire;
 There harmony not drowns but quickens thought,
 And fools unfeeling words by notes are caught.

Soft sigh'd the prince, for suff'ring music pain'd,
 And Polyhymnia rising warm complain'd:
 Deign to be told impartial, gen'rous, wise,
 Why fruitless eloquence indignant flies;
 Gall'd at lost time in cases vainly clear'd,
 At truths untouching, and at sounds unheard;
 Blushing, while oratory's lab'ring strains
 On pre-decision waste derided pains;
 And flourish'd periods to no purpose fine,
 Like suns in deserts, without notice shine;
 Hating grave insult, I disdain to stay,
 Where talk but trifles, and where tropes but play:
 If serious rhet'ric sweats where sneering mutes
 Hast'ning the hurried question, crop disputes;
 If law sells argument, yet forms must reign,
 And custom pleading, equity is vain;
 If the dark pulpit's short mysterious art,
 Lifts faith to heav'n, and damns the moral heart;
 Bear me, dishonour'd God! to some plain state,
 Where truth, in spite of aye and no, is weight;
 Where pleas of right a reas'ning bench persuade,
 And justice scorns in precedent to trade;
 Where no bold blasphemy would faith enslave,
 But humble, honest, doubting works, can save.

Euterpe, watchful of her sister's close,
 Snatch'd her sunk cadence, and impatient rose:
 Pleasure, she cry'd, is mine, mine the gay skill,
 To paint the fancy, and adorn the will.
 But where dry avarice has taste betray'd,
 Pleasure is robbery in masquerade;

Z z

Contending sexes push one common aim,
And youth, and wit, and beauty, meet to game;
At cards to conquer, or at dice to sweep,
Is all the humble joy the polish'd reap.

Or, if aspiring to robust praise,
Some livelier genius warmth more active sways;
'Then frock'd in gloomy fleckness, tight and smart,
The pert cap'd racer dares the jockey's art;
At stake and plate his skill profoundly shown,
He from his horse's worth presumes his own.

Or, nobly stung by John the coachman's claim,
Climbing th' advent'rous box, disputes his fame;
Scatt'ring malignant dust, cracks voice and thong,
Glow for a livery's right, and burns along:
Proudly display'd, looks back, and shouts to find
Poor conscious John, less glorious, hang behind.

Not so th' Olympian rivals charm'd of old,
When fiery youths in whirling chariots roll'd;
'Then the watch'd signal bade the rank disjoin,
And rushing wheels dissolv'd the breaking line:
Strain'd to th' expanded whip's impulsive sound,
Light leap'd th' exulting axles o'er the ground,
'Twixt crowding nations, partial, panting, gay,
The prais'd, plum'd hero skim'd the less'ning way,
'The smoking steeds obey'd the watchful rein,
And winding warlike, swept the shouting plain.
Now graceful rais'd, now pendent in career,
High and far-glitt'ring, shone the charioteer,
Firm in his seat, superior in his mien,
Flew o'er the course, and flam'd along the green;
Martial in gesture, eminent in grace,
His birth and grandeur light'ning from his face.

Or, if to sweeter contest match'd he mov'd,
And in some ball, led the kind hand he lov'd,
The modest fair, flow through the mazy dance,
Swam to the love-sick soul in soft advance;
No light coarse frikking kick'd off woman's air,
No strong stretch'd limb out-trod attraction there,
Decent their pleasures, and discreetly weigh'd,
Active the youth, and delicate the maid:
Honour by elegance its right maintain'd,
And thought correcting rapture, prudence reign'd.

Mournful Melpomene, with tragic frown,
Spoke next; and thus deplor'd a tasteless town.
Why strove the scenic muse to shine in vain,
Where wit is levity, and art is gain?
Where law's blind hope would curb corruption's
rage,

Yet left undue contempt to taint the stage?
Hence theatres neglected into shame,
Catching at concourse, purity disclaim.
By pow'r deserted, make their humbler court
To rake and rancour, or to fool and sport:
Piqu'd to reprisal, unconfes'd rate wit,
Noting the popular, evades the fit.
'Then the play plots on state-craft, laughs at truth,
Misguides allegiance, or unfinews youth;
Thither crowds faction to be taught complaint,
Where pow'r, the martyr, might have reign'd the
faint.

There wisdom bleeds, by pleasure's feath'ry dart,
And love's loose hand unstrings the slacken'd heart;
There discontent first tries her tim'rous force,
Hints and finds help and dares her dang'rous
course;

There froth, farce, flatt'ry, chance, sedition, rule;
And virtue scarce finds place in virtue's school.

Farewell, forsaken stage—when courts refuse
To urge wit's wand'ring rein, she shames a muse;
Hail, from afar! thou fate-foretelling light!
Beaming prognostic through the eye of night!
Kindling a hundred realms, th' enliv'ning flame
Wings the wak'd energy of courted fame.

There empire flashing into glory's blaze,
Conscious intention blushes not at praise;
There spurring virtue, wit has leave to mean,
And pow'r exciting passion prompts the scene.

So must it be ere tragic fire is felt, [pelt,
But where grave thoughts are marks for fools to
Where tir'd illit'rate viewless yawning pride
Must hear unlist'ning, and untaught decide,
There let lost sentiment mispoint no beam,
To hope were blindness, and to wish a dream.

Up leap'd Thalia, glowing red with rage,
Fir'd and indignant at a farceful age;
Shall comedy's insulted muse, she cry'd,
Hold hoops to tumblers——

She paus'd—unable to proceed;—sigh'd strong:
Repell'd the big disdain—and trac'd her wrong.

Shall comedy for sworded harlequin
Split lathes, and arm him for the mimic scene?
While he, proud impotence, with modish strut,
Cocks bluff, diffusive of his wooden cut:
Must she swing gypsies o'er the winnow'd pit,
Mounting posteriors in defect of wit;
Or clap some human whirlwind's blust'ring rage,
That o'er twelve heads descending shakes the stage.
Stare while th' unmanly reptile's wriggling twist
Threads the starv'd ladder, and descends unhiss'd?
Or, for the rope-aspirer's jirkful tread,
Shall she poise right their emblematic lead?
No—let implor'd expulsion wing me hence!
Far let me fly to some fair seat of sense; [grace,
Where life's stoll'n humour glows with mirthful
And comic picture copies nature's face;
Where imag'd passion, dear to the polite,
Leaves low buffoon'ry to the rabble's right.
Tir'd, yet untask'd, let me no longer wait,
Laughing unheeded—at the laughing great;
While with the roar of boys to tricks they run,
Which mobs should shout at, and the wise should
shun.

Gravely, good souls! reserving solid scorn, [born.
For thoughts to feel whose force themselves were

Warm'd in wit's cause, lamenting genius lost,
Nor tasting ecstasy at judgment's cost,
List'ning Germanicus, with pensive grace,
Revolv'd wish'd soft'nings for a pitied race;
When like a trumpet pouring music's flood,
Speaking Calliope thrill'd through his blood.

There was a prince! ah, bid me add, ere long
There is!—impulsive of the epic song.
Flame of imperial prominence he shin'd;
Terror at once, and charm of human kind!
All the soft praise of social life his due:
All the rais'd pow'rs of arms and arts he knew;
Fearless, impell'd his father's fortune on;
And in youth's dawn a dazzling victor shone;
In force resistless, yet undaring wrong;
Honest in vengeance, and in pity strong.

Without dwelt war, in all her thund'ring din;
 While peace in all her stillness wept within.
 Form'd for a lover, for a thinker taught;
 Bloodless reflective eminence he sought:
 Born to be greatest, chose but to be best;
 But heav'n that knew his use, forbad his rest:
 'Then from the calms of conqu'ring thought he rose,
 Glow'd in tempestuous war, and scorn'd repose.
 Uncrown'd, gave crowns at will, their thorns un-
 try'd;

And more than reigning, without reigning died.
 Such, though the land I leave could show me
 still,

Calm seasons call not for a pilot's skill.
 Peace is the blessing commerce loves to choose;
 But war and glory task the epic muse.
 Farewell, sure subject of my future song.
 When rising shameful at a people's wrong,
 In times yet distant, thy rememb'ring hand
 Lets loose correction at some foreign land.
 Then loud as thy applause, reclaim us all;
 And every muse of nine shall wait thy call.

Speaking, she rose; and with her rising flow,
 Her eight sad sisters, sighing, turn'd to go.
 Lively, upstarting from his shadow'd seat,
 Stay (cry'd the prince alarm'd)—suspend retreat.
 Just though your anger, yet revenge forbear;
 Lest taught by muses, man forgets to spare.
 Too soon degen'rate nature warps awry,
 The bad to copy, and the good to fly.
 Have you beheld wit's stream discolour'd glide,
 And pour'd lost azure on th' unconscious tide?
 Think the blame yours, who heav'n's best tincture
 bring,

To stain the current, yet neglect the spring.
 Would you at once Cœrulean depth renew?
 And gayly bright'ning flush th' improvement
 through?

High at the source th' infusive tinge bestow;
 And ev'ry downward drop shall tinctur'd flow.

But while a vagrant inspiration strays,
 And here and there unlicens'd pow'r displays;
 Though sep'rate individual strollers share
 Some uncollective scatt'rings of your care;
 This way and that though some faint hint of light
 Gleams like a meteor, and shrinks back in night,
 Or, ming'ling beams to form some deathless blaze,
 Once in an age you Popes or Thomsons raise:
 All the lost labour serves but to express
 How wide our wants! how thinly we possess!
 Till the day breaks expect no gen'ral glow;
 For the sky darken'd keeps all dark below.

Here for wit's fountain dream not of a court,
 False and injurious flight th' unweigh'd report.
 Meant for a clime where thrones appropriate
 pow'r,

And one man's passions all mens rights devour.
 But in free states where liberty may choose,
 Taste knows no monarch, and obeys no muse.
 Senates their muses, property their aim;
 Their boast but safety—and their plaything fame.

No—would your willing culture waste no toil?
 Would your bays thrive in a reluctant soil?
 Ductile of form, and changing shapes at will,
 Assume new sex, new names, new views, new skill.

Safe in sage politics conceal your wit;
 Then by my bounty qualify'd to sit,
 Nine Cornish boroughs might assign you place,
 Where mix'd unthought of you may shun disgrace.
 There, breathing unsuspected influence lurk,
 Till patient progress crowns your arduous work.
 Thence shall descending radiance taste convey;
 And willing kingdoms make the muses way.
 Till time flow fav'ring you may quit disguise,
 And wear wit plain among th' unlaughing wife.

Pausing, he smil'd humanity so kind, [mind:
 That ev'ry muse was touch'd, and chang'd her
 All bow'd consent to his grave purpose wrought;
 And thus Urania voic'd her sister's thought.

Born to a people's hearts, their darling shine;
 Let ev'ry wish, and hope, and joy, be thine.
 Mov'd by the magic mercy of thy view,
 We feel good counsel, and embrace it too.

One sole condition grant, and we obey;
 No dang'rous notice must detect our stay.
 Hid in thy grove, each menial muse shall claim
 Domestic shelter from reproach and shame;
 Till by thy scheme their yet unrivall'd friend,
 Their influence widens, and their suff'rings end.
 Then shown the world, and privileg'd to please,
 And gath'ring face and fashion by degrees,
 Seen at assemblies belles may jokes forbear;
 Nor shocking modest strangers turn and stare!

Thus, in his shade from public pain exempt,
 Sleeping, the visionary poet dreamt. [there;
 Then wak'd, and found his sparkling prince was
 But ev'ry empty muse was lost in air.

CAMILLUS: A POEM.

*Humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable Charles Earl
 of Peterborough and Monmouth. Written in the
 year 1707.*

WHEN injur'd heroes suffer in their fame,
 Justice unsummon'd should their wrongs proclaim:
 But Phœbus' son should raise resentment higher,
 And light up vengeance with poetic fire.
 For where injustice clouds a noble name,
 The patron's scandal is the poet's shame.

Permit, great Sir, my humble muse to raise
 A private monument of public praise:
 Unbend your mighty soul, and stoop to fame,
 Whose voice shall sound to heaven your glorious
 name.

Minds that are great like yours disdain applause,
 Their inborn virtue gives their reason laws:
 Above the reach of malice blest they live,
 Proud to be envy'd, and like heaven forgive.
 What depth of line must my rais'd fancy find,
 To found th' unfathom'd ocean of thy mind!
 Or through the lab'rinth of thy wonders wind!
 How dares my untry'd pen attempt a verse,
 Worthy thy godlike actions to rehearse?
 How dares my flutt'ring muse invade that sky,
 Where Virgil, eagle-wing'd, would fail to fly?
 Dark in my breast tumultuous terrors roll,
 And rising passions shake my lab'ring soul:
 Encount'ring reasons through my judgment shine,
 Some urge and some forbid the vast design;

Here justice summons---there my youth denies;
Duty to this, to that my will replies.

Resolv'd at last you safe return to greet,
I throw my worthless numbers at your feet;
Assur'd the generous goodness of your eye
Will see my zeal, and pass my errors by.

But if my feeble genius chance to fail,
Nor ardent pray'rs can with the nine prevail;
Think, Sir, how various your great acts appear!
There war and glory---wit and honour here:
One glitt'ring moment spreads your wond'rous
fame,

Battles and bloodshed celebrate your name.
Now the great hero in a purple flood
Plunges through stormy seas of hostile blood.
Now strides with skilful courage from afar,
To stop some gap of unsuccessful war:
Another moment smoothly gilds his face
With lovely sweetness and delightful grace:
Calmly he tunes his mind to softer sports,
And lives the matchless paragon of courts.

No wonder then if my presumptuous eye,
Viewing thy sun of excellence too nigh,
Dazzled with light, is forc'd to look awry!
A traveller, who thus without a guide,
O'er some unmeasur'd tract attempts to ride;
Where thousand paths of equal breath appear,
And each fair course seems safe alike to steer,
May spite of strictest caution lose his way,
And scarce be justly said to go astray.

In peace the fam'd Hispania long had slept,
And free possession of her Indies kept:
Made poor by plenty, dull content she knew,
Her strength declining as her riches grew;
Till forc'd to valour she begins too late,
And climbs unwilling but to pull down fate.

Their second Charles resign'd his princely breath,
And swift-wing'd fame proclaim'd th' expected
death:

Sudden the trumpet echoes from afar,
And friendly nations rise to furious war:
The hardy veterans their arms prepare,
And waving banners fan the heated air:
The sprightly steeds with lofty bounds advance,
And curb'd by skillful riders proudly prance:
A wild confusion o'er the globe is hurl'd,
And warlike earthquakes shake the Christian world.
The Austrian prince, heir in affirm'd descent,
To grasp the crown his strong endeavours bent:
Bourbon oppos'd, and in the vacant throne
Would place a royal offspring of his own.
Doubtful the right---but pow'r which all obey,
Appear'd to justify the second's sway:
The arms of France allure the voice of Spain,
And Anjou seated will his post maintain.

Sighing the young prevented Austrian stands,
And lifts to gracious heaven his eyes and hands;
Implores swift justice to an injur'd man;
And heaven directs his prayers to heaven's vice-
gerent Anne.

Thither they fly whom pow'rful wrongs oppress,
And find a certain shelter from distress:
By her the proud aspirer daily bleeds,
And bias'd monarchs wait her dreaded deeds.
Aw'd though displeas'd, to her decrees they stand,
And own the fate of Europe in her hand.

Thither with tow'ring hopes and longing eyes,
The young excluded monarch swiftly flies;
Whispers in Anna's ear his weighty grief,
And from her pitying soul extracts relief.
At her command th' intrepid Britons fly,
Exert their inborn worth, and proudly die:
Pleas'd with their fate they dearly sell their breath,
And smile amidst the raging pangs of death.
A chosen band of these who all things dare,
For distant war their mighty souls prepare:
Through ev'ry ear their glorious cause they ring
To curb proud France, and right an injur'd king.

O'er these a chief by art and nature grac'd,
Renown'd in war and policy was plac'd;
Beyond mankind his judgment could discern,
And much improve what others could not learn:
He ow'd no virtue to a dread of shame,
No seeming honesty to promis'd fame:
On its own base in him true honour stood,
Wash'd by a generous tide of noble blood.
Him the great Anna chose---Camillus go
Revenge my brother on his haughty foe;
Guard him to Spain---there let my will be known,
And seat the monarch in his ravish'd throne.

The valiant chief without ambition brave,
Humbly receiv'd the weighty charge she gave:
Destin'd in spite of malice to be great,
His daring soul contemns the tricks of state:
Swiftly he bids his glad commanders meet,
And lead their army to the waiting fleet.
Their swelling hopes the swelling gales invite,
And heaven and they propitiously unite;
In loud salutes the deep-mouth'd cannons roar,
Answer'd by zealous wishes from the shore:
Whence mingled crowds their hearty prayers re-
peat,

Till rising waves obscure the sailing fleet.

On the extremest limits of that land,
Through which the Tagus rich in golden sand,
His rapid course in depths of waters bends,
And twice two hundred miles his stream extends;
Old Barcelona strong by nature stands,
And rules a vast extent of fertile lands:
With rocky mountains half environ'd round,
The other half by bogs and marshy ground:
Beneath her walls surrounding trenches lie,
Beyond those depths rise bulwarks vastly high:
Walls within walls the solid place defend,
Where watchful centinels their charge attend:
Whence trains of hollow brass with fiery breath,
Vomit black sulph'rous messages of death;
Ramm'd with destruction, burst with horrid roar,
And scatter'd terrors round the trembling shore.

Hither with crowded sails the Britons bent,
Big with the message their great mistress sent,
Their warlike souls to emulation rise,
And breathe out pious wishes to the skies;
And now those powers which brave designs at-
tend,

Had brought their voyage to a happy end.
From Barcelona's tow'rs with wild affright,
The trembling foe beholds th' unwelcome sight;
A mighty fleet approaching by degrees,
In graceful order ploughs the smiling seas;
Harmonious music spreads the joy they bring,
And clam'rous shouts proclaim the coming king:

The sounding trumpets his intent declare,
And waving streamers flourish in the air :
Arriv'd at length the cannons loudly roar,
And shake with panic fright the wond'ring shore.

Mean while the Spaniards all their force prepare,
And arm confus'dly for defensive war :
Blind with amazement and ignoble fear,
They double all the Britons that appear :
All think with horror England now had bent
Her utmost force, to form one grand descent.

But when they saw so small a number land,
And boldly tread the surface of their sand,
The paler marks of fear forsook their face,
And wonder far more great supplies the place.
An equal force within their walls they found,
Yet fear'd to meet their foes on equal ground :
They saw, with wonder at an act so vain,
Th' undaunted Britons win the neighb'ring plain,
Where soon their squadrons form'd a camp, and
then [men.

They thought or dreaded they were more than

Thus had the great Camillus forc'd his way,
And void of fear in midst of dangers lay :
Impatient of delays, the Austrian youth,
Deep-touch'd with sorrow, listen'd to the truth ;
He saw the weakness of his daring few,
And with concern his foe's advantage knew :
The brazen tubes of death were mounted high,
And clouds of rolling smoke obscur'd the sky ;
All this and more from his small camp was seen,
And death disguis'd with horror stalk'd between.

The aged chiefs in cautious war grown old,
Would rather be too backward than too bold :
Therefore advis'd the prince to haste away,
Since 'twas scarce possible to live and stay.
The prince with melancholy thoughts oppress'd,
Came to Camillus and unlock'd his breast ;
Told him the pangs of sorrow, shame, and rage,
Which shook the blooming comforts of his age :
Told him the flames in which his soul would burn,
Should he thus unsuccessfully return.

With grief the gen'rous Briton heard him tell
The deep misfortunes he but knew too well :
He rolls his eyes, accuses partial fate,
And tells the Austrian that he should be great.
Resolv'd to act, the council speak in vain,
And by debates protract the fall of Spain :
Camillus had a soul whose heavenly fire
Could compass all things, and to all aspire.
Himself alone could with himself debate,
And mov'd obscurely like the hand of fate.

Hard by the towers of Barcelona stands,
High on the rocks o'erlooking neighb'ring lands,
A strong-built castle, whose extended sway
Obliges ev'n the city to obey.
Five hundred men the solid ramparts keep,
On rocks beyond imagination steep :
Whence rolling stones invading foes can chase,
When with an aching eye they climb the dreadful
place.

This was the source whence victories must flow,
Hither the British chief resolv'd to go :
Unus'd to fear, and more unus'd to boast,
With temp'rate words he cheer'd his wond'ring
host ;

Strove not to hide the hazard of the task,
Nor cover danger with a gilded mask :
He bid each soldier like himself perform,
And by example wins 'em to the storm.

The rosy morning usher'd in the sun,
Which was to see a bloody business done ;
His beams shone bright to guide the battle well,
And drank their blood in pity as it fell :
Eight hundred Britons on this glorious day,
O'er pathless forests force their oblique way ;
In tedious march o'er high ascents they pass,
And won the dangerous precipice at last.

With strange surprise the Spaniards rush to
arms,

And bells rung backward in confus'd alarms :
The summon'd soldiers hurry'd to their post,
And pour whole volleys on the climbing host :
Repeated charges from the cannons fly,
Like fiery meteors blazing through the sky :
The shatter'd limbs of men who nobly dare,
Are borne on bullets through the flaming air :
The dismal prospect shocks the bravest hearts,
And adds new motion to disjointed parts ;
The brave Camillus with a fierce delight,
Drives on the headlong fury of the fight ;
Urges his bleeding troops still higher and higher,
And scatters death for death, and fire for fire.

Thus, when of old the mighty giants strove
To check the boundless power of angry Jove ;
With force like this, but in a cause less good,
The huge Briareus, their great leader, stood ;
The solid centre shakes beneath his weight,
Who, all-unknowing, or unfearing fate,
Kicks at the thunder which with horror flies ;
And while swift lightning flashes in his eyes,
Tears up a hundred rocks and hurls 'em at the
skies.

But now aloft the mingled war grows high,
On heaps promiscuous numbers fall and die ;
Rivers of blood from the mix'd battle flow,
Till death scarce sees to guide a destin'd blow.

The walls are won, the Spaniards lose the day,
And crowding Britons win the cover'd way :
While some on high the conquer'd pass defend,
Others below by mutual help ascend :
No more the driven foes their fortune try,
But quit their bloody battlements and fly :
Despair and horror fill the dismal place,
And terror sits enthron'd on every face.
Destructive fate grows cruel to excess,
And rages blindly in her blackest dress :
Matrons and virgins weep with bitter cries,
And noisy sorrows pierce the distant skies.

But cease, mistaken wretches ! cease your moan,
Proud of your conqu'ror your conquest own ;
Your friends victorious might tyrannic be,
Your foes but conquer you to set you free.
No base design distains a Briton's cause,
But pity guides the sword which justice draws.

With such success was that great day begun,
Which not the army but their general won :
While he impatient his great task to end,
Which heaven appear'd so early to befriend,
Cheers his glad soldiers with divided gain,
And leads 'em down undreading to the plain

Ranges 'em widely near the city's bound,
Resolv'd to force a place they scarce surround.

Thus moves he brightly like some wand'ring star,
And scorns the heavy arts of common war:
In their own fire his matchless actions blaze;
He needs no counsel, and he seeks no praise:
While other generals tedious projects form,
He thinks and acts, and wins applause by storm;
With furious courage stands and tempts his fate,
But heaven still spares the man to bless the state.

With threat'ning look each ready Briton stands,
And sharp-edg'd weapons grace their warlike hands;
Obsequious silence waits the general's nod,
As ancient Grecians watch'd the Delphian god.

Mean while, each trembling tow'r with horrid
dread,

Loosen'd its walls and shook its batter'd head;
The lofty works which should the town defend,
The shocks of hostile thunder widely rend;
Amidst these crowds of terror and despair,
The Britons for a sharp assault prepare;
The Spaniards see and shun the luring fates,
And widely open their submissive gates.

And now the mighty deed is greatly done;
A king reliev'd, and kingdoms bravely won.
The warlike chief, with glory fir'd his breast,
Forgot his pleasures and forsook his rest;
The Austrian fix'd—He bravely onward bent,
And conquer'd rebel countries as he went:
The stubborn Catalans unus'd to bow,
Gladly submit to firm subjection now.
With joyful shouts their happy monarch greet,
And leave their mountains for the regal seat;
That strong-built fort whose state the rest excell'd,
And thrice ten thousand Gallic foes repell'd,
Afraid to strive, her iron gates unlock'd,
And gladly open'd when Camillus knock'd.
To his successful arms whole nations yield,
And freely give him up an untry'd field.
At his bless'd feet the rich Tortosa lay,
And matchless conduct gain'd him Lerida.
Valencia's kingdom gloriously he won,
And triumph'd o'er the prostrate Arragon.

But hold, unwary muse! no higher soar;
He who did this, alas, must do no more!
Oh that thy numbers could but reach my aim,
How would I celebrate his glorious name!
How would I paint the battles he has won,
And all the noble actions he has done!
How would I paint him spilling gen'rous blood,
And tempting death for his dear country's good!
How would I drag his two illustrious sons,
Proud of their mangled flesh and shatter'd bones!
How would I tune my elevated song,
And shame the men who do Camillus wrong!

But since his works through clouds are forc'd
to shine,
How could I hope success from such as mine?
Let virtue be rewarded if it can,
When gratitude forgets so great a man.

FREE THOUGHTS UPON FAITH:

OR, THE RELIGION OF REASON.

Oh Thou! who'er, whate'er, where'er thou art,
Sole—or associated—conceiveless power!

In search of whom o'erstretch'd idea bursts;
And sense rolls back on darkness—cause uncaus'd?
Progressive unbeginner—without end!
Giver of thought, oh guide it.—Arm a mind,
Tremblingly struck,—to stem but one short glimpse,
One distant, transient, momentary flash
Of thy keen light—and live!—oh, far from dream
To draw th' Almighty's deign'd approach too
near—

All that my soul's touch'd sense aspires to tell
Is, that she dares not view thee, thou who know'st
The muse's conscious rev'rence, aid her song.

Awfully shrinking from th' assumer's hand,
That points me to thy place, thy power, thy will,
Astonish'd at his pride! I start—and fly.
O pitier of presumption! whence aspires
Awak'ning dust's brief glance of shadowy life,
To launch its little plummet—into depths
Profounder than Eternity!—how dare
O'erweening, mole-blind furrowers of dark earth
Engross to their low selves, their Gods whole care?
Slight nobler orbs, as skirts to this dim ball,
That day by day rolls round its eyeless bulk,
To beg light's needful alms from one kind sun,
While tracts superior to conception's bound,
See suns in millions o'er new worlds pour blaze,
Yet reach but confines of new suns, and die.

Require not these vast works of God, God's
grace

Proportion'd to their vastness?—how then dares
Conceit's proud pre'fence of its own clay'd cott
O'erleap those azure voids, where thought, and
space,

And number, and immensity, are lost,
And comprehension aches to scale repulse!
Whence had man's insect arrogance of guess
Such impotent outstarting, to presume
His momentary nothingness of grasp
Could know, task, limit, and describe his God?

Say, bigot boaster of unmanner'd zeal,
Thou that art impudently sure of heaven!
And, cov'ring blasphemy behind faith's name,
Sinn'st deepest where most sanctified!—weigh,
pause,

Think—answer not from custom's light assent,
But the try'd soul's true test unwarp'd within.
Is it in revelation's awful claim [will
That dust should dare misplead th' Almighty's
For insult on his justice? Dare men pass
For intimates of heaven, who thus degrade
Th' all-gladd'ning Lord of all those wid'ning
worlds

To one poor partial care of one poor part
Of one poor corner of one world's poor clan?

Out with this av'rice of fanatic scrape!
That, pinching to itself God's nibbled grants
Hedg'd in th' Eternal's common! Greedily
Forestall'd all power of op'ning mystery's gate
For its own pick-lock tribe, unkey'd by heaven.
Why, if enlighten'd most, should will most dark
Bid these few fav'rite hand-led spies of grace
Conceal from modest doubt their arts to know?
Why, if possess'd of some educative clue,
That shews lost diffidence truth's lucid ray,
Claim they consent implicit? Why submits
Belief to bold assumption?—Tasteless faith

Dishonours where it worships. Heaven disdains
Obedience from the blind : and every sect
Were orthodox, if to believe is proof.

To me---nor let the reverence of my pause
Offend the power that caus'd it ! it should seem
More impious to decide of God than doubt.

Oft when I pant for aid to shake distrust,
Humbling imperious reason ; while I bend
With meek attention to the calls of faith,
Where pious fury leads the pastor gall ;
And what falls short in proof o'erflows in rage.
While revelation, thund'ring on my ear, [ven !
Low-rates my heart's admission, help me, Hea-
To check th' impassive struggler's infelt hint,
That asks how God's almighty ? if his will
Who made this captious world whereon we crawl
Could to the worm call'd man be shown in vain.
If 'twas the Maker's law to man proclaim'd,
By man's resistless God, my trembling soul
Whispers in shiv'ring horror ! Oh 'tis strange !
God will'd---God spoke that will---yet man---
proud dirt !

Divides, disputes, examines, disobeys !
Had Heav'n requir'd, could Heav'n want force
to cause ?

Or, not requiring, why was Heav'n profan'd ?

Hum from thy dusky hive, unreasoning drone,
Stretch thy tame wings, heave thy dull search
along, [wide.

Leave thy cav'd home behind, and look more
Seest thou not every where earth's emmet swarms,
Scheming their busy mount's loose crumbling hope
For the next cataract shower, that sweeps down
all.

Such are the toils of Muftis, Popes, Pauwas,
Lhamas and Rabbis, Morabuhts, Bonzees,
All the long-labouring props of faith's lost boast,
Fabrics of tow'ry air, that fright and die.

O'er worships thus distinct have sep'rate gods
Presided ? or beneath but sep'rate names
Did one sole power inspire divided prayers,
And smilingly accept 'em ? Nature feels
This question ; and methinks I hear her voice
Bid reason thus reply---If but one light
Insur'd salvation's course, unsocketed,
Unlantern'd, it had known no curtail'd shine.
All dark had been illumin'd :---ne'er with-held
Just Heaven, from more than half th' extended
globe, [caus'd.

All glimpse of dawn, yet curs'd the gloom he

Or, grant some race indulg'd with kinder smile,
Why partial to the proud, sin's haughtiest sons ?
Yet heedless of unfolded flocks, more meek,
More aw'd, more simply serious, in faith's field,
Anxious in adoration's twilight gleam,
And prostrate, though neglected. Why again
In truth's appropriate and selected seats
Shoots Eden's heaven-watch'd tree, for ever prun'd,
For ever fruitless, into monstrous growths
Of thorn-branch'd opposition ? If to doubt
Religion's lifeless form were to destroy
The essence of her purpose, why o'er lands
That boast high claims to systems heav'n inspir'd,
Spread schemes of diff'rent texture ? Each avow'd
God's own enjoin'd sole path reveal'd to save,

Alas ! 'tis man's proud heart, that, idly fill'd
With self-paid reverence for desert misclaim'd,
Grown impious in imagin'd rectitude,
Hugs his own day-dreams, idoliz'd within,
And styles 'em revelation ! Hence the buz
Of honeyless and stingful wasps of zeal,
Alike on all sides heard, and felt on all ! [hell !
Each charg'd in heaven's pretence with menac'd
Jews, Tartars, Bramins, bord'ring Ganges flood,
Swift hoards of hot Arabia's swarthy sons,
Far China's dateless race, long Nile's old claim
To superstition's childhood. Each heav'n's choice,
Yet each from each distinct, all spurn'd by all,
Split revelation into canton'd snarls,
And murder to show mercy ; damn to save !

Ev'n these divisions, subdividing on, [points,
Break from their centre like the wind's wide
Yet every radius right, and every wrong ;
All err---but each---peace be to that alone ;
The rest let war involve, and curse their creeds.

Where art thou found, fair charity ? sweet
power
That stills the stormy soul ! soft cherub's eye !
That weep'st at all this mischief---seest man's
pride

Mistaken for his virtue ; arguing low
In the calm voice of pity's whisp'ring God,
The od'rous breathings of thy balmy hush
Fly scatter'd on the winds of keen debate.

Lost and benighted in this warring wild,
How shall a lightless wand'rer find which front
Bears heav'n's commission'd stamp ? and which
bold brow,

Fright'ning credulity, miscals it faith ?
Bid miracles decide contested claim.
Where are they ? call aloud ; they shun to hear.
Prudent restraint forbids expectant prayer
To court renewal of old eye-sight proofs, [dumb.
Which deign'd in days long past to strike doubt
Dead time's departed ghost recorded holds
Millions of wonders done---Faith's grey supports
---But millions of pretences too diffus'd
O'er earth's contentious face, each unlike each,
As night's dim veil compar'd with sun-gilt day.
Match miracles 'gainst miracles array'd,
And push back ev'ry angel's vain descent
Who comes on errands hostile to their own.
Where miracles try truth no faith is false.
What nameless corner of the world, untouch'd
By trade's far-furrowing keel, even safely new
To the unquenchable and sacred thirst
Of missionary rapine's holy ken,
But boast believ'd descent of some kind God
That chose their lov'd forefathers, blest their race,
And taught 'em for his glory ? Fill'd with trust
In their transmitted tale, th' invited guests
Take place at heaven's high table, upmost all.
The white-fac'd, olive-hu'd, the sably jet,
The grease-anointed, woolly-headed, shorn, [elect,
Long-hair'd and short-hair'd, curl'd and cropt
All sagely satisfied, all else must err---
Swol'n with inflative zeal, catch martyrs flame,
And die, to live again in scorn of pain.

Since then th' extremest polar tracts of faith,
Where reason's one eye winks unbeam'd for day,

Plead miracles in proof which none can try,
Because but heard, not seen, let learning shun
Such hoary feebleness of palsied plea,
Which error must assert, or truth disclaim.

But off! stand wide, make room, ye coarse
profane!

Ye vulgar of religion's suburb world!
Ye goats unshepherded! unfish'd-for shoals!
Unmelch'd by mystics union's indragg'd net
Of never-erring sweep, deduc'd from heaven!
Room for the papal pontiff's triple crown!

Now, heretic presumer! bow, convinc'd
Infallibility unwinds her scroll:
Saints, martyrs, angels, seventeen cent'ries down
Link power to power, and, length'ning truth's
old rod,

Lend faith tradition's line to hook mankind.

Hail, venerable weakness! awful dream!
Shade of a shadow! thou that blindly hop'st,
By twice nine age's loud-concurring noise,
To drown soft reason's evidence, yet shun'st
To recollect how thrice ten cent'ries join'd
Their vain support, yet saw Jove's fabric fall.

Plead'st thou duration? plead'st thou breadth
of space?

What art thou but an infant's tott'ring step,
Compar'd to mightier growths now found no
more?

Where are the deities of muse-tongu'd Greece?
Greece, from whose hundred states strong science
flow'd;

And arms and arts in one mix'd blaze of power
Held out high freedom's torch to half mankind!
Where is her Phœbus? where her Neptune now?

Turn thy sight eastward o'er the time-bush'd
plains, [o'er

Now graves of vanish'd empire, once gleam'd
From flames on hallow'd altars, hail'd by hymns
Of seers, awakers of the worship'd sun.

Ask silent Tigris---bid Euphrates tell [frown

Where is the grove-crown'd Baal, to whose stern
Bow'd haughty Babylon? Chaldea, fam'd
For star-taught sages; hard Phœnicia's sons,
Fierce, fear-surmounting, curbers of the deep,
Who stretch'd a floating sceptre o'er the seas,
And made mankind one empire? Where is now
Egypt's wide-homag'd Isis? where the Mars
That shook the shakers of the Roman world?

Where the Teutonic Woden?---in his name
Alone still reverenc'd each revolving week
Even in fair Albion's isles.---If age bore proof,
Why have these sunk? why all the lifeless gods,
Lost demi-gods, long, nameless, countless, powers
That fill'd th' adoring world with fabled fame?
Are they not dead? whelm'd o'er in time's black
tide?

And known but by contempt to mem'ry's claim?

How was this possible, had noise been proof
Of faith's extent in space, with realms for guard,
Mellow'd mistake to equity? Far short
Of heaven falls time's perspective---vainly climbs
Guile-founded god-craft. Let proud fortune spread
The lie-tipt pyramid's broad covering base,
Till earth groans wounded at th' oppressive weight,
Still but the wider ruins mark its fall.

Let him who boasts blind multitudes convinc'd,
Or builds on time for truth's imagin'd test,
Ask his unjudging rashness what rent heart
Of Celtic druid but had shook more bow'd [shade
Than his storm-lab'ring oak, could some pale
That scann'd futurity, pointing through fate,
Have shown him his insulted Godhead's doom?

Nor let vain preference of our own touch'd
sense,

Our own seen surer light, our own safe trust,
Degrading ancient stubbornness in faith, [strong.
O'er-rate attachment's warmth, as now most
What aw'd allegiance, what more firm belief,
What haughtier sureness more imprints the soul,
By modern truth's new cast of thought inspir'd,
Than sway'd the solemn Pagan's breast, of old,
When bow'd before his idols?---Idols, (now)---
But (then)---vindictive gods, who shook mankind.

Where are faith's certainties---if time's best
boasts,

Sacred to arts, arms, numbers, learning---all!--
All fam'd beyond fate's dread, found all unsure?

Whence then the imperious positive disdain,
That spurns back modest doubt---and damns de-
bate?

Where the foundation of that holy scorn,
Which lifts the bigot's brow, to scowl reproach?
To pity sects that hurl his pity back,
And hate him---for his hatred?---If nor time,
Nor numbers who sustain'd the attested cause,
Nor miracles renown'd in reverend hords,
So awful that no sacrilegious mouse
Dare satiate hunger on the dust-veil'd roll,
But dies to leave untouch'd the dry record---
If evidence like these falls short of proof,
Where in what dark domain, of thought's deep
maze, [drawn,
Shall reason---through doubt's crooked windings
Find truth's white face unspotted?---think, and
tell.

What if we seek her in man's moral walks?
Judge her by life's try'd practice!--what more
just,

Than to conclude, the saint's uncensur'd deeds
Lend sanction, to his doctrine?---here, methinks,
Truth loves to choose her test. Yet here (again)
We wander-- into new defect of plea, [life
That proves too much---or nothing.---Cou'd loose
Infer false faith,---how stain'd even Christian zeal!
Where avarice and revenge, and pride's big bloat,
Taught guilt's blood-colour'd hat to hint church
spleen:

Whence murders, robb'ries, treach'ries, perj'ries,
Like taints effluent from infectious sens,
Dispeopling in their progress!--unaton'd,
Till death-bed sanctity absolves remorse,
By scar'd conformity to faith's flat modes---
To mock'ries of belief---and rites of prayer.

Since then bad life must leave no stain on faith,
Try if life's purity refines coarse creeds?
Try if the good man's virtues church his claim?
No---if they cou'd---then pole from pole but
bounds

Th' extensive true-nam'd church's general pale.
Dreadful indeed were (then) th' excluder's power!

Then--excommunication's reachful hand
Had push'd off exiles to new worlds--ere dead!
For this had all been church--one truth's known
claim :

[mopes,
Turks, Jews, wild Afra's wood-men--India's
Who pine in pangful abstinence from sin,
And shudder but to crush the trodden fly :
Australia's art untasting solitudes,
Where all ambition's wealth is ease from care ;
And hope's consumptive diet starves desire :
Columbia's many peopled bow'ry groves,
Fanning in seath'ry pomp her tawny tribes,
From the sun's down-driven ray :--cold Zembla's
cots,

Of fish-fed slav'ers furr'd in shaggy mail,
Trampling the ice-bound ocean whiten'd o'er
With endless snows, to spoil the spoilful bear :
All among these who love not vice, draw claim
From lives of simplest sanctity--to heaven :
And multiply th' elect--were virtue faith.

Pause here encompass'd soul. Look round,
reflect.

Engulf'd and central to this whirl of tides,
With each proud vortex threat'ning--all to shun
Seems safer than trust either. Hark! they roar.
Look with what rage they whiten!--All foam
sure :

All climb to drown each other. None recede :
None conquer. Universal uproar reigns--
And faith's a fighting chaos--is this truth ?
This revelation's word disclos'd by heaven ?
Boldly refuse consent--it cannot be.

What then must be believ'd?--believe God
kind--

To fear, were to offend him. Fill thy heart
With his felt laws : and act the good he loves.
Rev'ence his power. Judge him but by his works :
Know him but in his mercies. Rev'ence too,
The most mistaken schemes that mean his praise.
Rev'ence his priests--for every priest is his--
Who finds him in his conscience--by what name
So-e'er distinguish'd--howsoe'er withdrawn,
They deviously believe--what though they preach
Perdition to the mod'rate! truth dares owe
Respect to error : if its end is grace,
And aims at reformation. Mindful yet,
Men are but men. Where most thou trust'st
beware.

Stretch not esteem to homage : be nor slave,
Nor censurer : but hear strong reason's voice,
Tongu'd by the power who loves it. And since
that

Cries liberty too loud for law to drown,
Free thy chain'd thought from fears unworthy
God,

And know him for himself--were one prim form,
One forc'd identity the maker's wish,
Ne'er had that wish prov'd frustrate. Dare not
doubt

[pels,
But he, whose will was power--whose wish com-
Had moulded all to that one form he lov'd.

Loves he not unity? he does.--But know,
The unity God loves, is lodg'd in mind.

'Tis the heart's conscious glow--that beats to
thank,

Not scrutinize his bounty. 'Tis the chain,
That links intention--in one warmth of will :
Not binds to one forc'd act, of outward form.

Thus thinking--thou wilt feel the Godhead
right :

Unclosing in a house of jointed stone,
Him in whose temple twenty thousand suns
Serve but as lamps--and all their spangly worlds
Form footsteps to his altar--this believe :
And dread no vengeance on mistaken man,
Unadequate to man's brief power in sin,
Offending grain of animated dust ! [fire!

'Gainst him, beneath whose smile the stars catch
Fill'd with ideas thus becoming Heaven,
Pity the hag-ridd'n quiv'rer who contracts
To superstition's gloom religion's joy,
And humbles adoration into dread.

Who ekeing his inch'd measure from within,
Peeps through his narrow soul's dim loop-hole
wink,

And insolently by his own scale takes
The altitude of heaven. But, if compell'd
To lend thy patient ear,--and press'd too hard,
By self-sufficiency of teasing faith,
--That--nothing knowing,--will be sure of all--
Hear, with dumb smile : and ask'd why reason's
range

Acquits dissention--teach thy judging eye
To read God's answer in his works for man :
Where do they tell thee, sameness was his choice ?
How various are his creatures! various all,
His animal, his vegetable tribes :
Earth's, air's, wide ocean's products--all unlike.
In qualities, forms, colours, diff'rent all. [fields,
--Tread but th' enamell'd mead--or o'er yon
'Twixt the wind-waving corn indent thy way.
Or partial to the garden's painted proofs,
Lend there thy first pleas'd nothing--snuff this air :
How numberless the scents, yet each distinct,
Of every tree's known bloom--lean o'er these
flow'rs--

Lowliest, yet loveliest! excellence deprec'd!
Worth trod on by despisers! short-liv'd sweets!
How oppositely soft the streak-touch'd shades,
That tinge their fragrant families!--turn short,
From pity due, to life so lov'd, so brief!
Wish'd long, by ev'ry short'ner!--now look out,
On yon fair op'ning plain--there herb meets herb,
All green--yet none resembling! shades less deep,
Touch lights more soft'ning : feastful to the eye,
That dwells on their distinctions!--still new
glows

Diversify the verdure's fluid surge :
And dance delightful to the breezy bend!

Next, up this steepy shelve ascending flow,
Win we the Down's high top--whose carpet
mound

Ends at the jutting cliff, that shades the shore,
Hence to the wing-divided air extend
Survey's charm'd outlet--o'er this upper sea,
Where meditation founders,--flights immense
Cross-cut the winnow'd æther. Black, white,
gray,

Red, blue, brown, golden, verdant, motley-stain'd :
Distant in size as colours!--'mongst 'em all,

None looks nor calls like other. No sweet bird,
That beats the pathless void, but pours new notes,
Distinct from every plummy rival's song.

Stop thy endanger'd foot. Recal the range
Of thy recovering eye--bend o'er the brow
Of this touch'd precipice: and hence look down,
Where the broad sea scarce heard, rolls murmuring in.

Ponder the deep's dumb legions--infinite
Their numbers! still more infinite their shapes,
Bulks, movements!--swift, slow, timid, fierce,
horn'd, barb'd,

Coatless, fin'd, scaly, shell'd, wing'd, motionless:
All diff'ring--till immensity grows tir'd
To note their changeful natures!--can it be,
That he who fill'd each crowded element,
With unressembling sons of endless change--
Peopled each puny drop with varied states--
Each leaf, with new-shap'd nations, too minute
To dread ambition's ravage--veil'd each path
To heaven's blue lawns with clouds that shift each hour.

Form, texture, hue--to suit their painted glow
To man's undazzled gaze--attemp'ring lights,
That teach the sun's too fervid beam to break
In coloury rays and touch the sight more safe!
--Can it be possible that he,--pleas'd power!
Who o'er creation's glebe sow'd seeds of change,
Should but from unity, bald harvest reap!
And burn--for tares--those beauteous growths he rais'd,

To smile such lov'd variety!--'Twere sin--
'Twere blasphemously blind--to dream such wrong.

No, let me fill'd with awe think fear a fault.
Fear but affronts the God, I'm born to love.
I am, but by his pity: and want weight
To justify his anger.--If I err
'Gainst in-lodg'd impulse, by his goodness lent,
To guide man's choice to virtue some sure fate,
From suff'rings adequate must punish guilt.
But what, where, how--he who decreed can tell.
--If, by mistake, on life's blind rocks I split,
By no safe pilot pointed out to shun,
There--erring weakness meets avoidless sin:
And needs no pardon: for it meant no wrong.

Doubt all faiths boldly then, undoubting God,
Appendant to no pride, mis-rob'd like zeal,
Hope all men bless'd alike--and injure none.
Grateful, I'll trace the fainter lights I find,
Un-envying other's blazing:--humbly own
My aw'd conviction of man's reachless power
To pierce omnipotence--and know it near.
Let me, with distant rev'rence, pond'ring, dumb,
Dread arrogant decision; persecute
No fancied heresy--but closing calm,
Opinion's dazzled eye, bow darkly down,
And hail th' unfathom'd vastness! through the dusk

Thought fails to penetrate, revere what is--
Undaring to describe it. Let no pomp
Of positive presumption swell my soul,
To self-preferring scorn of alien creeds,
Uncertain in my own: yet--sure of this,
That virtue cannot err, but judgment may.
Peacefully patient let me travel out

Life's unoffending journey. Mark, well-pleas'd,
New prospects, manners, tastes, beliefs, chang'd modes,

New systems--every view that sides my way,
Unprejudic'd to any: till--at last
Death opening truth's barr'd gate, 'tis time to see
God's meanings--in the light his presence lends.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

A POEM.

HOVER no more, my muse! o'er idle themes;

Sliding shadows, flipp'ry dreams!

By heaven's high call, from human bias freed,
Imagination climbs with dreadful speed.

Unfetter'd from earth's humble heights I rise,
And stretch sublime a dang'rous flight, which
none untrembling tries.

Tremendous Maker! arm my aching eyes;
Aid and support, O God! my failing power;
Teach my bold thought to wing the blazing
skies!

Fearless to stem destruction's driving shower,
And safe 'twixt burning worlds ambitious tower,
O! let my hot, my struggling bosom glow,
Swol'n by a bursting flood of bright desire,
'Till the astonish'd soul is taught with starting
dread to know,

How groaning nature shall dissolv'd expire,
And tumbling orbs, with orbs involv'd, flow
loose in seas of fire. [frame,

How this blue void's immense, and concave
Spangled with starry worlds, to pieces broke,
Shall feel heaven round it shrivel from the flame,
And melted suns, from distant spheres, pour li-
quid through the smoke.

Now, now on fancy's fairy wings I rise, [air,
Aw'd and confounded, through deep wilds of
Millions of opening wonders strike my eyes,
And reason's finite view is dazzled here!

Globes behind globes unnumber'd hence ap-
pear! [note,

The twinkling stars, that from yon earth re-
seem heaven-set gems, and scatter'd seeds of
day;

Here wid'ning into flaming worlds, 'midst seas
of æther float,

And o'er blue kingdoms hold a fiery sway.
In distant orbits, round each reigning star,
Huge earths and moons their circling homage
pay;

Millions of countless miles are lost between,
And sick'ning thought grows tir'd to stretch
so far. [seen,

How vast the concave spheres, which hence are
Th' enormous vaults with wheeling worlds
glow round:

Rolling sublime they slide oblique, yet none their
paths confound!

A thousand bright cross-currents cause no jars,
Nor one the others progress bars;

Wide round their central worlds of fire their va-
rious tours they make;

Yet no proud planet dares his line forsake;
Partial, an intercepted ray to break.

They take and lend by turns the streaming
light,
And silent form in solemn round, alternate day
and night;
Yet beauteous as this heavenly fabric shines,
An hour shall come when it must all decay;
When starting man from midnight sleep shall see
th' incumbent signs,
That time is sick, and nature melts away.

Hark! the dissolving trumpet roars! thunders o'er
thunders roll!
A trembling angel sounds th' eternal call!
The unbounded notes whirl higher and higher,
and rend my shiv'ring soul!
Echoing from world to world they burst o'er all;
And gathering horrors, cold as death, in show'ry
shadows fall;
The conscious planets start to hear the sound,
And from their orbits bound;
Now void of motion, and depriv'd of force,
Th' arrested systems stop at once their course.
The languid orbs, grown dim, their shine with-
hold,
And night creeps o'er them in a deadly cold.
The guardian angels hear the alarming blast,
And from their several stations wing their way;
Upward, in glittering crowds, they tower in
haste,
And, looking back, sigh sad and feel the day.
Thin troops of naked ghosts, long stript of clay,
That, wand'ring 'twixt the spheres, admiring
gaz'd,
Start in loose shoals, and glide like mists away;
Gathering above, expecting and amaz'd!
Again th' intollerable sound I hear!
The dreadful summons tears my deafen'd ear.
The trembling air unbracing lets me fall;
O, save me heaven! I sink apace to yon benighted
ball.

Hail, doom'd dominions! hail, my native
clay!
O, what a blessing here were vanish'd day!
Again, what rumbling horror bursts its way?
Save me, my God!--a flood of flashing light
Gleams its red lustre through the depth of night.
The poles start sudden from the frightful burst,
And earth's snap'd axis groaning quits its trust.
No more th' ungravitated globe goes round,
Inward convulsions power and form confound,
Wan desolation fades her cind'ry crust, [dust.
And active life creeps through the quick'ning
Vales aw'd beneath me at th' impending doom,
In billowy heaving, roll upright along th' in-
cumbent gloom.
Torn from their roots, the groaning forests lie,
And hills leap headlong and invade the sky:
Mankind now, first united, join in prayer,
Shrieks from a thousand kingdoms rend the air,
And ghastly horror stalks o'er all, and leads on
pale despair.

See, how destructive flashes wind their way!
And point the following thunder where to rend.
Mark! how the spouted rivers upward stray,
And hiss against the light'nings which descend.

Heaven! how the falling cities buried lie,
Entomb'd in their proud palaces earth's humbled
monarchs die. [give,

See! through the flash'd distinction, fires can
Naked crowds who wish to live.
Mix'd in confusion, to the mountains run;
Mountains which more afraid than they have
their own flight begun,
And rolling o'er the swallow'd tribe bring on
the fate they shun.

On every side, from every part,
Disjointed realms asunder start;
Wide gaping clefts earth's inmost entrails
show, [below,
And from th' uprooted mountain's chasms
Unprison'd seas in roaring torrents flow.
Commission'd ocean, breaking loose, disdains his
crumbling bounds,
And hoarsely climbing o'er the rocky mounds,
Swallows Pyrene's snowy top, and Alpine bar-
riers drowns.

Now all is ocean! and a dreadful blast
Bursts from beneath and swells it to the sky!
Torn from their seats, the sea-toss'd hills are
'gainst each other dash'd,
And bulging on the foaming surface lie.
On floating oaks the wond'ring lion rides,
And clings majestic to th' unstable seat;
The elephant bears up his buoyant sides,
And paws the groaning waves with his broad
feet.

Th' assembled birds in clouds skim low in air,
Wind-shaken, scorched, and wash'd by driving
rains;
In circling flight shrill screams their woe declare,
To find no remnant of their sheltry plains.
Deep-swallow'd earth, meanwhile, still loos'n-
ing more,
Lets in old ocean to her central fires;
Th' astonish'd deluge, ne'er so check'd before,
Shrinks from the pain, and in loud roar retires.
Close in pursuit, the bursting flame breaks through
th' unusual vent,
O'ertakes the rolling floods flow flight, and climbs
th' immense extent.

On all sides now the fire-assaulted waves
Feel themselves boil, and curl to shun the heat;
A night of steam climbs, dark and broad, from
their voracious graves; [meet,
And plunging whales, which no cool comfort
Spout the hot flood to heaven in rage, and the
froath'd billows beat.

Melting within earth's sulph'ry solids flow,
Pierc'd by the force of her expanding flame;
Metals, dissolv'd in blazing lakes below,
With liquid burnings dash her concave frame.
Victor at length outbursts the flooding fire,
And rolls triumphant o'er the bellow'ing sea!
Rivers of flaming gold in spouts aspire,
And struggling through repugnant storms a la-
b'ring passage free.

As when from furnaces thick smoke expires,
And towers in inky volumes to the sky; [spires,
The warring wind beat down th' unyielding
And spreads the sable eddies broad and high,

So rising hills of liquid flame, by cov'ring waves
oppress'd, [ocean's breast;
In glowing whirlpools, driving round, torment the
Furious the batt'ling element engage,
And twisting hostile hiss with mutual rage;
Coated with fire in strong and rampant tides,
Reluctant ocean less'ning fast subsides;
Mix'd with the melted world it flames all round,
And seas that drown'd the earth themselves are
drown'd.

How low proud earth are all thy honours laid!
Where are thy late contested empires found?
Where the big boasts of arts and arms display'd?
Where are the dreadful pomps which hemm'd
thee round? [mains?
What difference now 'twixt rich and poor re-
The ruler's sceptre and the captive's chains?
Where lie the properties of boastful wealth?
Distinction and degrees now clash no more;
Pale sickness here flows mix'd with ruddy
health, [before.
And scorn and pity now unite, which never join'd
Melting like wax thy kindled rocks in tow'ry
flames aspire,

And liquid kingdoms undulate in fire.
From the sad sight tir'd fancy turn thy eye,
See what amazing changes blot the sky!
Longer and louder the last trumpet's sound
Rolls its encreasing clangor to the sun;
The starting fires convolve, and backward run,
Struck to the heart he darkens and decays, [blaze;
And strongly trembles through his breadth of
As when in living man, some swift surprise
Chills the warm region of his beating breast,
The failing members feel th' oppression rise,
And hang of force and motion dispossess'd:
So when the sov'reign sun forgets his care,
Dependant worlds in sympathetic woe,
Halt in their course, and sick'ning with despair
Their vast etherial rounds forego,
And rolls in devious mischief down the air.
Yon wat'ry moon, dissolving broad, now seems a
dusky flood,
And now at once, O horrid change, she reddens
into blood!

Wide from its centre, see th' escaping sun,
With random dread revolves his loos'ning spires;
Cold orbs which plac'd remote his influence
shun,
Now feel th' attraction of his bordering fires.
Suck'd to his burning breast averse they flow,
And icy regions roar to meet his glow.
Plung'd in embracing frost unquench'd he lies;
And the thaw'd clime round his hot convex fries.
Worlds by his absence from dependance freed,
Scud in loose liberty along the sky;
Wild and licentious drive with headlong speed,
Till 'gainst some shoaly comet bulg'd they lie:
So rebel kingdoms struggling to be free,
Shun regal power and split on anarchy.
See, see where blazing orbs in spheres remote,
Wrecks of lost worlds through storms of æther
float. [high,
With spiry climb, vast tongues of fire stretch'd
In dreadful cones to sweep each other try,

While skies between shrink up and warp their
frame,
As crackling bay-leaves curl in circling flame.

Involv'd at length, th' attracted planets throng,
And burn confounded with their central suns;
Tumbling from every part they strike, and thun-
d'ring rend along!
Th' unhinging shock the list'ning angels stuns.
Worlds against worlds, with clashing horror
driv'n,
Dash their broad ruins to the throne of heav'n!
Through flaming regions of the burning air,
Down rain distilling suns in liquid rills,
Mix'd with red mountains of unmelted fire!
Hissing, perplex'd, with showers of icy hills, [er;
And cat'ract seas that roar from worlds still high-
Mingled, like driving hail they pour along,
And thund'ring on our ruin'd system fall;
Flames grappling flames combine to grow more
strong,
And in wild blaze sweep boundless over all;
One fiery deluge, wasteful, boils below,
And crumbled worlds in liquid millions flow.

Th' accomplish'd ruin sleeps, creation dies!
And untask'd angels rove o'er empty skies!
The soft'ning trumpet breathes harsh strains no
more; [roar.
But in sunk sounds grows sweet and falls its
Celestial voices swell 'twixt warbling notes,
And thrilling joy on circling rapture floats!
O'er the vast void melodious praises flow,
And list'ning fiends from the red lake below,
Hush, for a while, the creeping flames and
half suspend their wo!
But while in deep and fix'd attention charm'd,
Their hungry souls devour the blissful sound,
By sudden silence struck, they start alarm'd,
And mark a sad, an awful stillness round!
Conscious of coming judgment, down they sink,
Diving by thousands through the burning lake;
Calm with incumbent dread from brink to
brink,
Th' unheaving ocean scarce is seen to quake,
Nor swells one daring billow up in fiery foam to
break!

From shore to shore, wide round the laky flame,
High-arching heav'n contracts its springy frame.
Broad as the ruin spreads, the unmeasur'd dome
Tow'rs in full compass o'er the waste below!
Assembling angels now no longer roam,
But in throng'd radiance gild the roofy bow;
A solemn black does the vast concave line,
Where streaky waves of rubied redness glow;
'Twixt their loose curls, white beams of silv'ry
shine,
Involv'd with rolling tides of azure flow!
Currents of mingled black, red, gold, and blue,
In glitt'ring chafes sport, perplex'd and wind un-
ceasing through. [darts,
Stream'd through the whole a quiv'ring lustre
Which, as bright groups of angels interpose,
A twinkling change of coloury rays imparts,
And, from their wings a show'ry light'ning
throws!

Far above all through the dome's op'ning crown,
Broad as a world, th' Almighty's eye looks
down;

Clouds of deep glory shadowing round his keen
refulgence hide,
And dazzled angels turn their eyes aside.

Hark! what transporting majesty of sound,
In solemn sweetness rolls its force along?
Soft and yet loud it leads its thunder round,
And strikes chill rev'rence through th' angelic
throng! [waken death!]

'Tis the Eternal's pow'rful voice that calls to
And resurrection waits th' Omnific breath!
The lake groans deep! the labour will begin!
O'er its broad face life-heaving billows curl;
And burning bowels sep'rate flow within,
And smoky clouds expire in pitchy whirl!
Bodies of men in ages long since past, [forms
Whose wand'ring dust has chang'd a thousand
Purg'd by the boiling fires evaporate fast,
And steaming upward rise in misty swarms!
Sexes conjoin'd in shoaly atoms swim,
And fallying loose, the fiery surface skim!
Kings, slaves, and patriots undistinguish'd flow,
And mount entangled from the gulf below!
In the mid air dispers'd unnumber'd ways,
Each in his fellow's search instinctive strays!
Circling like flaky show'rs of driving snow,
Which whirlwinds into mazy wav'rings blow.
In endless intricacies winding through,
Atoms join atoms and lost forms renew.
With sympathetic cling together fly,
And limb'd for life in cumb'rous millions lie!

Once more sublime th' enliv'ning voice I hear!

"Souls, descend! your bodies join."

Sudden thin clouds of hov'ring lives appear,
And leaning anxious in soft squadrons shine!
Loos'd at th' Almighty's word distinct they fly,
Swift as the light-beams of a human eye!
Ardent with longing shoot each strikes his own,
And smiles to fill his long-lost home again;
Bodies supine by ent'ring breath new-blown,
Flash sudden into life and start up men!
They wake! they pant! they try their limbs!
they gaze!

Lost in short horror and severe amaze!

Armies unnumber'd throng th' etherial space,
Paternal Adam views at once his whole collected
race,

And with big tears for conscious woe bedews his
reverend face:

Parents meet children, and transported, cling,
Long-parted friends in mutual raptures greet,
Th' obliger and th' oblig'd together spring,
And trembling traitors injur'd sov'reigns meet!
Cæsar on Brutus looks serenely down,
And cloudy Cato stalks with fullen will,
Glares on him envious with inferior frown,
And wonders that in spite of death he feels him
conqu'ror still!

Majestic in the solemn front of Stuart's injur'd race,
The kingly martyr rears his awful brow!
Pierc'd by the force of his forgiving face,

A gloomy host of back'ning rebels bow!
And fear too late that sovereign pow'r they never
own'd till now!

Decrepit age, to more than youth restor'd,
And pining sickness freed from aching pain,
Exert the vigour their new limbs afford,
And move transported at th' apparent gain
Pale murd'ers meet alive whom once they kill'd,
And rush through crowds th' alarming sight to
shun;

Usurpers fly from kings whose thrones they fill'd;
And loaded with their guilt unwieldy run.

Fancy, thou fail'st me here! I feel the weak!
I feel thee sink beneath th' o'erpow'ring weight!
Aid me, O Saviour! teach my soul to speak;
Thron'd on thy Father's red right hand in all thy
dreadful state!

Thou seest the humbl'd pride of nature wait,
Mankind collected into life, the lowly and the great:
And thus th' eternal doom thou speak'st, the sen-
tence of their fate:

"Come, my blest remnant, ye selected few!

"Who practis'd but the obvious good ye knew;

"Who, safely pointed by the guide within,

"Struggled to virtue and resisted sin;

"Who, or by prophets or by conscience taught,

"Have or discover'd truth, or humbly sought;

"Who from the guilt of choice have still liv'd
free,

"Or done or suffer'd for my name and me!

"Who by no conscious weight depress'd of un-
repented sin,

"Feel yourselves light and uncondemn'd within,

"Rais'd from yon dark and sinking crowd, to
heav'n's high thrones aspire!

"Enter with me to joys which drown desire;

"And leave th' accurs'd to prove by pain eternity
in fire!"

'Tis spoke: and lo! th' unroofing arch rends
wide;

Swift descends a radiant tide!

An opening breadth rolls down of sparkling day;
And like a scroll unfolds huge length of more
than milky way!

They go! th' admitted saints tread light as air,
They mount with more than human eyes, and stem
the streamy glare!

Bright as they move th' encircling angels throng;

Heard hallelujahs shake th' inferior sky!

In distant thrills expiring notes prolong,

And with transporting fall of sound in gradual
soft'nings die.

See! through the portal, how attracted day,
Like a swift current's spiral ebb glides after 'em
away!

Now all is dark and dismal as yon scene;

Ah! why does closing heaven so soon th' entrancing
prospect screen.

What does beyond those glitt'ring confines lie!

And why no room till death makes way for such
a wretch as I?

But murmur not, proud thought! if here delay'd

A wand'ring pilgrim through this life's cold
shade,

I must not yet with heav'nly choirs rejoice;
 O! be the will of God, not mine, obey'd!
 Wait, my impatient soul, his wiser choice!
 Trust the strong hand by which those worlds
 were made,
 And to his pleasure tune thy willing voice!
 If I not yet shake off this earthly load,
 Sure there is bus'ness worth my life's best aim;
 He who submits to tire upon the road,
 Is faintly soul'd or travels not for fame;
 For me, suffice it to have taught my muse
 The tuneful triflings of our tribe to shun,
 And rais'd her warmth such heav'nly themes
 to choose,
 As in past ages her best garlands won,
 He who beyond the pow'r of man could write,
 Would still fall short of him who acted well;
 To flow in sound or turn a period right,
 Is but in fairy tow'rs of praise to dwell!
 To pardon wrongs and benefits requite,
 Is in substantial meaning to excel!
 Why are my wishes bent beyond my power,
 But to provoke my speed to reach that goal,
 Whence on the afflicted I may comforts show'r,
 And with eas'd pity feast my hungry soul!
 Be action, then, henceforth my life's wide
 sphere,
 A thousand glorious things I wish to do;
 All has been said that's worth a wise man's ear,
 But much may be perform'd that's greatly new.

CLEON TO LYCIDAS.

A TIME-PIECE.

The Date not marked by the Painter.

FAITH and the muse have err'd. 'Twas just ad-
 vice,
 Skill'd Lycidas! that check'd too hasty praise.
 I should have cool'd pre-currence into pause,
 And weigh'd the public voice oppos'd to mine:
 Then had I found the future in the past;
 Nor falsely charg'd contractions puny grasp
 With compass it conceiv'd not. Share, my friend,
 In pity share the pain my soul sustains,
 To find such hope so faded. Hope too rais'd
 To stoop at humble self: Hope wing'd for all.
 All was my blasted prospect. Fond surmise
 O'er-rated and out-stretch'd a people's bliss.
 Bid throb the muse's pulse—for thy sweet call,
 What muse uncharm'd can hear?—Bid burn the
 brow
 Vindictive and appeal due satire's frown.
 Due to the stagg'ers that made drunk by pow'r,
 Forget past thirst's dry promise; and presume,
 Dark dreamers! that the world forgets it too.
 Bid the priest poet consecrate the rage
 Of a wrong'd nation's curses. Rage at zeal
 From ranc'rous gall, hot envy's acrid hell!
 Long under cloak of patriot semblance hid,
 Guileful to lurk in wait, till av'rice snapt
 Corruption's watch'd-for lure: then, off at once
 Flew wide th' obstructive virtue. Veil'd no more,
 Scramblers in broad exposure's blushless brawn,
 Light from the dust, lick'd prone th' admittive
 gold,

Deep-stain'd with cank'ry ordure. Lament slaves!
 Fiend-cloven tongues! grac'd once to shame be-
 lief:

And make distrust seem virtue!—yet, vain truth!
 No sooner hears the muse her poet's call,
 Than venal calumny whets every sting,
 To wound his honest purpose. Public sense
 With her is private feeling: Satire's frown
 Mean warmth from disappointment. Spurn the
 hag:

Or let her err neglected. Perish warmth,
 That acts, or wills, or thinks from partial pique,
 Unfaithful to its seemings! Self avaunt!
 Self is beneath resentment; nor descends
 The muse to note such waste of wild impute.

Unpersonal the cheeks indignant glow,
 That blushes but for others. Fall disgrace
 On ears of dastard start that dare not hear:
 Or tongues that dare not own truth's boldest call!
 Fall even contempt on worth, where sac'd for
 scorn,

Tort of revulsive brow bids pride with-hold
 Thy smile, cheap gratitude! which craft's low guile
 Oft lends the beggar'd heart that wants within.
 Shame on the painful stretch that racks the great!
 Needleless extension! dignity like light,
 Dwells in itself, displayer, undisplay'd.
 How have I seen the native courtier shine!
 Warp'd to no four sublime, enchant men's eyes;
 Charm dress'd in easy honour's effluent air,
 Fill out distinction's voids without pomp's aid,
 Strike in descending; and attract supreme!

Oh thou! to whom lost Anna's evening ray
 Ow'd love's allegiant lustre: flame of joy,
 Wit, genius, tide of art, whence letter'd hope
 Drew depth to sail ungrounded. Soul of taste!
 Shade without chill! soft'ning superior height
 With access and urbanity!—what need
 Thy name here added? Day's meridian blaze
 Marks the known hour untold.—O say, best judge,
 Thou, who so nobly trod'st th' illustrious steep,
 Oft clouded since thou left'st it!—Teach th' un-
 taught,

Why are the rais'd look'd up to?—'Tis to try
 Their claim to sit so mounted. 'Tis to task
 Their strength to lift low climbers. Down proud
 snails [expose!

That crawl'd too high, your slime track'd shells
 Out with these snuffs in blaze that shine to stink!
 What have the lame to do with wrestler's toils?
 'Tis impudence that prompts deformity
 To prink itself like beauty. Want of light
 Were flatt'ry to the ugly. Drag 'em out,
 And leave 'em in the eye of scorn impall'd.

These are the minds that disavow the muse!
 Dead to the formful glow that figures thought,
 Blots low sensation from the wid'ning heart;
 Lends an elastic nerve to every sense;
 Pushes exerted virtue into act;
 Feels for a world embrac'd, and warms mankind.
 —Nothing of this, poor souls, disturbs their calm.
 Closing their tortois'd lump of cold content;
 Distant, perhaps, they hear the poet's name;
 Less probably, sometimes perhaps, half deign
 To turn th' untasted page; there, lumb'ring on,

Find nothing in the noblest verse but rhyme :
And equal Dursley's frost to Dryden's fire !
Sleep, genius sleep—the times invite repose.
No source of all Britannia's silv'ry streams,
Shall feed hope's with'ring root, where hearts
thus dry,

Have drunk like sponges fortune's ponded swell;
And o'er th' unmoisten'd virtues shake no drop.

O Lycidas ! how climbing zeal will lie !
Come help me to deplore those blust'ring gales,
Whose ventilative heave puff'd out their void,
With shows of airy ardour. Till up-driv'n
O'er skreenful clouds, there burst the bubbly
forms !

There shrunk their satiate bulk to trackless hush !
Speak ye forgotten graces, if unsworn
To hold dumb distance, round the seats of power,
And rev'rence unapproaching step more near :
Untarnish those bald stars ; tell 'em, their lights
Were lent to be reflected. Every muse,
By ev'ry art attended, sighing, prone,
Complains of interception. Each in vain
Invokes one beam ; but pines in shiv'ring shade.

Why, Lycidas, were ends and means misjoin'd ?
Why am I born to pain for pity will'd ? [heart,
Why choose the God, that charm'd thy widening
To curb thy shorten'd hand, and press down fire ?
What shall we say, to touch these sons of noise
With sense, how boldly death dissects their name ?
What shall we do to break th' imperious blinds,
That rise 'twixt power and taste, to pierce their
mist ? [form ?

And teach th' incumbent reeks, what clouds they
How shall a noteless, nameless, silent, friend,
To thought's obscure retreats, unnerv'd like me,
By dignity's bold brace, or fame's felt spring,
Shake those close groves of state, whence kings
catch gloom ? [wish'd,

Oh, were their reach but thine ! or lot more
Happier and safer, most remote from thrones !
O, were thy will but theirs !—Then, Lycidas,
No self-exposing halt, in place possess'd,
Wou'd shame remember'd sweep to distant hope,
Corrective care wou'd change what once it charg'd.
Watchful discernment seize unshould'ring worth,
That crowds not into notice. Taste wou'd dare
Feel uninfus'd distinction ; take no cue
From int'rests venal nod—less wait for prayer,
From virtue's bashful pang, or art's dumb claim.
For excellence hugs close her modest veil,
But (actively inquisitive for woe,
For wit's guess'd wants, for sorrow's cover'd tear,
For pains, wrongs, penury of every good,
With-held by every evil) drag back weight,
That holds down worth depress'd,—and bid it
spring.

So cou'd my verse, ah ! fruitless dream, inspire
Then shou'd I feel I breathe, nor life's dim track
Touch'd languid, lose each footstep's feeble mark,
And leave no streak on time to note my name.
—But hush, vain struggler, bid thy breast contract,
And satisfy with will thy pow'rless soul.

How shou'd such lot be mine, who drink wit's
dregs

In deserts, where seduction's drowth has chok'd,

With venal dust, Castalia's dwindled rill !
How shall I raise my voice till greatness hears ?

Write, says the whisp'ring impulse, that assumes
Ambition's airiest hope, yet hates her name.

Write, but be read. Write rugged truth, untun'd
To flatt'ry's dulcid lentor, roughly loud,
As when the last heard call shall wake the dead.
Court some kind angel's aid to voice thy theme.
Alas ! no angel dwells where avarice reigns.—
Oh ! for some hoarse Teutonic note more stern
Than Runic bard, o'er hostile scalp e'er sung,
When Woden's hall resounded to his clang.
Then should satiric fervor, sharply strong,
Roar like the muses's bull, till the wak'd nine
Concurr'd in frightful consort ; while intense,
Up the steep cliffs of Pindus' pathless brow,
Rumbling, I roll'd my tumbril theme along.

Wrong not by numbers tun'd to concord's shell,
The brawl-devoted taste that tans thy times.
Softness be opera's claim : be sharpness thine.
Softness in satire asks good sense in guilt :
'Twere lost on power's blind puddlers. Wit's
light gnat,

Humming its courteous buz, is brush'd from note.
Her wasp, close-fast'ning, bids th' unlist'ner feel.
Sting then, and force from pain what pride with-
holds.

So shall thy verse at least out-soar contempt ;
And lend distaste discernment.—Touch no praise.
'Tis idol sacrifice to gods of stone. [friend.
Praise has but one pleas'd reader, scarce one
Satire can squeeze kind looks from bitt'rest gall.

Loosen the reins to spleen, cries angry truth ;
Where phlegmful fogs distil their lazy damp
'Tis wholesome to be mad. Nor pause for thought ;
Who that but sees or hears needs think for fame.
Born to no past'ral plain's romantic range,
Calm and cool-fann'd by reason's temperate gale,
Feel that thou breath'st in passion's haziest fen,
Contagious air by sensual fumes inflam'd ;
Where carnate emulation, stript of mind,
Glow's muscularly strong : where license reigns
Uncurb'd by law's restraint ; where youth's fed fire
Bids bashful diffidence of self be bold.

Where not to rev'rence is to know mankind :
Where disrespect is ease, noise taste in life,
And modesty low breeding : where descent
Drives literally downward ; till, behold !
Yon coachman's copy'd soul propels the peer,
And dim-star slouchers shine by glare of shame,
Downcast decorum swells the public laugh.
Judgments and views run backward. Nature nods.
Ends but succeed as means prepost'rous err.
Malice grows fast, water'd by pity's tear ;
And factions but contend for rank in wrong.

Up from rhyme's popy'd vale, ascend fame's
hill :

Soft to the soft, thy theme be tempest—on.
Write with a whirlwind's fury. Snatch the God,
That thunders in blank verse to ride thy storm.
So may they hear though cricket stakes were
pitch'd ;

Though the won plate's broad triumph shook the
field ; [rings ;

Though cock's hard-conqu'ring crow to shouting

Or Briton's coarse debates out-quarrel Rome's.
—Muse, I begin! Assist with all your sail
Ye prose-inflating hawks of Helicon?
Lend me your wing's wide stretch to aid my sweep?

Come, let the soul of freedom's reinless power,
Vast and unconscious of constraint inspire!
Wild let her lift me from the lawns of song,
Music's hedg'd boundlets, mem'ry's measur'd
meads,

Where rhyme-trac'd cadence in harmonious close,
Rivets recorded sense, and pins down thought.
Light and disrob'd of softness let her drive,
Loose to the voids of fancy's viewless scope;
Vague and unshap'd, and pathless as the air.

What shall be sung, ye sons of vastness say?
What subject, sadly soundful like the rush [roar?
Of hoarse broad cat'raets, shall blank numbers

Shall it be sorrow's energetic plaint,
That groans away the sun, and lends new gloom
To midnight's mournful umbrage? Tim'd too
well,

Too lately Albion's boreal wastes had wept
The suited theme; when tears from rash revolt
Wash'd ruthless prisons; when th' accessless wilds
Of bleak brow'd mountains shriek'd with vocal
woe;

Mothers and orphan's cries! whom famine found,
Where only famine cou'd. Despair's pale tribe,
Weeping in death's chill grasp, their own unfelt,
Some past or future fate of friend more dear.
Why shou'd the gen'rous muse insult the fall'n?
Why not deplore the pangs of hostile pain?
Just if they thought their cause their crime seem'd
faith.

Guiltless in will by taste involv'd in wrong,
From educative custom's devious warp,
Spare the persisting blind; unhoping grace;
Trustless of regal virtues; erring on
From doubt of mercy. For, alas! no voice
Of truth in deserts heard had taught 'em kings,
Who last can fear offence, can first forgive.
Paint then their pity'd anguish: nobly feel,
To make sublimely felt this brave man's test:
That hearts, unshaken by resist'rs rage,
Are conquer'd by their sorrow.—Vain attempt!
Spread the sonorous wing for flights of joy.
Sorrow renounces latitude of range: [chain'd,
Dwells in confinement's cave; where thought sits
Muses are shunn'd; and horror's winking lamp,
Ghastly night's ebon eye, sees woes on woes,
Tear following tear, sigh echoing sigh combin'd,
Move in close consonance of fift'ring sound.

Shall it be love, soft whisp'ring out the soul
From its own mansion, tenderly exhal'd
To reach some sweeter self? No: dare not touch
That theme, 'tis sacred to the rights of rhyme,
Union will ne'er by dissonance be sung.
Love's links are married couplets: hand in hand
The willing yoke-mates share confederate fall:
Soft as the zephyr skims the dew-drop'd rose.
—But even had rhyme conspir'd to tempt—for-
bear.

Awful resign a wreath more nobly won,
Saint John, his country's boast, his country's crime,
When courts at leisure left his youth to love.

Saint John, the muse's lord, this theme once sung:
Sung it in verse more soft than beauty's eye:
More strong than her attraction! Almahide,
Immortal Almahide! by Saint John lives.

Who shall attempt to touch the theme he chose?
He who was voic'd by music; mien'd by love:
He who by turns has every muse possess'd,
And every art protected: Every grace
Through every fortune led—Supreme in all.

St. John! whom woman wish'd, man envied;
realms [hate!
Made war on; yet whom none found power to
Nor grief thy theme nor love. What choice re-
mains?

Shall it be death's grim waste, war's field of fire?
Aptlier the subject would have warm'd our isle,
When England's sun shot wide th' irradiate flame
Of her fam'd Edward's day-dawn.—Yet who knows,
But at some far thrown moment, whit'ning broad,
Some light new rising may (perhaps) once more
Off-roll the sullen shade that glooms our fame.
Rekindling sense of martial fire may glow,
Till the rous'd nation blazes. Then the sons
Of fires unskill'd to think defeat no shame,
Starting to destin'd vengeance, the struck drum
No more shall bid the form-dress'd soldier sleep:
But roll its deep'ning bals to wake due death;
Then too, no more the trumpets clang'ry shrill,
Fright'ning the opera dame, shall to her ear
Call her affected hand, and shut out claim
To promise of a son like him she loves.

Hail the wish'd wonder: give him birth, O time!
And into fame's rough ocean launch his name.
But when he rises bid him hate no muse.
Fan his impatient blaze to letter'd love.
Pour the enthusiast fervour through his ear,
That fir'd the conqu'ring Ammon's thirsty soul—
Born for the poet's praise, teach him to know,
That war's wing'd bolt by love of verse impell'd,
Bursts every bar to glory. Verse to war
Lends ardour: war to verse new warmth imparts.
So join'd that never hero reach renown,
Or reach'd, ne'er held; who wrong'd the muses
claim.

Oh what ye Gothic renders of the ear!
Ye blank verse bursters of Pierian bars!
Strong beyond chaining comet; swerves of thought!
Giant surmounters of wit's loftiest Alps!
Ye hurlers of prose rocks at music's heaven!
What shall deserve the dread your thunder bears?

Faction deserves and claims it: cries a howl,
That paints th' attentive soul—Come learn her laws.
Give to the deity that shakes down thrones,
Th' allegiance of thy muse. Blank verse be mine.
Guideless and boundless in aspiring grasp,
And frownful in majestic fullness,
Her music dwells in murmur. Let her growl
For faction: taste her lust of loud complaint,
And hang on empire's wheels the drag of hate.
Range safe beneath her standard: mark its sweep!
Unfurling into length, the dreadful wave [shade!
Sees earth's chill'd kingdoms shake beneath its
Kneel and be her's: enroll thy name—and rail.

Thou start'st:—alas, for verse that dares not
rail!

What canst thou hope from praise? it wounds no name.

Art thou to learn thou liv'st where greatness
Regard, to bribe repugnance? o'er assur'd,
And cheaply negligent of zeal inclin'd.
So must it be where party's billowy surge
Bids wave push wave from power. There science
sleeps.

Uproar and contest reign. Deep to the root,
Pain-trod Parnassus shakes; and each sap'd sprig
That green'd the muse's grove finds dry decay.
While pelted into fright, or laugh'd to spleen,
Deaf ministerial ears absorb'd in fret;
Or dirtily engross'd by craft's low buzz,
Taste not the calm surveys of leisure's range:
Share no delight in song; nor woo nor weigh
The power that dwells in gen'rous praise, to guide
A nation's doubtful heart to find her friend.

Waste not the warmth of verse on things like these,

Or stain their mem'ry with effaceless gall.
Yet since sometimes in power's obscurest night,
Through sably jet pale threads of white may part,
Should vice shame one, to virtue lend him light.
Faction, that loves no truth, must own this one,
That never friend to verse malign'd the just.
Virtues, however thankless, forc'd or few,
Compel the poet's praise—But would thy song
Wake these sublime insolvents into sense
Of what they owe attachment? Let it rail.
Rail horrible: in accents like their own
When envy's acrimonious rage impells
Detraction's venal insult. Nerve in sounds
Like thunder's gath'ring menace, the rais'd arm
Of opposition's onset. Tell the press
Where public plunder bawds for private thrift;
Where grandeur holds a stalking horse to shame,
And screens guilt's aim at honesty. Why laws
Bent and rebent like wire, crack short, start wide,
And with two ends bind nothing. Tell whose
thirst

By taste unguided soaps at bubbly froth,
And leaves the sapid depth untouch'd below:
Teach where bought strength was weakness, wisdom craft,

And infamy long due where chance gave joy.
Begin, describe, discolour. Spread abroad
Sedition's fluid taints, and stain a state.
So shall attracted notice deign regard,
And slander snatch the perquisite of praise.
Such are the tastes of office! such the souls
That actuate half the mighty! Note it, you
Who reverence high distinction. This unmark'd,
Hope's empty swell plumes broad her feathery crest:

But bald in disappointment, frights belief,
Court crocodiles are scal'd: they feel no tweak.
He who would wake must wound: seen danger
strikes

More forcibly than all thy pathos, wit!

Say, Tacitus,—thy skill the secret found:
In what state-scale five hundred insults pois'd,
Weigh'd down five hundred thanks in grateful gold.

Dream not thy Roman's genius mov'd such boon:

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Not his fam'd father's vict'ries ten times won,
And to thy claim transferr'd had there so charm'd.
Oh power of prompt reproach to rasp reward;
And flash conception's fire from flint most cold!
Call it not bounty: blast it angry muse;
And from the fame of Albion blot that tale.
Th' embitter'd hand of calumny bows down
The heart; its gall corrodes, to smile through
wrongs,

And pay compell'd respect to dreaded scorn:
While on the candid courtship of the kind,
No fust'ring glance descends!—untott'ring power
Takes compliment as tribute. Over-cramm'd
With self, and surfeiting on brief success,
The narrow-compass'd heart wants room for taste.
—Or grant some glimm'ry ray give light to guests
Th' effect of skill'd applause: what thence results
But insolent contempt of aid unsought?
The busy breast that pants in post hard held,
Wants leisure to be grateful: 'Tis the task
Of grandeur in disgrace to thank a friend.

So spoke th' inurbane voice. The muse sigh'd sad:
Paus'd long, withheld consent; and thus reply'd:

Faction is fam'd for falsehood—If she now
Hints truth, 'tis infamy too poor for verse:
Leave it to prose-tongu'd party's cool display—
Nor love the measures; nor malign the men.
Grant imag'd worth by erring fancy form'd,
Ideal as the dreamer's empty grasp,
Who suffers but the shown? unmask'd and sound!
What has mistaken candour lost but faith?

When miscomputing their unfounded swell,
Deep'ning proud shallows thou o'er-rat'st design,
And wrong'st the guiltless by respect undue,
Blush and be dumb: repent; and sin no more.
Where, arrogant in virtue, conscious claim
Looks cold on praise consign'd to length'ning
time,

Or uninspir'd to judge, reads flat: nor finds
Distinction 'twixt the bellman's power and thine,
Smile and forgive the blind: but still be just.

Still be the worth thy theme: the taste thy scorn,
And thou, fled soul of Pope! disrob'd from dust,
And in that dust deposing each faint stain
That speck'd, while here, thy part divine with man!
If from that source of truth where now thou shin'st,
Spirits like thine look down and love it still;
Hear and attest. Sarcastic as thou wast,
All scorn of flatt'ry sleeps not in thy grave.
There lives who dares assert the poet's fire,
Undimm'd by venal smoke. Who boast no muse:
Yet owns the rights of all; and loves their fame.
Who from retreat's safe depth feels virtue's wounds;
Adopts th' inappropriate pang, and flies from rest.
Who from the summit point of fortune's spire
There could his fate stand rais'd, would, touch'd
as now,

Bow prostrate as the worm to hail the wrong'd;
Then greatest when most less'n'd by false fears,
From envy's misereant arts, and stripp'd of name!

And you, whoe'er you are, where'er you pine,
Who glow perhaps unmark'd, perhaps o'erlook'd,
Perhaps untasted by sublime defect
Of dignity in sense; which kings may want,
But none 'midst all his titles can bestow:

Grieve not to seem too little to the great.
 What lose the gen'rous, who profusely waste
 On high-plac'd weakness all the muse's strength?
 Shines the sun faintlier for those beams he pours,
 Vain and unthank'd to warm th' insensate rock?
 Tell the big blanks, that he who courts neglect,
 And loves to praise unpaid, is paid within.
 Is greater than the great: pities their scorn;
 And bids their merit live by verse they wrong'd.

THE EXCURSION OF FANCY:

A PINDARIC ODE.

AND why ye empty names of things unfound!
 Ye almost shadows e'en of sound!
 Fame, glory, fortune, fate, and all the fairy fancy
 round:
 Or rather would ye but vouchsafe to tell
 The cause of ills, ye know too well;
 Say, ye proud tracers of disdainful state;
 Who buy distinction at the world's low rate!
 Ye mean aspirers to be great,
 By aims which earth-born hopes, not heavenly
 truths, create!
 Why must the sacred spring of honour's flood,
 Be us'd to rinse the dusty robes of pride,
 With blood and purple doubly dy'd?
 Why foully trampled in by wealth's bold feet?
 Why there must lep'rous vices meet?
 And why must poverty, however sweet,
 And naked innocence unstain'd and neat,
 Be rudely driv'n away: or terribly withstood,
 By giant forms! chimeras stain'd with blood!
 Who dreadful stalk about, within--and raise th'
 uncleanly mud?
 Say, coward learning! long, too long mislaid!
 If yet thou dar'st erect thy dizzy head!
 And art not yet heart-conquer'd quite,
 By power fight! and custom join'd; too, too
 unequal
 If yet once more thou dar'st assert thy eyes,
 Once more undazzled view truth's beamy skies;
 And can'st with strong unstaggr'ring sight,
 Firm-fix'd in steady gaze take in the o'erwhelm-
 ing light!
 Say, nor fear th' oppressive hate,
 Which truth told plainly must create!
 The foes of truth, in bulk though great,
 Lifted boldly want in weight!
 Say to what sad cause we owe,
 That naked virtue must regardless go!
 Or, shiv'ring stand in fortune's snow:
 Till chance does some gay mantle o'er her
 throw,
 And notice does not from her worth, but her
 adornments flow?
 Immortal heav'n! if man may dare
 Climb thither to refresh his care!
 What means our God! when he requires,
 That man in virtue's rugged paths shou'd
 tread,
 If to blessings he aspires?

And yet, strange paradox! permits to virtue's
 foes,
 The mounts of power, from whence to aim
 their blows,
 And hurl red ruin down in surer throws,
 With levell'd malice nicely pois'd to hit the climb-
 ing head,
 While they sit safe, and laugh above to see th'
 aspirer dead!

Why? If reasons may be giv'n
 To earth for laws which pass in heav'n!
 Why am I doom'd to toil with vain desire?
 Be ever climbing and yet never higher?
 Why am I curs'd with scenes of helpless woe,
 Which since to cure I must not reach the pow'r,
 Why am I not permitted—not to know?
 Why feels not yon proud lord his share,
 Of my heart-piercing care,
 For suff'rings I can neither help, nor which my
 bus'ness are?
 Why sleep princes void of pain,
 For those sad thousands who complain;
 And wash with tears their deep-dy'd grief
 in vain?
 These men could lend compassion hands to reach
 The sinking mis'ries which their help beseech!
 I, who my own misfortunes cannot cure,
 With barren sorrow other men's endure!
 While they whose smiles might heal and voice
 might cheer,
 Have eyes, and cannot see!—have ears, and
 will not hear?
 'Tis wond'rous strange all this!—but man should
 never gaze,
 With search too curious on the mystic ways,
 Which form the soul-bewild'ring maze!
 It is enough for us that there must be
 Ends in this we cannot see!
 And since 'tis vain to tug at fate,
 With unavailing human weight,
 Let us throw down this load of doubt with which
 no race is won:
 And swift to easier conquests lighter run,
 The way which reason is not bid to shun!
 Let us with never-yielding courage strive,
 In spite of villany to thrive;
 And from our resolution's spring long streams of
 bliss derive!
 Like the gay ball struck down still higher let
 us rise,
 And obstinate dispute th' unwilling prize!
 Rebound with ten fold vigour at each blow!
 And that to wounds we may a victory owe,
 Antæus like spring fresh from ev'ry throw:
 Till short-breath'd fortune tir'd and sick with our
 unthought defence,
 At once, permits us to enjoy both her and in-
 nocence.
 Well then! resolve we!—be it so:
 Further thought we shall not need:
 That we set forward stands decreed!
 But hold! what journey shall we choose to
 go?

I will embark me, on yon boundless sea!
 The sea of knowledge! proud! imperious
 store! [shore,
 Of heaven-assaulting waves which gnaw the
 On ev'ry side with hungry roar!
 Yet always gaping always swallowing more,
 Still flows forever, and will flow—voracious as
 before!
 Well! I am fail'd!—I plow the foamy deep,
 And now my climbing vessel mounts on high,
 And now I sweep the starry sky!
 And now! stand firm my brain! rush down
 the wat'ry steep! [try!
 Ah me! half-founder'd now, in vain all arts I
 This way and that, immortal heaven I drive!
 Currents encount'ring currents, strive!
 The fruitless rudder ill-obey'd in vain,
 Struggles oppress'd against the madding main,
 Eddies cross eddies whirl—and whelm it back
 again!
 Hold! I am sick, I'll sail no more:
 Pilot give thy labours o'er!
 Put in and seek repose on yonder peaceful shore.
 Where am I now?—'Tis wond'rous dark all
 round!
 What means this shadow-cover'd ground!
 This is the land of ignorance wild and rude!
 Bleak comfortless and bare:
 A dreary soil! an empty air!
 By shadowy nothings I am here pursued;
 A gape, and yawn, and tire in sleepy solitude!
 Let me turn which way I will,
 Sight has narrow quarters still!
 Scarce can I see above a fathom round;
 I tread on soft and sandy ground!
 At ev'ry step I take, my feet sink in;
 Already I to fear I know not what begin!
 Hark! what strange noise is that which whistles
 round my head?
 Ghosts and goblins this way tread!
 Astonish'd eyes! what scenes about me draw!
 Now stagg'ring reason, where's thy law?
 My soul grows weak with childish awe:
 Fancy has courage captive led;
 Empty somethings still I dread!
 Ha! see—at once what objects rise!—How horri-
 bly they spread!
 I trod too loud, and with the noise have wak'd the
 silent dead.
 Fly, fly, night-wand'ring feet! explore lost day.
 If this the land of ignorance be,
 I'll drive again on learning's sea!
 Here I dare no longer stay!
 And yet I see not how to get away!
 What's this?—methinks I see the rushy brink
 Of some deep current in my way!
 Help, help me, fortune, or I sink!
 Now I am in, whelm'd o'er amidst the flood!
 Ha! though the chance was bad th' effect is
 good!
 It is not water this, but fluid mud.
 Stagnate and thick the sleepy depth I tread with
 unhop'd ease!
 And now I see the land again; and now
 The liquid field I up before me plough:

Wade out and climb the bank by flow degrees!
 I've 'scap'd the lake, thank heav'n! but all this
 while
 I wander guideless in the same dark isle.
 What's this which would be thought a wind?
 Which heaves by sluggish fits the drowsy air?
 Which creeps in broken murmurs far behind,
 And idly seems to slumber in its care?—[assuage;
 Now swells in sudden gusts, now does at once
 Like drunken men who strive to talk, but sleep
 amidst their rage?
 Curse on his soul-condensing solitude!
 This land of ignorance appears as rude;
 And far more dangerous these unactive ills,
 Than all the busy frightfulness which fills
 Yon sea, where storms my devious bark pursued!
 Tell me then, directive star,
 Thou that guid'st me from afar,
 If learning's voyage is not safe to take,
 And ign'rance, dreadful shore, I now forsake,
 What more inviting land my next look-out shall
 make?
 I see, methinks, far off a sudden glare!
 Ha! look—a mountain rises to the sea!
 From which ten thousand flames shot through
 the air,
 Spread circling brightness wide to such degree,
 That a kind trail of light darts outward ev'n to me!
 Bless'd with this glorious unexpected guide,
 I look about me now with pride!
 And lo! a narrow causeway thither leads:
 Narrow indeed it is, and seems to show,
 That few should hence to yon gay mountain go!
 Care and diligence there needs;
 For ev'ry tott'ring step I stumble so,
 That scarce I 'scape the waves which foam and
 break below!
 Would I had never landed on this shore;
 This causeway is a dangerous passage o'er;
 And I was nearer to the mount before, [roar!
 When my bark miss'd its sight amidst the ocean's
 Courage, my soul, I shall anon be there!
 I know the country now as I draw near:
 It is the far-fam'd realm of war!
 How red the skies about it are!
 Oh, let me climb the cliffy steep, and strike yon
 topmost star!
 Thank heaven! my aching foot has reach'd the
 strand:
 What's this? the earth is iron; and sulphur all
 the sand.
 Instead of air, here's smoke;—but flame does
 light supply!
 And from within where strongly fed they lie,
 Torrents of fiery day break up and streak the sooty
 sky!
 Hark! as up the hill I go, [roar,
 From the wide top huge full-mouth'd thunders
 While far within and more below,
 Hoarse infant noises faintly blow;
 And, slowly rising, more and more,
 Grumble, in horrid notes, their new-taught lessons
 o'er:
 Some the shrill trumpet imitate, and some
 Buffet, unskill'd, the sullen drum.

Through my astonish'd ear, harsh-mingling pass
The sound of bells, clash'd swords, and clatt'ring
brass.
Loud-neighing horses, storms of vollied shot,
Shouts, groans, and words confounded all, heard,
but distinguish'd not.
Well, I am up at last; and now I'm here,
Let me look round and see how things appear.
Oh! my glad soul---what prospects open there,
My hope-enlivening heart to cheer?
Now I am in my wish'd, my proper sphere;
What is there in yon fair-ken'd world which hence
we may not share?
Oh, Heaven! what false appearance dwells below;
How is man deceiv'd by show!
Yon Viceroy (as they would be thought) of fate;
Yon poppet managers of state;
Those things which bid life-wasting followers wait
For bubbles, which at jewel's price they rate;
And puff and swell with empty pride---and call
themselves the great.
Ye stars!--How humbly they all look this way,
As who would seem to say,---
Great Sirs! permit us still to cheat the fools with
whom we play;
They turn to us the cringing side, and strut the
other way.

Soul recline and take thy ease;
Look about thee by degrees;
The prospect's wide enough to please.
Since the commanding top is thus attain'd,
Use with care th' advantage gain'd.
What wilt thou do that thus I feel thee swell?
In struggling silence loves design to dwell.
Or are thy views too vast to tell? [well.
Go on, form boldly, swift resolve---and execute it
Send out fancy, she can fly;
Nimbly wing'd, her own best spy;
Every danger, ere drawn nigh,
Th' air-footed Amazon discerns, and scatters with
her eye.
Fancy then, proud goddess! rise;
From earth extend thy stretching size,
And push thy active head through the discover'd
skies.
Stamp, ambitious, with thy foot,
And bid the threaten'd world look to't;
For thou hast mighty work to do, and power
enough to do't.
Grasp yon'escaping earthquake, 'twould depart;
Blow new vigour to its heart.
Take it and give the lazy globe a shake;
And when scar'd nature's broad awake,
All her coy aid demand and take.
Break open ev'ry inmost part;
Through all the gloomy chasms of matter dart;
Let in light to find out art;
And smile to see the blaze-shot nymph with sud-
den wonder start.
Seize her quickly, bind her fast,
Distant else behind her cast; [pass.
A thousand mazy turnings first must tediously be
Doubly arm'd, and seated thus,
Who is now a match for us?

Begin, begin the glorious task!
Descend at once and strip yon kings of power's
ill painted mask!
Tell 'em they the nymph disgrace;
Power should wear a lovely face;
And hideously to hide her charms is horrible and
base. [for place,
Bid 'em, in empire's masquerade, elbow no more
But bravely dare put on plain truth, and scorn a
borrow'd face.
Are they disturb'd?---Is all the hive in arms?
See they buz in hostile swarms!
But 'tis no matter, let 'em bring
Hoarded malice in their sting;
They cannot pierce, much less displume, the pi-
nions of thy wing.
What is that they seek to know?
What commission we can show.
Tell me, Fancy, was it so?
Commissions say are sometimes forms which men
to custom owe;
A shape of power which tyrants steal, and having
stol'n, bestow.
Yet, to please 'em, be they told,
From higher hands than theirs we hold!
From justice, truth, and reason say,
That great triumvirate of power!--which they
Pretend, and but pretend t' obey!
This our authority; and if these not suffice,
We can show 'em large supplies
Of vengeance, force, and stubborn will; our sworn
auxiliaries.
Now they tremble, now they mourn,
Now with helpless rage they burn!
Well may they rave indeed to see their friends
against 'em turn.
Stay! and e'er we farther go,
Let our great meaning be aloud proclaim'd:
Our deeds shall be as just as fam'd.
Friends and enemies shall know
Why we make war, and what we mean to do.
Herald vengeance! swift arise!
Shall with steel thy flinty heart!
And since by nature blind thou art,
Bury thy lifted hand in yonder skies,
And pluck two comets down to serve for eyes.
Dawb thy dismal face with blood!
And with extensive stride, crossing the trembling
flood [shook robe,
Of fire-embroider'd smoke, throw on a wind-
And shoot thy shadow over half the globe.
In thy right hand lift quiv'ring light'nings high!
Hardly held, and mad to fly!
From thy rais'd left let heaven's loud bolt be
hurl'd;
And roll th' alarming thunder round the world.
When wak'd attention pricks her frightened ear,
And stalking apprehension pants with fear;
When all the starting nations upward look,
By convulsive horror shook,
Borrow the northern wind's big voice, and then
Three times pronounce O yes! and thus address
the sons of men:
Hear, ye people! far and wide;
Reason's force will now be try'd;

Tremble, ye tyrants! at the near defence
Of long oppress'd and helpless innocence.
Where is the wretch, who, deep entrench'd in state,
Impiously defies his fate;
And dares be wicked without bounds because im-
mensely great?
Him let injur'd virtue show,
And we proclaim ourselves his foe.
Fortunate usurpers quake! [take,
Let the forc'd thrones, whose seats uncall'd ye
Beneath your pond'rous ruin shake;
Or let 'em swell to throw you out; or with your
fortunes break [wealth.
Rapine disguis'd in law, oppression arm'd with
Rock-hearted cruelty, and scornful pride,
Hear and tremble when ye know,
We the great healers bring th' unhappy—health,
And draw the thorn from virtue's bleeding side.
Ye sap-engrossing weeds which but for mischief
grow;
Pay plunder'd excellence, ye slaves! the vast ar-
rears you owe,
Or we pronounce ourselves your mortal foe.
Wisdom, knowledge, justice, art,
Peace, meekness, truth, and sanctity of heart;
Discourag'd industry, unfriended grief,
Charity, gentleness, and to be brief,
Each weeping virtue that deserves and has not
found relief,
March and join us; we are friends.
What though your numbers are but few?
Our muster's well-weigh'd strength attends;
Where show is wanting substance makes
amends,
We, your allies, can lend you arms—and give you
courage too.
They come from ev'ry part, they, gathering, fly;
But, trembling, backward cast a doubtful eye,
Astonish'd at the hostile swarms which round 'em
shad'wing lie!
Safety from silent caves arise:
Yon crystal pillar from heaven's palace break,
And cope it down to our allies,
'Twill a glitt'ring causeway make.
So they are past, encamp 'em on th' ascent;
Stretch out the bright divisions line by line;
Unfold our milky ensigns to the wind;
Draw the battalions down in just extent;
And bid the iron face of battle shine.
What's this! the rash audacious foe,
Far from fear, and mad with pride,
Scorns to wait a threaten'd blow,
And this way turns invasion's tide:
They will not stay it seems to be a second time
defy'd. [part,
They weigh, they fail, they spread from ev'ry
Numbers following numbers start.
Their navies hide the sea through which they
sweep;
And th' o'er-labour'd wind grown sick at heart,
After the flagging canvass seems to creep;
And groans behind, oppress'd with weight so
strong,
And puffing storms, with cheeks half-burst, scarce
push it slow along.

'Tis worth our wonder, Fancy, since we are
Possess'd at once of the whole realm of war,
Whence those prodigious magazines should
spring, [bring,
Which nations, ill-ally'd, do thus against us
At times exported hence, at first they went
Like naval stores from Christendom, to Barbary
rovers sent;
And hoarded long, to be at last ill spent,
Come now against their mother's bosom bent.
Since it is thus we'll diff'rent arms prepare!
Our terrors shall new unknown habits wear;
And like our cause, our weapons too shall huge
advantage bear!
Nature our confederate found,
And Proteus' art our captive bound;
What force can earth against us bring which these
shall not confound!
Hear, thou tall forest, from thy loos'ning root
Hither thy piny offspring shoot:
And thou, proud host of gloom-arresting oak,
Through whose close ranks the day's light horse
ne'er broke,
With reverend awe confess the mighty call!
Nod consent—and groaning fall! [join
Now swift together rush again, once more closer
With animated, sympathetic twine!
Embrace at once, and new in form with concave
beauty shine!
Descend complete, and plough the flood in naval-
bodied line!
Scorn the help of canvass wings!
Art shall lend self-moving springs!
Your active forms shall never need attend the hu-
morous wind;
Self-oar'd with spoky fins your furrowing keels
Shall dash the billows back with living wheels;
And striking swiftly every mark design'd,
Sweep on through winds and tides averse, and
leave the gales behind.
Mountain, open thy hot breast, thy iron sinews
strain!
Bleed at every nit'rous vein!
Yawn horrible, and with convulsive pains
Burst thy flame-lab'ring head, and shoot thy mi-
neral brains
Take 'em, art, and mix 'em well!
Thou canst the dark proportions tell!
Let death the bitter kernel be, and sorge thou
thick the shell!
Kindle a fire like light'ning blue!
And that its dreadful work it may unerring do,
Breathe a living spirit through,
And give the deadly compound sight, and force
and swiftness too!
Take this new gigantic mould;
And by it form such tubes as may besit
The mafs which their impregnate wombs must
hold!
Ram their greedy throats with it;
And teach new thunders to out-mouth the old!
Hold, it not suffices yet!
Not one advantage shall the proud foe boast;
'Tis not enough that victory we get,
Unless the gain is ours with nothing lost!

Bid yon ærial substance shed its down;
 Spin it thick, and weave it strong!
 Draw out the force-repelling texture long!
 And with it fence each vessel round, like some
 well bulwark'd town;
 Now we are proof against their gather'd pride,
 Be all their batteries on us hourly try'd!
 Breathless and dead their fruitless force shall
 kiss our soft'ned side.
 Embark, ye well-appointed few, embark!
 Put out, and meet the number-trusting foe!
 Their circling fleet has made the day look
 dark, [blow!
 And seems in sable dress'd to mourn the coming
 Rush against 'em—gore 'em through!
 Bear 'em down beneath the sea!
 As weeds before the furrowing plough torn up
 and buried be!
 If while onward ye pursue,
 On either side they flank ye too; [throats,
 At once clear all your thunder's dreadful
 And roar destruction out in passant notes!
 'Tis done; and gloriously the banish'd day,
 Which late their gloomy squadrons chas'd
 away,
 Restor'd triumphant shines with ten-fold light:
 Their curling ruin shines to heaven, and makes
 the sun more bright!
 See, see, mark well this scene-recording fame!
 The hissing ocean toils with vain desire,
 To quench with spouting waves the batt'ling
 flame;
 But scorch'd with clinging heat, and mad
 with shame,
 Does every way at once in blazing tides retire,
 And flying frights th' astonish'd world with floods
 of liquid fire. [feels;
 Pride-swoll'n oppression now hot vengeance
 Their falling flags blush deep in blood!
 And hide their shame within the flood!
 Their masts turn downward, and th' uplifted
 keels
 Float reverse with wave-wash'd reels! [gay,
 And all th' extended strength but now so proudly
 Like snow-top'd fields o'er-run by fire, melts all at
 once away.
 Whither shall we now proceed?
 Turn your heads to yon white shore;
 Follow fortune still with speed,
 Ye who would engage her more!
 It matters nothing what we now have done;
 Or vict'ry must be well pursued, or she is never won.
 Ha! what means yon op'ning scene?
 The warlike land is gilded o'er
 With glitt'ring arms in distant marches seen,

And graceful troops that edge the guarded shore!
 And from behind to close us up between,
 A huge half moon of naval strength,
 Stretch'd in gay and pompous length,
 Advances on us slow and well assur'd:
 These cannot of the number be, who late such loss
 endur'd!
 Mark the impatient haste of those behind!
 As if o'erjoy'd an enemy to find;
 Their wanton streamers lash the lazy wind,
 And like their genius hov'ring in the air!
 See that glorious something there!
 Which does a form unusual seem to bear;
 Moving awful; looking kind;
 Now glides before to light 'em on; now cheers
 'em up behind.
 In shape a lion fierce, and strong it seems,
 But like some figure fancy-form'd that fills mens
 active dreams;
 An eagle's talons and keen bill it dreadful seems
 to bear;
 An eagle's broad and shad'wy wings direct it
 through the air!
 Observe what's he, who solemnly severe,
 With grave and awful sense of majesty,
 Hemm'd with reverence does appear!
 Whose eye so piercing seems to be!
 Whose forehead wears beneficence to temper dig-
 nity!
 Who marches stately down yon hill to see;
 But not to see with fear!
 To look and judge what we may be!
 Ye powers, where are we?—How did fancy
 steer?
 I know the hero; now he draws more near!
 How came we blindly thus to touch a shore?
 Thus hostilely a land explore,
 Where heaven does only blessings store?
 Where wailing sorrow shall be heard no more,
 Nor virtue e'er in vain the help of power im-
 plore!
 Away! heave anchor! we've no business here!
 Yet stay! divinely led, I err th' unmeant good to
 blame!
 Inspir'd at once I see and own 'twas heaven's un-
 erring aim!
 Hail, immortal son of fame!
 Take these legions, they are thine!
 With theirs thy navy shall resistless join;
 And virtue's squadrons led by thee, o'er earth's
 whole surface shine.
 Root out oppression where'er she grows,
 Let stubborn tyranny fall dead beneath thy pond'-
 rous blows!
 And over all the wide-watch'd world leave inno-
 cence no foes.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM BROOME,

Containing

ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,

PARAPHRASES,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Even I, the meanest of the muses train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæolian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire;
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right;
Like theirs our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united—*for thy friendship's fame.*

EPISTLE TO POPE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

THE
POLITICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM BROME.

THE
PUBLISHERS
AND
PRINTERS

OF
THE
PUBLISHERS
AND
PRINTERS

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Even I, the author of the noble work,
In vain I hope to reach a nobler hour;
Adventures when the noblest hour
To my great head and heart as you inspire;
So stand by great abilities for the life;
Patience and courage in the noblest hour;
Like the noblest hour and I hope my name
To shine united for the noblest hour.

ENTERED TO COPY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1844.

THE LIFE OF BROOME.

WILLIAM BROOME was born in Cheshire, as is said, of very mean parents. Of the time and place of his birth, or the early part of his life, no intelligence is to be found. He was educated upon the foundation at Eton, and had the misfortune of being captain of the school for one whole year, 1707, without any vacancy, by which he might have obtained a scholarship in King's College, Oxford.

Being by this delay, such as has happened but four times in 160 years, in 1619, 1653, 1707, and 1756, superannuated, his friends sent him to St. John's College, where, by their assistance, and a small exhibition, he was maintained till he entered into orders.

At his college he had the reputation of being an excellent Greek scholar and a skilful versifier, but he is described, as being a contracted scholar, and a mere versifier, unacquainted with life, and unskilful in conversation. He was so much addicted to versifying, that his companions familiarly called him Poet. When he had opportunities of mingling with mankind, he cleared himself, it is said, from great part of his scholastic rust.

He appeared early in the world as a translator of the "Iliad" into prose, in conjunction with Ozell and Oldisworth; but his share in that version, which is now neglected, is not known. He was introduced to Pope, who was then upon a visit to Sir John Cotton at Madingley near Cambridge, and gained so much of his esteem, that he was employed with Jortin to make extracts from Eustathius for the notes to the translation of the "Iliad;" and in the second volume of "Miscellaneous Poems, Translations, and Imitations," published by Lintot, commonly called "Pope's Miscellanies," twelve of his early pieces were inserted. That he furnished "the greater part of the Remarks from Eustathius," together with several excellent observations, is acknowledged by Pope; who, it has been said, promised him a handsome gratuity for his trouble; and, when the work was finished, quarrelled with him, and disappointed him of the promised reward. It is certain that Broome thus represented the story to his friends; yet, in a letter to Lord Hervey from Pope, who had been charged with "selling Broome's works, printed with Pope's name," he tells his Lordship he printed not his name before a line of the person's his Lordship mentions; besides, my Lord, when you said I sold another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that I bought them, which very much alters the case. What I gave was 500 l.; his receipt can be produced to your Lordship."

Ruffhead relates that Broome, in conjunction with Fenton, had formed a design of translating the *Odyssy*, while Pope was employed upon the "Iliad," and went through several books of the *Odyssy*, which they desired him to peruse; and having made a considerable progress in the translation himself, adopted what he found thus ready for the advancement of his work.

It is some confirmation of what is thus related, that among the poems in "Pope's Miscellany" there is one *To a Gentleman who corrected some of my Verses*, the title of which he afterwards thus changed, *To Mr. A. Pope, who corrected my Verses*.

That the version of the *Odyssy* was not wholly Pope's was always known. He had mentioned the assistance of two friends in his proposals; and at the end of the work some account is given by Broome of their different parts, which, however, mentions only five books as written by the coadjutors; the fourth and twentieth by Fenton, the sixth, the eleventh, and eighteenth, by himself; though Pope, in an advertisement prefixed afterwards to a new volume of his works, claimed only twelve.

The books allotted to Fenton were the first, the fourth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth; to the lot of Broome fell the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third, with all the notes.

The price at which Pope purchased this assistance was 300 l. to Fenton, and 500 l. to Broome, with as many copies to his friends as made one hundred more. The payment made to Fenton is not certainly known. Lord Orrery says "it was an errant trifle:" Broome's is very distinctly told by Pope in the notes to the "Dunciad."

It is evident, that, according to Pope's own estimate, Broome was unkindly treated. If four books could merit 300 l. eight and all the notes, equivalent at least to four, had certainly a right to more than six.

Broome, probably finding that Pope got more than either of them expected, was desirous of a share; but though Pope was not generous on this occasion, if Broome received what they agreed for, there seems no just ground of complaint.

There was for some time, from whatever cause, more than coldness between Broome and his employer. He always spoke of Pope, as did his friend Fenton, as too much a lover of money, and Pope pursued him with avowed hostility; for he not only named him disrespectfully in the "Dunciad," but quoted him more than once in the "Bathos" as a proficient in the "Art of Sinking;" and in his enumeration of the different kinds of poets distinguished for the profound, he reckons Broome among "the parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd tone as makes them seem their own."

It appears by a letter from Pope to Broome, in 1730, in which he communicated to him an account of the death of Fenton, which is noticed in the life of that amiable and elegant poet, that they were afterwards reconciled, but their peace was probably without friendship.

In 1727, he published his *Poems on Several Occasions*, with a dedication to Lord Townshend, dated Jan. 16 1726; being at that time rector of Sturston in Suffolk, and chaplain to Charles Lord (afterward Earl) Cornwallis.

At Sturston he married a widow lady who had a good fortune, which enabled him to take the degree of Doctor of Laws, when the king went to Cambridge, April 25. 1728.

Upon his resignation of the living of Sturston, he was presented by the Crown to the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, in August 1733, which he held with Oakley Magna in Suffolk, given him by Lord Cornwallis, who added the vicarage of Eye in Suffolk; he then resigned Pulham, and retained the other two till his death.

Towards the latter end of his life, he amused himself with translating *Odes of Anacreon*, which he published in the "Gentleman's Magazine," under the signature of *Chester*.

He died at Bath, November 16. 1745, and was buried in the Abbey Church, by Dr Gooch bishop of Norwich. He left an only son, Charles, who died of the small-pox in 1747, an under graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge.

His *Poems on Several Occasions* were reprinted in 1739, and again in 1750, with several additions and variations, which are retained in the present edition.

The character of Broome, though he never rose to a very high dignity in the church, seems to have been amiable and respectable. At college he was universally beloved; and in more advanced life he was distinguished by his exemplary observance of the social and domestic duties, and his piety and diligence in the exercise of his pastoral function. He is mentioned by Shuckford (*Sacred and Profane History Connected*, vol. iii. p. 60.) under the title of "the ingenious Annotator on the English Homer, whose real worth, as well as learning, makes it a pleasure to me to say, that I have a friend fl 1 \ 1"

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by correctness of judgment, elegance of diction, and harmony of numbers, rather than by force of genius, or grace of fancy; neither of which, however, are wanting. To examine his performances one by one, would be tedious. One of his pieces is intitled, *Melancholy; an Ode, occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter*, 1723; but it is not quite certain that it was written on a daughter of his own. His *Verses on the Death of a Friend*, which were printed in 1727, were afterwards very happily enlarged, and applied to Fenton, who died in 1730. His *Verses to Mrs. Elizabeth Townshend, on her Picture at Rainham*, are elegant and poetical in a high degree. Of his *Paraphrases from Scripture*, nothing very favourable can be said; yet the third chapter of *Habakkuk*, and the *Paraphrases from Job and Ecclesiastius*, have merit; the language not being deficient either in strength or melody. His *Translations* are smooth, classical, and spirited; and most of his original

pieces have something to be praised, either in the thought or the expression. Dr. Warton thinks the books he translated for Pope, in the *Odyssey*, are inferior to Fenton's; but it is no small honour to him, that the readers of poetry have never been able to distinguish his books from those of Fenton and Pope.

"Of Broome," says Dr. Johnson, "though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. His rhymes are sometimes unsuitable. In his *Melancholy* he makes *breath* rhyme to *birth* in one place, and to *earth* in another. Those faults occur but seldom; and he had such power of words and numbers, as fitted him for translation; but in his original works, recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. His imitations are so apparent, that it is part of his reader's employment to recal the verses of some former poet. Sometimes he copies the most popular writers; for he seems scarcely to endeavour at concealment; and sometimes picks up fragments in obscure corners." His lines to Fenton,

Serene the sting of pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions objects of a smile,

brought to my mind some lines on the death of Queen Mary, written by Barnes, of whom I should not have expected to find an imitation.

But thou, O muse! whose sweet Nepenthean tongue
Can charm the pangs of death with deathless song;
Can *stinging plagues* with *easy thoughts* beguile;
Make pains and tortures *objects of a smile*.

"To detect his imitations, were tedious and useless. What he takes he seldom makes worse; and he cannot be thought a mean man, whom Pope chose for an associate; and whose co-operation was considered by Pope's enemies as so important, that he was attacked by Henley with this ludicrous distich."

Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say,
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND;

Late one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to publish the following poems under your patronage: a present, I confess, unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: but, I fear, it may be esteemed a boast rather than an acknowledgment, or at best an ostentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the highest obligations from the Lord Townshend: it is an honour to be regarded by a person of so distinguished a character: I am proud of it, and, not being of a nature to be content with a silent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miscalled vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happiness to enjoy what that great statesman Walsingham, who held the same office which you fill with so much honour, frequently wished, but never obtained: a retirement from business in the declension of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity: this last action speaks you truly great; for that person who by a voluntary retreat, could industriously renounce all the grandeur of the world, must evidently have a soul above it.

Tully in his Tusculum was never more happy, than the Lord Townshend in his Rainham:

" —Where majestically plain
" Pure nature reigns, where varied views from
" views [woods,
" Diffusive prospects yield*: here shagg'd with
" Here rich with harvest, and there white with
" flocks,
" And all the gay horizon smiles around
" Full of thy genius! Lo! between yon groves
" The dome with easy grandeur, like the soul
" Of its great master, rising overlooks
" The subject regions, and commands the charms
" Of many a pleasing landscape, to the eye
" Delightful change! here groves of loftiest shade
" Wave their proud tops, and form of stateliest view
" A sylvan theatre! while nature's hand [lawn,
" Pours forth profuse, o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er
" Her choicest blessings: see! where yonder lake

* See Mr. Thomson's excellent poems.

" Spreads its wide liquid plain: now stands un-
" mov'd, [fleets
" Pure as th' expanse of heaven, and heaven re-
" From its broad-glittering mirror; now with
" waves
" Curl'd gently by the breeze, salutes the flowers
" That grace its banks! in state the snowy swans
" Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various
" plume
" Innumerable, native or exotic, cleave [lawns
" The dancing wave! while o'er th' adjoining
" Obverted to the southern suns, the deer
" Wide-spreading graze, or starting bound away
" In crowds, then turning, silent stand and gaze!
" Such are thy beauties Rainham, such the haunts
" Of angels in primæval guiltless days,
" When man imparadis'd convers'd with God."

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more elegantly: no part of your life lies heavy upon you; there is no uneasy vacancy in it; it is all filled up with study, exercise, or polite amusement: here you shine in the most agreeable, though not most strong and dazzling light: in your public station you commanded admiration and honour; in your private, you attract love and esteem: the nobler parts of your life will be the subject of the historian; and the actions of the great statesman and patriot will adorn many pages of our future annals: but the affectionate father, the indulgent master, the condescending and benevolent friend, patron, and companion, can only be described by those who have the pleasure and happiness to see you act in all those relations: I could with delight enlarge upon this amiable part of your character; but am sensible that no portion of your time is so ill spent as in reading what I write. I will therefore only beg the honour to subscribe myself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,
And most obedient servant,

WILLIAM BROOME.

Pulham in Norfolk, 1739.

P R E F A C E.

I AM very sensible that many hard circumstances attend all authors: if they write ill, they are sure to be used with contempt; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themselves with the sentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I must confess, that mere idleness induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many faults in the ensuing poems; all human works must fall short of perfection; and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility: however, I am not like those authors, who, out of a false modesty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world should believe them: I will not add hypocrisy to my other faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating; I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities, if not with a splendid elegance, yet at least with an innocent variety.

But since this is the last time that I shall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something not as a poet, but a critic; that if my credit should fail as a poet, I may have recourse to my remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my industry as the annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyssey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticism in general, a study very necessary, but fallen into contempt through the abuse of it. At the restoration of learning, it was particularly necessary; authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the ignorance and barbarism of preceding ages: it was therefore very requisite that they should be polished by a critical hand, and restored to their original purity: in this consists the office of critics; but, instead of making copies agreeable to the manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures; and from this license arise most of the various readings, the burdens of modern editions; whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varnished, but not a feature is to be altered; and every stroke that is thus added, destroys in some degree the resemblance; and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal person, the creature of the editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author: and therefore, since most books worth reading have now good impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticism; it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a syllable, or the transposition of a phrase, when the present reading

is sufficiently intelligible. These learned triflers are mere weeders of an author; they collect the weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers: it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully published, to turn our thoughts from the words to the sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A skill in verbal criticism is in reality but a skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best critic who guesses best: a mighty attainment! and yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration ushered into the world! such writers are like Caligula, who raised a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-shells. In short, the question is not what the author might have said, but what he has actually said; it is not whether a different word will agree with the sense, and turn of the period, but whether it was used by the author; if it was, it has a good title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the manuscript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor: for can a modern be a better judge of the language of the purest of the ancients, than those ancients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if he could, was ever any author so happy, as always to choose the most proper word? experience shows the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal criticism when once we have a faithful edition? it embarrasses the reader instead of giving new light and hinders his proficiency by engrossing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor; it increases the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for absurdities. I will only add, with Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because least corrected.

There are other critics who think themselves obliged to see no imperfections in their author: from the moment they undertake his cause, they look upon him as a lover upon his mistress; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties: this, indeed, is a well-natured error, but still blameable, because it misguides the judgment. Such critics act no less erroneously, than a judge who should resolve to acquit a person, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critic to praise the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, solely from the impression of the name, and not from the intrinsic value: the copper of a favourite writer shall be more esteemed than the finest gold of a less acceptable author: for this reason many persons have chosen to publish their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind

his own Venus, have received a praise, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been visible.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raise a reputation by dispraising every thing that other men praise; they have an antipathy to a shining character, like some animals, that hate the sun only because of its brightness: it is a crime with them to excel: they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who, seeing a person of distinguished qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their adversary. I never look into one of these critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance: the glory of the giant consists in the number of the limbs of men whom he has destroyed; that of the critic in viewing

“ ——— Disjecti membra Poetæ.” HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise, he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the ancients those victims which they were ready to sacrifice: he studies criticism as if it extended only to dispraise; a practice, which, when most successful, is least desirable. A painter might justly be thought to have a perverse imagination, who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which, when executed by the most masterly hand, strike the beholder with most horror. It is usual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, because they are good; they constantly prey upon the fairest fruits, and hope to spread their own works by uniting them to those of their adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcass to a living body; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with detestation: their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their design, they give a testimony of their enemy's merit, and show him to be an hero by turning all their weapons against him: such critics are like dead coals; they may blacken, but cannot burn. These writers bring to my memory a passage in the Iliad, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superum, or rabble of the sky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own inability; Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifest his superiority.

Modesty is essential to true criticism: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the sense of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critic ought to consider, that if the authors be dead whom he censures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their ashes with insolence; that it is cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capa-

city to answer his unjust allegations: If the authors be alive, the common laws of society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's reputation; we ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for truth, not victory: and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their enemies were made a public spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels: but what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? the noise of a day, purchased with the misery of nations? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity: writers may be told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy; boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to be guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adversary's dulness, and his own acuteness, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance: Dulness may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if, while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his adversary? and, though he be a better critic, yet proves himself to be a worse man? Besides, no one is to be envied the skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties. What advantage is such a quicksightedness even to the possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleasure: they resemble the second-sighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other persons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to discover objects of horror, ghosts, and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for candour in criticism, through a consciousness of my own deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find so much mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to suffer without inhumanity: But whatever be the fate of these works, they have proved of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude. Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great roads of life, into a private path; where, though we have leisure to choose the smoothest way, yet we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and support from the fatigues of it; how long, or how short, the future stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, so it is a folly to be over-solicitous about it; he that lives the longest, has but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his grave; what we call living, is in reality but a longer time of dying: and if these verses prove as short-lived as their author, it is a loss not worth regretting; they only die, as they were born, in obscurity.

P O E M S.

" ——— Nos otia vitæ
" Solamur Cantu."

STAT.

HABBAKKUK, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

AN ODE,

Written in 1710, as an Exercise.

WHEN, in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's towering height th' Almighty took
his way;

Borne on a cherub's wings he rode,
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God;

No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightness shroud:
Glory, and majesty, and power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before;

Behind, a grim and meagre train,
Pining sickness, frantic pain,
Stalk'd widely on! with all the dismal band,
Which heaven in anger sends to scourge a guilty
land.

With terror cloth'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view;
Through half the nations of th' astonish'd earth
He scatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!

And when he spoke,
The everlasting hills from their foundations shook;
The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,

With reverence struck, confess'd the God:

On Sion's holy hill he took his stand,

Grasping omnipotence in his right hand;

Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,

And the sun darken'd as he frown'd:

He dealt affliction from his van,

And wild confusion from his rear;

They through the tents of Cushan ran,

The tents of Cushan quak'd with fear,

And Midian trembled with despair.

* I see! his sword wave naked in the air;
It sheds around a baleful ray,

VARIATION.

* I see his sword wave with redoubled ire,
Ah! has it set the very clouds on fire?
The clouds burst down in deluges of showers;
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

When through the mighty flood

He led the murmuring crowd,

What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?

Why was the mighty flood afraid?

March'd he against the rivers? or was he,

Thou mighty flood! displeas'd at thee?

The flood beheld from far

The Deity in all his equipage of war;

And lo! at once it bursts! in diverse falls

On either hand! it swells in crystal walls!

Th' eternal rocks disclose! the tossing waves

Rush in loud thunder from a thousand caves!

Why tremble ye, O faithless! to behold

The opening deeps their gulfs unfold?

Enter the dreadful chasms! 'tis God, who guides

Your wond'rous way! the God who rules the tides!

And lo! they march amid the deafening roar

Of tumbling seas! they mount the adverse shore!

Advance, ye chosen tribes!—Arabia's sands

Lonely, uncomfortable lands!

Void of fountain, void of rain,

Oppose their burning coasts in vain!

See! the great prophet stand,

Waving his wonder-working wand!

He strikes the stubborn rock, and lo!

The stubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!

His stony entrails burst, and rushing torrents flow.

* Then did the sun his fiery couriers stay,

And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

* Ah, what new scenes unfold, what voice I hear!

Sun, stand thou still; thou moon, thy course forbear:

Ah, . . . sun, thy wheels obedient stay,

Doubling the splendours of the wondrous day.

The nimble-footed minutes cease to run

And urge the lazy hours on.

Time hangs his unexpanded wings,

And all the secret springs

That carry on the year

Stop in their full career;

The nimble-footed minutes ceas'd to run,
 And urge the lazy hours on.
 Time hung his unexpanded wings,
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year,
 Stopp'd in their full career :
 Then the astonish'd moon
 Forgot her going down ;
 And paler grew,
 The dismal scene to view,
 How through the trembling Pagan nation,
 Th' Almighty ruin dealt, and ghastly desolation.

But why, ah ! why, O Sion, reigns
 Wide wasting havock o'er thy plains ?
 Ah, me ! destruction is abroad !
 Vengeance is loose, and wrath from God !
 See ! hosts of spoilers seize their prey !
 See ! slaughter marks in blood his way !
 See ! how embattled Babylon
 Like an unruly deluge rushes on !
 Lo ! the field with millions swarms !
 I hear their shouts ! their clashing arms !
 Now the conflicting hosts engage,
 With more than mortal rage !——
 Oh ! heaven ! I faint——I die !——
 The yielding powers of Israel fly !——
 Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
 Of Sion ! now she sinks, she falls !——
 Ah ! Sion, how for thee I mourn !
 What pangs for thee I feel !
 Ah ! how art thou become the Pagans' scorn,
 Lovely, unhappy Israel !
 A shivering damp invades my heart,
 A trembling horror shoots through every part ;
 My nodding frame can scarce sustain
 Th' oppressive load I undergo :
 Speechless I sigh ! the envious woe
 Forbids the very pleasure to complain :
 Forbids my faltering tongue to tell
 What pangs for thee I feel,
 Lovely, unhappy Israel !

Yet though the fig-tree should no burthen bear,
 Though vines delude the promise of the year ;
 Yet though the olive should not yield her oil,
 Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil ;
 Though the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
 And herds in millions perish from the stall ;
 Yet shall my grateful strings
 For ever praise thy name,
 For ever thee proclaim,
 Thee everlasting God, the mighty King of Kings.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain such beauty wore,
 Or look'd so amiable before !

VARIATION.

At once th' astonish'd moon
 Forgets her going down,
 And paler grows,
 To view th' amazing train of woes ;
 While through the trembling Pagan nation
 Th' Almighty ruin deals, and ghastly desolation.
 VOL. VIII.

You graces give to a disease,
 Adorn the pain, and make it please :
 Thus burning incense sheds perfumes,
 Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can even sickness, which disarms
 All other nymphs, destroy your charms ;
 A thousand beauties you can spare,
 And still be fairest of the fair.

But see ! the pain begins to fly ;
 Though Venus bled, she could not die :
 See ! the new phoenix point her eyes,
 And lovelier from her ashes rise :
 Thus roses, when the storm is o'er,
 Draw beauties from th' inclement shower.

Welcome, ye hours ! which thus repay
 What envious sickness stole away !
 Welcome as those which kindly bring,
 And usher in the joyous spring ;
 That to the smiling earth restore
 The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
 And give her all the charms she lost
 By wintry storms, and hoary frost !

And yet how well did she sustain,
 And greatly triumph o'er her pain !
 So flowers, when blasting winds invade,
 Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks, and radiant eyes,
 New blushes glow, new lightnings rise ;
 Behold a thousand charms succeed,
 For which a thousand hearts must bleed !
 Brighter from her disease she shines,
 As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
 Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs ;
 When the wide seas, and spacious earth,
 Resign us to our second birth ;
 Our mould'ring frame rebuilt assumes
 New beauty, and for ever blooms ;
 And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
 We angels rise, who mortals dy'd.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS
 AND FLOWERS.

* THE listening trees Amphion drew
 To dance from hills, where once they grew :
 But you express a power more great ;
 The flowers you draw not, but create.

Behold your own creation rise,
 And smile beneath your radiant eyes !
 'Tis beauteous all ! and yet receives
 From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
 Of blooming flowers, what mean these arms ?

VARIATION.

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
 And calls the morning flowers to birth ;
 But you display a power more great ;
 She calls forth flowers, but you create.

So round the fragrance of the rose,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows.

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay.

It is a dreadful pleasing sight!
The flowers attract, the arms affright;
The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an instant doom.

Thus, when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the sun display,
In the same flag are lilies shown,
And angry lions sternly frown;
On high the glittering standard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

PART OF THE XXXVIII. AND XXXIX.
CHAPTERS OF JOB.

A PARAPHRASE.

Now from the splendors of his bright abode
On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God. }
Cherubs and seraphs from celestial bowers,
Ten thousand thousand! bright ethereal powers!
Ministrant round, their radiant files unfold,
Arm'd in eternal adamant and gold!
Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
Bade hills subside, and rein'd th' obedient clouds;
Then from his awful gloom the Godhead spoke,
And at his voice affrighted nature shook.

Vain man! who boldly with dim reason's ray
Vies with his God, and rivals his full day!

* But tell me now, say how this beauteous frame
Of all things, from the womb of nothing came;
When nature's Lord, with one almighty call,
From nowhere rais'd the world's capacious ball?
Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
Of the vast earth, and circumscribes the bounds?
How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the sky,
In concert move, and dance in harmony?
What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
When hung self-balanc'd in the fluid air?
Why the vast tides sometimes with wanton play
In shining mazes gently glide away;
Anon, why swelling with impetuous stores
Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the shores?
By thy command does fair Aurora rise,
And gild with purple beams the blushing skies;
The warbling lark salutes her cheerful ray,
And welcomes with his song the rising day;
The rising day ambrosial dew distills,
Th' ambrosial dew with balmy odour fills
The flowers, the flowers rejoice, and nature }
smiles.

VARIATION.

* But tell me, mortal, when th' Almighty said,
Be made, ye worlds! how worlds at once were
made;
When hosts of angels, wrapt in wonder, sung
His praise, as order from disorder sprung?

Why night, in sable rob'd, as daylight fades,
O'er half the nations draws her awful shades?
Now peaceful nature lies diffus'd in ease;
A solemn stillness reigns o'er land and seas.
* Sleep sheds o'er all his balm! to sleep resign'd,
Birds, beasts lie hush'd, and busy human-kind.
No air of breath disturbs the drowsy woods,
No whispers murmur from the silent floods!
The moon sheds down a silver-streaming light,
And glads the melancholic face of night:
Now clouds swift-skimming veil her sullied ray,
† Now bright she blazes with a fuller day:
The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
And fall in silence, and in silence rise:
Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
The sun springs dancing through the gates of day:
He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing streams:
His fiery couriers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain:
The fiery couriers and the car display
A stream of glory, and a flood of day.
Did e'er thy eye descend into the deep
Or hast thou seen where infant tempests sleep?
Was e'er the grave, or regions of the night,
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight?
Has death disclos'd to thee her gloomy state,
The ghastly forms, the various woes that wait }
In terrible array before her awful gate?
Know'st thou where darkness bears eternal sway,
Or where the source of everlasting day?
Say, why the thriving hail with rushing sound
Pours from on high, and rattles on the ground?
Why hover snows, down-wavering by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees?
Say, why in lucid drops the balmy rain
With sparkling gems impearls the spangled plain?
Or, gathering in the vale, a current flows,
And on each flower a sudden spring bestows?
Say, why with gentle sighs the evening breeze
Salutes the flowers, or murmurs through the trees?
Or why loud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the sky?
Say, to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewless beings, when serene the air?
Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud,
While waves encountering waves, in mountains
driven,
Swell to the starry vault, and dash the heaven.
Know'st thou, why comets threaten in the air, }
Heralds of woe, destruction, and despair,
The plague, the sword, and all the forms of war?
On ruddy wings why forked light'ning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the skies?

VARIATIONS.

* No more the monsters of the desert roar,
Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
The fowl, the fishes, to repose resign'd,
All, all lie hush'd, and busy human-kind.
The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
And sighing breezes lull the drowsy woods.

† Now bright she blazes, and supplies the day.

Say, can thy voice, when sultry Sirius reigns,
 And suns intensely glowing cleave the plains,
 Th' exhausted urns of thirsty springs supply,
 And mitigate the fever of thy sky? [clouds,
 Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy
 And half the skies precipitate in floods,
 Chase the dark horror of the storm away,
 Restrain the deluge, and restore the day?
 By thee does summer deck herself with charms,
 Or hoary winter lock his frozen arms?
 Say, if thy hand instruct the rose to glow,
 Or to the lily give un sullied snow?
 Teach fruits to knit from blossoms by degrees,
 Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
 Whose various kinds a various hue unfold,
 With crimson blush, or burnish into gold?
 Say, why the sun arrays with shining dyes
 The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy skies?
 He from his urn pours forth his golden streams,
 And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
 Sweetly the varying colours fade or rise,
 And the vast arch embraces half the skies.
 Say, didst thou give the mighty seas their bars,
 Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with stars,
 Whose thousand times ten thousand lamps display
 A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?
 Say, canst thou rule the couriers of the sun,
 Or lash the lazy sign, Boötes, on?
 Dost thou instruct the eagle how to fly,
 'To mount the viewless winds, and tower the sky?
 On sounding pinions borne, he soars, and shrouds
 His proud aspiring head among the clouds;
 Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his
 prey,
 He sails in triumph through th' ethereal way,
 Bears on the sun, and basks in open day.
 Does the dread king, and terror of the wood,
 The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
 Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
 Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams:
 • He snuffs the track of beasts, he fiercely roars,
 Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours:
 With fullen majesty he stalks away,
 And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey:
 Dreadful he grins, he rends the savage brood
 With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting
 blood.
 Dost thou with thunder arm the generous horse,
 Add nervous limbs, or swiftness for the course?
 Fleet as the wind, he shoots along the plain,
 And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;
 His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright,
 Dart a fierce glory, and a dreadful light:
 Pleas'd with the clank of arms, and trumpets' sound,
 He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling
 ground;
 He snuffs the promis'd battle from afar, [war:
 Neighs at the captains, shouts, and thunder of the
 Rous'd with the noble din and martial fight,
 He pants with tumults of severe delight:

VARIATION.

• He mocks the beating storms and wintery show-
 ers,
 Making night hideous as he sternly roars.

His sprightly blood an even course disdains,
 Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
 He braves the spear, and mocks the twanging bow,
 Demands the fight, and rushes on the foe.

MELANCHOLY:

AN ODE.

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter. 1723.

ADIEU vain mirth, and noisy joys!
 Ye gay desires, deluding toys!
 Thou, thoughtful melancholy, deign
 To hide me in thy pensive train!
 If by the fall or murmuring floods,
 Where awful shades embrown the woods,
 Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
 Thou wanderest silent and alone;
 Come, blissful mourner, wisely sad,
 In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
 Henceforth, thou care, my hours employ!
 Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy!
 By tombs where fullen spirits stalk,
 Familiar with the dead I walk;
 While to my sighs and groans by turns,
 From graves the midnight echo mourns.
 Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
 Though earth conceal me in thy womb!
 And you, ye worms, this frame confound,
 Ye brother reptiles of the ground!
 O life, frail offspring of a day!
 'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!
 Swift as the short-liv'd flower it flies,
 It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.
 With cries we usher in our birth,
 With groans resign our transient breath;
 While round, stern ministers of fate,
 Pain, and disease, and sorrow wait.
 While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
 Learns only prettily to toy;
 And while he roves from play to play
 The wanton trifles life away.
 When to the noon of life we rise,
 The man grows elegant in vice;
 To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
 Vilely judicious in his crimes.
 When youth and strength in age are lost,
 Man seems already half a ghost;
 Wither'd and wan to earth he bows,
 A walking hospital of woes.
 Oh happiness, thou empty name!
 Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
 What art thou, gold, but shining earth?
 Thou, common fame, but common breath?
 If virtue contradict the voice
 Of public fame, applause is noise;
 Ev'n victors are by conquest curst,
 The bravest warrior is the worst.
 Look round on all that man below
 Idly calls great, and all is show!
 All, to the coffin from our birth,
 In this vast toy-shop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and flow :
Lo ! sad and serious, I pursue
Thy steps—adieu, vain world, adieu !

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS :

A PASTORAL.

[They sing the different success and absence of
their loves.]

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Townshend,
of Rainham in Norfolk.*

—“*Sylvæ sunt Consule dignæ.*”—VIRG.

Daphnis.

How calm the evening ! see the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray !
In gentle sighs the softly whispering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees ;
Hark ! the night-warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
Glad every valley with melodious woes !
Swift through the air her rounds the swallow takes,
Or sportive skips the level of the lakes.
The timorous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again, and gaze.
See ! how yon swans, with snowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks, and sail along in state !
Thy frisking flocks safe-wandering crop the plain,
And the glad season claims a glad some strain.
Begin—Ye echoes listen to the song,
And with its sweetness pleas'd, each note prolong !

Lycidas.

Sing, muse—and oh ! my Townshend deign to view
What the muse sings, to Townshend this is due !
Who carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illustriously retires ;
And calmly wandering in his Rainham, roves
By lake, or spring, by thicket, lawn, or groves ;
Where verdant hills or vales, where fountains stray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away ;
Unenvy'd views the splendid toils of state,
In private happy, as in public great.

Thus godlike Scipio, on whose cares reclin'd
The burden and repose of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly stray'd,
The world forgot, beneath the laurel shade ;
Nor longer would be great, but void of strife,
Clos'd in soft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my goats ; ye sheep, in safety graze ;
Ye winds, breathe gently while I tune my lays.

The joyous spring draws nigh ; ambrosial showers
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flowers ;
The flowers blow sweet, the daffodils unfold
The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

Daphnis.

As the gay hours advance, the blossoms shoot,
The knitting blossoms harden into fruit ;
And as the autumn by degrees ensues,
The mellowing fruits display their streaky hues.

Lycidas.

When the winds whistle, and the tempest roars,
When foaming billows lash the founding shores,
The bloomy beauties of the pastures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.

Daphnis.

Severe the storms ! when shuddering winter binds
The earth ! but winter yields to vernal winds.
Oh Love ! thy rigour my whole life deforms,
More cold than winter, more severe than storms !

Lycidas.

Sweet is the spring, and gay the summer hours,
When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers ;
But neither sweet the spring, nor summer gay,
When she I love, my charmer, is away.

Daphnis.

To savage rocks, through bleak inclement skies,
Deaf as those rocks, from me my fair one flies :
Oh virgin, cease to fly : th' inclement air [spare !
May hurt thy charms !—but thou hast charms to

Lycidas.

I love, and ever shall my love remain,
The fairest, kindest virgin of the plain ;
With equal passion her soft bosom glows,
Feels the sweet pains, and shares the heavenly woes.

Daphnis.

With a feign'd passion, she I love beguiles,
And gayly false the dear dissembler smiles ;
But let her still those blest deceits employ,
Still may she feign, and cheat me into joy !

Lycidas.

On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd,
Gods ! how transported I, and she how kind !
There rise, ye flowers, and there your pride display,
There shed your odours where the fair-one lay !

Daphnis.

Once, as my fair-one in the rosy bower
In gentle slumbers pass'd the noon-tide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliss,
At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss :
She wak'd ; when conscious smiles, but ill repress'd
Spoke no disdain.—Was ever swain so blest ?

Lycidas.

With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In sport my charmer gave her swain a blow :
The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
Fled, till I seiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid :
She smil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
She would offend a thousand times a day !

Daphnis.

O'er the steep mountains, and the pathless mead,
From my embrace the lovely scorner fled ;
But stumbling in the flight, by chance she fell :
I saw—but what—her lover will not tell.

Lycidas.

From me my fair-one fled, dissembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay ;
But laugh'd, and show'd by the directing sound
She only hid, in secret to be found.

Daphnis.

Far hence to happier climes Belinda strays,
But in my breast her lovely image stays ;
Oh ! to these plains again, bright nymph, repair,
Or from my breast far hence thy image bear !

Lycidas.

Come, Delia, come ! till Delia bless these seats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats !
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow !
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe !

Daphnis.

Where'er Belinda roves, ye zephyrs, play!
 Where'er she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
 From sultry suns, ye groves, my charmer keep!
 Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her sleep!

Lycidas.

If streams smooth-wandering, Delia, yield delight;
 If the gay rose, or lily, please thy sight;
 Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow,
 Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow!

Daphnis.

Aid me, ye muses, while I loud proclaim
 What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name:
 Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around;
 And sport, ye echoes, with the favourite sound.

Lycidas.

Thy name, my Delia, shall improve my song,
 The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue:
 Her name to heaven propitious zephyrs bear,
 And breathe it to her kindred angels there!

Daphnis.

But see! the night displays her starry train,
 Soft silver dews impearl the glittering plain;
 An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
 And bluish mists rise from the smoking floods:
 * Haste, Daphnis, haste to fold thy woolly care,
 The deepening shades imbrown th' unwholesome
 air.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
 From a long race of ancient kings,
 Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
 At once is my defence and fame.

There are, who with fond transport praise
 The chariot thundering in the race;
 Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
 Lift the proud mortal to a god.

The man who courts the people's voice,
 And doats on offices and noise;
 Or they who till the peaceful fields,
 And reap what bounteous nature yields,
 Unmov'd, the merchant's wealth behold,
 Nor hazard happiness for gold;
 Untempted by whole worlds of gain
 To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
 Envy the quiet of the shades;
 But soon relaunches from the shore,
 Dreading the crime of being poor.

Some careless waste the mirthful day
 With generous wines, and wanton play,
 Indulgent of the genial hour,
 By spring, or rill, or shade, or bower.

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
 Of trumpets, that alarm to war;
 While matrons tremble at the breath
 That calls their sons to arms and death.

VARIATION.

* Haste, Lycidas, to fold, &c.

The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies
 The chilling blast, and freezing skies:
 Unmindful of his bride, in vain
 Soft beauty pleads! along the plain
 The stag he chases, or beguiles
 The furious boar into his toils.

For you the blooming ivy grows,
 Proud to adorn your learned brows;
 Patron of letters you arise,
 Grow to a god, and mount the skies.

Humbly in breezy shades I stray
 Where sylvens dance, and satyrs play;
 Contented to advance my claim,
 Only o'er men without a name;
 Transcribing what the muses sing
 Harmonious to the pipe or string.

But if indulgently you deign
 To rank me with the lyric train,
 Aloft the towering muse shall rise
 On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

AN EPISTLE

To my Friend Mr. *Elijah Fenton*, Author of *Mariamne*, a Tragedy. 1726.

Why art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell,
 Averse to sing, who know'st to sing so well?
 If thy proud muse the tragic buskin wears,
 Great Sophocles revives and re-appears;
 While, regularly bold, she nobly sings
 Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings:
 If by thy hand th' Homeric lyre be strung,
 The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.
 The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
 And, though reluctant, swell the lofty lay;
 Then listening groves once more shall catch the
 sound,

While Grecian muses sing on British ground.

Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus roves
 Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves;
 But when, emerging from the azure main,
 Coercive bands th' unwilling God constrain,
 Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
 And his tongue speaks sublime, what heaven in-
 spires.

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
 What ev'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
 And critics, bias'd by mistaken rules,
 Like Turkish zealots, reverence none but fools.
 But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
 They rail the happy author into fame:
 Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
 And rises amid monsters into day.

Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
 Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
 While noble scorn, my friend, such insult sees,
 And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the lust of wealth, and glittering
 snares,

That make th' unhappy great in love with cares,
 Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
 A silent happiness and learned ease.

Deny me grandeur, heaven, but goodness grant!
 A king is less illustrious than a saint:

Hail, holy virtue! come, thou heavenly guest,
Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!
* Thou know'st her influence, friend! thy cheerful mien

Proclaims the innocence and peace within;
Such joys as none but sons of virtue know,
Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar as a friend with God,
Celestial radiance every feature shed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what th' unthinking great mistaken call
Their happiness, is folly, folly all!
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride;
And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked summits to the sky.
In honour, as in place, ye great, transcend!
An angel fall'n, degenerates to a fiend:
Th' all-cheering sun is honour'd with his shrines;
Not that he moves aloft, but that he shines.
Why flames the star on Walpole's generous breast?

Not that he's highest, but because he's best;
Fond to oblige; in blessing others, blest.

How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold!
The shining dirt the sordid wretch ensnares
To buy, with mighty treasures, mighty cares;
Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
A spacious good, and meets a real ill:
So when Ulysses plough'd the furgy main;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treasures, but out-rush'd a wind;
The sudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.

O heaven! by what vain passions man is sway'd,
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd!
Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
And hates confinement, though in paradise;
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bowers,
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers;
Between th' extremes, direct he sees the way,
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray!

Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curst;
The prodigal pursues expensive vice,
And buys dishonour at a mighty price;
On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
While starving merit unregarded weeps:
His ill-plac'd bounty, while scorn'd virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning sycophant receives;
And cringing knaves, or haughty strumpets, share
What would make sorrow smile, and cheer despair.

Then would'st thou steer where fortune spreads
the sails?

Go, flatter vice! for seldom flattery fails:
Soft through the ear the pleasing bane distills:
Delicious poison! in perfumes it kills!

VARIATION.

* Thou feel'st her power, my friend, &c.

Be all but virtuous: Oh! unwise to live
Unfashionably good, and hope to thrive!
Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise,
Root hell-ward, and thence flourish to the skies.

O happier thou, my friend, with ease content,
Blest with the conscience of a life well-spent!
Nor would'st be great; but guide thy gather'd sails,
Safe by the shore nor tempt the rougher gales;
For sure, of all that feel the wound of fate,
None are completely wretched but the great:
Superior woes, superior stations bring;
A peasant sleeps, while cares awake a king:
Who reigns, must suffer! crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and lead the royal head:
Change but the scene, and kings in dust decay,
Swept from the earth the pageants of a day;
There no distinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves, and rottenness in state.
Such now are all that shone on earth before;
Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more!
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The soul of mortals, must with Hammer die:
O Compton, when this breath we once resign,
My dust shall be as eloquent as thine!

Till that last hour which calls me hence away
To pay that great arrear which all must pay;
Oh! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before th' all-seeing God!
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep.
Come, taste, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings.
More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
With innocence and shade like Adam blest,
While a new Eden opens in the breast!
Such were the scenes descending angels trod
In guiltless days, when man convers'd with God,
Then shall my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,
Inspir'd by * Homer, or what thou hast sung:
My muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray;
As clouds are brighten'd by the God of day.
So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
With shoots ennobled of a generous kind,
High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies.

A DIALOGUE

Between a Lady and her Looking-Glass, while she had the Green-Sickness.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear crystal of her glass;
The lightning from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.

Then thus Ophelia, with a frown:—
Art thou, false thing, perfidious grown!
I never could have thought, I swear,
To find so great a slanderer there!

False thing! thy malice I defy!
Beaux vow I'm fair—who never lye.

* Dr. Broome translated eight books of the *Odyssey*.

More brittle far than brittle thou,
Would every grace of woman grow,
If charms so great so soon decay,
The bright possession of a day!
But this I know, and this declare,
That thou art false, and I am fair.

The glass was vex'd to be bely'd,
And thus with angry tone reply'd:

No more to me of falsehood talk,
But leave your oatmeal and your chalk!
'Tis true, you're meagre, pale, and wan;
The reason is, you're sick for man.—

While yet it spoke, Ophelia frown'd,
And dash'd th' offender to the ground;
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glittering ruin spread;
When lo! the parts pale looks disclose,
Pale looks in every fragment rose;
Around the room instead of one,
An hundred pale Ophelias shone;
Away the frightened virgin flew,
And humbled, from herself withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
With snuff, and nonsense, dance, and song;
Ye men of compliment and lace!
Behold this image in the glass:
The wondrous force of flattery prove,
To cheat fond virgins into love:
Though pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
With the vermilion of the rose:
Praise them—for praise is always true,
Though with both eyes the cheat they view.
From hateful truths the virgin flies;
But the false sex is caught with lies.

A POEM ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN
FLANDERS,

Chiefly with Relation to the Sieges:

WITH THE PRAISE OF PEACE AND RETIREMENT,
WRITTEN IN 1710.

"Secessus mei non desidia nomen, sed tranquillitatis
accipiant."—PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria, on whose fertile plains,
In wanton pride luxurious plenty reigns;
Happy! had heaven bestow'd one blessing more,
And plac'd thee distant from the Gallic power!
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
They but invite the victor to subdue:
War, horrid war, the sylvan scene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland shades;
Here shatter'd towers, proud works of many an
age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;
There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestic ruins, awful in decay!
Thy very dust, though unistinguish'd trod,
Compos'd, perhaps, some hero, great and good,
Who nobly for his country lost his blood!

Ev'n with the grave, the haughty spoilers war,
And death's dark mansions wide disclose to air:
O'er kings and saints insulting stalk, nor dread
To spurn the ashes of the glorious dead.

See! the Britannic lions wave in air! [war!
See! mighty Marlborough breathing death and
From Albion's shores, at Anna's high commands,
The dauntless hero pours his martial bands.
As when in wrath stern Mars the thunderer sends
To scourge his foes; in pomp the God descends;
He mounts his iron car; with fury burns;
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns;
Gloomy he grasps his adamant shield,
And scatters armies o'er th' ensanguin'd field:
With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows;
In vengeance rushing on his country's foes.
See! round the hostile towers embattled stands
His banner'd host, embodied bands by bands!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground;
The surly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful music of the war;
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies;
The heavens above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and shine with death;
In fiery storms descends a murderous shower,
Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar.
As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above;
Through the sing'd air, with unresisted sway,
The forked vengeance rends its flaming way,
And, while the firmament with thunder roars,
From their foundations hurls imperial towers;
So rush the globes with many a fiery round,
Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast mound.
Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
The shape of man half bury'd in the wound:
And lo! while in the shock of war they close,
While swords meet swords, and foes encounter foes,
The treacherous earth, beneath their footsteps
cleaves,

Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves;
Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise,
And whirl the torn battalions to the skies.

Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thundering
sound,
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die.

See! through th' encumber'd air the ponderous
bomb
Bears magazines of death within its womb;
The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
And darts bright horror through th' ethereal plain;
It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound
Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the
ground:

VARIATION.

* Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay;
Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way.

Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
And mow a thousand lives, a thousand ways;
† Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames
arise

From palaces, and domes, and kindle half the skies.

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole;
'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from
their hair

Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war.

But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain;
Serene, while engines from the hostile tower
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron shower;
While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
Hews through the deathful breach his desperate
way?

Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil;

Or is it Marlborough, or the great Argyll?

Thus, when the Grecians, furious to destroy,
Levell'd the structures of imperial Troy;
Here angry Neptune hurl'd his vengeful mace,
There Jove o'erturn'd it from his inmost base:
Though brave, yet vanquish'd, she confess'd the
odds;

Her sons were heroes, but they fought with gods.

Ah! what new horrors rise? In deep array
The squadrons form: aloft the standards play!
The captains draw the sword: on every brow
Determin'd valour lowers: the trumpets blow!
See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
Through the hard entrails of the stubborn mound:
And, undismay'd by death, the foe invades
Through dreadful horrors of infernal shades!
In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies,
In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies!
Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
Nor careless dream of subterranean foes,
Like the Cadmean host, embattled swarms
Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
And, pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
Wrap towers, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death.

So some fam'd torrent dives within the caves
Of opening earth, ingulph'd with all his waves;
High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
His wandering flock, and tunes the sprightly reed:
Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies;
Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler scenes,
To shadowy bowers, and never-fading greens!
Where the shrill trumpet never sound alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms;
Hail, ye soft seats! ye limpid springs and floods!
Ye flowery meads, ye vales, and woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!

VARIATIONS.

Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight,
It sinks, it falls, earth groans beneath its weight.
Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire,
The mighty bleed, heaps crush'd on heaps expire.
† The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.

Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play!

Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!

Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields
From fruit, or herb, the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feast of death:
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving turns to ashes, whence it came;
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots! ye awful solemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from splendid cares and tiresome state,
That pompous misery of being great!
Happy! if by the wise and learn'd lov'd;
But happiest above all, if self-approv'd!
Content with ease: ambitious to despise
Illustrious vanity, and glorious vice!

Come, thou chaste maid, here ever let me stray,
While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away;
Here court the muses, while the sun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky:
Or while the night's dark wings this globe surround,
And the pale moon begins her solemn round,
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confusion stray
Oblique, direct, along th' ærial way:
Or when Aurora, from her golden bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed,
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past times, and built whole worlds anew;
Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
The sons of fame, who liv'd in ancient days:
And lo! with haughty stalk the warrior treads!
Stern legislators frowning lift their heads!

I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious
scars!

Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.

Charm me, ye sacred leaves*, with loftier
themes,

With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in flames:
Ye restless passions, while I read, be aw'd:
Hail, ye mysterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant time began,
How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with
God;

Or hear the voice to slumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven.

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the forests dance?

* The Holy Scriptures.

Why flashes glory from the golden spheres?
 Rejoice, O earth, a God, a God appears!
 A God, a God, descending angels sing,
 And mighty seraphs shout, Behold your King!
 Hail, virgin-born! Lift, lift, ye blind, your eyes!
 Sing, oh ye dumb! and oh ye dead, arise!
 Tremble, ye gates of hell! In noblest strains
 Tell it aloud, ye heavens! the Saviour reigns!

Thus lonely, thoughtful, may I run the race
 Of transient life, in no inuseful ease!
 Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
 Think life too short, and yet too long the day;
 Of right observant, while the soul attends
 Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends.
 And thou, fair Peace, from the wild floods of war
 Come dovelike, and thy blooming olive bear;
 Tell me, ye victors, what strange charms ye find
 In conquest, that destruction of mankind!
 Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
 That never flourish but in human woe,
 If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
 Till drench'd in heroes' blood or orphans' tears.

Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
 His sable warriors on th' embattled plain;
 Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise,
 And pour in millions from her frozen skies:
 Thou, gentle Thames, flow thou in peaceful streams,
 Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial flames.
 In thy own laurel's shade, great Marlborough, stay,
 There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds a-
 way:

Guardian of England! born to scourge her foes,
 Speak, and thy word gives half the world repose;
 Sink down, ye hills; eternal rocks, subside;
 Vanish, ye forts; thou, ocean, drain thy tide:
 We safety boast, defended by thy fame,
 And armies—in the terror of thy name!
 Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade.
 War, be thou chain'd! ye streams of blood, be
 stay'd!

Though wild Ambition her just vengeance feels,
 She wars to save, and where she strikes, she heals.

So Pallas with her javelin smote the ground,
 And peaceful olives flourish'd from the wound.

To the Right Honourable
 CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

*Baron of Eyre, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in
 Eyre of all His Majesty's Forests, Chases, Parks,
 and Warrens, on the South Side of Trent.*

—δῶρον τοι τῷτο δίδωμι

Μνημα—

Odyſſey, Lib. 15.

O THOU whose virtues sanctify thy state!
 O great, without the vices of the great!
 Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
 To think, to act with elegance and ease!*

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
 Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave;
 Say, &c.

Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string.
 And sing to thee, who gav'st me ease to sing?
 Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove;
 Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove;
 And mighty Jove attends the shepherd's vows,
 And gracious what his suppliants asks bestows:
 So by thy favour may the muse be crown'd,
 And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
 The grateful muse shall in return bestow
 Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
 Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement
 shower;

And when the fury of the storm is laid,
 Repays with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot, who, when they long endure
 The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure!
 Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
 Ere they are sav'd must almost first be lost;
 But you with speed forbid distress to grieve:
 He gives by halves,* who hesitates to give.

Thus, when an angel views mankind distress'd,
 He feels compassion pleading in his breast;
 Instant the heavenly guardian cleaves the skies,
 And, pleas'd to save, on wings of lightning flies†.

Some the vain promises of courts betray;
 And gaily straying, they are pleas'd to stray;
 The flattering nothing still deludes their eyes,
 Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies:
 As perspectives present the object nigh,
 Though far remov'd from the mistaking eye;
 Against our reason fondly we believe,
 Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
 As the faint traveller, when night invades,
 Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
 Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusion play,
 But the false guide shines only to betray:
 Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
 O'er dangerous marshes, or through thorny brakes;
 Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray,
 With many a weary stride, o'er many a painful way.
 So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
 And buys his disappointment with his pain:
 At length when years invidiously destroy
 The power to taste the long-expected joy,
 Then fortune envious sheds her golden showers,
 Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores.

ADDITION.

† Few know to ask, or decently receive;
 And fewer still with dignity to give:
 If earn'd by flattery, gifts of highest price
 Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice.
 Some wildly lavish, yet no friend obtain;
 Nor are they generous, but absurd and vain.
 Some give with surly pride and boisterous hands,
 As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
 When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
 And give the favour lustre by the grace;
 So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins,
 Blessing the world, and while he blesses shines.

* The Lord Cornwallis, in a most obliging manner,
 recommended the author to the rectory of Pulham.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The spicy odours, and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste profusely floods of vain perfumes.

THE ROSE-BUD.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Jane Wharton.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of spring:
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm ye skies!
Arise, ye flowery race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day:
That miracle of face must fail;
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name.
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose.

BELINDA AT THE BATH.

WHILE in these fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel flood,
Bade the soft waters heal, and blest the flood;
But from her eye such bright destruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her, the lover dies.

No more let Tagus boast, whose beds unfold
A shining treasure of all-conquering gold!
No more the * Po! whose wandering waters stray,
In mazy errors, through the starry way:

* "—Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cœli."
Tull. in Arateis.
"Gurgite fidereo subterluit Oriona." Claud.

Henceforth these springs superior honours share;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

THE COY;

AN ODE.

Love is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste;
When the kind fair no more restrains,
The glutton surfeits and disdains.

To move the nymph, he tears bestows,
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight:
The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tir'd travellers survey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

Ye fair that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind when most you love:
Damon pursues, if Celia flies;
But when her love is born, his dies.

Had Danaë the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfined as air,
Free from the guards and brazen tower,
She'd ne'er been worth a golden shower.

To the Honourable

MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,

AFTERWARDS LADY CORNWALLIS,

ON HER PICTURE AT RAINHAM.

—περίσσι γυναικῶν

Εἶδος τ' ἰδὲ φένας.

Odyssæ, Lib. 18.

Al! cruel hand, that could such power employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy!
Singly she charm'd before; but by his skill
The living beauty and her likeness kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall,
A face in all is seen, and charms in all!

Think then, O fairest of the fairer race,
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
Whose very shadow can such flames inspire;
We see 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See! with false life the lovely image glows,
And every wondrous grace transplanted shows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains;
Hence the fond youth, that ease by absence found,
Views the dear form, and bleeds at every wound;
Thus the bright Venus, though to heaven she
soar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.

Oh! wond'rous power of mingled light and
shades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades,

Where passions are beheld in picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought:
Rare art! on whose command all nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates:
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
There the proud seas with all their billows rise:
If life be drawn, responsive to the thought
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beasts in imitated groves:
Ev'n heaven it climbs; and from the forming hands
An angel here, and there a Townshend stands.

Yet, painter, yet, though art with nature strive,
Though ev'n the lovely phantom seem alive,
Submit thy vanquish'd art! and own the draught,
Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault:
Charms, such as her's, inimitably great,
He only can express, that can create.
Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still!

Thus in the limpid fountain we descry
The faint resemblance of the glittering sky;
Another sun displays his lessen'd beams,
Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd streams:
But though the scene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps display
A deluge of inimitable day.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS. 1726.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
And speaking marble to record their praise;
Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unknown,
The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals, subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise;
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust;
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die;
When sink together in the world's last fires
What heaven created, and what heaven inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead;
Shakspeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines,
Now every scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael, time in-
vades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades;
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
'Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While the fair image starts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre,
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the founding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares against the sky;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, he meets the god in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning fires;
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the towers of heaven; earth rocks her
coasts;

And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play:
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away, and die.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring spring
The whizzing arrows vanish from the string!
When giants strain, some rock's vast weight to shove,
The flow'rs heave, and the clogg'd words scarce
move;

But when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
Jumping it thundering whirls, and rushes to the
ground:

Swift flows the verse, when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzled view, and flash along the
sky:

Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
The vale you paint, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without grovelling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious
string,

Be ours all Homer, still Ulysses sing!
Ev'n I, the meanest of the muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Adventurous waken the * Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
Like theirs our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united, for thy friendship's fame.

How long Ulysses, by unskillful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the † wand, and all the hero lost;
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a God he moves.

* The author translated eight books of the *Odyssey*.

† See the 16th *Odyssey*, ver. 186, and 476.

This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,
While hovering angels listen on the wing;
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
Or, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend,
To verse like thine fierce savages attend, [lay,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK OF THE
ILIADS OF HOMER.

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now high advanc'd the night, o'er all the host
Sleep shed his softest balm; restless alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.

As when with rising vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a watery deluge, or in storms
Of hail or snow commands the goary jaws
Of war to roar; through all the kindling skies,
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play:
So while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after sighs bursts from his manly breast,
And shake his inmost soul: round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thousand fires blaze dreadful; through his ears
Passes the direful symphony of war,
Of fife, or pipe, and the loud hum of hosts
Strikes him dismay'd: Now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in sacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.

Thus groans the thoughtful king; at length resolves

To seek the Pylian sage, in wise debate
To ripen high designs, and from the sword
Preserve his banded legions. Pale and sad
Uprose the monarch: instant o'er his breast
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet
Glitter'd th' embroider'd sandals: o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's spoils,
With hideous grace down to his ankles hung;
Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glittering spear.

With equal care was Menelaus toss'd:
Sleep from his temples fled, his generous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cause
Stemm'd the proud main, and nobly stood in arms
Confronting death: A leopard's spotted spoils
Terrific clad his limbs, a brazen helm
Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a spear.
Forth from his tent the royal Spartan strode
To wake the king of men; him wak'd he found
Clasping his polish'd arms; with rising joy
The heroes meet, the Spartan thus begun:

Why thus in arms, my prince? Send'st thou
some spy

To view the Trojan host? Alas! I fear
Lest the most dauntless sons of glorious war
Shrink at the bold design! This task demands
A soul resolv'd, to pass the gloom of night,
And 'midst her legions search the powers of Troy.

O prince, he cries, in this disastrous hour
Greece all our counsel claims, now, now demands

Our deepest cares! the power omnipotent
Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild
On Hector's incense: Heavens! what son of fame,
Renown'd in story, e'er such deeds achiev'd
In a whole life, as in one glorious day
This favourite of the skies? and yet a man!
A mortal! born to die! but such his deeds
As future Grecians shall repeat with tears
To children yet unborn.—But haste, repair
To Ajax and Idomeneus: we wake
Ourselves the Pylian sage; to keep the guards
On duty be his care; for o'er the guards
His son presides nocturnal, and in arms
His great compeer, Meriones the bold.

But say, rejoins the prince, these orders borne,
There shall I stay, or, measuring back the shores,
To thee return?—No more return, replies
The king of hosts, lest treading different ways
We meet no more; for through the camp the
ways

Lie intricate and various: but aloud
Wake every Greek to martial fame and arms;
Teach them to emulate their godlike fires;
And thou awhile forget thy royal birth,
And share a soldier's cares: the proudest king
Is but exalted dust; and when great Jove
Call'd us to life, and gave us royal power,
He gave a sad pre-eminence of woes.

He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns
His step majestic: on his couch he found
The hoary warrior; all around him lay
His arms, the shield, the spears, the radiant helm,
And scarf of various dye: with these array'd,
The reverend father to the field of fame
Led his bold files; for, with a brave disdain,
Old as he was, he scorn'd the ease of age.

Sudden the monarch starts, and half uprais'd,
Thus to the king aloud; What art thou, say?
Why in the camp alone? while others sleep,
Why wanderest thou obscure the midnight hours?
Seek'st thou some centinel, or absent friend?
Speak instant!—Silent to advance, is death!

O pride of Greece, the plaintive king returns,
Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'st,
A prince, the most unhappy of mankind;
Woes I endure, which none but kings can feel,
Which ne'er will cease until forgot in death:
Pensive I wander through the damp of night,
Through the cold damp of night; distress'd! alone!
And sleep is grown a stranger to my eyes:
The weight of all the war, the load of woes
That presses every Greek, united falls
On me—the cares of all the host are mine!
Grief discomposes, and distracts my thoughts;
My restless panting heart, as if it strove
To force its prison, beats against my sides!
My strength is fail'd, and even my feet refuse
To bear so great a load of wretchedness!

But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
Useful, the thought unfold: but rise, my friend,
Visit with me the watches of the night;
Lest tir'd they sleep, while Troy with all her war
Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now
Arms her proud bands. Arise, my friend, arise!

To whom the Pylian : Think not, mighty king,
Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views ;
A sudden, sad reverse of mighty woes
Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
Dreadful Achilles shines. But now thy steps
Nestor attends : Be it our care to wake
Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax : To the ships that guard
Outmost the camp, some other speed his way
To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king.
But love, nor reverence to the mighty name
Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O king,
Shall stop my free rebuke : Sleep is a crime
When Agamemnon wakes ; on him it lies
To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
To act the men : this hour claims all our cares.

Reserve, rejoins the king, for future hours
Thy generous anger : Seems the royal youth
Remiss ? 'tis not through indolence of soul,
But deference to our power ; for our commands
He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
This night disdaining rest, his steps he bent
To our pavilion : now the illustrious peers,
Rais'd at his call, a chosen synod stand
Before the gates : haste, Nestor, haste away. [hands

To whom the sage well pleas'd : In such brave
No Greek will envy power : with loyal joy
Subjects obey, when men of worth command.

He added not, but o'er his manly breast
Flung a rich robe : beneath his royal feet
The glittering sandals shone : a soft, large vest,
Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
Graceful adorn'd : tipt with a star of brass
A ponderous lance he grasp'd, and strode away
To wake sage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
He rais'd : his voice was heard, and from his tent
Instant Ulysses sprung ; and why, he cry'd,
Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night ?
What new distress invades ?—Forgive my cares,
Reply'd the hoary sage ; for Greece I wake,
Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent :
But haste, our wakeful peers in council meet ;
This, this one night determines flight or war.

Swift at the word he seiz'd his ample shield,
And strode along ; and now they bend their way
To wake the brave Tydides : him they found
Stretch'd on the earth, array'd in shining arms,
And round, his brave companions of the war :
Their shields sustain'd their heads ; erect their spears
Shot through th' illumin'd air a streaming ray,
Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the skies.
Thus slept the chief : beneath him on the ground
A savage bull's black hide was roll'd ; his head
A splendid carpet bore. The slumbering king
The Pylian gently with these words awakes :

Rise, son of Tydeus ! ill, a whole night's rest
Suits with the brave ! and sleep'st thou, while
proud Troy

Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon joining hill
Prepares her war ? Awake, my friend, awake !

Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave
This soft reply : Oh ! cruel to thy age, [cease
Thou good old man ! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou
To burthen age with cares ? Has Greece no youths

To wake the peers ? unwearied man, to bear
At once the double load of toils, and years !

'Tis true, he cry'd, my subjects and my sons
Might ease a sire and king : but rest's a crime
When on the edge of fate our country stands :
Ere yet a few hours more have run their course,
Important space ! Greece triumphs, or Greece falls !
But, since an old man's care thy pity moves,
Haste, generous youth, with speed to council call
Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax.—Strait the chief obey'd,
Strait o'er his shoulders flung the shaggy spoil
Of a huge tawny lion ; with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung : fierce in his hand
He grasp'd a glittering spear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they sat, a faithful band,
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train,
Then the stern lion, furious for his prey,
Rushes through crashing woods, and on the fold
Springs from some mountain's brow, while ming-
led cries

Of men and hounds alarm ; to every sound
Faithful they turn : so through the gloom of night
They cast their view, and caught each noise of Troy.

Now met th' illustrious synod ; down they fate,
Down on a spot of ground unstain'd with blood
Where vengeful Hector from the slaughter stay'd
His murderous arm, when the dark veil of night
Sabled the pole : To whom thus Nestor spoke :

Lives there a son of fame so nobly brave,
That Troy-ward dares to trace the dangerous way,
To seize some struggling foe ? or learn what Troy
Now meditates ? to pour the flood of war
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Lead her proud legions ? Oh ! what fame would
crown

The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth
Above the sons of men ! And what rewards
Should he receive ! From every grateful peer
A fable ewe, and lamb, of highest worth
Memorial ; to a brave, heroic heart
The noblest prize ! and at the social feast
Amongst the great, be his the seat of fame.

Abash'd they fate, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
Not so Tydides : unappall'd he rose,
And nobly spoke ! My soul ! Oh ! reverend sage,
Fires at the bold design ; through yon black host
Venturous I bend my way ; but, if his aid
Some warrior lend, my courage might arise
To nobler heights : the wise by mutual aid
Instruct the wise, and brave men fire the brave.

Fierce at the word upstart'd from the ground
The stern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion rose,
And Thrasymedes, sons of war : nor fate
The Royal Spartan, nor great Nestor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus, his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.—Elate with joy
Atrides saw ; and oh ! thou best of friends,
Brave Diomed, he cries, of all the peers
Choose thou the valiantest : when merit pleads,
Titles no deference claim ; high birth and state
To valour yield, and worth is more than power.

Thus, fearing for his brother, spoke the king,
Not long ! for Diomed dispels his fears.

Since free my choice, can I forget a friend,

The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd;
The man, whose dauntless soul no toils dismay,
Ulysses, lov'd by Pallas! through his aid,
Though thousand fires oppose, a thousand fires
Oppose in vain; his wisdom points the way.

Nor praise, nor blame, the hero strait replies;
You speak to Greeks, and they Ulysses know:
But haste; swift roll the hours of night, the morn
Already hastens to display her beams,
And in the vault of heaven the stars decay. [limbs

Swift at the word they sheathe their manly
Horrid in arms: a two-edg'd sword and shield
Nestor's bold son to stern Tydides gave;
A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd,
No cone adorn'd it, and no plumy crest
Wav'd in the air; a quiver and a bow,
And a huge faulchion, great Ulysses bears,
The gift of Merion: on his head an helm
Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows
The snowy tusks of a huge savage boar
Grinn'd horrible. Thus arm'd, away they stalk
Undaunted: o'er their heads the martial maid
Sends on the right an her'n; the ambient gloom
Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
They hear the clangor of his sounding wings.
Joyful the prosperous sign Ulysses hail'd,
And thus to Pallas: Offspring of dread Jove,
Who hurls the burning bolts! O guardian power,
Present in all my toils, who view'st my way
Where'er I move, now thy celestial aid,
Now, goddess, lend! may deeds this night adorn,
Deeds that all Troy may weep; may we return
In safety by thy guidance, heavenly maid!

Tydides caught the word; and oh! he cries,
Virgin armipotent, now grant thy aid,
As to my sire! he by the gulfy flood
Of deep Æsopus left th' embattled bands
Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds,
His arm achiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
Thus guard his offspring, Oh! stern queen of arms;
So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed,
Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,
And point her lunar horns with burnish'd gold.

Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their
prayer;
Then, like two lions through the shades of night,
Dauntless they stride along; and hold their way
Through blood, and mangled limbs, o'er arms and
* Nor pass they far, e'er the sagacious eye [death.
Of Ithacus discerns a distant foe

Coasting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:

See! o'er the plain some Trojan bends this way,
Perhaps to spoil the slain! or to our host
Comes he a spy? beyond us o'er the field
'Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind
Rush we precipitant: but if in flight
His active feet prevail, thy spear employ
To force him on our lines, lest hid in shades,
Through the dusk air he re-escape to Troy. [lay
Then couching to the ground, ambush'd they

Behind a hill of slain: onward the spy
Incessant mov'd: he pass'd, and now arose
The fierce pursuers. Dolon heard the sound
Of trampling feet, and panting, listening stood;
Now reach'd the chiefs within a javelin's throw,
Stern foes of Dolon! swift along the shores
He wing'd his flight, and swift along the shores
They still pursued: as when two skillful hounds
Chase o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Still from the sheltering brake the game they turn,
Stretch every nerve, and bear upon the prey!
So ran the chiefs, and from the host of Troy
Turn'd the swift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
Now almost mingled with the guards; when lo!
The martial goddess breath'd heroic flames
Fierce on Tydides' soul: the hero fear'd
Lest some bold Greek should interpose a wound,
And ravish half the glories of the night.

Furious he shook his lance, and stand he cry'd,
Stand, or thou dy'st: then sternly from his arm
Launch'd the wild spear; willful the javelin err'd,
But whizzing o'er his shoulder, deep in earth
Stood quivering; and he quaking stopp'd aghast;
His teeth all chatter'd, and his slack knees knock'd;
He seem'd the bloodless image of pale fear.

Panting the spy they seize; who thus with tears
Abject entreats: Spare me, oh! spare, he cries;
My hoary sire your mercy shall repay,
Soon as he hears I draw the vital air, [gold.
With ample wealth, with steel, with brass, with
To whom Ulysses artfully: Be bold:

Far hence the thought of death! but instant say
Why thus alone in the still hours of night
While every eye is clos'd? to spoil the slain
Com'st thou rapacious? or some nightly spy
By Hector sent? or has thy venturous mind
Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?
By Hector sent, and by rewards undone,
Returns the spy (still as he spoke he shook),
I come unwilling: the refulgent car
He promis'd, and immortal steeds that bear
To fight, the great Achilles: thus betray'd,
Through the dun shades of night I bend my way
Unprosperous, to explore the tented host
Of adverse Greece, and learn if now they stand
Wakeful on guard, or vanquish'd by our arms
Precipitant desert the shores of Troy.

To whom with smiles of scorn the sage returns:
Bold were thy aims, O youth! but those proud
steeds,

Restive, disdain the use of vulgar hands;
Scarce ev'n the goddess-born, when the loud din
Of battle roars, subdues them to the rein
Reluctant: but this night where Hector sleeps
Faithful disclose: where stand the warrior's steeds?
Where lie his arms and implements of war?
What guards are kept nocturnal? say, what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the tide of fight
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Transfer the war?—To these demands, he cries,
Faithful my tongue shall speak: the peers of Troy
Hector in council meets: round Ilus' tomb
Apart from noise they stand: no guards surround
The spacious host: where through the gloom yon
fires

Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy;
Secure th' auxiliars sleep, no tender cares
Of wife or son disturb their calm repose,
Safe sleep their wives and sons on foreign shores.

But say, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,
Replies the sage, or join the powers of Troy?

Along the sea-beat shores, returns the spy,
The Leleges and Carians stretch their files;
Near these the Caucons, and Pelasgian train,
And Pæons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
Extended lie; on the Thymbræan plain
The Lycians and the Mysians in array
Spread their deep ranks: there the Mæonian bands,
And Phrygians, range the fiery steeds of war.
But why this nice inquiry? if your way
Venturous you bend to search the host of Troy,
There in yon outmost lines, a recent aid,
The Thracians lie, by Rhesus led, whose steeds
Outshine the snow, outfly the winged winds,
With glittering silver plates, and radiant gold
His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
Arms that may grace a God!—but to your tents
Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains,
Fast bound with cruel chains, sad on the shores
Here leave me captive, till you safe return,
And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds.

To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies:
Though every syllable be stamp'd with truth,
Dolon, thou dy'st: would'st thou once more re-
turn

Darkling a spy, or wage, a nobler foe, [more
New war on Greece? traitor, thou dy'st; nor
New war thou wagest, nor return'st a spy.

He spoke terrific: and as Dolon rais'd
Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
Sheer through his neck descends; the furious blow
Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops
the head,

And mutters unintelligible sounds.

Strait they despoil the dead: the wolf's gray hide
They seize the helm, the spear, and battle-bow:
These, as they dropp'd with gore, on high in air
Ulysses rais'd, and to the martial maid

Thus lowly consecrates: stern power of war,
Virgin armipotent, receive these arms,
Propitious to my vows, thee, goddess, thee
Chiefly I call: direct our prosperous way
To pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds
Of Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold.

Then fierce o'er broken arms, through streams
of blood

They move along: now reach the Thracian bands
All hush'd in sleep profound; their shining arms
Rang'd in three ranks along the plain, around
Illumin'd the dun air: chariot and horse

By every Thracian flood: Rhesus their king
Slept in the centre of the circling bands,
And his proud steeds were rein'd behind his car.
With joy Ulysses through the gloom descry'd
The sleeping king; and lo! he cries, the steeds,
Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
Describ'd by Dolon: now, oh! now, thy strength
Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds;
Or while the steeds I loose, with slaughtering
hands

Invade the soldiery: he spoke, and now
The queen of arms inflam'd Tydides' soul
With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
On every side dealt fate; low, hollow groans
Murmur'd around, blood o'er the crimson field
Well'd from the slain: as in his nightly haunts
The surly lion rushes on the fold
Of sheep, or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey;
So he the Thracian bands: twelve by his sword
Lay breathless on the ground: behind him stood
Sage Ithacus, and, as the warrior flew,
Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
Impatient of the dead: now o'er the king
He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores
His heaving chest: he wak'd not; but a dream
By Pallas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts;
A visionary warrior frowning stood
Fast by his head, and his aerial sword
Plung'd through his lab'ring breast: mean while
the steeds

The sage unbinds, and instant with his bow
Drives through the sleeping ranks: then to his
friend

Gave signals of retreat; but nobler deeds
He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
Or lift it through the threefold ranks, up-borne
High on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
Th' ensanguin'd field; when, lo! the martial
maid

Down rushes from the battlements of heaven,
And sudden cries, return, brave chief, return,
Lest from the skies some guardian power of Troy
Wrathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands.

Thus speaks the warrior queen: the heavenly
voice

Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery steeds,
Observant of the high command; the bow
Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents
Scourg'd the proud steeds, the steeds flew o'er the
plain.

A PASTORAL,

*To a Young Lady, upon her leaving, and return to the
Country.*

Damon.

SAY, while each scene so beautiful appears,
Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy tears?
See! from the clouds the spring descends in showers,
The painted vallies laugh with rising flowers:
Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal
airs;
The spring, flowers, floods, conspire to charm our
cares.

Florus.

But vain the pleasure which the season yields,
The laughing vallies, or the painted fields.
No more, ye floods, in silver mazes flow;
Smile not, ye flowers; no more soft breezes blow:
Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves,
The cruel, lovely Rosalinda roves.

Damon.

Ah! now I know why late the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;

Why droop'd the lily in her snowy pride;
And why the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd:
For thee, fair Rosalind, the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and ficken'd in the woods;
For thee the lily shed her snowy pride;
For thee the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd.

Florus.

See! where yon vine in soft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves;
There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly lay,
Both to the rising and the falling day:
But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains,
Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains;
With sorrow dumb, she disregards her lay,
Nor greets the rising nor the falling day.

Damon.

Say, O ye winds, that range the distant skies,
Now swell'd to tempests by my rising sighs;
Say, while my Rosalind deserts these shores,
How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

Florus.

Ye murmuring fountains, and ye wandering floods,
That visit various lands through various roads;
Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides,
Say, how my tears increase your swelling tides.

Damon.

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains!
Who range the mazy grove, or flowery plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!

Florus.

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love?

Damon.

Return, O virgin! and if proud disdain
Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain;
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
Thick rise, ye sighs; in floods descend, ye tears!

Florus.

Return, O virgin! while in verdant meads
By springs we sport, or dream on flowery beds;
She weary wanders through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lion's prey.

Damon.

Ah! shield her, heaven! your rage, ye beasts,
forbear!

Those are not limbs for savages to tear!
Adieu, ye meads! with her through wilds I go
O'er burning sands, or everlasting snow;
With her I wander through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

Florus.

Come, Rosalind, before the wintery clouds
Frown o'er th' aerial vault, and rush in floods;
Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rains.

Damon.

Come, Rosalind, O come! then infant flowers
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by
yours:

By you the lily shall her white compose;
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose;

Each flowery mead, and every tree shall bud,
And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.

Florus.

Yet ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way,
While sultry suns infest the glowing day:
The sultry suns thy beauties may impair!—
Yet haste away! for thou art now too fair.

Damon.

Hark! from yon bower what airs soft-warbled
play!

My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay:
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

Florus.

See, from the bower a form majestic moves,
And smoothly gliding shines along the groves!
Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears!

Damon.

Shine forth, thou sun, bright ruler of the day;
And where she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
Rejoice, ye groves; my heart, dismiss thy cares!
My goddess comes, my Rosalind appears!

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'Twas sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance ridagoons:
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes.
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.
Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water;
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients' purses,
As Pharoah's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the muses stray,
And love in flowery meads to play;
An idle crew! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning;

Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care:
Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge so ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil:
Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain;
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belinda's.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name;
Great recompence! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave soldier in the wars,
Gets empty praise and aching scars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs;
And starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

TO A LADY

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

It is a pleasing, direful sight!
At once you charm us and affright!
So heaven destroying angels' arms
With terror, dreadful in their charms!

Such, such was Cleopatra's air,
Lovely, but formidably fair,
When the griev'd world impoverish'd lost,
By the dire asp, its noblest boast.

Aw'd by your guardian's dangerous power,
At distance trembling we adore;
At distance, once again behold
A serpent guard the blooming gold.

Well pleas'd and harmless, lo! he lies,
Basks in the sunshine of your eyes;
Now twists his spires, and now unfurls
The gay confusion of his curls.

Oh! happy on your breast to lie,
As that bright * star that gilds the sky,
Who ceasing in the spheres to shine,
Would for your breast his heaven resign.

Yet, oh! fair virgin, caution take,
Lest some bold cheat assume the snake.
When Jove compress'd the † Grecian dame,
Aloof he threw the light'ning's flame;
On radiant spires the lover rode,
And in the snake conceal'd the god.

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

No more let youth in beauty boast,
S—n at thirty reigns a toast;
And like the sun as he declines,
More mildly, but more sweetly shines.

The hand of time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms;

* *The Scorpion.*

† *Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.*

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But adds for every grace resign'd;
A thousand to adorn her mind.
Youth was her too inflaming time;
This her more habitable clime:
How must she then each heart engage,
Who blooms like youth, is wise like age!
Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament and use:
Here opening blossoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,

Being three Years old, March 22. 1710-11.

AWAKE, sweet babe! the sun's emerging ray,
That gave you birth, renews the happy day!
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy
span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
And yield not barren ornament, but use!
Ev'n now thy spring a rich increase prepares
To crown thy riper growth and manly years.

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise,
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
Stretch their swell'n cells, replete with future trees;
By time evolv'd, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe, what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn!
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!

VARIATIONS.

WHY, lovely babe, does slumber seal your eyes?
See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies!
The sun, which gave you birth, in bright array
Begins his course, and ushers in the day.
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy
span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man, [plain,
How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph com-
For love each nymph, for envy every swain!
What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn,
When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn!
So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
That all to thee with admiration run,
Turn Persians, and adore the rising sun.
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
Their radiant glory and their sweetness join,
To show their fatal power, and all their charms
in thine.

With nobler aims instruct thy soul to glow,
Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and show :
May valour, wisdom, learning, crown thy days !
Those fools admire—these heaven and angels
praise * !

With riches blest, to heaven those riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend :
Bid virtuous sorrow smile, scorn'd merit cheer,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear.
Some, wildly liberal, squander, not bestow,
And give unprais'd, because they give for show :
To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy :
Thus offerings from th' unjust pollute the skies,
The good turn smoke into a sacrifice.

As when an artist plans a favourite draught,
The structures rise responsive to the thought ;
A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a God a temple stands :
Such is thy rising frame by heaven design'd
A temple, worthy of a godlike mind ;
Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increase, O lovely boy !
Spare them, ye pains, and age alone destroy !
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the god might boast to look like thee !
When young Iulus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his smiles, and such his winning air :
Ev'n Venus might mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son ;
Thence all the light'ning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid grac'd with Cytheræa's eyes !

Yet ah ! how short a date the powers decree
To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee !
Pass a few days, and all those beauties fly !
Pass a few years, and thou, alas ! shalt die !
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall see
With tears, what now thou art, and they must be ;
A pale, cold, lifeless lump of earth deplore !
Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more !

VARIATIONS.

If fond Narcissus in the crystal flood,
A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
Well might the flame the pining youth destroy ;
Excess of beauty justified the boy.

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wish ! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy weeds :
And stubborn youth, by culture unsubdued,
Lies wildly barren, or but gayly rude.
Yet as some Phidias gives the marble life,
While art with nature holds a dubious strife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged stone ;
So culture aids the human soul to rise,
To scorn the sordid earth, and mount the skies,
Till by degrees the noble guest refines,
Claims her high birth-right, and divinely shines.

But oh ! when ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence !
When pregnant as the womb the teeming earth
Relinquish thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
Rise cloth'd with beauties that shall never die !
A saint on earth ! an angel in the sky !

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,

Who Married a Lady of Sixteen.

WHAT woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary winter weds the youthful spring !
You like Mezentius* in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

THE

XLIII. CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTICUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE sun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
Illustrious in his course, in bright array
Marches along the heavens, and scatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through th' }
ethereal way.

He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground ;
But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams ;
Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray,
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day ;
Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O ! Power Supreme ! O ! high above all height !
Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light :
Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise ;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
And measures out the day, the month, and year ;
He drives the hours along with flower pace,
The minutes rush away impetuous in their race :
He wakes the flowers that sleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth ;
The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales
And native incense loads the balmy gales ;
The balmy gales the fragrant convey
To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening shades ;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night ;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same !
Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds ;
Now at increase, her gathering beams display
A blaze of light, and give a paler day ;
Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again ;
And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold :

* The living and the dead at his command,
Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand."

DAYDEN'S Virg. Æn. viii.

Through the wide heavens she moves serenely
bright,

Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the skies.

The Lord of Nature fram'd the showery bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow:
Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
And sweetly the rich tinctures faint, and rise;
It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thunderous storms a solemn gloom display,
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,
And opens all the sluices of the sky:
High o'er the shores the rushing surge prevails,
Bursts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales;
Dashing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling through rocks, and tosses, whirls and
foams:

Meantime, from every region of the sky,
Red burning bolts in forked vengeance fly;
Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' Almighty sound,
Heaven lours, descend the floods, and rocks the
ground.

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the sky;
In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole forests low;
And at the blast, eternal mountains bow;
While, tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount the burthen'd skies.

He from aerial treasures downward pours
Sheets of unfully'd snow in lucid showers;
Flake after flake, through air thick-wavering flies,
Till one vast shining waste all nature lies:
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

He from loose vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail, and moulds the harden'd
rain:

The stony tempest, with a rushing sound,
Beats the firm glebe, resulting from the ground:
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades:
While infant flowers that rais'd their bloomy
heads,

Crush'd by its fury, sink into their beds.

When stormy winter from the frozen north
Borne on his icy chariot issues forth,
The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
And billows harden'd into crystal shine:
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breast-plate binds:
Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the northern pole;
There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
And Alps of ice invade the wondering skies;
While gulfs below, and slippery vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye:

But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
And softer breezes bring a genial shower,
The genial shower revives the cheerful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the seas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores;
If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
A sudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep.
Then heaven lets down a golden-streaming ray,
And all the broad expansion flames with day:
In the clear glass the mariners descry
A sun inverted, and a downward sky.

They who adventurous plough the watery way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep survey;
Familiar with their storms, their sails unbind,
Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
Now smooth their course, and scud before the
gale;

There rolling monsters, arm'd in scaly pride,
Flounce in the billows, and dash round the tide;
There huge leviathan unweildy moves,
And through the waves, a living island roves;
In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports;
Where'er he turns, the hoary deeps divide;
He breathes a tempest, and he spouts a tide.

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
Thy boundless wisdom and thy power declare;
Thou high in glory, and in might serene,
See'st and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen:
Should men and angels join in songs to raise
A grateful tribute equal to thy praise,
Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
Though men and angels in the song should join;
For though this earth with skill divine is wrought,
Above the guess of man, or angel's thought,
Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise;
There other orbs, round other suns advance,
Float on the air, and run their mystic dance;
And yet the power of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from every sand:
And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
Still this is just! what is, that ought to be.

THE CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

To Mr. Southern's Last Play, called "*Money the Mistress*."

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears;
And though beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet, like the sun, he shines as he descends:
Then with applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss your veteran soldier * off the stage;
Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
And kindly hide his † baldness with the bays.

* From the stage.

† Alluding to a vote of the Roman senate, by which they decreed Caesar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.

THE PARTING,

A SONG,

Set by Dr. Tudway, Professor of Music in Cambridge.

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled,
The sad Amintor sigh'd;
And thus, while streams of tears he shed,
The mournful shepherd cry'd:

"Move slow, ye hours! thou, time, delay!
"Prolong the bright Belinda's stay:
"But you, like her, my prayer deny,
"And cruelly away ye fly.
"Yet though she flies, she leaves behind
"Her lovely image in my mind.
"O! fair Belinda, with me stay,
"Or take thy image too away!
"See! how the fields are gay around,
"How painted flowers adorn the ground!
"As if the fields, as well as I,
"Were proud to please my fair-one's eye.
"But now, ye fields, no more be gay;
"No more, ye flowers, your charms display!
"'Tis desert all, now you are fled,
"And paradise is where you tread."

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares,
To shine at court and play:
To lonely shades the youth repairs,
To weep his life away.

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O! LOVELY offspring of the May,
Whence flow thy balmy odours, say!
Such odours—not the orient boasts!
Though paradise adorn'd the coasts!
O! sweeter than each flower that blooms,
This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
Thence, thence such sweets are spread abroad,
As might be incense for a God!

When Venus stood conceal'd from view,
Her son, the latent * goddess knew,
Such sweets breath'd round! and thus we knew
Our other Venus here below.

But see! my fairest, see this flower,
This short-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
Such are thy charms!—yet zephyrs bring
The flower to bloom again in spring:
But beauty, when it once declines,
No more to warm the lover shines:
Alas! incessant speeds the day,
When thou shalt be but common clay!
When I, who now adore, may see,
And ev'n with horror start from thee!

But ere, sweet gift, thy grace consumes,
Show thou my fair-one how she blooms!
Put forth thy charms:—and then declare
Thyself less sweet, thyself less fair!

* *Ambrosiaque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravére.* VIRG.

Then sudden, by a swift decay,
Let all thy beauties fade away;
And let her in thy glass descry,
How youth, and how frail beauty die.
Ah! turn, my charmer, turn thy eyes!

See! how at once it fades, it dies!
While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
Unfaded, as before it grew!
Now, from thy bosom doom'd to stray,
'Tis only beauteous in decay:

So the sweet-smelling Indian flowers,
Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
Sicken, and die away in ours.
So flowers, in Eden fond to blow,
In paradise would only grow.

Nor wonder, fairest, to survey
The flower so suddenly decay!
Too cold thy breast! nor can it grow
Between such little hills of snow.

I now, vain infidel, no more
Deride th' Egyptian, who adore
The rising herb, and blooming flower;
Now, now their convert I will be,
O lovely flower! to worship thee.

But if thou 'rt one of their sad train
Who dy'd for love, and cold disdain,
Who, chang'd by some kind pitying power,
A † lover once, art now a flower;
O pity me, O weep my care,
A thousand, thousand pains I bear,
I love, I die through deep despair!

THE STORY OF TALUS,

From the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius. V. 1629.

Ἦμος δ' ἥελιος μινέδου, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀσὴρ
Αὔλιος, &c.

THE evening-star now lifts, as day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades;
Stretch'd at his ease, the weary labourer shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares;
At once in silence sink the sleeping gales;
The mast † they drop, and furl the flagging sails;
All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores:
Thence Crete they view, emerging from the main,
The queen of isles; but Crete they view in vain;
There Talus, whirling with resistless sway
Rocks sheer uprent, repels them from the bay:
A giant, sprung from giant-race, who took
Their births from entrails of the stubborn oak;
Pierce guard of Crete! by Jove assistant given
To § legislators, styl'd the sons of heaven:
To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
The trembling isle, and strides from shores to
shores:

VARIATION.

• —How could it grow.

† See Ovid's *Metamorph.*

‡ *Argonauts.*

§ *Minos and Rhadamanthus.*

A form of living brass! one part beneath
Alone he bears, a path to let in death,
Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.

And now her magic spells * Medea tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus rise,
That, starting dreadful from th' infernal shade,
Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathes, in-
vade;

Thrice she applies the power of magic prayer,
Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids mischief fly,
And looks destruction as she points her eye:
Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bowers,
Howl round in air, or grin along the shores;
While, † tearing up whole hills, the giant throws,
Outrageous, rocks on rocks, to crush the foes:
But, frantic as he strides, a sudden wound
Bursts the life-vein, and blood o'er spreads the
ground:

As from the furnace, in a burning flood,
Pours molten lead, so pours in streams his blood;
And now he staggers as the spirit flies,
He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
Pierc'd by the steel, expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate sway,
Till freshening breezes through the branches play;
Then, tumbling downward with a thundering
found,
Falls headlong, and o'er spreads a breadth of ground:
So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars;
Out-stretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE
ILIADS OF HOMER.

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
Rose in the orient, to proclaim the day
To gods and men: down to the Grecian tents
Saturnian Jove sends discord red with blood;
War in her hand she grasps, ensigns of war;
On brave Ulysses' ship she took her stand,
The centre of the host, that all might hear
Her dreadful voice: her dreadful voice she rais'd;
Jarring along the rattling shores it ran
To the fleet's wide extremes. Achilles heard,
And Ajax heard the sound: with martial fires
Now every bosom burns; arms, glorious arms,
Fierce they demand; the noble Orthian song
Swells every heart; no coward thoughts of flight
Rise in their souls, but blood they breathe and war.

Now by the ‡ trench profound, the charioteers
Range their proud steeds; now car by car displays
A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
Rushes th' embattled foot; noise rends the skies,
Noise unextinguish'd: ere the beamy day
Flam'd in the th' aerial vault, stretch'd in the van
Stood the bold infantry: the rushing cars
Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.
Now from his heavens Jove hurls his burning bolts;
Hoarse muttering thunders grumble in the sky;

While from the clouds, instead of morning-dews,
Huge drops of blood distain the crimson ground;
Fatal presage! that in that dreadful day
The great should bleed, imperial heads lie low!

Meantime the bands of Troy in proud array
Stand to their arms, and from a rising ground
Breathe furious war: Here gathering hosts attend
The towering Hector: there resplendent bands
Surround Polydamas, Æneas there
Marshals his dauntless files; nor unemploy'd
Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
And Acamas, whose frame the gods endow'd
With more than mortal charms: fierce in the van
Stern Hector shines, and shakes his blazing shield.
As the fierce dog-star with malignant fires
Flames in the front of heaven, then, lost in clouds,
Veils his pernicious beams; from rank to rank
So Hector strode; now dreadful in the van
Advanc'd his sun-broad shield, now to the rear
Swift rushing disappear'd: His radiant arms
Blaz'd on his limbs, and bright as Jove's dire bolts
Flash'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the skies.

As toiling reapers in some spacious field,
Rang'd in two bands, move adverse, rank on rank
Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
Waves nodding to the breeze; at once they bend,
At once the copious harvest swells the ground:
So rush to battle o'er the dreadful field
Host against host; they meet, they close, and ranks
Tumble on ranks; no thoughts appear of flight,
None of dismay: dubious in even scales
The battle hangs; not fiercer, ravenous wolves
Dispute the prey; the deathful scene with joy
Discord, dire parent of tremendous woes,
Surveys exultant: of th' immortal train
Discord alone descends, assists alone
The horrors of the field; in peace the gods
High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
Lament the works of man; but loud complaints
From every god arose; Jove favour'd Troy,
At partial Jove they murmur'd: he unmov'd
All heaven in murmurs heard, apart he sat
Enthron'd in glory: down to earth he turn'd
His steadfast eye, and from his throne survey'd
The rising towers of Troy, the tented shores,
The blaze of arms, the slayer and the slain.

While, with his morning wheels, the God of day
Climb'd up the steep of heaven, with equal rage
In murderous storms the shafts from host to host
Flew adverse, and in equal numbers fell
Promiscuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
When the tir'd woodman in the shady vale
Spreads his penurious meal, when high the sun
Flames in the zenith, and his sinewy arms
Scarce wield the ponderous ax, while hunger keen
Admonishes, and nature spent with toil
Craves due repast—Then Greece the ranks of Troy
With horrid inroad goar'd: fierce from the van
Sprung th' stern * king of men; and breathing
death

Where, in firm battle, Trojans band by band
Embod'd stood, pursued his dreadful way:
His host his step attends: now glows the war;

* *V.* 1665.

† *V.* 1679.

‡ *V.* 48.

* *Agamemnon*, v. 148.

Horse treads on horse; and man encountering man,
Swells the dire field with death; the plunging
fleeds

Beat the firm glebes; thick dust in rising clouds
Darkens the sky. Indignant o'er the plain
Atrides stalks; death every step attends.
As when, in some huge forest, sudden flames
Rage dreadful, when rough winds assist the blaze,
From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
And the vast forest sinks with all its groves
Beneath the burning deluge; so whole hosts
Yield to Atrides' arm; car against car
Rush'd rattling o'er the field, and through the ranks
Unguided broke; while breathless on the ground
Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd;
To their chaste brides sad spectacles of woe,
Now only grateful to the fowls of air.

Meantime, the care of Jove, great Hector stood
Secure in scenes of death, in storms of darts,
In slaughter and alarms, in dust and blood.

Still Agamemnon rushing o'er the field
Leads his bold bands: whole hosts before him fly;
Now Ilus' tomb they pass, now urge their way
Close by the fig-tree shade: with shouts the king
Pursues the foe incessant: dust and blood, [hands.
Blood mix'd with dust, distains his murderous

As when a lion in the gloom of night
Invades an herd of bees, o'er all the plains
Trembling they scatter; furious on the prey
The generous savage flies, and with fierce joy
Seizes the last; his hungry foaming jaws
Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey:
Thus fled the foe; Atrides thus pursued.
And still the hindmost flew: they from their cars
Fell headlong; for his javelin, wild for blood,
Rag'd terribly: and now proud Troy had fall'n,
But the dread fire of men and gods descends
Terrific from his heavens, his vengeful hand
Ten thousand thunders grasps; on Ida's heights
He takes his stand; it shakes with all its groves
Beneath the God; the God suspends the war.

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,

ON HER PICTURE. 1716.

O! wondrous art, that grace to shadows gives!
By whose command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her smiles! the mimic eye instills
A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years;
By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die:
How would they grieve, if to such beauties join'd
The paint could show the wonders of thy mind!

O virgin! born th' admiring world to grace!
Transmit thy excellence to latest days;
Yield to thy lover's vows! and then shall rise
A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes;
Who, reigning in thy charms, from death shall
save
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.

Thus, when through age the rose-tree's charms
decay,

When all her fading beauties die away;
A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.
But ah! how short a date on earth is given
To the most lovely workmanship of heaven!
Too soon that cheek must every charm resign,
And those love-darting eyes forget to shine!
While thousands weeping round, with sighs survey
What once was you——now only beauteous clay:
Ev'n from the canvas shall thy image fade,
And thou re-perish in thy perish'd shade:
Then may this verse to future ages show
One perfect beauty——such as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy soul display,
Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay;
When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise,
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Fenton's excellent Tragedy, *Mariamne*.

WHEN breathing statues mouldering waste away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay;
The muse rewards the suffering good with fame,
Or wakes the prosperous villian into shame;
To the stern tyrant gives fictitious power
To reign the restless monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod rising from a length of years;
A name! enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and savage on a throne:
Yet oft a throne is dire misfortune's seat,
A pompous wretchedness, and woe in state!
But such the curse that from ambition springs,
For this he slaughter'd half a race of kings!
But now, reviving in the British scene,
He looks majestic with a milder mien,
His features soften'd with the deep distress
Of love, made greatly wretched by excess:
From lust of power to jealous fury tost,
We see the tyrant in the lover lost.

O! love, thou source of mighty joy or woe!
Thou softest friend, or man's most dangerous foe!
Fantastic power! * what rage thy darts inspire,
When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
Those darts, to jealous rage stern Herod drove;
It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
Behold his injur'd Mariamne rise!
No fancy'd tale! our opening scenes disclose
Historic truth, and swell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And strong the eloquence of royal tears;
By woes ennobled, with majestic pace,
She meets misfortune, glorious in disgrace!

Small is the praise of beauty, when it flies
Fair honour's laws, at best but lovely vice,
Charms it like Venus with celestial air?
Ev'n Venus is but scandalously fair;

VARIATION.

* What pangs, &c.

But when strict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines.

* Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise:
Beauty and virtue your protection claim;
Give tears to beauty, give to virtue fame.

TO MR. A. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

If e'er my humble muse melodious sings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her strings;
If e'er she mounts, 'tis when you prune her
wings.

You, like the sun, your glorious beams display,
Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
And clothe it with the lustre of the day.

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd every stroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finish'd what the faint began;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.

Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass;
You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass:
Hence ev'n deformity a beauty grew;
She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd
by you;

Though like Prometheus I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.

Thus when the Nile diffus'd his watery train
In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain;
Unshapen forms, the refuse of the flood,
Issued imperfect from the teeming mud;
But the great source and parent of the day
Fashion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay †.

VARIATION.

* Then let her fate your just attention raise,
Whose perfect graces were but second praise.

ADDITION.

† To nobler themes thy muse triumphant soars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and heaven ex-
plores.

Say, has some seraph tun'd thy sacred lyre,
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For sure such sounds exalt th' immortal string,
As heaven approves, and raptur'd angels sing.

Ah! how I listen, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the solar way!

Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones,
While, thou, my guide, I trace all nature's laws,
By just gradations, to the sovereign cause!

Pleas'd I survey how varying schemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.

Weak of herself, my muse forbears her flight,
Views her own lowness, and Parnassus' height;
But when you aid her song, and deign to nod,
She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present
god.

So the Cumean prophetess was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;
But when Apollo in her breast abode,
She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing god:
Then accents more than mortal from her broke;
And what the god inspir'd, the priestess spoke.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Cornwallis.

WHILE past its noon the lamp of life declines,
And age my vital flame invades;
Faint, and more faint, as it descends, it shines,
And hastes, alas! to set in shades.

Then some kind power shall guide my ghost to
glades,

Where, seated by Elysian springs,
Fam'd Addison attunes to patriot shades
His lyre, and Albion's glory sings.

There round, majestic shades, and heroes' forms,
Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm through faction's storms,
And curbs the murmuring rebel tides.

I tell how Townshend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathless fame,
And dwell at large on spotless English faith,
While Walpole is the favourite theme.

How, nobly rising in their country's cause,
The steadfast arbiters of right
Exalt the just and good, to guard her laws,
And call forth merit into light.

A loud applause around the echoing coast
Of all the pleas'd Elysium flies.— [ghost,
But, friend, what place had you, replies some
When merit was the way to rise?

What deanery, or prebend thine, declare?
Good heavens! unable to reply,
How like a stupid idiot I should stare!
An answer, good my lord, supply.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace, and social joy, Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise;
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

ADDITION.

Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder rise,
Its base on earth, its summit in the skies:
Each wond'rous step by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God,
Be this thy praise! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flower,
Nor dares the muse attempt the arduous height,
&c.

THE COQUETTE.

SALLIA, with uncontested sway,
 Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns;
 Beholds adoring crowds obey,
 And heroes proud to wear her chains:
 Yet stoops, like him, to every prize,
 Busy to murder beaux and flies.
 She aims at every trifling heart,
 Attends each flatterer's vows;
 And, like a picture drawn with art,
 A look on all that gaze bestows.
 O! may the power who lovers rules,
 Grant rather scorn, than hope with fools!
 Mistaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
 Adore thee into shame;
 Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
 And coxcombs, when they praise, defame.
 O! fly such brutes in human shapes,
 Nor, like th' Egyptians, worship apes.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS.

Being a Letter to the Widow in London.

WHILE Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
 And darts her sprightly eye at some beau;
 Then, close behind her fan retiring,
 Sees through the sticks whole crowds admiring:
 You sip your melancholy co-ffy
 And at the name of man, cry, O phy!
 Or, when the noisy rapper thunders,
 Say coldly—Sure the fellow blunders!
 Unseen! though peer on peer approaches:
 James, I'm abroad!—but learn the coaches.
 As some young pleader, when his purse is
 Unfill'd, through want of controversies,
 Attends until the chinks are fill'd all,
 Th' assizes, Westminster, and Guildhall;
 While graver lawyers keep their house, and
 Collect the guineas by the thousand;
 Or as some tradesmen, through show-glasses,
 Expose their wares to each that passes;
 Toys of no use! high-priz'd commodities
 Bought to no end! estates in oddities!
 Others, with like advantage, drive at
 Their gain, from store-houses in private;
 Thus Delia shines in places general,
 Is never missing where the men are all;
 Goes ev'n to church with godly airs,
 To meet good company at prayers;
 Where she devoutly plays her fan,
 Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man.
 You sit at home; enjoy your * cousin,
 While hearts are offer'd by the dozen:
 Oh! born above your sex to rise,
 With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wae!
 O! Lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
 In country fair, or country market,
 A beau, whose eloquence might charm ye,
 Enlisting soldiers for the army?

* Mrs. S.—th.

He flatters every well-built youth,
 And tells him every thing but—truth.
 He cries, good friend, I'm glad I hap'd in
 Your company, you'll make a captain!
 He lists—but finds these gaudy shows
 Soon chang'd to surly looks, and blows:
 'Tis now, March, rascal! what, d'ye grumble?
 Thwack goes the cane! I'll make you humble.
 Such weddings are: and I resemble 'em,
 Almost in all points to this emblem.
 While courtship lasts, 'tis, Dear! 'tis, Madam!
 The sweetest creature sure since Adam!
 Had I the years of a Methusalem,
 How in my charmer's praise I'd use all 'em!
 Oh! take me to thy arms, my beauty!
 I doat, adore the very shoe-tie!
 They wed—but, fancy grown less warming,
 Next morn, he thinks the bride less charming:
 He says, nay swears, my wife grows old in
 One single month; then falls to scolding,
 What, madam, gadding every day!
 Up to your room! there sitch, or pray!
 Such proves the marriage-state! but for all
 These truths, you'll wed, and scorn the moral.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND
MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

“ Calentem

“ Debita sparges lacrymâ favillam

“ Vatis amici.”

HOZ.

As when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
 Sends down some brighter angel from above,
 Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly guest,
 Awhile we view him in full glory dress;
 But he, impatient from his heaven to stay,
 Soon disappears, and wings his airy way;
 So didst thou vanish, eager to appear,
 And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.

Yet hadst thou all that virtue can bestow,
 All, the good practise, and the learned know;
 Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
 While the soul seems retiring, or retires;
 Such transports as those saints in vision share,
 Who know not whether they are rapt through
 air, [prayer.]

Or bring down heaven to meet them in a
 Oh! early lost! yet steadfast to survey
 Envy, disease, and death, without dismay;
 Serene, the sting of * pain thy thoughts beguile,
 And make afflictions, objects of a smile.
 So the fam'd patriarch on his couch of stone,
 Enjoy'd bright visions from th' eternal throne.

Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce
 can please,

Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heav'n and peace:
 As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
 More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores.

Oh! may these lays a lasting lustre shed
 O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
 Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the
 sway;
 Humble, yet learn'd; though innocent yet gay;

* The poet.

So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe:
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great;
Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deem'st mean the pageantry of kings;
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribband or a glittering stone,
Uselessly bright! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angels praise!
To live, to mortals' empty fame a foe;
And pity human joy, and human woe!
To view ev'n splendid vice with generous hate;
In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate!
Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er the soul, and promis'd endless day.
So from the setting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

Where now, oh! where shall I true friendship
find

Among the treacherous race of base mankind?
Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways
Of various life, sincere to blame, or praise!
O friend! O falling in thy strength of years!
Warm from the melting soul receive these tears!
O woods! O wilds! O every bowery shade!
So often vocal by his music made,
Now other sounds—far other sounds return,
And o'er his herse with all your echoes mourn!—
Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
To heaven, and left vain man for saints and
God?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
A thousand wonders glorious to behold;
And here, or there, as the machine extends,
A hero rises, or a god descends:
But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
Swift vanishes the god, or hero dies.

Where were ye, muses, by what fountain side,
What river sporting, when your favourite dy'd?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;
Nor deign'd but to high * themes to tune the
string,

To such as heaven might hear, and angels sing;
Unlike those bards, who uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay:
Each line display'd united strength and ease,
Form'd like his manners to instruct and please.

So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flower and salutary juice:
And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
Usefully gay! at once it charms, and heals.

Transcend ev'n after death, ye great, in show;
Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe;
Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here sincerity of grief appears,
Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears!
While, tir'd of life, we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve!
As some fond sire, whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort makes the dust his bed,

? Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious
flowers;

Such heart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend;
Companion! brother! all in one—my friend!
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air; but common water, tears:
The proud, relentless, weep in state, and show
Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image stands;
From rocky entrails, through his stony eyes,
The mimic tears in streams incessant rise:
Unconscious! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazers' wonder, and a public show.

Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent visits tell;
Thou court, where God himself delights to dwell;
Thou mystic table, and thou holy feast,
How often have ye seen the sacred guest!
How oft his soul with heavenly manna fed!
His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead!
While listening angels heard such raptures rise,
As, when they hymn th' Almighty, charm the
skies!

But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heavens, subsists thy gentle shade?
Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
Pleas'd high o'er stars, from world to world, to fly!
And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and trembling nations
gaze!

Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,
Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns inwreath,
Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin, and death?
O! may the thought his friend's devotion raise!
O! may he imitate, as well as praise!
Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
And ask the certain way to rise as high.

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I PREFIX your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you: I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect: You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them: May these verses on death long survive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendship and my gratitude, when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME,

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὴς οὐδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καρθαρὴν,
Τὸ καρθαρὴν δὲ ζῆν; EURIP.

Oh! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of death to endless day!
A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread.

See! in the horrors of yon house of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
In horrid state she reigns! attendant ills
Besiege her throne, and when she frowns she kills:
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming
burns.

O'er shrowds, and sable palls, and mouldering urns;
While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons
spread

An idle pomp around the silent dead:
Unaw'd by power, in common heap she flings
The scrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings:
Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
And streams of tears for ever murmuring flow:
The mournful yew with solemn horror waves
His baleful branches, saddening even the graves:
Around all birds obscene loud-screaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky:
The ground perverse, though bare and barren,
breeds

All poisons, foes to life, and noxious weeds;
But, blasted frequent by th' unwholesome sky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die.

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old-age, half vanish'd to a ghost, deplores:
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and disease walk hand in hand:
These, torment, whirling with remorseless sway
A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic anger, prone to wild extremes,
Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and heaven blas-
phemes.

There heart-sick agony distorted stands,
Writhes his convulsive limbs, and wrings his hands.
There sorrow droops his ever-pensive head,
And care still tosses on his iron bed:

Or, musing, fastens on the ground his eye
With folded arms; with every breath a sigh.
Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood;
And murder rages, red with human blood,
With fever, famine, and afflictive pain,
Plague, pestilence, and war, a dismal train!
These and a thousand more the fiend surround,
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.
O heavens! is this the passage to the skies
That man must tread, when man your favourite
dies?

Oh! for Elijah's car to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of death to endless day!

Confounded at the sight my spirits fled.
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun,
And all must bear that breathe beneath the sun.

When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
And swifter than on wings of lightning driven,
At once seems here and there, in earth and heaven!
A dazzling brightness in resplendent streams
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams:
His roseate cheeks the bloom of heaven display,
And from his eyes dart glories more than day:

A robe of light condens'd around him shone,
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone:
And while the listening winds lay hush'd to hear,
Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe!

Vain man! wouldst thou escape the common lot,
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot?
Look back on ancient times, primæval years,
All, all are past! a mighty void appears!
Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,
Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!
Ev'n saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
Ambassadors of heaven, and friends of God!
And thou, wouldst thou the general sentence fly?
Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end;
Live well the time thou liv'st, and death's thy
friend:

Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
And die resign'd, O man ordain'd to die!

He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.

Abash'd, ashamed, I cry, Eternal Power,
I yield! I wait resign'd th' appointed hour!
Man, foolish man, no more thy soul deceive!
To die, is but the surest way to live:
When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
And pray our time of suffering may be long;
The nauseous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity, and length of pain!
What art thou, life, that we should court thy stay?
A breath, one single gasp must puff away!
A short-liv'd flower, that with the day must fade!
A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade!
A stream that silently, but swiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides!
A being, lost alike by pain or joy!
A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!
Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
Ev'n while I write, the transient now is past,
And death more near this sentence than the last!
As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
Beat by rude waves, and sapp'd by rushing tides,
Torn from its base, no more their fury bears,
At once they close, at once it disappears:
Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd
Between two worlds, the future and the past;
To time, to sickness, and to death a prey,
It sinks, the frail possession of a day!

As some fond boy in sport along the shore
Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour;
Proud of his spacious walls and stately rooms,
He styles the mimic cells imperial domes;
The little monarch swells with fancy'd sway,
Till some wind rising puffs the dome away:
So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe,
The lord of earth and ocean, swells in show;
He plants, he builds, aloft the walls arise!
The noble plan he finishes, and——dies.
Swept from the earth, he shares the common fate;
His sole distinction now, to rot in state!
Thus busy to no end till out of breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in death.

Then blest the man whom gracious Heaven has
led
Through life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
Who safely landed on the blissful shore,
Nor human folly feels, nor frailty more!
O death! thou cure of all our idle strife!
End of the gay, or serious farce of life!
Wish of the just, and refuge of th' oppressed!
Where poverty, and where ev'n kings find rest!
Safe from the frowns of power! calm thoughtful
hate!

And the rude insults of the scornful great!
The grave is sacred! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead:
But life, thy name is woe! to death we fly
To grow immortal—into life we die!
Then wisely heaven in silence has confin'd
The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
What though the path be dark that must be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes through all th' expanse of air;
Yet bursting glorious from the silent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.

So when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Exinct his splendours in the whelming main,
A transient night earth, air, and heaven, invades,
Eclips'd in horrors of surrounding shades;
But soon emerging with a fresher ray,
He starts exultant, and renews the day.

COURAGE IN LOVE.

My eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My bosom heaves with constant woe;
Those eyes, which thy unkindness swells;
That bosom, where thy image dwells!

How could I hope so weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchless dame,
When none Elysium must behold,
Without a radiant bough of gold?
'Tis hers in spheres to shine;
At distance to admire is mine:
Doom'd like th' enamour'd * youth to groan
For a new goddess form'd of stone.

While thus I spoke, love's gentle power
Descended from th' ethereal bower;
A quiver at his shoulder hung,
A shaft he grasp'd, and bow unstrung.
All nature own'd the genial god,
And the spring flourish'd where he trod:
My heart no stranger to the guest,
Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breast;
When with a smile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the gods, began the boy:

How vain these tears! is man decreed,
By being abject, to succeed?
Hop'st thou by meagre looks to move?
Are women frighten'd into love?
He most prevails who nobly dares;
In love an hero, as in wars:
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars disputes the field:

Sent from a daring hand, my dart
Strikes deep into the fair-one's heart:
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A sigh is but a waste of breath.
What though gay youth, and every grace
That beauty boasts, adorn her face;
Yet goddesses have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed:
And heaven, when gifts of incense rise,
Accepts it, though it cloud their skies.

Mark! how this marygold conceals
Her beauty, and her bosom veils;
How from the dull embrace she flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams arise:
But when his glory he displays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms she opens, and receives
The vigorous god into her leaves.

THE COMPLAINT.

CAELIA TO DAMON.

I who was once the glory of the plain,
The fairest virgin of the virgin train,
Am now (by thee, O faithless man betray'd)
A fall'n, a lost, a miserable maid.
Ye winds, that witness to my deep despair,
Receive my sighs, and waft them through the air,
And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
Curst, ever curst be that unlucky day,
When trembling, sighing, at my feet he lay,
I trembled, sigh'd, and look'd my heart away!
Why was he form'd, ye powers, his sex's pride,
Too false to love, too fair to be deny'd?
Ye heedless virgins, gaze not on his eyes;
Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies!
Oh! fly his voice, be deaf to all he says;
Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
At every word, each motion of his eye,
A thousand loves are born, a thousand lovers die.

Say, gentle youths, ye blest Arcadian swains,
Inhabitants of these delightful plains,
Say, by what fountain, in what rosy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!
To you, dear fugitive, where'er you stray,
Wild with despair, impatient of delay,
Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
Or send my soul still swifter in a sigh!
I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears;
Fearless I'd pass where desolation reigns,
Tread the wild waste, or burning Libyan plains:
Or where the north his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the skies!
Should all the monsters in Getulia bred
Oppose the passage of a tender maid;
Dauntless, if Damon calls, his Cælia speeds
Through all the monsters that Getulia breeds:
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By love inspir'd, I'll teach the shaft to fly;
For thee I'd conquer, or at least would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucasus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful statue.

Where through the freezing skies in storms it pours,
 And brightens the dull air with shining showers,
 Ev'n there with you I could securely rest,
 And dare all cold, but in my Damon's breast;
 Or should you dwell beneath the sultry ray,
 Where rising Phœbus ushers in the day,
 There, there I dwell! Thou sun, exert thy fires;
 Love, mighty love, a fiercer flame inspires:
 Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
 Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders flows;
 I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
 Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders play.
 Joy of my soul! my every wish in one!
 Why must I love, when loving I'm undone?
 Sweet are the whispers of the waving trees,
 And murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
 Sweet are soft slumbers in the shady bowers
 When glowing suns infest the sultry hours:
 But not the whispers of the waving trees,
 Nor murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
 Not sweet soft slumbers in the shady bowers,
 When thou art absent whom my soul adores!
 Come, let us seek some flowery, fragrant bed!
 Come, on thy bosom rest my love-sick head!
 Come, drive thy flocks beneath the shady hills,
 Or softly slumber by the murmuring rills!
 Ah no! he flies! that dear enchanting he!
 Whose beauty steals my very self from me!

Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare,
 To crown with fragrant wreathes thy Cælia's hair:
 When to the lyre she tun'd the vocal lays,
 Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes speak
 praise:

And when smooth-gliding in the dance she mov'd,
 Ask thy false bosom if it never lov'd?
 And still her eye some little lustre bears,
 If swains speak truth!—though dim'd for thee with
 tears!

But fade each grace! since he no longer sees
 Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please!

But whence these sudden, sad presaging fears,
 These rising sighs, and whence these flowing tears?
 Ah! lest the trumpet's terrible alarms
 Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
 To try the doubtful field, and shine in azure
 arms!

Ah! canst thou bear the labours of the war,
 Bend the tough bough, or dart the pointed spear?
 Desist, fond youth! let others glory gain,
 Seek empty honour o'er the surgy main,
 Or sheath'd in horrid arms rush dreadful to the
 plain!

Thee, shepherd, thee the pleasurable woods,
 The painted meadows, and the crystal floods,
 Claim and invite to bless their sweet abodes.
 There shady bowers and sylvan scenes arise,
 There fountains murmur, and the spring supplies
 Flowers to delight the smell, or charm the eyes:
 But mourn, ye sylvan scenes and shady bowers;
 Weep, all ye fountains; languish, all ye flowers!
 If in a desert Damon but appear,
 To Cælia's eyes a desert is more fair
 Than all your charms, when Damon is not there!
 Gods! what soft words, what sweet delusive wiles
 He boasts! and, oh! those dear undoing smiles!

Pleas'd with our ruin, to his arms we run:
 To be undone by him who would not be undone!
 Alas! I rave! ye swelling torrents, roll
 Your watery tribute o'er my love-sick soul!
 To cool my heart, your waves, ye oceans, bear!
 Oh! vain are all your waves, for love is there!

But ah! what sudden thought to frenzy moves
 My tortur'd soul?—perhaps, my Damon loves!
 Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
 Detains the lovely traitor from my arms!
 Blast her, ye skies! let instant vengeance seize
 Those guilty charms, whose crime it is to please!
 Damon is mine!—fond maid, thy fears subdue!
 Am I not jealous? and my charmer true?
 O, heaven, from jealousy my bosom save!
 Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave!

Ye powers! of all the ills that ever curst
 Our sex, sure man, dissembling man, is worst!
 Like forward boys, awhile in wanton play,
 He sports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
 With specious wiles weak woman he assails;
 He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, and prevails:
 Then, in the moment when the maid believes,
 The perjur'd traitor triumphs, scorns, and leaves,
 How oft my Damon swore, th' all-seeing sun
 Should change his course, and rivers backward run,
 Ere his fond heart should range, or faithless prove
 To the bright object of his stedfast love!

O! instant change thy course, all-seeing sun!
 Damon is false! ye rivers, backward run!

But die, O wretched Cælia, die! in vain
 Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain!
 The tear is fruitless, and the tender sigh,
 And life a load!—forsaken Cælia, die!
 Fly swifter, time! O speed the joyful hour!
 Receive me, grave!—then I shall love no more!
 Ah! wretched maid, so sad a cure to prove!
 Ah! wretched maid, to fly to death from love!
 Yet oh! when this poor frame no more shall live,
 Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve!
 Ah me! I'm vain! my death can not appear
 Worth the vast price of but a single tear.

Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go;
 But they have learn'd new cruelties of you!
 Alone, relenting Echo with me mourns,
 And faint with grief she scarce my sighs returns!
 Then, sighs, adieu! ye nobler passions, rise!
 Be wise, fond maid!—but who in love is wise?
 I rage, I rail, th' extremes of anger prove,
 Nay, almost hate—then love thee beyond love!
 Pity, kind heaven, and right an injur'd maid!
 Yet, oh! yet, spare the dear deceiver's head!
 If from the sultry suns at noon-tide hours
 He seeks the covert of the breezy bowers,
 Awake, O South, and where my charmer lies,
 Bid roses bloom, and beds of fragrance rise!
 Gently, O gently round in whispers fly,
 Sigh to his sighs, and fan the glowing sky!
 If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
 Be still, ye waves, or round his vessel play!
 And you, ye winds, confine each ruder breath,
 Lie hush'd in silence, and be calm as death!
 But if he stay detain'd by adverse gales,
 My sighs shall drive the ship, and fill the flagging
 sails.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HESIOD AND APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

" — Vos exemplaria Græca

" Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ." HOR.

THE

BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

From the Theogony of Hesiod; with a Description of Tartarus, &c.

— μάχην δ' ἀνέγχετον ἑγυγαν

πάντες, &c. Ody. 666.

Now sounds the vault of heaven with loud alarms,
And gods by gods embattling rush to arms:
Here stalk the Titans of portentous size,
Burst from their dungeons, and assault the skies;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and night,
Auxiliar * giants aid the gods in fight:
An hundred arms each tower-like warrior rears,
And stares from fifty heads amid the stars;
The dreadful brotherhood stern-frowning stands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands;
The Titans rush'd with fury uncontroll'd;
Gods sunk on gods, o'er giant giant roll'd;
Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful sound,
Heaven shook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground,

Trembled th' eternal poles at every stroke,
And frighted hell from its foundations shook:
Noise, horrid noise, th' aerial region fills,
Rocks dash on rocks, and hills encounter hills;
Through earth, air, heaven, tumultuous clamours rise,

And shouts of battle thunder in the skies.
Then Jove omnipotent display'd the god,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod:
He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forked brand;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play;
They flash, and tend through heaven their flaming way:

Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves;
The sing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves;
The floods, the billows, boiling hiss with fires,
And bickering flame, and smouldering smoke aspires:

A night of clouds blots out the golden day;
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play:

* Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

Ev'n chaos burns: again earth groans, heaven roars,
As tumbling downward with its shining towers;
Or burst this earth, torn from her central place,
With dire disruption from her deepest base:
Nor slept the wind: the wind new horror forms,
Clouds dash on clouds before th' outrageous storms,
While, tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount th' encumber'd skies:
At once the tempest bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky:
Stupendous were the deeds of heavenly might;
What less, when gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now heaven its foes with horrid inroad gores,
And flow and four recede the giant powers:
Here stalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus tends up hills with all their groves;
These hurl'd at once against the Titan bands
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands:

And overshadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground;
Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie,
Through space unmeasur'd, from the starry sky;
Nine days an anvil of an enormous weight,
Down rushing headlong from th' aerial height,
Scarce reaches earth; thence tost in giddy rounds
Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds:
A wall of iron of stupendous height [night:
Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold
High o'er the horrors of th' eternal shade
The steadfast base of earth and seas is laid;
There in coercive durance Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains.
A seat of woe! remote from cheerful day,
Through gulfs impassable, a boundless way.

Above these realms, a brazen structure stands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;
Through chaos to the ocean's base it swells;
There stern Ægeon with his giants dwells;
Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains rise

That wash the earth, or wander through the skies;
That groaning murmur through the realm of woes,
Or feed the channels where the ocean flows;
Collected horrors throng the dire abodes,
Horrid and fell! detested ev'n by gods!
Enormous gulf! immense the bounds appear,
Wasteful and void, the journey of a year:

Where beating storms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toss the pale wanderer, and retoss through night:
The powers immortal with affright survey
The hideous chasm, and seal it up from day.

Hence through the vault of heaven huge Atlas
rears

His giant limbs, and props the golden spheres:
Here sable night, and here the beamy day,
Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their sway.
A brazen port the varying powers divides:
When day forth issues, here the night resides;
And when night veils the skies, obsequious day,
Re-entering, plunges from the starry way.
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light:
But night, by sleep attended, rides in shades,
Brother of death, and all that breathes invades:
From *her foul womb they sprung, resistless powers,
Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bowers,
Remote from day, when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the skies, or paints the western hills:
With downy footsteps sleep in silence glides
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the spacious tides;
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares;
She makes the mouldering race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal powers detest her sway.

Thus fell the † Titans from the realms above,
Beneath the thunders of Almighty Jove;
Then earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
And shook through all her frame with teeming
throes:

Hence rose Typhœus, a gigantic birth,
A monster sprung from Tartarus and earth,
A match for gods in might! on high he spreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings,
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred stings;
Horror, terrific, frowns from every brow,
And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow;
Fires dart from every crest; and, as he turns,
Keen splendours flash, and all the giant burns:
Whene'er he speaks, in echoing thunders rise
An hundred voices, and affright the skies,
Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
Frequent they shake, and terrify the gods.
Now bellowing like a savage bull, they roar,
Or angry lions in the midnight hour;
Now yells like furious whelps, or hiss like snakes;
The rocks rebound, and every mountain shakes:
He hurl'd defiance 'gainst th' immortal powers,
And heaven had seiz'd with all its shining towers,
But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
Red lightnings flash, and raging thunders roll,
Rattling o'er all th' expansion of the skies,
Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
Stern frowns the god amidst the lightnings blaze,
Olympus shakes from his eternal base;
Trembles the earth: fierce flames involves the
poles,
Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls:
Fires from Typhœus flash: with dreadful sound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground;

* Of night.

† 820.

6

Above, below, the conflagration roars,
Ev'n the seas kindled burn through all their shores;
Deluge of fire! Earth rocks her tottering coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts;
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores:
Then, in full wrath, Jove all the god applies,
And all his thunders burst at once the skies;
And rushing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
He blasts the giant with th' almighty blow;
The giant tumbling sinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground:
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty stay,
Through the sing'd earth they burst their burning
way;

Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
And hissing floats with fierce metallic waves:
As iron fusile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames;
Thus melted earth, and Jove, from realms on high,
Plung'd the huge giant to the nether sky.

Then from Typhœus sprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air:
But from the gods descend of milder kind,
The east, the west, the south, and Boreal wind;
These in soft whispers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play through the groves, or sport upon the seas;
They fan the sultry air with cooling gales,
And waft from realm to realm the flying sails:
The rest in storms of sounding whirlwinds fly,
Toss the wild waves, and battle in the sky;
Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.
Then thundering o'er the earth they rend their
way,

Grass, herb, and flower, beneath their rage decay;
While towers and domes, vain boasts of human
trust,
Torn from their inmost base, are whelm'd in dust.

Thus heaven asserted its eternal reign
O'er the proud giants, and Titanic train;
And now in peace the gods their Jove obey,
And all the thrones of heaven adore his sway.

THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA.

From the Third Book, Ver. 743. of Apollonius Rhodius.

Νὺ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαίαν ἄγαν κνίσας, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE translator has taken the liberty, in the following version of the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the story of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the subject; yet hopes that a due connection is not wanting; and that the reader will not be displeased with these short sketches from a poet who is affirmed to be every where sublime, by no less a critic than Longinus; and from whom many verses are borrowed by so great a poet as Virgil.

Now rising shades a solemn gloom display,
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way:
 All night the sailor marks the northern team,
 And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
 A deep repose the weary wanderer shares,
 And the faint watchman sleeps away his cares;
 Ev'n the fond mother, while all breathless lies
 Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes;
 No sound of village-dog, no noise invades
 The death-like silence of the midnight shades;
 Alone Medea wakes: To love a prey,
 Restless she rolls, and groans the night away:
 Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
 She thinks on Jason, and for Jason fears:
 In sad review, on horrors horrors rise;
 Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought
 she flies;

As from replenish'd urns, with dubious ray,
 The sun beams dancing from the surface play,
 Now here, now there, the trembling radiance falls
 Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls;
 Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
 And from her shining eyes descends a flood:
 Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
 Now sick with love she melts with softer woes:
 The tyrant god, of every thought possess'd,
 Beats in each pulse, and stings and racks her breast:
 Now she resolves the magic to betray
 To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey:
 Again, the drugs disdaining to supply,
 She lothes the light, and meditates to die:
 Anon, repelling with a brave disdain
 The coward thought, she nourishes the pain:
 Thus tost, retost with furious storms of cares,
 On the cold ground she rolls, and thus with tears:

Ah me! where'er I turn, before my eyes
 A dreadful view, on sorrows sorrows rise!
 Tost in a giddy whirl of strong desire,
 I glow, I burn, yet blest the pleasing fire.
 O had this spirit from its prison fled,
 By Dian sent to wander with the dead,
 Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian skies;
 Ere Jason, lovely Jason, met those eyes!
 Hell gave the shining mischief to our coast,
 Medea saw him, and Medea lost—
 But why these sorrows? if the powers on high
 His death decree, die, wretched Jason, die!
 Shall I, elude my fire? my art betray?
 Ah me! what words shall purge the guilt away!
 But could I yield—O whither must I run
 To find the man—whom virtue bids me shun?
 Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly?
 And yet I must—If Jason bleeds, I die!
 Then, shame, farewell! Adieu for ever, fame!
 Hail, black disgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
 Live! Jason, live! enjoy the vital air!
 Live through my aid! and fly where winds can
 bear!

But when he flies, ye poisons, lend your powers,
 That day, Medea treads th' infernal shores!
 Then, wretched maid, thy lot is endless shame,
 Then the proud dames of Colchos blast thy name:
 I hear them cry—"The false Medea's dead,
 "Through guilty passions for a stranger's bed;

"Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
 "Prefer'd a stranger to a father's name!"
 O may I rather yield this vital breath,
 Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death!
 Thus wail'd the fair, and seiz'd with horrid joy
 Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy;
 A magazine of death! again she pours
 From swollen eye-balls tears in shining showers;
 With grief insatiate, and with trembling hands,
 All comfortless the cask of death expands:
 A sudden fear her labouring soul invades,
 Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades:
 She stands deep musing with a faded brow,
 Absorb'd in thought, a monument of woe!
 While all the comforts that on life attend,
 The cheerful converse, and the faithful friend,
 By thought deep-imag'd on her bosom play,
 Endearing life, and charm despair away:
 Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light arise,
 And every object brightens to her eyes:
 Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,
 Consents to live, recover'd from her woes;
 Resolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
 She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
 Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels:
 The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills:
 At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
 The shades disperse, and man awakes to cares.
 Studious to please, her graceful length of hair,
 With art she binds, that wanton'd with the air;
 From her soft cheeks she wipes the tear away,
 And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
 From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours,
 Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious
 showers:

Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
 Close to the lessening waist the robe infold;
 Down from her swelling loins, the rest unbound
 Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
 Last with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
 Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads.

Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
 Blind to the future, to the present blind:
 Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bower,
 Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
 Join to the car the mules: dire rites to pay,
 To Hecate's black fane she bends her way;
 A juice she bears, whose magic virtue tames
 (Through fell Persephone) the rage of flames;
 It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
 To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
 It mocks the sword: the sword, without a wound,
 Leaps as from marble, shiver'd to the ground:
 She mounts the car*; nor rode the nymph alone;
 On either side two lovely damsels shone:
 Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controuls;
 Back fly the streets, as swift the chariot rolls.
 Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
 The domes retreat, the sinking towers decay:
 Bare to the knee succinct a damsel train
 Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
 As when her limbs divine Diana laves
 In fair Parthenius, or th' Amnesian waves,

Sublime in royal state the bounding roes
 Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows;
 Swift to her fane in pomp the goddess moves;
 The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves,
 Th' Amnesian fount, or silver streaming rills;
 Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills!
 The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
 Or, trembling, savage adoration pay:
 Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears,
 The crowd falls back, and as she moves reverts;
 Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends;
 The fane she reaches, and to earth descends:
 Then to her train—Ah me! I fear we stray,
 Missed by folly to this lonely way!
 Alas! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
 Where should we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
 No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
 Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the plain:
 But since alone;—with sports beguile the hours,
 Come chaunt the song, or pluck the blooming
 flowers;
 Pluck every sweet to deck your virgin bowers!
 Then warbling soft*, she lifts her heavenly voice;
 But sick with mighty love, the song is noise;
 She hears from every note a discord rise,
 Till, pausing, on her tongue the music dies;
 She hates each object, every face offends;
 In every wish her soul to Jason sends;
 With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
 To find the object whom her soul adores:
 At every whisper of the passing air
 She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there:
 Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
 He comes, her Jason shines along the plain.
 As when, emerging from the watery way,
 Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
 He shines terrific! for his burning breath
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
 Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
 Bright author of unutterable woes;
 Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
 Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was
 dead;
 No more her knees their wonted office knew,
 Fix'd without motion as to earth she grew:
 Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
 In silent wonder, and in still amaze:
 As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
 Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
 Erect and motionless the stately trees
 Awhile remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,
 Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
 Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs re-
 found;
 Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
 Strongly at length inspir'd, they speak, they move;
 With smiles the love-sick virgin he survey'd,
 And fondly thus address'd the blooming maid:
 Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
 'Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here!
 Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind;
 But Jason bears no proud inhuman mind,
 By gentlest manners softest arts refin'd.

Whom wouldst thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, stay!
 Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
 Speak! and be truth in every accent found!
 Dread to deceive! we tread on* hallow'd ground.
 By the stern power who guards this sacred place,
 By the illustrious authors of thy race;
 By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
 To whom the suppliant, and who feels the wrongs;
 O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
 Without thy aid, thy Jason is no more;
 To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend,
 To thee a stranger, and who wants a friend!
 Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,
 Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
 All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes fates,
 And bless Medea through her hundred states.
 The mother and the wife, who now in vain
 Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,
 Shall stay their tears; the mother, and the wife,
 Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
 Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed,
 Sav'd the brave Theseus, and with Theseus fled,
 Forsook her father, and her native plain,
 And stemm'd the tumults of the surging main;
 Yet the stern sire relented, and forgave
 The maid, whose only crime it was to save:
 Ev'n the just gods forgave: and now on high
 A star she shines, and beautifies the sky:
 What blessings then shall righteous heaven de-
 cree

For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee!
 Heaven gave thee not, to kill, so soft an air,
 And cruelty sure never look'd so fair!

He ceas'd; but left so charming on her ear
 His voice, that listening still she seem'd to hear:
 Her eye to earth she bends with modest grace,
 And heaven in smiles is open'd in her face.
 A glance she steals; but rosy blushes spread
 O'er her fair cheek, and then she drops her head:
 A thousand words at once to speak she tries;
 In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes:
 Trembling, the shining casket she expands,
 Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
 And had the power been granted to convey
 Her heart—had given her very heart away.

EPISTOLA AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM.

Scripta Vere incunte Cantab. 1709.

Ecquid absenti tibi cura Grantæ?
 Ecquid antiqui memor es sodalis!
 Chære permultis, mihi præter omnes

Chære, Georgi.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
 Ut rosâ dulcit, violisque terram
 Flora depingit, Zephyrusque blandis

Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid cessas? Age Rozinantis
 Terga conscendas eques† ingementis,
 Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris

Detinet Ulnis!

* Temple of Hecate.

† Obeso fuit corpore.

Digne succendi meliore flammâ!—
Sive * Clarissam, Juvenumvè curam
Phyllidem mavis, placeatvè, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.

Tarde, quid cessas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi frustra ad speculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat sophistes,
Dum Johannensi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

Quin velis scribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus spoliis onustus,
Gallicas fudit propè † Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalem gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus sanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
Mollè subridens, Venus! huc sorores
Gratiæ! longùm vale, O! Minerva,
Aspera Virgo!

Barbaro tandem satiata ludo,
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; castam
Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
Dedecet Ægis.

Flagitas nostræ quid agunt camœnæ?
Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
Suave labellum!

* Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.
† Juxta Aldenardum.

Ah! ut obliquo aspiciens ocello
Torruit pectus!—neque tu furoris
Inscius blandi! tibi sævit imis
Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere tristes
Tu potes curas! * Cerealis haustris
Est tibi, præfens relevare diro
Pectora luctu.

Corticem astrictum pice cum reducis,
Audin, ingenti tonat ut boatu
Fumidus! summo ruit ut lagenæ
Spumens ore!

Cernis! ut viro nitet invidendo
Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
Cujus jocus, quocum Venus et Cupido
Spicula tingunt.

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
Virginis:—plenum viden!—ah! caveto
Dextra nè quasset malè, dum laborat
Pondere dulci!

Euge! siccasti benè, fortiterque!—
Hinc adest curæ medicina! suaves
Hinc tibi somni, et tibi suaviora
Somnia somnis!

Hos bibens saccos, nihil invidebis
Italæ, quamvis cyathi Falerno
Dulcè nigrescant, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ!

Hic Johannensi latitans suili
Grunnio, scribens sitiente labro,
Aut graves haustris, inimica musis
Pocula, ducos.

* Anglicè bottled ale.

SIXTEEN ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE XV.—HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise;
Gems are useless glittering toys.
Gold I leave, and such vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my hair with unguents flow;
With rosy garlands crown my brow!
The present moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next, perhaps, to die!
Then, while the hour serenely shines,
Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines:
But ever, in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Lest death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taste no more the cup of joy.

ODE XVI.—THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

SOME sing of Thebes, and some destroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy.
VOL. VIII.

I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
My own captivity and chains!
No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horseman, arm'd to slay,
My peace alarm! Far other foes,
Far other hosts, create my woes:
Strange, dangerous hosts, that ambush'd lie
In every bright love darting eye!
Such as destroy, when beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XX.—TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
And steal them from themselves away:
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image stands;
And Philomel, up-borne on wings
Through air, her mournful story sings.

Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish, allow;
The envy'd mirror I would be,
That thou might'st always gaze on me;
And could my naked heart appear,
Thou'dst see thyself—for thou art there
O! were I made thy folding vest,
That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast!
Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
To warm those little hills of snow;
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of shining pearl—to deck,
And close embrace thy graceful neck:
A very scandal I would be
To tread on—if trod on by thee!

ODE XXIV.—IMITATED.

ALAS! alas! I see each day
Steals me from myself away;
And every step of life I tread,
I speed to mingle with the dead.
How many years are past, my friends,
I know, and there my knowledge ends:
How many years are still in store,
I neither can, nor would explore.
Then, since the hours incessant fly,
They all shall find me crown'd with joy.
To those, my cares I here bequeath,
Who meanly die for fear of death,
And daily with assiduous strife
Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.
Then, care, begone! I'd dance and play;
Hence, with thy serious face away!
I'll laugh; and whilst gay wine inflames,
I'll court the laughter-loving dames;
And study to resign my breath
In ecstacy, and smile in death.

ODE XXV.—IMITATED.

BRING me, O bring th' enlivening draught,
Lenient of grief, and anxious thought.
Then care retires, ashamed to show
His downcast eye, and faded brow.
I banish business to the great,
To all that curse, yet covet state.
Death hastes again: then who would run
To meet what most he strives to shun?
Or antedate the dreadful day
By cares, and aid the fiend to slay?
If tears could bribe his dreadful powers,
I'd weep, and bless the precious showers;
But let our lot be joy or woe,
Alike he speeds to strike the blow.
Then crown the bowl!—ye sorrows, fly
To kill some wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI.—THE PLEASING FRENZY.

Now bring, by all the powers divine,
Being me a bowl of rosy wine;

A mighty bowl of wine I crave:
When wine inspires, 'tis sweet to rave.
In frantic rage Alcmaeon drew
His falchion, and his * mother flew:
Orestes in a furious mood
Raving shed his † mother's blood.
Dreadful, sober mankind, they!—
None, harmless drunkard, none I slay:
The blood of grapes I only crave;
I quaff it, and 'tis sweet to rave.
Alcides, frantic, grasp'd his bow;
His quiver rattled, stor'd with woe:
Stern Ajax shook his glittering blade,
And broad his sevenfold shield display'd:
Dangerous madman! how he drew
His sword, and hosts in fancy flew!
I, peaceful I, no falchion wield;
I bend no bow, I poise no shield.
The flowery garland crowns my hairs,
My hand the powerful goblet bears;
The powerful goblet nobly brave,
I drain, and then 'tis sweet to rave.

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules;
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who solemnly in form advise;
At best, impertinently wise!
To me more pleasing precepts give,
And teach the science how to live;
To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that spring from too much thought;
To learn soft lessons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I'm old! I see my head
With hoary locks by time o'erspread:
Then instant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at least in thought.
Alas! incessant speeds the day
When I must mix with common clay;
When I must tread the dismal shore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVI. THE SPRING.

SEE, winter's past! the seasons bring
Soft breezes with returning spring;
At whose approach the graces wear
Fresh honours in their flowing hair:
The raging seas forget to roar,
And, smiling, gently kiss the shore:
The sportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now rises into day;
The cranes from freezing skies repair,
And sailing float to warmer air:
Th' enlivening suns in glory rise,
And gaily dance along the skies.
The clouds disperse; or if in showers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers:
See, verdure clothes the teeming earth!
The olive struggles into birth:
The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promise future wine:

* Eryphile.

† Clytemnestra.

Blest juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII. GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the sound my breast inspire!
But with no troublesome delight
Of arms and heroes slain in fight:
Let it play no conquests here,
Or conquests only o'er the fair!

Boy, reach that volume—book divine;
The statutes of the god of wine!
He, legislator, statutes draws;
And I his judge enforce his laws;
And, faithful to the weighty trust,
Compel his vot'ries to be just:
Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the sprightly dance we rise;
We frisk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound;
Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

ODE I. THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE

SEE! see the jolly god appears;
His hand a mighty goblet bears:
With sparkling wine full-charg'd it flows;
The sovereign cure of human woes.

Wine gives a kind release from care,
And courage to subdue the fair;
Instructs the cheerful to advance
Harmonious in the sprightly dance:
Hail, goblet! rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines.
See! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to re-fill the bowl!

Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our best physician all the year.
Thus guarded, no disease we fear;
No troublesome disease of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health—new wine.

ODE LII. GRAPES; OR THE VINTAGE.

Lo! the vintage now is done!
And black'ned with th' autumnal sun
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear;
The sweetest product of the year!
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away:
The youths alone the wine-press tread,
For wine's by skilful drunkards made:
Meantime the mirthful song they raise;
Lo! Bacchus, to thy praise!
And, eying the blest juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

Gaily, through wine, the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance:
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are gray.

Through wine, the youth completes his loves;
He haunts the silence of the groves:
Where, stretch'd beneath th' embowering shade,
He spies some love-inspiring maid:
On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
Inviting sleep to close her eyes:
Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
Her hand he presses—breathes his vow
And cries, my love, my soul comply
This instant, or, alas! I die.

In vain the youth persuasion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at least denies:
Then scorning death through dull despair,
He storms th' unwilling willing fair;
Blessing the grapes that could dispense
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE LIII. THE ROSE.

COME, lyrist, tune thy harp, and play
Responsive to my vocal lay:
Gently touch it, while I sing
The rose, the glory of the spring.

To heaven the rose in fragrance flies,
The sweetest incense of the skies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waste of flowers,
The gaily-smiling graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair.
Thee Venus queen of beauty loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.

In fabled song, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite rose the muses praise:
To pluck the rose, the virgin-train
With blood their pretty fingers stain,
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten, and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy!

The rose the poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their bays;
O! ever to the sprightly feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And rosy wreaths adorn our brows!

Lovely smiling rose, how sweet
The object where thy beauties meet!
Aurora with a blushing ray,
And rosy fingers, spreads the day:
The graces more enchanting show
When rosy blushes paint their snow;
And every pleas'd beholder seeks
The rose in Cytheræa's cheeks.

When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead;
And when its withering charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.

Come, lyrist, join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth!
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;

When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above;
To grace the world, the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth,
And 'This,' she cry'd, 'I this ordain
'My favourite, queen of flowers to reign!'

But first th' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich, nectareous dew;
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And strait the rose adorns the leaves.

The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV.—GROWN YOUNG.

When sprightly youths my eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.

Haste, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant rose!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am strong,
And dance, a youth among the young.

Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Blest juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I spring!
How strong, and yet how sweet, I sing!

How blest am I! who thus excell
In pleasing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV.—THE MARK.

The stately steed expressive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too foolish, or too wise.

ODE LVI.

Alas! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey!
The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is banish'd from my faded face!
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himself half-dead before he dies.

For this, and for the grave, I fear,
And pour the never-ceasing tear!
A dreadful prospect strikes my eye;
I soon must sicken, soon must die.

For this the mournful groan I shed;
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!

What eye can stedfastly survey
Death and its dark tremendous way?
For soon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all senseless in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LXIV.—TO APOLLO.

Once more, not uninspir'd, the string
I waken, and spontaneous sing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay:
Some god impells, and I obey.
Listen, ye groves!—The muse prepares
A sacred song in Phrygian airs;
Such as the swan expiring sings,
Melodious by Cæster's springs,
While listening winds in silence hear,
And to the gods the music bear.

Celestial muse! attend, and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing:
To Phœbus and the muse belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.

Begin, begin the lofty strain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.
With glorious pride his vows she hears;
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.

Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to clasp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives
His hope—he seizes only leaves.
Why fires my raptur'd breast? ah! why,
Ah! whither strives my soul to fly?
I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,
Impulsive to some nobler song:
Let, let the wanton fancy play;
But guide it, lest it devious stray.

But oh! in vain, my muse denies
Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes.
Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs, and dying swains;
Nor dare to wield the shafts of love,
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.

I yield! adieu the lofty strain!
I am Anacreon once again:
Again the melting song I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay:
See! see! how with attentive ears
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
And quaff, in lowery shades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
CHRISTOPHER PITT,

Containing

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY,
EPISTLES,
ODES,

||
HYMNS,
PARAPHRASES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

— Superior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,
In rapt'rous trance, on *Virgil's* genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,
And, like *Æneas*, from your couch of state,
In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.

Epistle to my Brother on his having a Fit of the Gout.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

June 1794.

CHRISTOPHER FITZ

POLITICAL WORKS

CHRISTOPHER FITZ

CHRISTOPHER FITZ

CHRISTOPHER FITZ

CHRISTOPHER FITZ

CHRISTOPHER FITZ

CHRISTOPHER FITZ

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

CHRISTOPHER FITZ

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THE LIFE OF PITT.

CHRISTOPHER PITT was born at Blandford in Dorsetshire, in 1699. His father was an eminent physician in that place, and related to the family of Pitt of Stratfield-sea in Hampshire.

At the age of fifteen, he was received as a scholar into Winchester College, where he was distinguished by exercises of uncommon elegance.

In 1719, he was chosen to New College, Oxford; and at his removal, he presented to the electors two volumes of MS. poems, the product of his private and voluntary studies; one of which consisted of miscellaneous pieces, and the other contained a complete version of *Lucan*, which he did not then know to have been translated by Rowe.

The version was suppressed, perhaps from its being the production of early life, or from a consciousness of its inferiority to the version of Rowe, which was executed in the full vigour of his genius.

Such an instance, however, of early diligence deserves well to be recorded; and the suppression of such a work, recommended by such uncommon circumstances, is to be regretted; for examples of early excellence are never superfluous, and from this example, the danger is not great of many imitations.

When he had resided three years at this College, he was presented to the rectory of Pimperm near Blandford, in Dorsetshire, 1722, by his friend and relation George Pitt, Esq. of Stratfield-sea in Hampshire; and resigning his fellowship, continued at Oxford two years longer, till he became Master of Arts. While he resided at the university, he was affectionately beloved by all who knew him, and particularly distinguished by Young, who, with an engaging familiarity, used to call him his son, and to whom he addressed an *Epistle* in 1722.

He then retired to Pimperm, a place pleasing by its situation, and therefore likely to excite the imagination of a poet, where he passed the rest of his life.

At what time he composed his *Miscellaneous Poems*, published 1727, is not easy to know: those which have dates, appear to have been very early productions, and few of them rise above mediocrity.

Of the panegyric on *Lord Stanhope*, the conqueror of Minorca, in particular, he was afterwards ashamed. "I did write an idle thing," says he, in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, 1738, "on Lord Stanhope, the work of a day or two, which I have forgot, as I hope every body else has done. The lines, I believe, some at least, were round and strong; but, upon the whole, I own it was a rash incorrect thing. I knew indeed very little of the subject; but as he was married to a relation [Lucy, daughter of Thomas Pitt, Esq. of Stratford, Wilts], I fell to scribbling, without fear or wit, to show my respect."

Probably about this time he published his translation of *Vida's Art of Poetry*, which Pope's commendation, in his "Essay on Criticism," and Tristram's splendid edition, had then made popular. This poem is perhaps the most perfect of *Vida's* compositions, and has the praise of being one of the first, if not the very first pieces of criticism that appeared in Italy since the revival of learning; for it was finished in the year 1520.

In this translation, he distinguished himself by a strict attention to the sense of the original, the utmost elegance of versification, and the skilful adaptation of his numbers to the images expressed; a beauty which *Vida* has with great ardour enforced and exemplified.

It was immediately on its publication very eagerly received by the readers of poetry. "I believe it was you," he writes Mr. Duncombe, "who gave a public testimony to the merit of the translation of *Vida*," (if it has any) in the "Whitehall Evening Post;" when it made its first appearance in the world, which I suppose did not a little contribute to its reputation and sale; for six or seven hundred were soon disposed of."

The success of his *Vida* animated him to a higher undertaking; and, in his thirtieth year, he published a version of the first book of the *Æneid*; which, being commended by his friends, he some time afterwards added three more, with an advertisement, in which he represents himself as translating with great indifference, and with a progress of which himself was hardly conscious.

"I am glad," he writes Mr. Duncombe, 1736, "that the version pleased Messrs. Spence, Browne [I. Hawkins], Duncombe, Glover, Benson, and some more of the best judges in town. If I may be allowed to judge in my own case, I think this last to be the best of my poetical performances; and I believe that you will agree with me, that the three last books have fewer grammatical inaccuracies than the first book. I cannot tell what to say to your compliment, 'that this version will be admired as long as the English language lasts;' but I am highly obliged to you for your partiality to me ever since the translation of *Vida*."

He completed the entire translation of the *Æneid*, June 2. 1738, which, without any further contention with his modesty, or any awe of the name of Dryden, he published, in two volumes, 4to, 1740. "I propose a good deal of pleasure," he writes Mr. Duncombe, "in correcting this large work, and hope that in time my friends will not be ashamed of it, though I know, that in many respects Mr. Dryden's version must have the advantage." In another letter, he styles Dryden's "a glorious translation." "I believe," he adds, "in all my version, there are not above seven or eight borrowed lines. I could not help taking two together from Mr. Dryden in this paragraph, they are so very sweet:

"All, all my life," replies the youth, "shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.
Though fortune only this attempt can bless,
Yet still my courage shall deserve success;
But one reward I ask before I go,
The greatest I can ask, or you bestow.
*Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
And sure the best that ever bore the name.*
Such was her love, she left her native Troy,
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And such is mine, that I must keep unknown
From her the danger of so dear a son.
To spare her anguish, lo! I quit the place,
Without one parting kiss, one last embrace!
By night, and that respected hand, I swear,
Her tender tears are more than I can bear.
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childless, and relieve her, poor.
Oh! let her find in you, when I am gone,
A friend, a spouse, a guardian, and a son!
With that dear hope embolden'd I shall go,
Brave every danger, and defy the foe."

He had certainly reason to be proud of these lines, it being scarce possible to find any superior to them in any version; Dryden's of the same passage ("sweet" as are the two lines he has taken), is much inferior in elegance and harmony.

The English *Æneid* is joined in this collection with his other poems, that the readers of poetry may have an opportunity of comparing the two best translations that perhaps ever were produced, by one nation, of the same author.

He did not enjoy the reputation which this great work deservedly conferred; for he died in 1748, in the forty-eight year of his age; and lies buried under a stone at Blandford, on which is this inscription:

In memory of
CHR. PITT, Clerk, M. A.
Very eminent
for his talents in poetry;
and yet more
for the universal candour of
his mind, and the primitive
simplicity of his manners.
He lived innocent,
and died beloved,
Apr. 13. 1748.
Aged 48.

His *Original Poems*, dispersed in the "The Student," and other publications, were collected and published in the edition of "The English Poets," 1779.

His version of the *Æneid* was re-printed in a complete edition of "Virgil's works translated into English," in 4 vols, 8vo, 1753. The translation of the "Eclogues" and "Georgics," three essays "on pastoral, didactic, and epic poetry," and "notes on the whole," were contributed by Dr. Warton, the present respectable master of Winchester school; with dissertations "on the VIth book of the *Æneid*," by Warburton; "on the shield of *Æneas*," by W. Whitehead; "on the character of Iapis," by Dr. Atterbury; and some new observations by Holdsworth, Spence, and others.

The amiable character of Pitt, transcribed from the stone that marks the place of his dust, owes nothing to flattery. He was revered for his virtue, and beloved for the softness of his temper, and the easiness of his manners. Before strangers, he had something of the scholar's timidity and distrust; but when he became familiar, he was in a very high degree cheerful and entertaining. His general benevolence procured him general respect; and he passed a life placid and honourable; neither too great for the kindness of the low, nor too low for the notice of the great.

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by splendour and elegance of diction, and the exquisite polish and harmony of the versification. Most of his original pieces are pleasing and poetical; but his *Vida* and the English *Æneid*, are the chief foundation of his fame. His version of *Vida* is executed with so much exactness and general elegance, that there is little fear of its being supplanted by the version of Mr. Hampson, published in 1793.

The excellence of his version of the *Æneid*, his greatest work, is generally allowed; but the critics have been divided concerning the just proportion of merit which ought to be ascribed to it, comparatively with that of Dryden. Some have asserted, that Pitt has done most justice to Virgil; that he shines in Pitt with a lustre which Dryden wanted not power, but leisure to bestow. Pitt, no doubt, had many advantages above Dryden in this arduous undertaking. As he was later in the attempt, he had consequently the version of Dryden to improve upon. He saw the errors of that great poet, and avoided them; he discovered his beauties, and improved upon them: and as he was not compelled by necessity, he had leisure to revise, correct, and finish his excellent work. Yet it may be justly doubted whether, upon the whole, the version of Dryden is not the most vigorous and poetical performance.

A comparison of the following passages may enable the reader to determine for himself, to whose translation he would give the preference. The first is taken from Virgil's description of Elysium, which "is so charming," says Dr. Trapp, "that it is almost Elysium to read it."

His demum exactis perfecto munera divæ,
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo: solemque suum, sua sidera norunt
Pars in gramineis exercebat membra palæstris
Contendunt ludo, et fulva luctantur arena;
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina decunt
Nec non Threicus longa cum veste sacerdos
Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno.—*ÆNEID*, Lib. VI. 637.

These holy rites performed, they took their way
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie,
With ether vested, and a purple sky;
The blissful seats of happy souls below,
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know,
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.
Some in heroic verse divinely sing,
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at once they fill.—*DRYDEN*.

These rites complete, they reach the flowery plains,
The verdant groves, where endless pleasure reigns,
Here glowing ether shoots a purple ray,
And o'er the region pours a double day.

THE LIFE OF PITT.

From sky to sky th' unwearied splendour runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.
Some wrestle on the sands, and some in play,
And games heroic, pass the hours away.
Those raise the song divine, and these advance,
In measur'd steps, to form the solemn dance.
There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
In seven divisions strikes the sounding lyre.
Across the chords the quivering quill he flings,
Or with his flying fingers sweeps the strings.—PITT.

In the celebrated description of the swiftness of Camilla, in the VIIIth Æneid, the superiority of Dryden is more conspicuous than in the foregoing passage.

*Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læssit aristas,
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tument
Ferret iter; celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.*

—— the fierce virago fought—
Outstrip'd the winds in speed upon the plain;
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain.
She swept the seas; and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet, unbath'd, on billows hung.—DRYDEN.

She led the rapid race, and left behind
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind;
Lightly she flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender grass, nor bends the golden grain;
Or o'er the swelling surge suspended sweeps,
And smoothly skims, unbath'd, along the deeps.—PITT.

It is evident from these passages, that Pitt's versification, though more exquisitely polished, abounds more in superfluous epithets and unessential images than that of Dryden, and is besides less distinguished by variety of pause and cadence. Alliteration is an inferior beauty, which is more remarkable in Pitt than Dryden. Benson, who in a pamphlet of his writing, has treated Dryden's version with great contempt, was yet fond of the alliteration of Pitt, to a degree of enthusiasm. He once took occasion, in conversation with Pitt, to magnify that beauty, and to compliment him upon it. Pitt thought it far less considerable than Benson did; but says he, "Since you are so fond of alliteration, this couplet upon Cardinal Wolsey will not displease you:

Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
How high his honour holds his haughty head."

Benson was no doubt charmed to hear his favourite grace in poetry so beautifully exemplified, which it certainly is, without any affectation or stiffness.

Spence, in his "Polymetis," has convicted Dryden, in several instances, of ignorance or negligence in translating the ancient allegories. "Upon this," says Dr. Warton, "I was desirous to examine Mr. Pitt's translation of the same passages, and was surprised to find near fifty instances which Mr. Spence has given of Dryden's mistakes of that kind, when Mr. Pitt had not fallen into above three or four."

To the estimate which Dr. Johnson has given of the comparative merits of the rival versions, the present writer has no great reason to object, as he is more disposed to admire the amazing force of Dryden's genius, than industriously to dwell on his imperfections.

"Pitt engaging as a rival with Dryden, naturally observed his failures, and avoided them; and as he wrote after Pope's "Iliad," he had an example of an exact, equable, and splendid versification. With these advantages, seconded by great diligence, he might successfully labour particular passages, and escape many errors. If the two versions are compared, perhaps the result would be, that Dryden leads the reader forward by his general vigour and sprightliness; and Pitt often stops him to contemplate the excellence of a particular couplet: That Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the languor of a cold and listless perusal; That Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people: That Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read."

DEDICATION:

TO GEORGE PITT, Esq.

OF STRATFIELD SEA, IN HAMPSHIRE.

SIR,

SINCE you vouchsafe to be a patron to these sheets, as well as to their author, I will not make an ill use of the liberty you give me, to address you in this public manner, by running into the common topics of dedications. Should I venture to engage in such an extensive theme as your character, the world would judge the attempt to be altogether unnecessary, because it had long before been thoroughly acquainted with your virtues; besides I am sensible, that you as earnestly decline all praise and panegyric, as you eminently deserve them.

I hope, Sir, on another occasion, to present you with the product of my severer studies: in the mean time, be pleased to accept of this trifle, as one small acknowledgment of the many great favours you have bestowed on,

(Honoured Sir)

Your obliged humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

PREFACE.

MY translation of Vida's Art of Poetry having been more favourably received than I had reason to expect, has encouraged me to publish this miscellany of poems and select translations. I shall neither embarrass myself nor my reader with apologies concerning this collection; for whether it is a good or a bad one, all excuses are unnecessary in one case, and offered in vain in the other.

An author of a miscellany has a better chance of pleasing the world, than he who writes on a single subject; and I have sometimes known a bad, or (which is still worse) an indifferent poet, meet with tolerable success; which has been owing more to the variety of subjects, than his happiness in treating them.

I am sensible the men of wit and pleasure will be disgusted to find so great a part of this collection consist of sacred poetry; but I assure these gentlemen, whatever they shall be pleased to object, that I shall never be ashamed of employing my talents

(such as they are) in the service of my Maker; that it would look indecent in one of my profession, not to spend as much time on the psalms of David, as the hymns of Callimachus; and farther, that if those beautiful pieces of divine poetry had been written by Callimachus, or any heathen author, they might have possibly vouchsafed them a reading even in my translation.

But I will not trespass further on my reader's patience in prose, since I shall have occasion enough for it, as well as for his good nature, in the following verses; concerning which I must acquaint him, that some of them were written several years since, and that I have precisely observed the rule of our great master Horace—Nonumque prematur in annum. But I may say more justly than Mr. Prior said of himself in the like case, that I have observed the letter more than the spirit of the precept.

1727.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

ON HIS POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

FORGIVE th' ambitious fondness of a friend,
For such thy worth, 'tis glory to commend;
To thee, from judgment, such applause is due,
I praise myself while I am praising you;
As he who bears the lighted torch, receives
Himself assistance from the light he gives.

So much you please, so vast is my delight,
Thy, ev'n thy fancy cannot reach its height.
In vain I strive to make the transport known,
No language can describe it but thy own.
Could'st thou thy genius pour into my heart,
Thy copious fancy, thy engaging heart,
Thy vigorous thoughts, thy manly flow of sense,
Thy strong and glowing paint of eloquence;
Then should'st thou well conceive that happiness,
Which I alone can feel, and you express.

In scenes which thy invention sets to view,
Forgive me, friend, if I lose sight of you;
I see with how much spirit Homer thought,
With how much judgment cooler Virgil wrote;
In every line, in every word you speak,
I read the Roman, and confess the Greek;
Forgetting thee, my soul with rapture swell'd,
Cries out, "How much the ancient bards excell'd!"
But when thy just translations introduce
To nearer converse any Latian muse,
The several beauties you so well express,
I lose the Roman in the British dress!
Sweetly deceiv'd, the ancients I contemn,
And with mistaken zeal to thee exclaim,
(By so much nature, so much art betray'd)
"What vast improvements have our moderns
made!"

How vain and unsuccessful seems the toil,
To raise such precious fruits in foreign soil:
They mourn, transplanted to another coast,
Their beauties languid, and their flavour lost!
But such thy art, the ripening colours glow
As pure as those their native suns bestow;
Not an insipid beauty only yield,
But breathe the odours of Ausonia's field.

Such is the genuine flavour, it belies
Their stranger soil, and unacquainted skies.

Vida no more the long oblivion fears,
Which hid his virtues through a length of years;
Ally'd to thee, he lives again; thy rhymes
Shall friendly hand him down to latest times;
Shall do his injur'd reputation right,
While in thy work with such success unite
His strength of judgment, and his charms of speech,
That precepts please, and music seems to teach.

Lest unimprov'd I seem to read thee o'er,
Th' unhallow'd rapture I indulge no more;
By thee instructed, I the task forsake,
Nor for chaste love the lust of verse mistake;
Thy works that rais'd this frenzy in my soul,
Shall teach the giddy tumult to controul:
Warm'd as I am with every muse's charms,
Since the coy virgins fly my eager arms,
* I'll quit the work, throw by my strong desire,
And from thy praise reluctantly retire.

G. RIDLEY.

DR. COBDEN TO MR. PITT.

On his having a Bay-Leaf sent him from Virgil's Tomb.

FORGIVE me, Sir, if I approve
The judgment of your friend,
Who chose this token of his love
From Virgil's tomb to send.
You, who the Mantuan poet dress
In purest English lays,
Who all his soul and flame express,
May justly claim his bays.
Those bays, which water'd by your hand,
From Vida's spring shall rise,
And with fresh verdure crown'd, withstand
The lightning of the skies.
Let hence your emulation fir'd
His matchless strains pursue,
As from Achilles' tomb inspir'd,
The youth a rival grew.

* See Mr. Pitt's translation of Vida.

P O E M S.

AN EPISTLE TO DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

AT EASTBURY IN DORSETSHIRE,

On the Review at Sarum, 1722.

WHILE with your Dodington retir'd you sit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit;
By turns relieving with the circling draught,
Each pause of chat, and interval of thought:
Or through the well-glaz'd tube, from business
freed,

Draw the rich spirit of the Indian weed;
Or bid your eyes o'er Vanbrough's models roam,
And trace in miniature the future dome,
(While busy fancy with imagin'd power
Builds up the work of ages in an hour);
Or lost in thought, contemplative you rove
Through opening vistas, and the shady grove;
Where a new Eden in the wilds is found,
And all the seasons in a spot of ground:
There, if you exercise your tragic rage,
To bring some hero on the British stage;
Whose cause the audience with applause will crown,
And make his triumphs or his tears their own:
Throw by the bold design; and paint no more
Imagin'd chiefs, and monarchs of an hour;
From fabled worthies, call thy muse to sing
Of real wonders, and Britannia's king. [train

Oh! hadst thou seen him, when the gathering
Fill'd up proud Sarum's wide-extended plain!
Then, when he stoop'd from awful majesty,
Put on the man, and laid the sovereign by;
When the glad nations saw their king appear,
Begirt with armies, and the pride of war;
More pleas'd his people's longing eyes to bless,
He look'd, and breath'd benevolence and peace:
When in his hand Britannia's awful lord
Held forth the olive, while he grasp'd the sword.
So Jove, though arm'd to blast the Titan's pride,
With all his burning thunders at his side,
Fram'd, while he terrify'd the distant foe,
His scheme of blessings for the world below.
This hadst thou seen, thy willing muse would raise
Her strongest wing, to reach her sovereign's praise.
To what bold heights our daring hopes may climb?
The theme so great! the poet so sublime!
I saw him, Young, and to these ravish'd eyes
Ev'n now his godlike figure seems to rise:
Mild, yet majestic, was the monarch's mien,
Lovely, though great, and awful, though serene.
(More than a coin or picture can unfold;
Too faint the colours, and too base the gold!)

At the blest sight, transported and amaz'd
One universal shout the thousands rais'd,
And crowds on crowds grew loyal as they gaz'd. }
His foes (if any) own'd the monarch's cause,
And chang'd their groundless clamours to ap-
plause;

Ev'n giddy faction hail'd the glorious day,
And wondering envy look'd her rage away.
As Ceres o'er the globe her chariot drew,
And harvests ripen'd where the goddess flew;
So, where his gracious footsteps he inclin'd,
Peace flew before, and plenty march'd behind,
Where wild affliction rages, he appears
To wipe the widow's and the orphan's tears:
The sons of misery before him bow,
And for their merit only plead their woe.
So well he loves the public liberty,
His mercy sets the private captive free.
Soon as our royal angel came in view,
The prisons burst, the starting hinges flew;
The dungeon's open'd, and resign'd their prey,
To joy, to life, to freedom, and the day:
The chains drop off; the grateful captives rear
Their hands unmanacled in praise and prayer.
Had thus victorious Cæsar sought to please,
And rul'd the vanquish'd world with arts like
these;

The generous Brutus had not scorn'd to bend,
But sunk the rigid patriot in the friend;
Nor to that bold excess of virtue ran,
To stab the monarch, where he lov'd the man.
And Cato reconcil'd, had ne'er disdain'd
To live a subject where a Brunswick reign'd.
But I detain your nobler muse too long
From the great theme that mocks my humble
song, }
A theme that asks a Virgil or a Young.

ON THE APPROACHING

DELIVERY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

IN THE YEAR 1721.—AN ODE.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.
Descend, ye spirits of the sky;
Stand all ye winged guardians by;
Your golden pinions kindly spread,
And watch round Carolina's bed:
Here fix your residence on earth,
To hasten on the glorious birth;

Her fainting spirits to supply,
 Catch all the zephyrs as they fly.
 Oh! succour nature in the strife,
 And gently hold her up in life;
 Nor let her hence too soon remove,
 To join your sacred choirs above:
 But live, Britannia to adorn
 With kings and princes yet unborn.
 Ye angels, come without delay;
 Britannia's genius, come away.
 Assuage her pains, and Albion's fears,
 For Albion's life depends on her's.
 Oh then! to save her from despair,
 Lean down, and listen to her prayer.
 Crown all her tortures with delight,
 And call th' auspicious babe to light.
 We hope from your propitious care,
 All that is brave, or all that's fair.
 A youth, to match his fire in arms;
 Or nymph, to match her mother's charms;
 A youth, who over kings shall reign,
 Or nymph, whom kings shall court in vain.
 From far the royal slaves shall come,
 And wait from him or her their doom;
 To each their different suits shall move,
 And pay their homage, or their love.
 Ye angels, come without delay;
 Britannia's genius, come away.
 When the soft powers of sleep subdue
 Those eyes, that shine as bright as you;
 With scenes of bliss, transporting themes!
 Prompt and inspire her golden dreams:
 Let visionary blessings rise,
 And swim before her closing eyes.
 The sense of torture to subdue,
 Set Britain's happiness to view;
 That fight her spirits will sustain,
 And give her pleasure from her pain.
 Ye angels, come without delay;
 Britannia's genius, come away.
 Come, and rejoice; th' important hour
 Is past, and all our fears are o'er;
 See! every trace of anguish flies,
 While in her lap the infant lies,
 Her pain by sudden joy beguil'd,
 She hangs in rapture o'er the child,
 Her eyes o'er every feature run,
 The father's beauties and her own.
 There, pleas'd her image to survey,
 She melts in tenderness away;
 Smiles o'er the babe, nor smiles in vain,
 The babe returns th' auspicious smile again.
 Ye angels, come without delay;
 Britannia's genius, come away.
 Turn heaven's eternal volume o'er,
 And look for this distinguish'd hour;
 Consult the page of Britain's state,
 Before you close the books of fate:
 Then tell us what you there have seen,
 What æra's from this birth begin.
 What years from this blest hour must run,
 As bright and lasting as the sun.
 Far from the ken of mortal sight,
 These secrets are involv'd in night:
 The blessings which this birth pursue,
 Are only known to heaven and you.

*On the Marriage of the Prince of Orange, and the
 Princess Royal of England*.*

WHEN Nassau ey'd his native coasts no more,
 And first discern'd fair Albion's whitening shore;
 In that blest moment, while the friendly gales
 Wait on his course, and stretch the swelling sails,
 The deeps divide; and, as the waves uncloze,
 The genius of the British ocean rose.
 Loose to the wind his sea-green mantle flow'd,
 And in his eyes unusual pleasure glow'd.
 Awhile he paus'd, to mark on Nassau's face
 The well-known features of the godlike race;
 Whose swords were sacred to the generous cause
 Of truth, religion, liberty, and laws:
 Then spoke; the winds a still attention keep,
 And awful silence hush'd the murmuring deep:
 "Proceed, great prince, to our lov'd coast re-
 pair,
 Where Anna shines the fairest of the fair:
 For thy distinguish'd bed the fates ordain
 The royal maid, whom kings might court in vain;
 The royal maid, in whom the graces join'd
 Her mother's awful charms, and more than female
 mind.
 The merits of thy race, the vast arrears
 That Britain owes, shall all be paid in her;
 In her be paid the debt for laws restor'd,
 For England sav'd by William's righteous sword.
 Immortal William!—At thy sacred name
 My heart beats quick, and owns its ancient flame.
 Still must I call to mind the glorious day, [way,
 When through these floods the hero plough'd his
 To free Britannia from the tyrant's chain,
 And bid the prostrate nations rise again.
 Well-pleas'd I saw his fluttering streamers fly,
 And the full sails that hid the distant sky.
 High on the gilded stern, majestic rode
 The world's great patriot, like a guardian God.
 This trident aw'd the tumults of the sea,
 And bade the winds the hero's nod obey:
 Fond of the task, with this officious hand
 I push'd the sacred vessel to the land;
 The land of liberty, by Rome enslav'd;
 He came, he saw, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 O may that hero, and thy Anna's fire
 To noblest deeds thy generous bosom fire,
 And with their bright transmissive virtues grace
 The great descendants of thy princely race!
 Still may they all their great example draw
 From her Augustus, and thy own Nassau!
 May the fair line each happy realm adorn,
 Bless future states, and nations yet unborn!"

*On the Marriage of Frederic Prince of Wales, and
 Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha†.*

WHEN pious frauds and holy pride no more
 Could hold that empire which so long they bore;

* Originally printed in the "*Epithalamia Oxoniensia, Oxoniæ, 1734,*" in the name of Mr. Spence; but now reclaimed as Pitt's on the authority of Bishop Lowth.

† Originally printed in the "*Gratulatio Academicæ Oxoniensis in Nuptias auspiciatissimas illustrissimas*"

From fair Germania's states the truth began
To gleam, and shed her heavenly light on man;
To Frederic † first, the Saxon prince, 'twas given,
To nurse and cherish this best gift of heaven.
Its growth, whilst young and tender, was his

care,
To guard its blossoms from th' inclement air,
And dying, "May'st thou flourish!" was his
prayer.

Again, when fair religion now had spread
Her influence round, and rais'd her captiv'd head;
When Charles and Rome their impious forces
join'd

To quench its light, and re-enslave mankind;
Another Frederic ‡ first appear'd in arms,
To guard th' endanger'd blessing from alarms.
Ye heavens! what virtues with what courage
join'd!

But join'd in vain!—See, vanquish'd, and confin'd
In the deep gloom, the pious hero lies,
And lifts to heaven his ever-streaming eyes.
There, spent with sorrows, as he sunk to rest
(The public cause still labouring in his breast),
Behold, in slumber, to his view display'd,
Rose the first Frederic's venerable shade!
His temples circled with a heavenly flame;
The same his flowing robe, his look the same.

"And art thou come? (the captive warrior
cries)

What realms so long detained thee from our eyes?
After such wars, such deaths and honours past,
Is our great guardian chief return'd at last?
Say, from your heaven, so long desir'd in vain,
Descends our hero to our aid again?
Now when proud Rome, her standard wide un-

furl'd,
Pours like a deluge o'er the trembling world;
Fierce, her disputed empire to restore,

And scourge mankind for ten dark ages more?
Like me, religion wears the tyrant's chain;
Prostrate like me, she bleeds at every vein:
Oh! must we never, never rise again?"

"Dismiss thy fears, (the reverend shade replies)
Be firm, be constant, and absolve the skies.

Dark are the ways of heaven: let man attend:
Soon will the regular confusion end.

Soon shall thy eyes a brighter scene survey
(Lo, the fleet hours already wing their way!)

When, to thy native soil in peace restor'd,
Once more shall Gotha see her lawful Lord.

True to religion, each successive son
Shall aid the cause their generous fires begun.

Even now I look through fate. O glorious sight!
I see thy offspring as they rise to light.

"*morum Principum Frederici Principis Walliæ
et Augustæ Principissæ de Saxo-Gotha. Oxo-*
nii, 1736;" and now restored to Pitt, on the same
unquestionable authority as the preceding poem.

† Frederic, Elector of Saxony, the chief Protector of
Luther and the Protestant religion, died in the year
1520.

‡ John Frederic, nephew to the former, taken prisoner
by Charles V. and despoiled of his electorate by him in
1547.

What benefits to man! what lights divine!
What heroes, and what saints adorn the line!
And oh! to crown the scene, my joyful eyes
Behold from far a princely virgin rise!
This, this is she, the smiling fates ordain
To bring the bright primeval times again!
The fair Augusta!—Grac'd with blooming charms;
Reserv'd to bless a British prince's arms.
Behold, behold the long-expected day!
Fly swift, ye hours, ye minutes, haste away;
To wed the fair, O favour'd of the skies,
Rise in thy time, thou destin'd hero, rise!
For through this scene of opening fate, I see
A greater Frederic shall arise in thee!
Then let thy fears from this blest moment cease,
Henceforth shall pure religion reign in peace.
Thy royal race shall Albion's sceptre sway,
And son to son th' imperial power convey:
All shall support, like thee, the noble cause
Of truth, religion, liberty, and laws."

This said, the venerable shade retir'd:
The wondering hero, at the vision fir'd,
With generous rapture glows; forgets his pains,
Smiles at his woes, and triumphs in his chains.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS TO JUPITER.

WHILE trembling we approach Jove's awful shrine,
With pure libations, and with rites divine;
What theme more proper can we choose to sing,
Then Jove himself, the great, eternal king!
Whose word gives law to those of heavenly birth;
Whose hand subdues the rebel sons of earth.
Since doubts and dark disputes thy titles move,
Hear'st thou, Dictæan and Lycæan Jove?
For here thy birth the tops of Ida claim,
And there Arcadia triumphs in thy name.
But Crete in vain would boast a grace so high,
Whose faithless sons through mere complexion lie:
Immortal as thou art in endless bloom,
To prove their claim, they build the thunderer's
tomb.

Be then Arcadian, for the towering height
Of steep Parrhasia welcom'd thee to light;
When pregnant Rhæa, wandering through the
wood,

Sought out her darkest shades, and bore the God;
The place thus hallow'd by the birth of Jove,
More than religious horror guards the grove:
The gloom all teeming females still decline,
From the vile worm, to woman, form divine.
Soon as the mother had discharg'd her load,
She sought a spring to bathe the recent god;
But sought in vain: no living stream she found,
Though since, the waters drench the realms a-
round.

Clear Erymanthus had not learn'd to glide,
Nor mightier Ladon drove his swelling tide,
At thy great birth, where now Iæon flows,
Tall towering oaks, and pathless forests rose.
The thirsty savages were heard to roar,
Where Cario softly murmurs to the shore;
Where spreading Melas widely floats the coast,
The flying chariot rais'd a cloud of dust.

With drowth o'er Cratis and Menope curst,
The fainting swain, to aggravate his thirst,
Heard from within the bubbling waters flow,
In close restraint, and murmur from below.

Thou too, O earth, (enjoin'd the power divine)
Bring forth; thy pangs are less severe than mine,
And sooner past; she spoke, and as she spoke
Rear'd high her scepter'd arm, and pierc'd the
rock.

Wide to the blow the parting mountain rent,
The waters gush'd tumultuous at the vent,
Impatient to be freed; amid the flood
She plung'd the recent babe, and bath'd the god.
She wrapp'd thee, mighty king, in purple bands,
Then gave the sacred charge to Neda's hands,
The babe to nourish in the close retreat,
And in the safe recess, of distant Crete.
In years and wisdom, of the nymphs who nurs'd
The infant thunderer, Neda was the first;
Next Styx and Phylirè; the virgin shar'd
For her great trust discharg'd a great reward:
For by her honour'd name the flood she calls,
Which rolls into the sea by Leprion's walls;
To drink her streams the sons of Arcas crowd,
And draw for ever from the ancient flood.

Thee, Jove, the careful nymph to Cnossus bore,
(To Cnossus seated on the Cretan shore)
With joyful arms the Corybantes heav'd,
And the proud nymphs the glorious charge receiv'd.
Above the rest in grace Adraсте stood,
She rock'd the golden cradle of the god;
On his ambrosial lips the goat distill'd
Her milky store, and fed th' immortal child:
With her the duteous bee presents her spoils,
And for the god repeats her flowery toils.

The fierce Curetes too in arms advance,
And tread tumultuously their mystic dance:
And, lest thy cries should reach old Saturn's ear,
Beat on their brazen shields the din of war.

Full soon, Almighty King, thy early prime
Advanc'd beyond the bounds of vulgar time.
Ere the soft down had cloth'd thy youthful face,
Swift was thy growth in wit and every grace.
Fraught was thy mind in life's beginning stage,
With all the wisdom of experienc'd age:
Thy elder brothers hence their claims resign,
And leave th' unbounded heavens by merit thine;
For sure those poets fable, who advance
The bold assertion, that capricious chance
By equal lots to Saturn's sons had given
The triple reign of ocean, hell and heaven.
Above blind chance the vast division lies,
And hell holds no proportion to the skies.
Things of a less, and equal value, turn
On the blind lot of an inverted urn.
Not chance, O Jove, attain'd heaven's high abodes,
But thy own power advanc'd thee o'er the gods,
Thy power that whirls thy rapid chariot on,
Thy power, the great assessor of thy throne.
Dismiss by thee, th' imperial eagle flies [skies:
Charg'd with thy signs and thunders through the
To me and mine glad omens may she bring,
And to the left extend her golden wing.

Thou to inferior gods hast well assign'd
The various ranks and orders of mankind:

Of these the wandering merchants claim the care:
Of those the poets, and the sons of war:
Kings claim from thee their titles and their reign
O'er all degrees, the foldier and the swain.
Vulcan presides o'er all who bear the mass,
Bend the tough steel, and shape the tortur'd brass.
Diana those adore who spread the toils;
To Mars the warrior dedicates his spoils.
The bard to Phœbus strikes the living strings,
Jove's royal province is the care of kings;
For kings submissive hear thy high decree,
And hold their delegated powers from thee.
Thy name the judge and legislator awes,
When this enacts, and that directs the laws:
Cities and realms thy great protection prove;
These bend to monarchs, as they bend to Jove.

Though to thy sceptre'd sons thy will extends,
The proper means proportion'd to their ends;
All are not favour'd in the same degree,
For power supreme belongs to Ptolemy;
What no inferior liminary king
Could in a length of years to ripeness bring,
Sudden his word performs; his boundless power
Completes the work of ages in an hour:
While others labour through a wretched reign,
Their schemes are blasted, and their counsels vain.

Hail Saturn's mighty son, to whom we owe
Life, health, and every blessing here below!
Who shall in worthy strains thy name adorn?
What living bard? what poet yet unborn?
Hail and all hail again; in equal shares
Give wealth and virtue, and indulge our prayers.
Hear us, great king, unless they meet combin'd,
Each is but half a blessing to mankind.
Then grant us both, that blended they may prove
A doubled happiness, and worthy Jove.

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS TO APOLLO.

HA! how Apollo's hallow'd laurels wave?
How shakes the temple from its inmost cave?
Fly, ye profane; for lo! in heavenly state
The power descends, and thunders at the gate.
See, how the Delian palms with reverence nod!
Hark! how the tuneful swans confess the god!
Leap from your hinges, burst your brazen bars,
Ye sacred doors; the god, the god appears.

Ye youth, begin the song; in choirs advance;
Wake all your lyres, and form the measur'd
dance.

No impious wretch his holy eyes have view'd,
None but the just, the innocent, and good.
To see the power confess your minds prepare,
Refin'd from guilt, and purify'd by prayer.
So may you mount in youth the nuptial bed,
So grace with silver hairs your aged head;
So the proud walls with lofty turrets crown,
And lay foundations for the rising town.

Apollo's song with awful silence hear;
Ev'n the wild seas the sacred song revere:
Nor wretched Thetis dares to make her moan,
For great Apollo flew her darling son.
When the loud Iô-Pæans ring around,
She checks her sighs, and trembles at the sound.

Fix'd in her grief must Niobe appear,
Nor through the Phrygian marble drop a tear;
Still, though a rock, she dreads Apollo's bow,
And stands her own sad monument of woe.
Sound the loud ló's, and the temple rend,
With the blest gods 'tis impious to contend.
In his audacious rage would brave the skies
He, who the power of Ptolemy defies,
(From whence the mighty blessing was bestow'd),
Or challenge Phœbus, and resist the god.

Beyond the night your hallow'd strains prolong,
Till the day rises on the unfinish'd song.
Nor less his various attributes require,
So shall he honour, and reward the choir;
For honour is his gift, and high above
He shines, and graces the right hand of Jove:
With beamy gold his robes divinely glow,
His harp, his quiver, and his Liétian bow;
His feet how fair and glorious to behold!
Shod in rich sandals of refulgent gold!
Wealth still attends him, and vast gifts bestow'd.
Adorn the Delphic temple of the god.
Eternal charms his youthful cheeks diffuse;
His tresses dropping with ambrosial dews,
Pale death before him flies, with dire disease,
And health and life are wafted in the breeze.

To thee, great Phœbus, various arts belong,
To wing the dart, and guide the poet's song:
Th' enlighten'd prophet feels thy flames divine,
And all the dark events of lots are thine.
By Phœbus taught, the sage prolongs our breath,
And in its flight suspends the dart of death.

To thy great name, O Nomian power, we cry,
Ere since the time when, stooping from the sky,
To tend Admetus' herds thy godhead chose,
On the fair banks where clear Amphryfus flows:
Blest are the herds, and blest the flocks, that lie
Beneath the influence of Apollo's eye.
The meads re-echo'd to the bleating lambs,
And the kids leap'd, and frisk'd around their dams;
Her weight of milk each ewe dragg'd on with
pain,

And dropp'd a double offspring on the plain.

On great Apollo for his aid we call,
To build th' town and raise th' embattled wall:
He, while an infant, fram'd the wondrous plan,
In fair Ortygia, for the use of man.
When young Diana urg'd her sylvan toils,
From Cynthus' tops she brought her savage spoils;
The heads of mountain-goats, and antlers lay
Spread wide around, the trophies of the day:
Of these a structure he compos'd with art,
In order rang'd, and just in every part;
And by that model taught us to dispose
The rising city, and with walls enclose;
Where the foundations of the pile should lie,
Or towers and battlements should reach the sky.

Apollo sent th' auspicious crow before,
When our great founder touch'd the Libyan shore:
Full on the right he flew to call him on,
And guide the people to their destin'd town;
Which to a race of kings Apollo vow'd,
And fix'd for ever stands the promise of the god.

Or hear'st thou, while thy honours we proclaim,
Thy Boëdromian, or thy Clarian name?

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(For to the power are various names assign'd
From cities rais'd, and blessings to mankind.)
In thy Carnean title I rejoice,
And join my grateful country's public voice.
Ere to Cyrene's realms our course we bore,
Thrice were we led by thee from shore to shore;
Till our progenitor the region gain'd,
And annual rites and annual feasts ordain'd.
When at thy prophet Carnus' will, we rais'd
A glorious temple; and the altars blaz'd
With hecatombs of bulls, whose reeking blood,
Great king, they shed to thee their guardian god.
ló! Carnean Phœbus! awful power!
Whom fair Cyrene's suppliant sons adore!
To deck thy hallow'd temple, see! we bring
The choicest flowers, and rifle all the spring:
The most distinguish'd odours nature yields,
When balmy zephyr breathes along the fields;
Soon as the sad inverted year retreats,
To thee the crocus dedicates his sweets.
From thy bright altars hallow'd flames aspire;
They shine incessant from the sacred fire.
What joy, what transport, swells Apollo's breast,
When at his great Carnean annual feast,
Clad in their arms our Libyan tribes advance,
Mix'd with our swarthy dames, and lead the
dance.

Nor yet the Greeks had reach'd Cyrene's floods;
But rov'd through wild Azilis' gloomy woods;
Whom to his nymph Apollo deign'd to show,
High as he stood on tall Myrtusa's brow;
Where the fierce lion by her hands was slain,
Who in his fatal rage laid waste the plain.
Still to Cyrene are his gifts convey'd,
In dear remembrance of the ravish'd maid;
Nor were her sons ungrateful, who bestow'd
Their choicest honours on their guardian god.

ló! with holy raptures sing around;
We owe to Delphos the triumphant sound.
When thy victorious hands vouchsaf'd to show
The wonders of thy shafts and golden bow;
When Python from his den was seen to rise,
Dire, fierce, tremendous of enormous size;
By thee with many a fatal arrow slain,
The monster sunk extended on the plain;
Shaft after shaft in swift succession flew;
As swift the people's shouts and prayers pursue.
ló, Apollo, launch thy flying dart;
Send it, oh! send it to the monster's heart.
When thy fair mother bore thee, she design'd
Her mighty son, a blessing to mankind.

Envy, that other plague and fiend, drew near,
And gently whisper'd in Apollo's ear:
No poet I regard but him whose lays
Are swelling, loud, and boundless as the seas;
Apollo spurn'd the fury, and reply'd,
The vast Euphrates rolls a mighty tide;
With rumbling torrents the rough river roars;
But black with mud, discolour'd from his shores,
Prone down Assyria's lands his course he keeps,
And with polluted waters stains the deeps.
But the Melissian nymphs to Ceres bring
The purest product of the limpid spring;
Small is the sacred stream, but never stain'd
With mud, or foul ablutions from the land.

Hail, glorious king! beneath thy matchless power
May malice sink, and envy be no more!

TO SIR JAMES THORNHILL,

*On his Excellent Painting, the Rape of Helen, at the
Seat of General Erle in Dorsetshire.*

Written in the Year 1718.

COULD I with thee, O Thornhill, bear a part,
And join the poet's with the painter's art,
(Though both share mutually each common name,
Their thoughts, their genius and design the same!)
The muse, with features neither weak nor faint,
Should draw her sister-art in speaking paint.
But while admiring thine and nature's strife,
I see each touch just starting into life,
From side to side with various raptures tost,
Amid the visionary scenes I'm lost.

Methinks as thrown upon some fairy land,
Amaz'd we know not how, nor where we stand;
While tripping phantoms to the sight advance,
And gay ideas lead the mazy dance:
While wondering we behold in every part
The beauteous scenes of thy creating art.

By such degrees thy colours rise and fall,
And breathing flush the animated wall;
That the bright objects which our eyes survey,
Ravish the mind, and steal the soul away;
Our footsteps by some secret power are crost,
And in the painter all the bard is lost.

Thus in a magic ring we stand confin'd
While subtle spells the fatal circle bind;
In vain we strive and labour to depart,
Fix'd by the charms of that mysterious art;
In vain the paths and avenues we trace,
While spirits guard and fortify the place.

How could my stretch'd imagination swell,
And on each regular proportion dwell!
While thy swift art unravels nature's maze,
And imitates her works, and treads her ways,
Nature with wonder sees herself out-done,
And claims the fair creation for her own;
Thy figures in such lively strokes excel,
They give those passions which they seem to feel.
Each various feature some strong impulse bears,
Wraps us in joy, or melts us all to tears.
Each piece with such transcendent art is wrought,
That we could almost say thy pictures thought;
When we behold thee conquer in the strife,
And strike the kindling figures into life,
Which does from thy creating pencil pass,
Warm the dull matter, and inspire the mass;
As fam'd Prometheus' wand convey'd the ray
Of heavenly fire to animate his clay.

How the just strokes in harmony unite!
How shades and darkness recommend the light!
No lineaments unequally surprise;
The beauties regularly fall and rise.
Lost in each other we in vain pursue
The fleeting lines that cheat our wearied view.
Nor know we how their subtle courses run,
Nor where this ended, nor where that begun.
Nor where the shades their utmost bounds display,
Or the light fades insensibly away;

But all harmoniously confus'd we see,
While all the sweet varieties agree.

Thus when the organ's solemn airs aspire,
The blended music wings our thoughts with fire;
Here warbling notes in whispering breezes sigh,
But in their birth the tender accents die;
While thence the bolder notes exulting come,
Swell as they fly, and bound along the dome.
With transport fir'd, each lost in each we hear,
And all the soul is center'd in the ear.

See first the senate of the gods above,
Frequent and full amid the courts of Jove:
Behold the radiant consistory shine,
With features, airs, and lineaments divine.
Hermes dispatch'd from the bright council flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the liquid skies.
In many a whirl and rapid circle driven
So swift, he seems at once in earth and heaven.
Oh! with what energy! what noble force
Of strongest colours you describe his course?
Till the swift god the Phrygian shepherd found
Compos'd for sleep, and stretch'd along the ground.
He brings the blooming gold, the fatal prize,
The bright reward of Cytherea's eyes.
The conscious earth the awful signal takes,
Without a wind the quivering forest shakes;
Tall Ida bows; th' unwieldy mountains nod;
And all confess the presence of the god.

Like shooting meteors, gliding from above,
See the proud consort of the thundering Jove,
War's glorious goddess, and the queen of love;
Arm'd in their naked charms, the Phrygian boy
Regards those charms with mingled fear and joy.
Here Juno stands with an imperial mien,
At once confess a goddess and a queen.
Her cheeks a scornful indignation warms,
Blots out her smiles, as conscious of her charms.
But Venus shines in milder beauties there,
And every grace adorns the blooming fair.
While, conscious of her charms, she seems to rise,
Claims, and already grasps in hope the prize;
Beauteous, as when immortal Phidias strove
From Parian rocks to carve the queen of love:
Each grace obey'd the summons of his art,
And a new beauty sprung from every part.
In all the terrors of her beauty bright,
Fair Pallas awes and charms the Trojan's sight,
And gives successive reverence and delight.

Nor thrones, nor victories, his soul can move;
Crowns, arms, and triumphs, what are you to love?
Too soon resign'd to Venus, they behold
The glittering ball of vegetable gold.
While Jove's proud consort thrown from her
desires,

Inflam'd with rage maliciously retires;
Already kindles her immortal hate,
Already labours with the Trojan fate.
While a new transport flush'd the blooming
boy,

Helen he seems already to enjoy,
And feeds the flame that must consume his Troy.
Another scene our wondering sight recalls;
The fair adulteress leaves her native walls: Joy;
Her cheeks are stain'd with mingled shame and
Lull'd on the bosom of the Phrygian boy.

To the loud deeps he bears his charming spouse,
Freed from her lord, and from her former vows.
On their soft wings the whispering zephyrs play,
The breezes skim along the dimpled sea:
The wanton loves direct the gentle gales,
Sport in the shrowds, and flutter in the sails.
While her twin-brothers * with a gracious ray
Point out her course along the watery way.

Th' exalted strokes so delicately shine,
All so conspire to push the bold design;
That in each sprightly feature we may find
The great ideas of the master's mind,
As the strong colours faithfully unite,
Mellow to shade, and ripen into light.
Let others form with care the ruddy mass,
And torture into life the running brass,
With potent art the breathing statue mould,
Shape and inspire the animated gold;
Let others sense to Parian marbles give,
Bid the rocks leap to form, and learn to live;
Still be it thine, O Thornhill, to unite
The pleasing discord of the shade and light;
To vanquish nature in the generous strife,
And touch the glowing features into life.

But, Thornhill, would thy noble soul impart
One lasting instance of thy godlike art
To future times; and in thy fame engage
The praise of this and every distant age;
To stretch that art as far as it can go,
Draw the triumphant chief, and vanquish'd foe:
In his own dome, amidst the spacious walls,
Draw the deep squadrons of the routed Gauls;
Their ravish'd banners, and their arms resign'd,
While the brave hero thunders from behind;
Pours on their front, or hangs upon their rear;
Fights, leads, commands, and animates the war.
Let his strong courser champ his golden chain,
And proudly paw th' imaginary plain.
To Aghrim's bloody wreaths let Cressi yield,
With the fair laurels of Ramilia's field.

Next, on the sea the daring hero show,
To cheer his friends, and terrify the foe.
Lo! the great chief to furnish'd thousands bears,
The food of armies, and support of wars.
The Britons rush'd with native virtue fir'd,
And quell'd the foe, or gloriously expir'd;
Plunging through flames and floods, their valour
broke

O'er the rang'd cannon, and a night of smoke,
Through the wedg'd legions urg'd their noble toil,
To spend their thunder on the towers of Lisle;
While by his deeds their courage he inspires,
And wakes in every breast the sleeping fires.
Thus the whole series of his labours join,
Stretch'd from the Belgic ocean to the Boyne.

Then glorious in retreat the chief may read
Th' immortal actions of the noble dead;
And in recording colours, with delight,
Review his conquests, and enjoy the fight;
See his own deeds on each ennobled plain;
While fancy acts his triumphs o'er again.

Thus on the Tyrian walls Æneas read,
How stern Achilles rag'd, and Hector bled;

* *Cassius and Pellus.*

But half unsheath'd his sword, and grip'd his
shield,
When he amidst the scene himself beheld, [field.
Thundering on Simois' banks, or battling in the

PART OF THE SECOND BOOK OF STATIUS.

Now Jove's command fulfill'd, the son of May
Quits the black shades, and slowly mounts to day,
For lazy clouds in gloomy barriers rise,
Obstruct the god, and intercept the skies;
No zephyrs here their airy pinions move,
To speed his progress to the realms above.
Scarce can he steer his dark laborious flight,
Lost and encumber'd in the damps of night:
There roaring tides of fire his course withstood,
Here Styx in nine wide circles roll'd his flood.
Behind old Laius trod th' infernal ground,
Trembling with age, and tardy from his wound;
(For all his force his furious son apply'd,
And plung'd the guilty falchion in his side.)
Propt and supported by the healing rod,
The shade pursued the footsteps of the god.
The groves that never bloom; the Stygian coasts,
The house of woe; the mansions of the ghosts.
Earth too admires to see the ground give way,
And gild hell's horrors with the gleams of day.

But not with life repining envy fled,
She still reigns there, and lives among the dead.
One from this crowd exclaim'd (whose lawless will
Inur'd to crimes, and exercis'd in ill,
Taught his preposterous joys from pains to flow,
And never triumph'd, but in scenes of woe)
Go to thy province in the realms above,
Call'd by the furies or the will of Jove:
Or drawn by magic force or mystic spell,
Rise, and purge off the sooty gloom of hell.
Go, see the sun, and whiten in his beams,
Or haunt the flowery fields and limpid streams,
With woes redoubled to return again,
When thy past pleasures shall enhance thy pain.

Now by the Stygian dog they bent their way;
Stretch'd in his den the dreadful monster lay;
But lay not long, for, startling at the sound,
Head above head he rises from the ground.
From their close folds his starting serpents break,
And curl in horrid circles round his neck.
This saw the god, and, stretching forth his hand,
Lull'd the grim monster with his potent wand;
Through his vast bulk the gliding slumbers creep,
And seal down all his glaring eyes in sleep.
There lies a place in Greece well known to fame,
Through all her realms, and Tænarus the name,
Where from the sea the tops of Malca rise,
Beyond the ken of mortals, to the skies:
Proud in his height he calmly hears below
The distant winds in hollow murmurs blow.
Here sleep the storms when weary'd and oppress'd,
And on his head the drowsy planets rest:
There in blue mists his rocky sides he shrouds,
And here the towering mountain props the clouds;
Above his awful brow no bird can fly,
And far beneath the muttering thunders die.

When down the steep of heaven the day descends,
The sun so wide his floating bound extends,
That o'er the deeps the mountain hangs display'd,
And covers half the ocean with his shade:
Where the Tænarian shores oppose the sea
The land retreats, and winds into a bay.
Here for repose imperial Neptune leads,
Tir'd from th' Ægion floods, his smoking steeds;
With their broad hoofs they scoop the beach away,
Their finny train rolls back, and floats along the sea,

Here fame reports th' unbody'd shades to go
Through this wide passage to the realms below.
From hence the peasants (as th' Arcadians tell)
Hear all the cries, and groans, and din of hell.
Oft, as her scourge of snakes the fury plies,
The piercing echoes mount the distant skies;
Scar'd at the porter's triple roar, the swains
Have fled astonish'd, and forsook the plains.

From hence emergent in a mantling cloud
Sprung to his native skies the winged god.
Swift from his face before th' ethereal ray,
Flew all the black Tartarian stains away,
And the dark Stygian gloom refin'd to day.
O'er towns and realms he held his progress on,
Now wing'd the skies where bright Arcturus
shone,

And now the silent empire of the moon.
The power of sleep, who met his radiant flight,
And drove the solemn chariot of the night,
Rose with respect, and from th' empyreal road
Turn'd his pale steeds, in reverence to the god.
The shade beneath pursues his course, and spies
The well-known planets, and congenial skies.
His eyes from far, tall Cyrrha's heights explore,
And Phocian fields polluted with his gore.
At length to Thebes he came, and with a groan
Survey'd the guilty palace once his own;
With awful silence stalk'd before the gate,
But when he saw the trophies of his fate,
High on a column rais'd against the door,
And his rich chariot still deform'd with gore,
He starts with horror back; ev'n Jove's com-
mand

Could scarce controul him, nor the vital wand.

'Twas now the solemn day; when Jove, array'd
In all his thunders, grasp'd the Theban maid:
Then took from blasted Semele her load,
And in himself conceiv'd the future god.
For this the Thebans revel'd in delight,
And gave to play and luxury the night;
A national debauch! confus'd they lie
Stretch'd o'er the fields, their canopy the sky.
The sprightly trumpets sound, the timbrels play,
And wake with sacred harmony the day.
The matron's breast the gracious power inspires
With milder raptures, and with softer fires.
So the Bistonian race, a madding train,
Exult and revel on the Thracian plain;
With milk their bloody banquets they allay,
Or from the lion rend his panting prey:
On some abandon'd savage fiercely fly,
Seize, tear, devour, and think it luxury.
But if the rising fumes of wine conspire
To warm their rage, and fan the brutal fire,

Then scenes of horror are their dear delight,
They whirl the goblets, and provoke the fight:
Then on the slain the revel is renew'd
And all the horrid banquet floats in blood.

And now the winged Hermes from on high
Shot in deep silence from the dusky sky;
Then hover'd o'er the Theban tyrant's head,
As stretch'd at ease he prest his gorgeous bed:
Where labour'd tapestry from side to side,
Glow'd with rich figures, and Assyrian pride.
Oh! the precarious terms of human state!
How blind is man! how thoughtless of his fate!
See! through his limbs the dews of slumber creep,
Sunk as he lies, in luxury and sleep.
The reverend shade commission'd from above,
Hastes to fulfil the high behests of Jove:
Like blind Ixion to the bed he came,
In form, in habit, and in voice the same.
Pale, as before, the phantom still appear'd,
Down his wan bosom flow'd a length of beard;
His head an imitated fillet wore,
His hand a wreath of peaceful olive bore:
With this he touch'd the sleeping monarch's breast,
And in his own, the voice of fate express'd.

Then canst thou sleep, to thoughtless rest re-
sign'd?

And drive thy brother's image from thy mind?
Yon gathering storm demands thy timely care,
See! how it rolls this way the tide of war.
When o'er the seas the sweeping whirlwinds fly,
And roar from every quarter of the sky;
The pilot, in despair the ship to save,
Gives up the helm, a sport to every wave:
Such is thy error, and thy fate the same
(For know, I speak the common voice of fame),
Proud in his new alliances, from far
Against thy realm he meditates the war;
Big with ambitious hopes to reign alone,
And swell unrival'd on the Theban throne.
New signs and fatal prodigies inspire
His mad ambition, with his boasted fire;
And Argos' ample realms in dower bestow'd,
And Tydeus reeking from his brother's blood,
League and conspire to raise him to the throne,
And make his tedious banishment thy own.
For this, with pity touch'd, almighty Jove,
The fire of gods, dispatch'd me from above.
Be still a monarch; let him swell in vain
With a gay prospect of a fancy'd reign:
Still let him hope by fraud, or by the sword,
To humble Thebes beneath a foreign lord.

Thus the majestic ghost; but e'er he fled,
He pluck'd the wreaths and fillets from his head.
For now the sickening stars were chas'd away,
And heaven's immortal coursers breath'd the
day.

Awful to sight confest the grandfire stood.
Bared his wide wound, and all his bosom show'd,
Then dash'd the sleeping monarch with his blood.

With a distracted air, and sudden spring,
Starts from his broken sleep the trembling king.
Shakes off amaz'd th' imaginary gore,
While fancy paints the scene he saw before:
Deep in his soul his grandfire's image wrought,
And all his brother rose in every thought.

So while the toils are spread, and from behind
The hunter's shouts come thickening in the wind;
The tiger starts from sleep the war to wage,
Collects his powers, and rouses all his rage:
Sternly he grinds his fangs, he weighs his might,
And whets his dreadful talents for the fight;
Then to his young he bears his foe away,
His foe at once the chaser and the prey,
Thus on his brother he in every thought,
Waged future wars, and battles yet unfought.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLE- MAN.

With joy, blest youth, we saw thee reach the
goal;
Fair was thy frame, and beautiful thy soul;
The graces and the muses came combin'd,
These to adorn the body, those the mind;
'Twas there we saw the softest manners meet,
Truth, sweetness, judgment, innocence, and wit.
So form'd, he flew his race; 'twas quickly won,
'Twas but a step, and finish'd when begun.
Nature herself surpris'd would add no more,
His life complete in all its parts before;
But his few years with pleasing wonder told,
By virtues, not by days; and thought him old.
So far beyond his age those virtues ran,
That in a boy she found him more than man.
For years let wretches importune the skies,
Till, at the long expence of anguish wise,
They live, to count their days by miseries.
Those win the prize, who soonest run the race,
And life burns brightest in the shortest space.
So to the convex glass embody'd run,
Drawn to a point the glories of the sun;
At once the gathering beams intensely glow,
And through the streighten'd circle fiercely flow:
In one strong flame conspire the blended rays,
Run to a fire, and crowd into a blaze.

CHRIST'S PASSION,

*From a Greek Ode of Mr. Martin's, formerly of
New College.*

AN ODE.

No more of earthly subjects sing,
To heaven, my muse, aspire;
To raise the song, charge every string,
And strike the living lyre.
Begin; in lofty numbers show
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the sov'reign God above,
And suffers on the cross below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers shall I bring along!
From whence shall I begin the song?
The mighty mystery I'll sing inspir'd
Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
I'll make the trackless depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son;

I'll raise my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conquest o'er his doom,
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To seal more sure the ravenous tomb.
Three days th' infernal empire to subdue,
He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of woe;
With his own dart the tyrant death he flew,
And led hell captive through her realms below.

A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumults thicken on my ear,
The shouts of murderers that insult the slain,
The voice of torment and the shrieks of pain.

I cast my eyes with horror up
To the curst mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midst I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I see him high above his foes,
And gently bending to the wood
His head in pity down to those,
Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I see,
Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree.

Man! senseless man! canst thou look on?
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own.
The rage of all thy pain exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breast, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe;
Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.

Behold thy King with purple cover'd round,
Not in the Tyrian tincture dy'd,
Nor dipt in poison of Sidonian pride,
But in his own rich blood that streams from eve-
ry wound.

Dost thou not see the thorny circle red?
The guilty wreath that blushes round his head?
And with what rage the bloody scourge apply'd,
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his side?

At such a sight let all thy anguish rise,
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.
Weep from thy soul, till earth be drown'd,
Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.
Canst thou, ungrateful man! his torment see,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for
thee?

ON THE KING'S RETURN,

IN THE YEAR 1720.

RETURN, auspicious prince, again,
Nor let Britannia mourn in vain;
Too long, too long, has she deplor'd
Her absent father and her lord.

To bend her gracious monarch's mind,
She sends her sighs in every wind:
Can Britain's prayer be thrown aside?
And that the first he e'er deny'd!

Yet, mighty prince, vouchsafe to smile,
Return and bless our longing isle;

Though fond Germania begs thy stay,
And courts thee from our eyes away.

Though Belgia would our king detain,
We know she begs and pleads in vain;
We know our gracious king prefers
Britannia's happiness to her's.

And lo! to save us from despair,
At length he listens to our prayer.
Dejected Albion's vows he hears,
And hastes to dry her falling tears.

He hears his anxious people pray,
And loudly call their king away,
Once more their longing eyes to bless,
And guard their freedom and their peace.

They know, while Brunswick fills the throne,
The seasons glide with pleasure on;
The British suns improve their rays,
Adorn, and beautify the days.

But see the royal vessel flies,
Lessening to Belgia's weeping eyes:
She proudly sails for Albion's shores,
Guard her, ye gods, with all your powers.

O sea, bid every wave subside,
And teach allegiance to thy tide;
Thy billows in subjection keep,
And own the monarch of deep.

Old Thames can scarce his joy sustain,
But runs down headlong to the main,
His mighty master to descry,
And leaves his spacious channel dry.

Augusta's sons from either hand
Pour forth, and darken all the strand;
Their eyes pursue the royal barge,
Which now resigns her sacred charge,

Th' unruly transport shakes the shore,
And drowns the feeble cannon's roar;
The nations in the sight rejoice,
And send their souls in every voice.

But now amidst the loud applause,
With shame the conscious muse withdraws,
Nor can her voice be heard amidst the throng,
The theme so lofty, and so low the song.

ON THE MASQUERADES.

"Si Natura negant, facit indignatio versum."

WELL—we have reach'd the precipice at last;
The present age of vice obscures the past.
Our dull forefathers were content to stay,
Nor sinn'd, till nature pointed out the way:
No arts they practis'd to forestal delight,
But stopp'd to wait the calls of appetite.
Their top-debauches were at best precise,
An unimprov'd simplicity of vice.

But this blest age has found a fairer road,
And left the paths their ancestors had trod.
Nay, we could wear (our taste so very nice is)
Their old cast-fashions sooner than their vices.

Whoring till now a common trade has been,
But masquerades refine upon the sin:
An higher taste to wickedness impart,
And second nature with the helps of art.
New ways and means to pleasures we devise,
Since pleasure looks the lovelier in disguise.
The stealth and frolic give a smarter gust,
Add wit to vice, and eloquence to lust.

In vain the modish evil to redress,
At once conspire the pulpit and the press:
Our priests and poets preach and write in vain;
All satyr's lost both sacred and profane.
So many various changes to impart,
Would tire an Ovid or a Proteus' art;
Where lost in one promiscuous whim we see,
Sex, age, condition, quality, degree.
Where the facetious crowd themselves lay down,
And take up every person but their own.
Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
Belles in tie-wigs, and lords in harlequins;
Troops of right honourable porters come,
And garter'd small-coal-merchants crowd the room:
Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
Lacqueys of state, and footmen with a star:
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimney-sweepers drive their coach and six,
Statesmen so us'd at court the mask to wear,
With less disguise assume the vizor here.
Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes,
For his own person is his best disguise:
And half the reigning toasts of equal grace,
Trust to the natural vizor of the face.
Ideots turn conjurers; and courtiers clowns;
And sultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.
Starch'd quakers glare in furbelows and silk;
Beaux deal in sprats, and duchesses cry milk.
But guard thy fancy, muse, nor stain thy pen
With the lewd joys of this fantastic scene;
Where sexes blend in one confus'd intrigue,
Where the girls ravish, and the men grow big:
Nor credit what the idle world has said,
Of lawyers forc'd, and judges brought to bed:
Or that to belles their brothers breathe their vows,
Or husbands through mistake gallant a spouse.
Such dire disasters, and a numerous throng
Of like enormities, require the song:
But the chaste muse, with blushes cover'd o'er,
Retires confus'd, and will reveal no more.

ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

How are deluded humankind
By empty shows betray'd?
In all their hopes and schemes they find
A nothing or a shade.

The prospects of a truncheon cast
A soldier on the wars;
Dismiss'd with shatter'd limbs at last,
Brats, poverty, and scars.

The fond philosopher for gain
Will leave unturn'd no stone;
But though they toil with endless pain,
They never find their own.

By the same rock the chemists drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready specie down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes elate and swelling,
He builds his castles in the air,
Yet wants an house to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitless toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a smile.

How to philosophers will sound
So strange a truth display'd?
"There's not a substance to be found,
"But every where a shade."

TO CÆLIA PLAYING ON A LUTE.

ON ODE.

WHILE Cælia's hands fly swiftly o'er,
And strike this soft machine,
Her touch awakes the springs, and life
Of harmony within.

Sweetly they sink into the strings,
The quivering strings rebound,
Each stroke obsequiously obey,
And tremble into sound.

Oh! had you blest the years of old;
His lute had Ovid strung,
And dwelt on your's, the charming theme
Of his immortal song.

Yours, with Arion's wondrous harp,
The bard had hung on high;
And on the new-born star bestow'd
The honours of the sky.

The radiant spheres had ceas'd their tunes,
And danc'd in silence on,
Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
More heavenly than their own.

Of old to raise one shade from hell,
To Orpheus was it given:
But every tune of your's calls down
An angel from his heaven.

TO THE

UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

THE theme in other works, for every part,
Supplies materials to the builder's art:
To build from matter, is sublimely great,
But gods and poets only can create;
And such are you; their privilege you claim,
To show your wonders, but conceal your name.

Like some establish'd king, without controul,
You take a general progress through the soul;
Survey each part, examine every side,
Where she's secure, and where unfortify'd.
In faithful lines her history declare,
And trace the causes of her civil war;

Your pen no partial prejudices sway,
But truth decides, and virtue wins the day.

Through what gay fields and flowery scenes we
pass,

Where fancy sports, and fiction leads the chase?
Where life, as through her various acts she tends,
Like other comedies, in marriage ends.

What muse but yours so justly could display
Th' embattled passions marshall'd in array?

Bid the rang'd appetites in order move,
Give lust a figure, and a shape to love?

To airy notions solid forms dispense,
And make our thoughts the images of sense?

Discover all the rational machine, [within?
And show the movements, springs, and wheels

But Hymen waves his torch, all discords cease;
All parley, drop their arms, and sue for peace.

Soon as the signal flames, they quit the fight,
For all at first but differ'd to unite.

From every part the lines in order move,
And sweetly centre in the point of love.

Let blockheads to the musty schools repair,
And poach for morals and the passions there,

Where virtue, like a dwarf in giant's arms,
Cumber'd with words, and manacled in terms,

Serves to amuse the philosophic fool,
By method dry, and regularly dull.

Who sees thy lines so visibly express
The soul herself in such a pleasing dress;

May from thy labours be convinc'd and taught,
How Spenser would have sung, and Plato thought.

THE TWELFTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE, TRANSLATED.

WHAT man, what hero will you raise,
By the shrill pipe, or deeper lyre?
What God, O Clio, will you praise,
And teach the echoes to admire?

Amidst the shades of Helicon,
Cold Hæmus' tops, or Pindus' head,
Whence the glad forests hasten'd down,
And danc'd as tuneful Orpheus play'd.

Taught by the muse, he stop'd the fall
Of rapid floods, and charm'd the wind;
The listening oaks obey'd the call,
And left their wondering hills behind.

Whom should I first record, but Jove,
Whose sway extends o'er sea and land,
The king of men and gods above,
Who holds the seasons in command?

To rival Jove, shall none aspire,
None shall to equal glory rise;
But Pallas claims beneath her fire,
The second honours of the skies.

To thee, O Bacchus, great in war,
To Dian will I strike the string,
Of Phœbus wounding from afar,
In numbers like his own I'll sing.

The muse Alcides shall resound;
The twins of Leda shall succeed;
This for the standing fight renown'd,
And that for managing the steed.

Whose star shines innocently still ;
The clouds disperse, the tempests cease,
The waves obedient to their will,
Sink down, and hush their rage to peace.

Next shall I Numa's pious reign,
Or thine, O Romulus, relate :
Or Rome by Brutus free'd again,
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate ?

Or dwell on noble Paulus' fame ?
Too lavish of the patriot's blood ?
Or Regulus' immortal name,
Too obstinately just and good ?

These with Camillus brave and bold,
And other chiefs of matchless might,
Rome's virtuous poverty of old,
Severely season'd to the fight.

Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows,
With an insensible advance ;
The Julian star, like Cynthia, glows,
Who leads the planetary dance.

The fates, O sire of human race,
Intrust great Cæsar to thy care,
Give him to hold thy second place,
And reign thy sole vicegerent here.

And whether India he shall tame,
Or to his chains the Seres doom ;
Or mighty Parthia dreads his name,
And bows her haughty neck to Rome.

While on our groves thy bolts are hurl'd,
And thy loud car shakes heaven above,
He shall with justice awe the world,
To none inferior but to Jove.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THE man unsully'd with a crime,
Disdains the pangs of fear,
He scorns to dip the poison'd shaft,
Or poise the glittering spear.

Nor with the loaded quiver goes
To take the dreadful field :
His solid virtue is his helm,
And innocence his shield.

In vain the fam'd Hydaspes' tides,
Obstruct and bar the road,
He smiles on danger, and enjoys
The roarings of the flood.

All climes are native, and forgets
Th' extremes of heats and frosts,
The Scythian Caucasus grows warm,
And cool the Libyan coasts.

For while I wander'd through the woods,
And rang'd the lonely grove,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fogs
And pleasing cares of love ;

A wolf beheld me from afar,
Of monstrous bulk and might ;
But, naked as I was, he fled
And trembled at the sight.

A beast so huge, nor Daunia's grove,
Nor Afric ever view'd ;
Though nurs'd by her, the lion reigns
The monarch of the wood.

Expose me in those horrid climes,
Where not a gentle breeze
Revives the vegetable race,
Or cheers the drooping trees.

Where on the world's remotest verge
Th' unactive seasons lie,
And not one genial ray unbinds
The rigour of the sky.

On that uninhabitable shore,
Expose me all alone,
Where I may view without a shade,
The culminating sun.

Beneath th' equator, or the pole,
In safety could I rove ;
And in a thousand different climes
Could live for her I love.

A PROLOGUE FOR THE STROLLERS.

GENTEELS, of old pert prologues led the way,
To guide, defend, and usher in the play,
As powder'd footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my lord's approach.
But though they speak your entertainment near,
Most prologues speed like other bills of fare ;
Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
And oftener pall, than raise the appetite.

As for the play—'tis hardly worth our care,
The prologue craves your mercy for the player ;
That is, your money—for by Jove I swear,
White gloves and lodging are confounded dear.
Since here are none but friends, the truth to own,
Hasp'd in a coach our company came down,
But I most shrewdly fear we shall depart,
Ev'n in our old original, a cart.

With pride inverted, and fantastic power,
We strut the fancy'd monarchs of an hour ;
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And * Cleomenes starves in earnest here :
The mightiest kings and queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteen-pence a day.
Great Cyrus for a dram has pawn'd his coat,
And all our Cæsars can't command a groat ;
Our Scipios, Hannibals, and Pompeys break,
And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.

To aggravate the case, we have not one,
Of all the new refinements of the town :
No moving statues, no lewd harlequins,
No pasteboard players, no heroes in machines ;
No rosin to flash lightning—'twould exhaust us,
To buy a devil and a Doctor Faustus.
No windmills, dragons, millers, conjurers,
To exercise your eyes, and spare your ears ;
No paper seas, no thunder from the skies,
No witches to descend, no stage to rise ;
Scarce one for us the actors—we can set
Nothing before you but mere sense and wit.

* *The Spartan Hero, a tragedy, by Mr. Dryden.*

A bare downright old-fashion'd English feast,
Such as true Britons only can digest;
Such as your homely fathers us'd to love,
Who only came to hear and to improve:
Humbly content and pleas'd with what was dress'd,
When Otway, Lee, and Shakspeare rang'd the feast.

PSALM VIII. TRANSLATED.

O KING eternal and divine!

The world is thine alone:

Above the stars thy glories shine,

Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name!

Where'er the sun can roll,

That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,

Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,

And vindicate thy laws;

The tongue that never spoke before,

Shall labour in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,

And view the heavens around,

Yon stretching waste of azure skies,

With stars and planets crown'd;

Who in their dance attend the moon,

The empress of the night,

And pour around her silver throne,

Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man? that he

Thy kind regard should share?

What is his son, who claims from thee

And challenges thy care?

Next to the blest angelic kind,

Thy hands created man,

And this inferior world assign'd,

To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey

His delegated reign,

The flocks that through the valley stray,

The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,

And trembles at his power;

In fear of his superior might,

The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread

The paths beneath the sea,

Their king at awful distance dread,

And sullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!

Where'er the sun can roll,

That sun thy wonders shall proclaim;

Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PSALM XXIV. PARAPHRASED.

FAR as the world can stretch its bounds,

The Lord is king of all,

His wondrous power extends around

The circuit of the ball.

For he within the gloomy deeps

Its dark foundations cast,

And rear'd the pillars of the earth

Amid the watery waste.

Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,

And see Jehovah there?

Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe

The sacrifice of prayer?

He only whose unfully'd soul

Fair virtue's paths has trod,

Who with clean hands and heart regards

His neighbour and his God.

On him shall his indulgent Lord

Diffusive bounties shed,

From God his Saviour shall descend

All blessings on his head.

Of those who seek his righteous ways,

Is this the chosen race,

Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,

And flourish in his grace.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,

With hasty reverence rise;

Ye everlasting doors, who guard

The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,

Your barriers roll away,

Now throw your blazing portals wide,

And burst the gates of day.

For see! the King of glory comes

Along th' ethereal road:

The cherubs through your folds shall bear

The triumph of your God.

Who is this great and glorious King?

Oh! 'tis the Lord, whose might

Decides the conquest, and suspends

The balance of the fight.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,

With hasty reverence rise;

Ye everlasting doors, who guard

The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,

Your barriers roll away,

Now throw your blazing portals wide,

And burst the gates of day.

For see! the King of glory comes

Along th' ethereal road:

The cherubs through your folds shall bear

The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?

Oh! 'tis the God, whose care

Leads on his Israel to the field,

Whose power controuls the war.

PSALM XXIX.

Ye mighty princes, your oblations bring,

And pay due honours to your awful King;

His boundless power to all the world proclaim,

Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.

For hark! his voice with unresisted sway

Rules and controuls the raging of the sea;

Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
 And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
 Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
 Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.
 The blasted cedars low in dust are laid
 And Lebanon is left without a shade.
 See! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
 And fly for shelter from the thundering God:
 Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
 And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.
 His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
 Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.
 Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,
 With all his savages the desert shakes.
 At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
 And in the lonely forest drop their young.
 While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
 His glorious honours, and adore his name.
 High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
 He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey:
 He reigns o'er all; for ever lasts his power
 Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more.
 With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,
 And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

PSALM XLVI. PARAPHRASED.

ON God we build our sure defence,
 In God our hope repose:
 His hand protects us in the fight,
 And guards us from our woes.
 Then be the earth's unwieldy frame
 From its foundation hurl'd,
 We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
 The ruins of the world.
 What though the solid rocks be rent,
 In tempests whirl'd away?
 What though the hills should burst their roots,
 And roll into the sea?
 Thou sea, with dreadful tumults swell,
 And bid thy waters rise
 In furious surges, till they dash
 The flood-gates of the skies.
 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
 Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
 Whose soft and silver streams refresh
 The city of our God.
 Within the proud delighted waves
 Their wanton turrets play;
 The streams lead down their humid train
 Reluctant to the sea.
 Amid the scene the temple floats,
 With its reflected towers,
 Gilds all the surface of the flood,
 And dances to the shores.
 With wonder see what mighty power
 Our sacred Sion cheers;
 Lo! there amidst her stately walls
 Her God, her God appears.
 Fix'd on her basis she shall stand,
 And, innocently proud,
 Smile on the tumults of the world,
 Beneath the wings of God.

See! how, their weakness to proclaim,
 The heathen tribes engage!
 See! how with fruitless wrath they burn,
 And impotence of rage!

But God has spoke; and, lo! the world,
 His terrors to display,
 With all the melting globe of earth,
 Drops silently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
 Securely we resort;
 For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
 Our succour and support.

Hither, ye numerous nations, crowd,
 In silent rapture stand,
 And see o'er all the earth display'd
 The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be still,
 And all its tumults cease;
 He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
 The harmony of peace.

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
 He bursts the brazen spear,
 And in the crackling fire his hand
 Consumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
 "Be still and know the Lord;
 "By all the heathen I'll be fear'd,
 "By all the earth ador'd."

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
 Securely we resort;
 For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
 Our succour and support.

PSALM XC. PARAPHRASED.

THY hand, O Lord, through rolling years
 Has sav'd us from despair,
 From period down to period stretch'd
 The prospects of thy care.

Before the world was first conceiv'd,
 Before the pregnant earth
 Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
 Who struggled to their birth;

Eternal God! thy early days
 Beyond duration run,
 Ere the first race of starting time
 Was measur'd by the sun.

We die; but future nations hear
 Thy potent voice again;
 Rise at the summons, and restore
 The perish'd race of man.

Before thy comprehensive sight
 Duration fleets away;
 And rapid ages on the wing
 Fly swifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
 Eternity explore,
 The longest æra is a night,
 A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
 Our fancy'd beings leave,

Rous'd from the flattering dream of life,
To sleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments pass,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the grass.

In the first morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head,
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face
Our secret sins survey,
And see how gloomy those appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death, as our appointed goal,
Thy anger drives us on,
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged speed to stated bounds
And limits we must fly,
While seventy rolling suns complete
Their circles in the sky.

Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and strife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the last dregs of life.

But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and severe?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their constant race,
To measure what we want in time
By wisdom and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choicest graces shed,
And shower from thy celestial throne
Thy blessings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
And come without delay;
Then our whole course of life will seem
One glad triumphant day.

Now the blest years of joy restore
For those of grief and strife,
And with one pleasant drop allay
This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world display,
Thy servants to adorn,
That may delight their future sons,
And children yet unborn.

Thy beams of majesty diffuse,
With them thy great commands,
And bid prosperity attend
The labours of our hands.

PSALM CXXXIX. PARAPHRASED.

IN MILTONIC VERSE.

O dread Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,

This tenement of dust: Thy stretching sight
Surveys th' harmonious principles that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask and animated mass of clay.

Nor are the prospects of thy wondrous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labours with th' ideal birth.

Where'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen thy sovereign presence guards my sleep
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Soothes all my soul, and softens my repose.

Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound;
Before imagination stands display'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.

But such exalted knowledge leaves below
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.
In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th' unfathomable depth; his bark
O'ersets, and founders in the vast abyss.

Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence? which alone
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord,
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy spirit, and out-fly [spread,
Its influence, which, with brooding wings out-
Hatch'd unsledg'd nature from the dark profound.

If, mounted on my towering thoughts, I climb
Into the heaven of heavens, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majesty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine,
Throng'd with the prostrate seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the scenes
Of complicated wrath: I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.

If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Upborne, with indefatigable course,
I seek the glowing borders of the east,
Where the bright sun, emergent from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there thy hand
Shall through the watery desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,
And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes,
As fond as false, the darkness I expect

To hide, and wrap me in its mantling shade,
Vain were the thought : for thy unbounded ken
Darts through the thickening gloom, and pries
through all

The palpable obscure. Before thy eyes,
The vanquish'd night throws off her dusky shroud,
And kindles into day : the shade and light,
To man still various, but the same to thee.

On thee is all the structure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the silent womb,
Sleeping I lay, and ripening to my birth ;
Yet, Lord, thy out-stretch'd arm preserv'd me there ;
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours : for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of existence. Hence, I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view,
With terror and delight ; and, wrapt in both,
I startle at myself. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viscous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated mass,
Thy eye distinctly view'd ; and while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The first faint dawn of life, with ease survey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active seeds,
Just kindling to existence ; and beheld
My substance scarce material. In thy book,
Was the fair model of this structure drawn,
Where every part, in just connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim speck of being learn'd to stretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler space.

How dear, how rooted in my inmost soul,
Are all thy counsels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence ! The sum
So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers ; and out-flies
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd,
Less numerous are the sands that crowd the shores,
The barriers of the ocean. When I rise
From my soft bed, and softer joys of sleep,
I rise to thee. Yet lo ! the impious flight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the sons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy lingering thunder, which with-
holds

Its forked terrors, from their guilty heads !
Thou great tremendous God !—Avaunt, and fly,
All ye who thirst for blood.—For, sworn with
pride,

Each haughty wretch blasphemes thy sacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majesty. Thy foes I hate
Worse than my own, O Lord ! Explore my soul,
See if a flaw or stain of sin infects
My guilty thoughts. Then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

PSALM CXLIV. PARAPHRASED.

My soul in raptures rise to bless the Lord,
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal sword ;
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the first ranks of death and front of war.

He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,
And mow the glorious harvest of the field.
By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I pass,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle
waste.

In him my hopes I centre and repose,
He guards my life, and shields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade :
Against all hostile violence and power,
He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my sway,
And teach my willing subjects to obey.

Lord ! what is man of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with this kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he should thus thy secret counsels share,
Or what his son, who challenges thy care ?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man ?
His life a point, his measure but a span ;
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.

Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein ;
Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and so great the God !
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding skies shall tremble to the poles :
Heaven's gaudy axle with the world shall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball. [pire

Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills ex-
Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire ;
On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze :
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy sky.

Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens thy bright
abode,

And shield me from my foes, whose towering pride
Lowers like a storm, and gathers like a tide :
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws ;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blasphemy, and eloquent in guilt :
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane,
They plead their boasted innocence in vain.

Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the sacred numbers of my song ;
To thee my muse shall consecrate her lays,
And every note shall labour in thy praise ;
The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.

Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled ;
And snatch'd thy servant in the last despair
From all the rising tumult of the war.

Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws ;
That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,
Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come :
Like plants that nurs'd by fostering showers arise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies.

That our chaste daughters may their charms dis-
play,
Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they.

Piled up with plenty let our barns appear,
 And burst with all the seasons of the year;
 Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
 And drop their tender young in every street.
 Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
 Safe may they bring the gather'd summer home.
 Oh! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,
 To stain our triumphs with the tears of woe,
 Bless'd is the nation, how sincerely bless'd!
 Of such unbounded happiness possess'd,
 To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,
 Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

JOB, CHAP. III.

Job curs'd his birth, and bade his curses flow
 In words of grief, and eloquence of woe;
 Lost be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
 Recent to life, and struggling from the womb;
 Whose beams with such malignant lustre shone,
 Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
 Lost be that night in undetermin'd space,
 And veil with deeper shades her gloomy face,
 Which crowded up with woes this slender span,
 While the dull mafs rose quickening into man.

O'er that curs'd day let sable darkness rise,
 Shroud the blue vault, and blacken all the skies;
 May God o'erlook it from his heavenly throne,
 Nor rouse from sleep the sedentary sun.
 O'er its dark face to shed his genial ray,
 And warm to joy the melancholy day.
 May the clouds frown, and livid poisons breathe,
 And stain heaven's azure with the shade of death.

May ten-fold darkness from that dreadful night
 Seize and arrest the straggling gleams of light;
 To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
 Still be it banish'd from the train of time;
 Nor in the radiant list of months appear,
 To stain the shining circle of the year:

There through her dusky range may silence
 roam,

There may no ray, no glimpse of gladness come,
 No voice to cheer the solitary gloom.
 May every star his gaudy light with-hold,
 Nor through the vapour shoot his beamy gold:
 Nor let the dawn with radiant skirts come on,
 Tipp'd with the glories of the rising sun;
 Because that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
 Nor seal'd the dark recesses of the womb.
 To that original my ills I owe,
 Heir of affliction, and the son of woe.
 Oh! had I dy'd unexercis'd in pain,
 And wak'd to life, to sleep in death again!
 Why did not fate attend me at my birth,
 And give me back to my congenial earth?
 Why was I, when an infant, sooth'd to rest,
 Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breast?
 For now the grave would all my cares compose,
 Conceal my sorrows, and inter my woes:
 There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
 Safe had I slumber'd in the arms of peace;
 There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
 In clouds of incense, and in beds of gold;
 There with the princes, who in grandeur shone,
 And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne;

Afflicted Job an equal rest might have,
 And share the dark retirement of the grave;
 Or as a shapeless embryo seek the tomb,
 Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
 Ere motion's early principle began,
 Or the dim substance kindled into man. [cease,

There from their monstrous crimes the wicked
 There labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
 There blended sleep the coward and the brave,
 Stretch'd with his lord, the undistinguish'd slave }
 Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.

An equal lot the mighty victor shares,
 And lies amidst the captives of his wars;
 With his, those captives mingle their remains,
 The same in death, nor lessen'd by their chains,
 Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
 Why curst to bear the painful light of day?
 Oh! with what joy the wretches yield their breath?
 And pant in bitterness of soul for death?
 As a rich prize, the distant bliss they crave,
 And find the glorious treasure in the grave.
 Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief,
 To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
 Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
 And drawn the line of miseries around?

When nature calls for aid, my sighs intrude,
 My tears prevent my necessary food:
 Like a full stream o'ercharg'd, my sorrows flow,
 In bursts of anguish, and a tide of woe;
 For now the dire affliction which I fled,
 Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
 My terrors still the phantom view'd, and wrought
 The dreadful image into every thought:
 At length pluck'd down, the fatal stroke I feel
 And lose the fancy'd in the real ill.

JOB, CHAP. XXV. PARAPHRASED.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur still?
 And stand on terms with his Creator's will?
 Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
 Shall dust arraign the providence of heaven?
 With reason's line the boundless distance scan;
 Oppose heaven's awful majesty to man.
 To what a length his vast dominions run?
 How far beyond the journeys of the sun?
 He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
 And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky:
 To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
 Fix'd and sustain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
 And the gay legions guard his realms above;
 High o'er th' ethereal plains, the myriads rise,
 And pour their flaming ranks along the skies:
 From their bright arms incessant splendours stream,
 And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
 Down through the gulfs of undulating air:
 For man he taught the glorious sun to roll,
 From his bright barrier to his western goal.

How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
 Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God?
 How from his mortal mother can he come,
 Unstain'd from sin, untin'dur'd from the womb?

The Lord from his sublime empyreal throne,
 As a dark globe, regards the silver moon.

Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train;
Dim are the brightest splendours of the sky;
And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
The short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boast, [dust.
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the

THE SONG OF MOSES,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER OF EXODUS, PARAPHRASED.

THEN to the Lord, the vast triumphant throng
Of Israel's sons, with Moses, rais'd the song.

To God our grateful accents will we raise,
And every tongue shall celebrate his praise:
Behold display'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waste!
How did his power the steeds and riders sweep
Ingulf'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep?

Whom should we fear, while he, heav'n's awful Lord,

Unsheaths for Israel his avenging sword?
His outstretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and sav'd us in the last despair:
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our shackles and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our fathers God, I'll rear
A sacred temple, and adore him there,
With vows and incense, sacrifice and prayer.

The Lord commands in war; his matchless might

Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to storm.
His name, O Israel, Heaven's Eternal Lord,
For ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.

When to the fight from Egypt's fruitful soil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courser and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the sea:
The chiefs, and steeds, and warriors whirl'd around,
Lay midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.

Who shall thy power, thou mighty God, withstand,

And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror rose,
To crush that day thy proud Egyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping squadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all,

Soon as thy anger, charg'd with vengeance, came,

They sunk like stubble crackling in the flame.
At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd,
And a still silence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the crystal ridges strike the skies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and seas o'er seas arise.

Around in heaps the listening surges band,
Mute and observant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rous'd from the secret chambers of the main.

With savage joy the sons of Egypt cry'd,
(Vast were their hopes, and boundless was their pride)

Let us pursue those fugitives of Nile,
This servile nation, and divide the spoil:
And spread so wide the slaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a stronger red the blushing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hosts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring sword!

As thus the yawning gulf the boasters pass'd,
At thy command rush'd forth the rapid blast.
Then, at the signal given, with dreadful sway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring sea;
And now the disintangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled surges to the war;
Till her proud sons astonish'd Egypt found,
Cover'd with billows, and in tempests drown'd.

What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppose his miracles to thine!
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confess their fear and shame.
The world attends thy absolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the swelling sea,
The conscious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the surges sweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our servile toil,
And each insulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Egypt's realms to Canaan's sacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,

To smoothe the way, and clear the dreadful road.
The distant kingdoms shall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philistines shall confess their fear;
Thy fame shall over Edom's princes spread,
And Moab's kings, the universal dread;
While the vast scenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the bravest heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan shall shrink, and tremble for his sons.
Till thou hast Jacob from his bondage brought,
At such a vast expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and blest abodes,
Led through the dark recesses of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes shall proud Moriah rise,
And rear his summit nearer to the skies.

Through ages, Lord, shall stretch thy boundless power,

Thy throne shall stand when time shall be no more:
For Pharaoh's steeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the sandy plain.
While in the dreadful road, and desert way,
The shining crowds of gasping fishes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beset,
The Lord swept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his secret chain,
And on each hand discharg'd the thundering main.

The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the solid billows flood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the blest race to promis'd Canaan past
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK
OF HORACE, PARAPHRASED.

LET the brave youth be train'd, the stings
Of poverty to bear,
And in the school of want be taught
The exercise of war.

Let him be practis'd in his bloom,
To listen to alarms,
And learn proud Parthia to subdue
With unresisted arms.

The hostile tyrant's beauteous bride,
Distracted with despair,
Beholds him pouring to the fight,
And thundering through the war.

As from the battlement she views
The slaughter of his sword,
Thus shall the fair express her grief,
And terrors for her Lord:

Look down, ye gracious powers, from heaven,
Nor let my comfort go,
Rude in the arts of war, to fight
This formidable foe.

Oh! not with half that dreadful rage
The royal savage flies,
When, at the slightest touch, he springs,
And darts upon his prize.

How fair, how comely are our wounds,
In our dear country's cause!
What fame attends the glorious fate,
That props our dying laws!

For death's cold hand arrests the fears
That haunt the coward's mind;
Swift she pursues the flying wretch,
And wounds him from behind.

Bravely regardless of disgrace,
Bold virtue stands alone,
With pure unfully'd glory shines,
And honours still her own.

From the dark grave, and silent dust,
She bids her sons arise,
And to the radiant train unfolds
The portals of the skies.

Now, with triumphant wings, she soars,
Above the realms of day,
Spurns the dull earth, and groveling crowd,
And towers th' ethereal way.

With her has silence a reward,
Within the blest'd abodes,
That holy silence which conceals
The secrets of the gods.

But with a wretch I would not live,
By sacrilege profan'd,

Nor lodge beneath one roof, nor launch
One vessel from the land:

For, blended with the bad, the good
The common stroke have felt,
And heaven's dire vengeance struck alike
At innocence and guilt.

The wrath divine pursues the wretch,
At present, lame and slow,
But yet, though tardy to advance,
She gives the surer blow.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK
OF HORACE, PARAPHRASED.

Whom first, Melpomene, thy eye
With friendly aspect views,
Shall from his cradle rise renown'd,
And sacred to the muse.

Nor to the Isthmian games his fame
And deathless triumphs owe;
Nor shall he wear the verdant wreath,
That shades the champion's brow.

Nor in the wide Elæan plains
Fatigue the courser's speed;
Nor through the glorious cloud of dust,
Provoke the bounding steed.

Nor, as an haughty victor, mount
The Capitolian heights,
And proudly dedicate to Jove
The trophies of his fights.

Because his thundering hand in war
Has check'd the swelling tide
Of the stern tyrant's power, and broke
The measures of his pride.

But by sweet Tyburn's groves and streams
His glorious theme pursues,
And scorns the laurels of the war,
For those that crown the muse.

There in the most retir'd retreats,
He sets his charming song,
To the sweet harp which Sappho touch'd,
Or bold Alcæus strung.

Rank'd by thy sons, Imperial Rome,
Among the poet's quire,
Above the reach of envy's hand
I safely may aspire.

Thou sacred muse, whose artful hand
Can teach the bard to sing;
Can animate the golden lyre,
And wake the living string:

Thou, by whose mighty power, may sing,
In unaccustom'd strains,
The silent fishes in the floods,
As on their banks the swans.

To thee I owe my spreading fame,
That thousands, as they gaze,
Make me their wonder's common theme,
And object of their praise.

If first I struck the Lesbian lyre,
No fame belongs to me;
I owe my honours, when I please,
(If e'er I please) to thee.

ON THE
APPROACHING CONGRESS OF CAMBRAY.

WRITTEN IN 1721.

YE patriots of the world, whose cares combin'd
Consult the public welfare of mankind,
One moment let the crowding kingdoms wait,
And Europe in suspense attend her fate,
Which turns in your great councils; nor refuse
To hear the strains of the prophetic muse;
Who sees those councils with a generous care
Heal the wide wounds, and calm the rage of war;
She sees new verdure all the plain o'erspread,
Where the fight burn'd, and where the battle bled.
The fields of death a softer scene disclose,
And Ceres smiles where iron harvests rose.
The bleating flocks along the bastion pass,
And from the awful ruins crop the grass.
Freed from his fears, each unmolested swain,
In peaceful furrows cuts the fatal plain;
Turns the high bulwark and aspiring mound,
And sees the camp with all the seasons crown'd.
Beneath each clod, bright burnish'd arms appear;
Each furrow glitters with the pride of war;
The fields resound and tinkle as they break,
And the keen faulchion rings against the rake;
At rest beneath the hanging ramparts laid,
He sings securely in the dreadful shade.

Hark!—o'er the seas, the British lions roar
Their monarch's fame to every distant shore:
Swift on their canvas wings his navies go,
Wherever tides can roll, or winds can blow;
Their sails within the arctic circle rise,
Led by the stars that gild the northern skies;
Tempt frozen seas, nor fear the driving blast,
But swell exulting o'er the hoary waste;
O'er the wide ocean hold supreme command,
And active commerce spread through every land;
Or with full pride to southern regions run,
To distant worlds, on t' other side the sun;
And plough the tides, where odoriferous gales
Perfume the smiling waves, and stretch the belly-
ing sails.

See! the proud merchant seek the precious shore,
And trace the winding veins of glittering ore;
Low in the earth his wondering eyes behold
Th' imperfect metal ripening into gold.
The mountains tremble with alternate rays,
And cast at once a shadow and a blaze:
Streak'd o'er with gold, the pebbles flame around,
Gleam o'er the soil, and gild the tinkling ground;
Charg'd with the glorious prize, his vessels come,
And in proud triumph bring an India home.

Fair concord, hail; thy wings o'er Brunswick
spread,
And with thy olives crown his laurel'd head.
Come; in thy most distinguish'd charms appear;
Oh! come, and bolt the iron gates of war.
The fight stands still when Brunswick bids it cease,
The monarch speaks, and gives the world a peace;

Like awful justice, sits superior lord,
To poise the balance, or to draw the sword;
In due suspense the jarring realms to keep,
And hush the tumults of the world to sleep.

Now with a brighter face, and nobler ray,
Shine forth, thou source of light, and god of day;
Say, didst thou ever in thy bright career
Light up before a more distinguish'd year?
Through all thy journeys past, thou canst not see
A perfect image of what this shall be:
Scarce the Platonic year shall this renew,
Or keep the bright original in view.

THE FABLE

OF THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS CAT.

A HAPLESS youth, whom fates averse had drove
To a strange passion, and preposterous love,
Long'd to possess his puss's spotted charms,
And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
To what odd whimsies love inveigles men?
Sure if the boy was ever blind, 'twas then.
Rack'd with his passion, and in deep despair,
The youth to Venus thus address'd his prayer.

O queen of beauty! since thy Cupid's dart
Has fir'd my soul, and rankles in my heart;
Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame,
From thee at least a remedy I claim;
If once, to bless Pigmalion's longing arms,
The marble soften'd into living charms;
And warm with life the purple current ran
In circling streams through every flinty vein;
If, with his own creating hands display'd,
He hugg'd the statue, and embrac'd a maid;
And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
The pride of nature, and the boast of art:
Hear my request, and crown my wond'rous flame,
The same its nature, be thy gift the same;
Give me the like unusual joys to prove,
And though irregular, indulge my love.

Delighted Venus heard the moving prayer,
And soon resolv'd to ease the lover's care,
To set Miss Tabby off with every grace,
To dress, and fit her for the youth's embrace.

Now she by gradual change her form forsook,
First her round face an oval figure took;
The roguish dimples next his heart beguile,
And each grave whisker soften'd to a smile;
Unusual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
Her solemn purring dwindled to a sigh:
Sudden, a huge hoop-petticoat display'd,
A wide circumference! intrench'd the maid,
And for the tail in waving circles play'd.
Her fur, as destin'd still her charms to deck,
Made for her hands a muff, a tippet for her neck.

In the fine lady now her shape was lost,
And by such strange degrees she grew a toast;
Was all for ombre now; and who but she,
To talk of modes and scandal o'er her tea;
To settle every fashion of the sex,
And run through all the female politics;
To spend her time at toilet and basset,
To play, to flout, to flutter, and coquet:
From a grave thinking mouser, she was grown
The gayest flirt that coath'd it round the town.

But see how often some intruding woe
Nips all our blooming prospects at a blow !
For as the youth his lovely consort led
To the dear pleasures of the nuptial bed,
Just on that instant from an inner house,
Into the chamber popt a heedless mouse.
Miss Tabby saw, and brooking no delay, [prey.
Sprung from the sheets, and seiz'd the trembling
Nor did the bride, in that ill-fated hour,
Reflect that all her mousing-days were o'er.
The youth, astonish'd, felt a new despair,
Ixion-like he grasp'd, and grasp'd but air;
He saw his vows and prayers in vain bestow'd,
And lost the jilting goddess in a cloud.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'Tis true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd :
We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of godlike Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a British Poet she inspires.

To you, O Pope, the lineal right extends;
To you th' hereditary muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and naturaliz'd the bard;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee with a public voice.

See! too the poet, a majestic shade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbes and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living bard before.

While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are
shown, [own;
Though worlds contend, we claim him for our
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a sight in every dream.
By turns the chief and bard their souls inflame,
And every little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From him to conquer, or to write from thee.

In every hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of every tongue.
Parties in state poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their fends; and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries interests than their own.
Our busiest politicians have forgot [fought;
How Somer's counsel'd, and how Marlborough
But o'er their settling coffee gravely tell,
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest beaux and coxcombs you inspire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn
before:

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Nay, ev'n our belles, inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern wit.

Let the mad critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return;
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace.
Live, and enjoy their spight, and share that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.

And lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils succeed Achilles' war.
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.
Then, as thy fame shall see a length of days,
Some future bards shall thus record thy praise:
" In those blest times when smiling heaven and
" fare

" Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,
" When wide around, she saw the world submit,
" And own her sons supreme in arts and wit;
" Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph
" home
" The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome;
" To the great task each bold translator came,
" With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's
" flame; [soar,
" Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to
" Where scarce the Roman eagles tower'd before;
" And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
" Though her seven rival cities claim'd his birth;
" On her seven cities he look'd down with scorn,
" And own'd with pride he was in Britain born."

SPECIMEN

OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY *.

THE nurse all wild with transport seem'd to swim;
Joy wing'd her feet, and lighten'd ev'ry limb;
Then, to the room with speed impatient borne,
Flew with glad tidings of her lord's return.
There bending o'er the sleeping queen, she cries,
Rise, my Penelope, my daughter, rise
To see Ulysses thy long absent spouse,
Thy soul's desire and lord of all thy vows:
Though late, he comes, and in his rage has slain,
For all their wrongs, the haughty suitor train,
Ah! Euryclea, she replies, you rave;
The gods resume that reason which they gave;
For Heaven deep wisdom to the fool supplies,
But oft infatuates and confounds the wise.
And wisdom once was thine! but now I find
The gods have ruin'd thy distemper'd mind.
How could you hope your fiction to impose?
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
How could you break a sleep with talk so vain,
That held my sorrows in so soft a chain?

* Dr. Ridley was one of Mr. Spence's executors.
Mr. Steevens assisted him in looking over the papers
of the deceased; and transcribed this letter, &c. from the
original.

A sleep so sweet I never could enjoy
 Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
 Curst Troy—oh! why did I thy name disclose?
 Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
 But fly—some other had provok'd my rage*,
 And you but owe your pardon to your age.

No artful tales, no studied lies, I frame,
Ulysses lives (rejoins the reverend dame)
 In that dishonour'd stranger's close disguise,
 Long has he pass'd all unsuspecting eyes,
 All but thy son's—and long has he suppress'd
 The well-concerted secret *in his breast*;
 Till his brave father should his foes defeat,
 And the close scheme of his revenge complete.

Swift as the word *the queen transported sprung*,
 And round the dame in strict embraces hung;
 Then, as the big round *tears* began to roll,
 Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her soul.

If my victorious hero safe arrives,
 If my dear lord, Ulysses, still survives,
 Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone:
 How were such multitudes destroy'd by one?

Nought I beheld, but heard their cries, she said,
 When death flew raging, and the suitors bled:
Immer'd we listen'd, as we sat around,
 To each deep groan and agonizing sound.
 Call'd by thy son to view the scene I fled,
 And saw Ulysses striding o'er the dead!
 Amidst the rising heaps the hero stood
 All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.

* * * "This is enough in conscience for this time: besides, I am desired, by Mr. Pope or Mr. Lintot, I don't know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain affair."

ON HIS MAJESTY'S PLAYING WITH A TIGER,

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

"*Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camœnâ.*"

AMIDST the den, the lions prey,
 Seal'd up for death the prophet lay;
 But couch'd the hungry monsters fit,
 And fawning lick his sacred feet;
 Swift shot an angel from above,
 And chang'd their fury into love.

As swift did Britain's genius fly,
 And for her charge stand trembling by;
 When Brunswick, pious, brave, and wise,
 Like him the favourite of the skies,
 Play'd with the monster's dreadful teeth,
 And sported with the fangs of death.

Genius of Britain, spare thy fears,
 For know, within, our sovereign wears
 The surest guard; the best defence;
 A firm untainted innocence.
 So sweet an innocence disarms
 The fiercest rage with powerful charms,
 So far rebellion it beguiles,
 That faction bends; that envy smiles;
 That furious savages submit;
 And pay due homage at his feet.

* *The words in Italics are copied by Pope.*

Britain! by this example prove
 The duty, loyalty, and love.
 See! the fierce brutes thy king caress,
 And court him with a mute address;
 Well may'st thou own his gentle sway,
 If tigers bend, and savages obey.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS SERVANT.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VII.

To enter into the beauties of this Satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the Feasts of Saturn, wore their masters' Habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

Servant.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
 A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.

P: What knave is that? my rascal!

S. Sir, 'tis I,

No knave nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.

P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
 Your rude impertinence this time of year. [ever,

S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some for
 And some, like Wharton, but twelve years to-
 gether.

Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
 Would change his living oftener than his shirt;
 Roar with the rakes of state a month; and come
 To starve another in his hole at home.

So rov'd wild Buckingham the public jest,
 Now some inholder's, now a monarch's guest;
 His life and politics of every shape,
 This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.

The gout in every limb from every vice,
 Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
 Some wench for ever; and their sins on those,
 By custom, sit as easy as their clothes.

Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
 And in that point are madder than the devil:
 For they—

P. To what will these wild maxims tend?
 And where, sweet sir, will your reflections end?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.

S. You praise low-living, but you live at large.
 Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
 Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
 Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
 But, without business, you're again in town.
 If none invite you, sir, abroad to roam,
 Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home:
 And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
 Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
 From * Encombe, John comes thundering at the
 door,

With "Sir, my master begs you to come o'er,
 "To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,
 "Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites."
 Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,
 "And where, you rascal, are the spurs," you cry;
 "And O! what blockhead laid the buskins by?"

* *The seat of John Pitt, Esq. in Dorsetshire.*

On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No matter whether on four legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath;
 All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death;
 Wildly through Wareham streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the dogs and voters in the town;
 Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
 That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad.
 And all this furious riding is to prove
 Your high respect, it seems, and eager love:
 And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
 Banks, Shaftesbury, Doddington, may send in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
 And bless the moment that you turn your back:
 As for myself, I own it to your face,
 I love good eating, and I take my glass:
 But sure 'tis strange, dear Sir, that this should be
 In you amusement, but a fault in me.
 All this is bare refining on a name,
 To make a difference where the fault's the same.

My father sold me to your service here,
 For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
 A livery you should wear as well as I,
 And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
 You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,
 Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
 Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your desires,
 A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who at this rate of talking, can be free?

S. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he:
 All else are slaves alike, the world around,
 Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground:
 He, Sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
 And (greater still) is master of himself:
 Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the interests of the world:
 And while that world turns round, entire and
 He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul; [whole,
 In every turn of fortune still the same,
 As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
 Collected in himself, with godlike pride,
 He sees the darts of envy glance aside;
 And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempest blow,
 Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
 One such you know, a layman, to your shame,
 And yet the honour of your blood and name,
 If you can such a character maintain,
 You too are free, and I'm your slave again.

But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,
 More than yourself, to see two drunkards fight;
 "Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead," or such names are
 mine:

Your's are, "a connoisseur," or "deep divine."
 I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
 The sacred prize of learning, worth, and wit:
 And yet some sell their lands these bits to buy;
 Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury?
 I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no plate,
 I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.

Besides, high living, Sir, must wear you out
 With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
 By some new pleasures are you still engross'd,
 And when you save an hour, you think it lost.
 To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,
 And like all company, except your own,

You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme;
 Why?—but to banish thought, and murder time:
 And yet that thought, which you discharge in vain,
 Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone,—

S. For what?

P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun:
 I'll shoot the dog.

S. Lord! who would be a wit?
 He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork;
 For once I'll set your lazy bones to work:
 Fly, or I'll send your back, without a groat,
 To the bleak mountains where you first were
 caught.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

*Advising him to build a Banqueting-house on a Hill
 that overlooks the Sea.*

From this tall promontory's brow

You look majestic down,
 And see extended wide below
 Th' horizon all your own.

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
 Here hills peep over hills;
 There the vast sky and sea profound
 Th' increasing prospect fills.

O bid, my friend, a structure rise,
 And this huge round command;
 Then shall this little point comprise
 The ocean and the land.

Then you, like Æolus, on high,
 From your aerial tower,
 Shall see secure the billows fly,
 And hear the whirlwinds roar.
 You, with a smile, their rage despise,
 Till some sad wreck appears,
 And calls, from your relenting eyes,
 The sympathizing tears.

Thus may you view, with proud delight,
 While winds the deep reform,
 (Till human woes your grief excite)
 All nature in a storm.

Majestic, awful scene! when, hurl'd
 On surges, surges rise,
 And all the heaving watery world
 Tumultuous mounts the skies.

The seas and thunder roar by turns,
 By turns the peals expire;
 The billows flash, and ether burns
 With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempests cease,
 The mighty rage subsides;
 Old ocean hush'd, in solemn peace,
 Has still'd the murmuring tides.

Spread wide abroad, the glassy plain,
 In various colours gay,
 Reflects the glorious sun again,
 And doubly gilds the day.

Th' horizon glows from side to side,
And flames with glancing rays;
The floating, trembling, silver tide,
Is one continual blaze.

Your eyes the prospect now command,
All uncontroul'd and free,
Fly like a thought from land to land,
And dart from sea to sea.

Thus, while above the clouds we sit,
And innocently gay,
Pass in amusements, wine, or wit,
The sultry hours away;

Sometimes, with pity, or disdain,
In thought a glance we throw
Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
In yonder world below.

We see, from this exalted seat,
(How shrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
The little person of the great,
As little as his mind.

See there—amidst the crowds our view
Some scatter'd virtues strike;
But those so throng'd, and these so few,
The world looks all alike.

Yet, through this cloud of human-kind,
The Talbots we survey,
The Pitts, the Yorkes, the Seckers find,
Who shine in open day.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

O'er curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio's plants improve
With nobler of your own;

O bid a structure o'er the floods
From this high mountain rise,
Where we may sit enthron'd like gods,
And revel in the skies.

Th' ascending breeze, at each repast,
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightness to the taste,
New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page,
Our towering thoughts shall raise;
Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thoughts the sea
Shall entertain the mind,
While we the rolling scene survey,
An emblem of mankind.

Where, like sworn foes, successive all,
The furious surges run,
To urge their predecessor's fall,
Though follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
Engag'd in dark dispute,
The skuttles cast their ink around
To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrewd directors, thrive,
Like lawyers, rob at will;
Where flying-fish, like trimmers live;
Like soldiers, sword-fish kill.

Where on the left the greater feed,
The tyrants of an hour,
Till the huge royal whale succeed,
And all at once devour.

Thus in the mortal world we now
Too truly understand,
Each monster of the sea below
Is match'd by one at land.

ON MRS. WALKER'S POEMS.

PARTICULARLY THAT ON THE AUTHOR.

BLUSH, Wilmot, blush; a female muse,
Without one guilty line,
The tender theme of love pursues
In softer strains than thine.

'Tis thine the passion to blaspheme,
'Tis her's with wit and ease
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyself to please.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
Whose merit has prevail'd;
For what male poet can succeed,
If Rochester has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit,
In his high wisdom, to impose
A sabbath law on wit;

Since of your thoughts he takes no care,
Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays;
'Tis hard!—but let the women wear
The breeches and the bays.

VERSES

ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

Worked by the Young Ladies at Kingston.

WHEN Pallas saw the piece her pupils wrought,
She stood long wondering at the lovely draught:
“And, Flora, now (she cried) no more display
Thy flowers, the trifling beauties of a day:
For see! how these with life immortal bloom,
And spread and flourish for an age to come!
In what unguarded hour did I impart
To these fair virgins all my darling art?
In all my wit I saw these rivals shine,
But this one art I thought was always mine:
Yet lo! I yield; their mistress now no more,
But proud to learn from these I taught before.
For look, what vegetable sense is here!
How warm with life these blushing leaves appear!
What temper'd splendours o'er the piece are laid!
Shade steals on light, and light dies into shade.
Through heaven's gay bow less various beauties
run,
And far less bright, though painted by the sun.

See in each blooming flower what spirit glows!
 What vivid colours flush the opening rose!
 In some few hours thy lily disappears;
 But this shall flourish through a length of years,
 See unfelt winters pass successive by,
 And scorn a mean dependence on the sky.
 And oh! may Britain, by my counsels sway'd,
 But live and flourish, till these flowers shall fade!
 Then go, fond Flora, go, the palm resign
 To works more fair and durable than thine;
 For I, ev'n I, in justice yield the crown
 To works so far superior to my own."

VERSES

ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

ON this fair ground, with ravish'd eyes,
 We see a second Eden rise,
 As gay and glorious as the first,
 Before th' offending world was curst.
 While these bright nymphs the needle guide,
 To paint the rose in all her pride,
 Nature, like her, may blush to own
 Herself so far by art out-done.
 These flowers she rais'd with all her care,
 So blooming, so divinely fair!
 The glorious children of the sun,
 That David's regal heir outshone,
 Where scarce like one of these array'd;
 They died, but these shall never fade.

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

In imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

" — Pedent opera interrupta. — "

SHOULD some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
 Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
 With all his postures in one motley plan,
 The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man,
 Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
 And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his
 egg;

While monster crowds on monster through the
 Who could help laughing at a sight like this?

Or, as a drunkard's dream together brings

" A court of cobblers, or a mob of kings * ; "

Such is a sermon, where, confus'dly dark,

Join Sharp †, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and
 Clarke;

So eggs of different parishes will run

To batter, when you beat six yolks to one;

So six bright chemic liquors when you mix,

In one dark shadow vanish all the six.

Full licence priests and painters ever had

To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;

For these can't reconcile God's grace to sin,

Nor those paint tigers in an ass's skin.

No common dauber in one piece would join

The fox and goose—unless upon a sign.

* Dryden.

† Another copy reads,

" Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and
 " Clarke."

Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
 And then conclude divinely with their own.
 Like oil on water, mounts the prelate up;
 His Grace is always sure to be at top:
 That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
 And shine more strongly through a mine of lead,
 With such low arts your audience never bilk;
 For who can bear a fustian lin'd with silk?
 Sooner than preach such stuff, I'd walk the
 town,

Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown;
 Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
 For pence, and bury for a groat a-head.

Some easy subject choose, within your power,
 Or you can never hold out half an hour.

One rule observe: this Sunday split your text;
 Preach one part now, and t'other half the next.

Speak, look, and move, with dignity and ease,

Like mitred Secker, you'll be sure to please.

But, if you whine like boys at country schools,

Can you be said to study Cambray's rules?

Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,

Set out in this high prancing stumbling style,

" Whoever with a piercing eye can see

" Through the past records of futurity—"

All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator

Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour,

Truth and the text he labours to display,

Till both are quite interpreted away:

So frugal dames insipid water pour,

Till green, bohea, and coffee, are no more.

His arguments in silly circles run

Still round and round, and end where they be-
 gun:

So the poor turn-spit, as the wheel runs round,

The more he gains, the more he loses ground.

Surpris'd with solitary self-applause,

He sees the motley mingled scene he draws:

Dutch painters thus at their own figures start,

Drawn with their utmost uncreating art.

Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail

Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;

Nay though she licks her cubs, her tender cares

At best can bring the bruises but to bears.

Still to your hearers all your sermons fort;

Who'd preach against corruption at the court?

Against church-power at visitations bawl,

Or talk about damnation at Whitehall?

Harangue the horse-guards on a cure of souls,

Condemn the quirks of chancery at the rolls,

Or rail at hoods and organ's at St. Paul's?

Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet,

To rave at usurers in Lombard-street?

Ye country-vicars, when you preach in town,

A turn at Paul's to pay your journey down,

If you would shun the sneer of every prig,

Lay by the little band and rusty wig;

But yet be sure your proper language know;

Nor talk as born within the sound of bow;

Speak not the phrase that Drury-lane affords,

Nor from 'Change-alley steal a cant of words:

Coachmen will criticise your style; nay, further,

Porters will bring it in for wilful murder:

The dregs of the Caneille will look askew,

To hear the language of the town from you;

Nay, my Lord-mayor, with merriment posselt,
Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
And jog the aldermen to hear the jest.

INVITATION TO MR. DODINGTON.

In Allusion to Horace, Book I. Ep. V.

If Dodington will condescend
To visit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain dishes here;
No costly welcome, but a kind
He and his friends will always find;
A plain, but clean and spacious room,
The master and his heart at home,
A cellar open as his face,
A dinner shorter than his grace;
Your mutton comes from Pimper-down,
Your fish (if any) from the town;
Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'er-crow'd,
By human laws, not those of God,
No venison steal, or none they bring,
Or send it all to master King†;
And yet, perhaps, some venturous spark
May bring it, now the nights are dark.
Punch I have store, and beer beside,
And port that's good, though Frenchified.
Then, if you come, I'm sure to get
From Eastbery ‡—a desert—of wit.
One line, good Sir, to name the day,
And your petitioner will pray, &c.

MR. R. PITT, TO HIS BROTHER. C. PITT.

On his having a Fit of the Gout.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our isle,
"I kiss your hand, Sir," is the modish style;
In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiss your venerable toe,
Not old infallibilities can have
Profounder reverence from its meanest slave.
What dignity attends the solemn gout!
What conscious greatness if the heart be stout!
Methinks I see you o'er the house preside,
In painful majesty and decent pride,
With leg tost high, on stately sofa sit,
More like a sultan than a modern wit;
Quick at your call the trembling slaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though (or authors fail)
At times the anti-fallic laws prevail.

Now, Lord have mercy on poor Dick! say I;
"Where's the lac'd shoe—who laid the flannel
"by?"

Within, 'tis hurry, the house seems posselt;
Without, the horses wonder at their rest.
What terrible dismay, what scenes of care!
Why is the footy Mintrem's hopeful heir §

* Created Lord Melcombe in 1761.

† The Blandford carrier.

‡ Mr. Dodington's seat at that time.

§ Pitt's servant, the son of a blacksmith.

Before the morning-dawn compell'd to rise,
And give attendance with his half-shut eyes?
What makes that girl with hideous visage stare?
What fiends prevent Ead's * journey to the fair†?
Why all this noise, this bustle and this rout?
"Oh, nothing—but poor master has the gout."

Meantime, superior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,
In rapturous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of state,
In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.
Can nothing your aspiring thoughts restrain?
Or does the muse suspend the rage of pain?
Awhile give o'er your rage; in sickness prove
Like other mortals, if you'd pity move:
Think not your friends compassionate can be,
When such the product of disease they see;
Your sharpest pangs but add to our delight,
We'll wish you still the gout, if still you write.

WRITTEN IN THE FOLDS OF A PIN-PAPER.

Of old, a hundred Cyclops strove
To forge the thunder-bolt for Jove;
I too employ a hundred hands,
And travel through as many lands.
A head I have, though very small,
But then I have no brains at all.
The miser locks me up with care,
Close as his money all the year.
When John and Joan are both at strife,
'Tis I find money for the wife.
At court I make the ladies shine,
I grace ev'n gracious Caroline:
And, though I often take my way
Through town and country, land and sea,
I'm neither fish, flesh, nor herring,
And now I live with goody Verring‡.

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

AUTORE LUDOVICO DUNCOMBE.

EXIGUA crescit de glande altissima quercus,
Et tandem patulis surgit in astra comis:
Dumque anni pergunt, crescit latissima moles;
Mox secat æquoreas bellica navis aquas.
Angliacis hinc fama, salus hinc nascitur oris,
Et glans est nostri præsidium imperii.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING, BY MR. PITT.

FROM a small acorn, see! the oak arise,
Supremely tall, and towering in the skies!
Queen of the groves! her stately head she rears,
Her bulk increasing with increasing years:
Now moves in pomp, majestic, o'er the deep,
While in her womb ten thousand thunders sleep.

* Another servant of Pitt.

† Blandford fair; two miles from Pimper, Pitt's rectory.

‡ A seller of pins at Blandford.

Hence Britain boasts her far-extended reign,
And by th' expanded acorn rules the main,

AN EPITAPH,

Inscribed on a Stone that covers his Father, Mother, and Brother.*

YE sacred spirits! while your friends distress'd
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the blest'd;
O let the pensive muse inscribe that stone,
And with the general sorrows mix her own:
The pensive muse!—who, from this mournful hour,
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive;
'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

A POEM

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE EARL STANHOPE.

Humbly Inscribed to the Countess of Stanhope.

"At length, grim fate, thy dreadful triumphs
"cease:

"Lock up the tomb, and seal the grave in peace."

Now from thy riot of destruction breathe,
Call in thy raging plagues, thou tyrant death:
Too mean's the conquest which thy arms bestow,
Too mean to sweep a nation at a blow.
No, thy unbounded triumphs higher run,
And seem to strike at all mankind in one;
Since Stanhope is thy prey, the great, the brave,
A nobler prey was never paid the grave.
We seem to feel from this thy daring crime,
A blank in nature, and a pause in time.
He stood so high in reason's towering sphere,
As high as man unglorify'd could bear.
In arms, and eloquence, like Cæsar, shone
So bright, that each Minerva was his own.
How could so vast a fund of learning lie
Shut up in such a short mortality?
One world of science nobly travell'd o'er,
Like Philip's glorious son, he wept for more.

And now resign'd to tears, th' angelic choirs,
With drooping heads unstring their golden lyres,
Wrapt in a cloud of grief, they sigh to view
Their sacred image laid by death so low:
And deep in anguish sunk, on Stanhope's fate,
Begin to doubt their own immortal state.

But hold, my muse, thy mournful transport errs,
Hold here, and listen to Lucinda's tears,
While thy vain sorrows echo to his tomb,
Behold a sight that strikes all sorrow dumb:
Behold the partner of his cares and life,
Bright in her tears, and beautiful in grief.
Shall then in vain those streams of sorrow flow,
Drest up in all the elegance of woe?
And shall the kind officious muse forbear
To answer sigh for sigh, and tell out tear for tear?
Oh! no; at such a melancholy scene,
The poet echoes back her woes again.
Each weeping muse should minister relief,
From all the moving eloquence of grief.

* Robert Pitt, A. M. his eldest brother,

Each, like a Niobe, his fate bemoan,
Melt into tears, or harden into stone.
From dark obscurity his virtues save,
And, like pale spectres, hover round his grave.
With them the marble should due measures keep,
Relent at every sigh, at every accent weep.

Britannia mourn thy hero, nor refuse
To vent the sighs and sorrows with the muse:
Oh! let thy rising groans load every wind,
Nor let one sluggish accent lag behind.
Thy heavy fate with justice to deplore,
Convey a gale of sighs from shore to shore.
And thou, her guardian angel, widely spread
Thy golden wings, and shield the mighty dead,
Brood o'er his ashes, and illustrious dust,
And soothe with care the venerable ghost.
To guard the nobler relics, leave a while
The kind protection of thy favourite isle:
Around his silent tomb, thy station keep,
And, with thy sister-angel, learn to weep.

Ye sons of Albion, o'er your patriot mourn,
And cool with streams of tears his sacred urn.
His wondrous virtues, stretch'd to distant shores,
Demand all Europe's tears, as well as yours.
Nature can't bring in every period forth,
A finish'd hero, of exalted worth,
Whose godlike genius, towering and sublime,
Must long lie ripening in the womb of time:
Before a Stanhope enters on the stage,
The birth of years, and labour of an age.
In field, and council, born the palm to share,
His voice a senate, as his sword a war:
And each illustrious action of his life,
Conspire to form the patriot, and the chief:
On either side, unite their blended rays,
And kindly mingle in a friendly blaze.

Stand out, and witness this, unhappy Spain,
Lift up to view the mountains of thy slain:
Tell how thy heroes yielded to their fear,
When Stanhope rous'd the thunder of the war:
With what fierce tumults of severe delight
Th' impetuous hero plung'd into the fight.
How he the dreadful front of death defac'd,
Pour'd on the foe, and laid the battle waste,
Did not his arm the ranks of war deform,
And point the hovering tumult where to storm?
Did not his sword through legions cleave his way,
Break their dark squadrons, and let in the day?
Did not he lead the terrible attack,
Push conquest on, and bring her bleeding back?
Throw wide the scenes of horror and despair,
The tide of conflict, and the stream of war?
Bid yellow Tagus, who in triumph roll'd,
Till then his turbid tides of foaming gold,
Boast his rich channels to the world no more,
Since all his glittering streams, and liquid ore,
Lie undistinguish'd in a flood of gore.
Bid his charg'd waves, and loaded billows sweep,
Thy slaughter'd thousands to the frighted deep.
Confess, fair Albion, how the listening throng
Dwelt on the moving accents of his tongue.
In the sage council seat him, and confess
Thy arm in war, thy oracle in peace:
How here triumphant too, his nervous sense
Bore off the palm of manly eloquence:

The healing balm to Albion's wounds apply'd,
And charm'd united factions to his side:
Fix'd on his sovereign's head the nodding crown,
And propp'd the tottering basis of the throne,
Supported bravely all the nation's weight,
And stood the public Atlas of the state.

Sound the loud trumpet, let the solemn knell
Bid with due horror his great soul farewell.
Tune every martial instrument with care,
At once wake all the harmony of war.
Let each sad hero in procession go,
And swell the vast solemnity of woe.
Neglect the yew, the mournful cypress leave,
And with fresh laurels strew the warrior's grave.
There they shall rise, in honour of his name,
Grow green with victory, and bloom with fame.

Lo! from his azure throne, old father Thames
Sighs through his floods, and groans from all his
streams:

O'er his full urn he droops his reverend head,
And sinks down deeper in his oozy bed,
As the sad pomp proceeds along his sides,
O'ercharg'd with sorrow, pant his heaving tides.
Low in his humid palace laid to mourn,
With streams of tears, the god supplies his urn.
Within his channels he forgets to flow,
And pours o'er all his bounds the deluge of his woe.

But see, my muse, if yet thy ravish'd sight
Can bear that blaze, that rushing stream of light;
Where the great hero's disencumber'd soul,
Springs from the earth, to reach her native pole.
Boldly she quits th' abandon'd cask of clay,
Freed from her chains, and towers th' ethereal way:
Soars o'er th' eternal funds of hail and snow,
And leaves heaven's stormy magazines below.
Thence through the vast profound of heaven she flies,
And measures all the concave of the skies:
Sees where the planetary worlds advance,
Orb above orb, and lead the starry dance.
Nor rests she there, but, with a bolder flight,
Explores the undiscover'd realms of light,
Where the fix'd orbs, to deck the spangled pole,
In state around their gaudy axles roll.
Thence his aspiring course in triumph steers,
Beyond the golden circles of the spheres;
Into the heaven of heavens, the seat divine,
Where nature never drew her mighty line.
A region that excludes all time and place,
And shuts creation from th' unbounded space:
Where the full tides of light in oceans flow,
And see the sun ten thousand worlds below.
So far from our inferior orbs disjoin'd,
The tir'd imagination pants behind.
Then cease thy painful flight, nor venture more,
Where never muse has stretch'd her wing before.
Thy pinions tempt immortal heights in vain,
That throw thee fluttering back to earth again.

On earth a while, blest shade, thy thoughts employ,
And steal one moment from eternal joy.
While there, in heaven, immortal songs inspire
Thy golden strings, and tremble on the lyre,
Which raise to nobler strains th' angelic choir.
Look down with pity on a mortal's lays,
Who strives, in vain, to reach thy boundless praise:

Who with low verse profanes thy sacred name,
Lost in the spreading circle of thy fame.
Thy fame, which, like thyself, is mounted high,
Wide as thy heaven, and lofty as thy sky.

And thou, his pious consort, here below,
Lavish of grief, and prodigal of woe:
Oh! choke thy griefs, thy rising sighs suppress,
Nor let thy sorrows violate his peace.
This rage of anguish, that disdains relief,
Dims his bright joys, with some allay of grief.
Look on his dearest pledge, he left behind,
And see how nature, bountiful and kind,
Stamps the paternal image on his mind,
Oh! may th' hereditary virtues run
In fair succession, to adorn the son;
The last best hopes of Albion's realms to grace,
And form the hero worthy of his race:
Some means at last by Britain may be found,
To dry her tears, and close her bleeding wound.
And if the muse through future times can see,
Fair youth, thy father shall revive in thee:
Thou shalt the wondering nation's hopes engage,
To rise the Stanhope of the future age.

EPITAPH ON DR. KEIL.

THE LATE FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

BENEATH this stone the world's just wonder lies,
Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious skies;
Around the stars his active soul had flown,
And seen their courses finish'd ere his own:
Now he enjoys those realms he could explore,
And finds that heaven he knew so well before.
He through more worlds his victory pursued
Than the brave Greek could wish to have sub-
dued;

In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
Then stopp'd,—for nature could afford no more.
With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride
He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and died.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. XIX. IMITATED.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ROBERT LOWTH*.

'Tis said, dear Sir, no poets please the town,
Who drink mere water, though from Helicon:
For in cold blood they seldom boldly think;
Their rhymes are more insipid than their drink.
Not great Apollo could the train inspire,
Till generous Bacchus help'd to fan the fire.
Warm'd by two gods at once, they drink and write,
Rhyme all the day, and fuddle all the night.
Homer, says Horace, nods in many a place,
But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the glass.
Inspir'd with wine old Ennius sung and thought
With the same spirit, that his heroes fought:
And we from Johnson's tavern-laws divine,
That bard was no great enemy to wine.
'Twas from the bottle King deriv'd his wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
Let no coif'd serjeant touch the sacred juice,
But leave it to the bards for better use:

* Late Bishop of London.

Let the grave judges too the glass forbear,
 Who never sing and dance but once a year.
 This truth once known, our poets take the hint,
 Get drunk or mad, and then get into print:
 To raise their flames indulge the mellow fit,
 And lose their senses in the search of wit:
 And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
 Swear they can write, because they drink like Ben.
 Such mimic Swift or Prior to their cost,
 For in the rash attempt the fools are lost.
 When once a genius breaks through common rules,
 He leads an herd of imitating fools.
 If Pope, the prince of poets, sick a-bed,
 O'er steaming coffee bends his aching head,
 The fools in public o'er the fragrant draught
 Incline those heads, that never ach'd or thought.
 This must provoke his mirth or his disdain,
 Cure his complaint,—or make him sick again.
 I too, like them, the poet's path pursue,
 And keep great Flaccus ever in my view;
 But in a distant view—yet what I write,
 In these loose sheets, must never see the light;
 Epistles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
 Things that are born and die in half an hour.
 What! you must dedicate, says sneering Spence,
 This year some new performance to the prince:
 Though money is your scorn, no doubt in time
 You hope to gain some vacant stall by rhyme;
 Like other poets, were the truth but known,
 You too admire whatever is your own.
 These wise remarks my modesty confound,
 While the laugh rises, and the mirth goes round;
 Vext at the jest, yet glad to shun a fray,
 I whisk into my coach, and drive away.

TO MR. SPENCE.

PREFIXED TO THE ESSAY ON POPE'S ODYSSEY.

'Tis done—Restor'd by thy immortal pen,
 The critic's noble name revives again;
 Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
 Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.
 Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
 And feed on scraps refus'd by every guest;
 From the old Thracian * dog they learn'd the way
 To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey.
 As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they
 feel,
 Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their will.
 Such their inverted taste, that we expect
 For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect;
 So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flowers,
 But every poison of the field devours.
 Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
 You read your poet with a poet's flame;
 With his, your generous raptures still aspire;
 The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
 But when some lame, some limping line demands
 The friendly succour of your healing hands;
 The feather of your pen drops balm around,
 And plays, and tickles, while it cures the wound.
 While Pope's immortal labour we survey,
 We stand all dazzled with excess of day,

* Zeilus, so called by the ancients.

Blind with the glorious blaze;—to vulgar sight
 'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light;
 But, like the towering eagle, you alone
 Discern'd the spots and splendours of the sun.
 To point out faults, yet never to offend;
 To play the critic, yet preserve the friend;
 A life well spent, that never lost a day;
 An easy spirit, innocently gay;
 A strict integrity, devoid of art;
 The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart;
 A soul where depth of sense and fancy meet;
 A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit,
 Were ever yours;—be what you were before,
 Be still yourself; the world can ask no more.

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

A WELL-KNOWN vase of sovereign use I sing,
 Pleasing to young and old, and Jordan hight,
 The lovely queen, and eke the haughty king
 Snatch up this vessel in the murky night:
 Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy wight,
 But uses it in mantle brown or green;
 Sometimes it stands array'd in glossy white;
 And eke in mighty dortours may be seen
 Of China's fragile earth, with azure flowrets sheen.
 The virgin, comely as the dewy rose,
 Here gently sheds the softly-whispering rill;
 The frannion, who ne shame ne blushing knows,
 At once the potter's glossy vase does fill;
 It whizzes like the waters from a mill.
 Here fronzy housewives clear their loaded reins;
 The beef-fed justice, who fat ale doth swill,
 Grasps the round-handled jar, and tries, and
 strains, [drains.
 While slowly dribbling down the scanty water
 The dame of Fraunce shall without shame convey
 This ready needment to its proper place;
 Yet shall the daughters of the lond of Fay
 Learn better amenaunce and decent grace;
 Warm blushes lend a beauty to their face,
 For virtue's comely tints their cheeks adorn;
 Thus o'er the distant hillocks you may trace
 The purple beamings of the infant morn:
 Sweet are our blooming maids—the sweetest crea-
 tures born.
 None but their husbands or their lovers true
 They trust with management of their affairs;
 Nor even these their privacy may view,
 When the soft beavys seek the bower by pairs:
 Then from the sight accoy'd, like timorous hares,
 From mate or bellamour alike they fly;
 Think not, good swain, that these are scornful
 airs,
 Think not for hate they shun thine amorous eye,
 Soon shall the fair return, nor done thee, youth,
 to dye.
 While Belgic frows across a charcoal stove
 (Replenish'd like the Vestal's lasting fire) [love,
 Bren for whole years, and scorch the parts of
 No longer parts that can delight inspire,
 Erst cave of blifs, now monumental pyre;
 O British maid, for ever clean and neat,
 For whom I aye will make my simple lyre,

With double care preserve that dun retreat,
Fair Venus' mystic bower, Dan Cupid's feather'd
seat.

So may your hours soft-sliding steal away,
Unknown to gnarring slander and to bale,
O'er seas of bliss peace guide her gondelay,
Ne bitter dole impest the passing gale.
O! sweeter than the lilies of the dale,
In your soft breasts the fruits of joyance grow.
Ne fell despair be here with visage pale,
Brave be the youth from whom your bosoms
glow,
Ne other joy but you the faithful striplings know.

EPISTLE TO J. PITT, Esq.

In Imitation of Horace, Epist. IV. Book I.

DEAR SIR,

To all my trifles you attend,
But drop the critic to indulge the friend,
And with most Christian patience lose your
time,
To hear me preach, or pester you with rhyme.
Here with my books or friend I spend the day,
But how at Kingston pass your hours away?
Say, shall we see some plan with ravish'd eyes,
Some future pile in miniature arise?
(A model to excel in every part
Judicious Jones, or great Palladio's art)
Or some new bill, that, when the house is met,
Shall claim their thanks, and pay the nation's debt?
Or have you study'd in the silent wood
The sacred duties of the wise and good?
Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the
whole
With a strong body, and as firm a soul:
The praise is yours to finish every part
With all th' embellishments of taste and art.
Some see in canker'd heaps their riches roll'd,
Your bounty gives new lustre to your gold.
Could your dead father hope a greater bliss,
Or your surviving parent more than this?
Than such a son—a lover of the laws,
And ever true to honour's glorious cause:
Who scorns all parties, though by parties sought:
Who greatly thinks, and truly speaks his thought:
With all the chaste severity of sense,
Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence.
So in his youth great Cato was rever'd,
By Pompey courted, and by Cæsar fear'd:
Both he disdain'd alike with godlike pride,
For Rome and Liberty he liv'd—and dy'd.
In each perfection as you rise so fast,
Well may you think each day may be your last.
Uncommon worth is still with fate at strife,
Still inconsistent with a length of life.
The future time is ever in your power,
Then 'tis clear gain to seize the present hour;
Break from the serious thought, and laugh away
In Pimperm walls one idle easy day,
You'll find your rhyming kinsman well in case,
For ever fix'd to the delicious place.
Though not like L—with corpulence o'ergrown
For he has twenty cures, and I but one.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE.

In Imitation of Horace, Epist. X. Book I.

HEALTH from the bard who loves the rural sport,
To the more noble bard that haunts the court:
In every other point of life we chime,
Like two soft lines when coupled into rhyme.
I praise a spacious villa to the sky,
You a close garret full five stories high;
I revel here in nature's varied sweets,
You in the nobler scents of London streets.
I left the court, and here at ease reclin'd,
Am happier than the king who staid behind:
Twelve stifling dishes I could scarce live o'er,
At home I dine with luxury on four.
Where would a man of judgment choose a seat,
But in a wholesome, rural, soft retreat?
Where hills adorn the mansion they defend?
Where could he better answer nature's end?
Here from the sea the melting breezes rise,
Unbind the snow, and warm the wintery skies:
Here gentle gales the dog-star's heat allay,
And softly breathing cool the sultry day.
How free from cares, from dangers and affright,
In pleasing dreams I pass the silent night!
Does not the variegated marble yield
To the gay colours of the flowery field?
Can the New-river's artificial streams,
Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
In many a winding rusty pipe convey'd,
Or dash'd and broken down a deed cascade,
With our clear sylvan streams in sweetness vie,
That in eternal rills run bubbling by;
In dimples o'er the polish'd pebbles pass,
Glide o'er the sands, or glitter through the grass?
And yet in town the country prospects please,
Where stately colonades are flank'd with trees:
On a whole country looks the master down
With pride, where scarce five acres are his own.
Yet nature, though repell'd, maintains her part,
And in her turn she triumphs over art;
The handmaid now may prejudice our taste,
But the fair mistress will prevail at last.
That man must smart at last whose puzzled sight
Mistakes in life false colours for the right;
As the poor dupe is sure his loss to rue,
Who takes a pinchbeck guinea for a true.
The wretch, whose frantic pride kind fortune
crowns,
Grows twice as abject when the goddess frowns;
As he, who rises when his head turns round,
Must tumble twice as heavy to the ground.
Then love, not grandeur, 'tis a splendid curse;
The more the love, the harder the divorce.
We live far happier by these gurgling springs,
Than statesmen, courtiers, counsellors, or kings.
The stag expell'd the courser from the plain;
What can he do?—he begs the aid of man;
He takes the bit and proudly bears away
His new ally; he fights and wins the day;
But, ruin'd by success, he strives in vain
To quit his master and the curb again.
So from the fear of want most wretches fly,
But lose their noblest wealth, their liberty;

To their imperious passions they submit,
 Who mount, ride, spur, but never draw the bit.
 'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your shoe,
 A large may wrench, a small one wring your toe.
 Then bear your fortune in the golden mean,
 Not every man is born to be a dean.
 I'll bear your jeers, if ever I am known
 To seek two cures, when scarce I merit one.
 Riches, 'tis true, some service may afford,
 But oftner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
 Money I scorn, but keep a little still,
 To pay my doctor's, or my lawyer's bill.
 From Encombe's soft romantic scenes I write,
 Deep sunk in ease, in pleasure and delight;
 Yet, though her gen'rous lord himself is here,
 'T would be one pleasure more, could you appear.

INVITATION TO A FRIEND AT COURT.

If you can leave for books the crowded court,
 And generous Bourdeaux for a glass of Port,
 To these sweet solitudes without delay
 Break from the world's impertinence away.

Soon as the sun the face of nature gilds,
 For health and pleasure will we range the fields;
 O'er her gay scenes and opening beauties run,
 While all the vast creation is our own.
 But when his golden globe with faded light
 Yields to the solemn empire of the night;
 And in her sober majesty the moon
 With milder glories mounts her silver throne;
 Amidst ten thousand orbs with splendour crown'd,
 That pour their tributary beams around; [light
 Through the long levell'd tube our strengthen'd
 Shall mark distinct the spangles of the night;
 From world to world shall dart the boundless eye,
 And stretch from star to star, from sky to sky.

The buzzing insect families appear,
 When suns unbind the rigour of the year;
 Quick glance the myriads round the evening
 bower,

Hosts of a day, or nations of an hour.
 Astonish'd we shall see th' unfolding race,
 Stretch'd out in bulk, within the polish'd glass;
 Through whose small convex a new world we spy,
 Ne'er seen before, but by a seraph's eye!
 So long in darkness shut from human kind
 Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
 But in one peopled drop we now survey
 In pride of power some little monster play;
 O'er tribes invisible he reigns alone,
 And struts a tyrant of a world his own.

Now will we study Homer's awful page,
 Now warm our souls with Pindar's noble rage:
 To English lays shall Flaccus' lyre be strung,
 And lofty Virgil speak the British tongue.
 Immortal Virgil! at thy sacred name
 I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
 With eager hopes this moment I aspire
 To catch or emulate thy glorious fire;
 The next pursue the rash attempt no more,
 But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore;
 By thy strong genius overcome and aw'd!
 That fire from heaven! that spirit of a God!

Pleas'd and transported with thy name I tend
 Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
 And from my first design by rapture led,
 Neglect the living poet for the dead.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE,

When Tutor to Lord Middlesex.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST XVIII.

SPENCE, with a friend you pass the hours away
 In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay:
 You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
 Than a chaste lady from a flaunting whore.

'Tis true you rallied every fault you found,
 But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound:
 Unlike the paultry poets of the town,
 Rogues who expose themselves for half a crown:
 And still impose on every soul they meet
 Rudeness for sense, and ribaldry for wit:
 Who, though half-starv'd, in spite of time and
 place,

Repeat their rhymes, though dinner stays for grace:
 And as their poverty their dresses fit,
 They think of course a sloven is a wit;
 But sense (a truth these coxcombs ne'er suspect)
 Lies just 'twixt affectation and neglect.

One step still lower, if you can, descend,
 To the mean wretch, the great man's humble
 friend;

That moving shade, that pendant at his ear,
 That two-legg'd dog, still pawing on the peer.
 Studying his looks, and watching at the board,
 He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord;
 And, tickled to the soul at every joke,
 Like a press'd watch, repeats what t'other spoke:
 Echo to nonsense! such a scene to hear!
 'Tis just like Punch and his interpreter.

On trifles some are earnestly absurd,
 You'll think the world depends on ev'ry word.
 What, is not every mortal free to speak?
 I'll give my reasons, though I break my neck.
 And what's the question?—if it shines or rains,
 Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.

The wretch reduc'd to rags by every vice,
 Pride, projects, races, mistresses, and dice,
 The rich rogue shuns, though full as bad as he,
 And knows a quarrel is good husbandry.

'Tis strange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf,
 I'm sure I thought you wiser than myself;
 Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late,
 Retrench, or rather mortgage your estate,
 I can advance the sum,—'tis best for both;
 But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.

A minister, in mere revenge and sport,
 Shall give his foe a paltry place at court.
 The dupe for every royal birth-day buys
 New horses, coaches, clothes, and liveries;
 Plies at the levee, and distinguish'd there
 Lives on the royal whisper for a year;
 His wenches shine in Brussels and Brocade!
 And now the wretch, ridiculously mad,
 Draws on his banker, mortgages and sells,
 Then to the country runs away from jails:
 There ruin'd by the court he sells a vote
 To the next burghers, as of old he bought;

Rubs down the steeds which once his chariot bore,
Or sweeps the town, which once he serv'd before.

But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.
Then take advice; I preach not out of time,
When good lord Middlesex is bent on rhyme.

Their humour check'd, or inclination cross'd,
Sometimes the friendship of the great is lost.
Unless call'd out to wench, be sure comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the fathers by:
For your reward you gain his love, and dine
On the best venison and the best French wine,
Nor to Lord ***** make the observation,
How the twelve peers have answer'd their creation,
Nor in your wine or wrath betray your trust,
Be silent still, and obstinately just:
Explore no secrets, draw no characters,
For echo will repeat, and walls have ears:
Nor let a busy fool a secret know,
A secret gripes him till he lets it go:
Words are like bullets, and we wish in vain,
When once discharg'd, to call them back again.

* * * * *

Defend, dear Spence, the honest and the civil,
But to cry up a rascal—that's the devil.
Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
At the same time protects and guards his own.
For as with houses 'tis with people's names,
A shed may set a palace all on flames;
The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
But mounts at last into a general blaze.

'Tis a fine thing, some think, a lord to know;
I wish his tradesmen could but think so too.
He gives his word—then all your hopes are gone:
He gives his honour—then your quite undone.
His and some women's love the same are found;
You rashly board a fire-ship, and are drown'd.

Most folks so partial to themselves are grown,
They hate a temper differing from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
And formalists pronounce the witty mad:
The sot, who drinks six bottles in a place,
Swears at the flinchers who refuse their glass.
Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd man,
Comply with every humour that you can.

Pope will instruct you how to pass away
Your time like him, and never lose a day;
From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
To all mankind as to yourself a friend,
And, sacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
To lead a life with mortals like his own.

When to delicious Pimperne I retire,
What greater bliss, my Spence, can I desire?
Contented there my easy hours I spend
With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.
There can I live upon my income still,
E'en though the house should pass the Quakers
bill:

Yet to my share should some good prebend fall,
I think myself of size to fill a stall.
For life or wealth let Heaven my lot assign,
A firm and even soul shall still be mine.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

To the Right Honourable

PHILIP, EARL STANHOPE, VISCOUNT MAHON, AND BARON ELVASTON,

THIS TRANSLATION IS DEDICATED, BY HIS LORDSHIP'S HUMBLE SERVANT AND CHAPLAIN,

CHRISTOPHER PITT,

BOOK I.

GIVE me, ye sacred muses, to impart
The hidden secrets of your tuneful art;
Give me your awful mysteries to sing,
Unlock, and open wide, your sacred spring;
While from his infancy the bard I lead,
And set him on your mountain's lofty head;
Direct his course, and point him out the road
To sing in epic strains an hero or a god. [praise,
What youth, whose generous bosom pants for
Will dare with me to beat those arduous ways?
O'er high Parnassus' painful steep to go,
And leave the groveling multitude below:
Where the glad muses sing, and form the choir,
While bright Apollo strikes the silver lyre,
Approach thou first, great Francis, nor refuse
To pay due honours to the sacred muse;

While Gallia waits for thy auspicious reign,
Till age completes the monarch in the man;
Mean time the muse may bring some small relief,
To charm thy anguish, and suspend thy grief;
While guilty fortune's stern decrees detain
Thee and thy brother in the realms of Spain;
Far, far transported from your native place,
Your country's, father's, and your friend's em-
brace!

Such are the terms the cruel fates impose
On your great father, struggling with his woes,
Such are their hard conditions:—they require
The sons to purchase, and redeem the sire. [stain,
But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears ab-
Fate may relent, and heaven grow mild again;
At last perhaps the glorious day may come,
The day that brings our royal exile home;

When, to thy native realms in peace restor'd,
The ravish'd crowds shall hail their passing lord;
When each transported city shall rejoice,
And nations bless thee with a public voice;
To the throng'd fanes the matrons shall repair;
Absolve their vows, and breathe their souls in
prayer.

Till then, let every muse engage thy love,
With me at large o'er high Parnassus rove,
Range every bower, and sport in every grove.

First then observe, that verse is ne'er confin'd
To one fix'd measure, or determin'd kind;
Though at its birth it sung the gods alone,
And then religion claim'd it for her own;
In sacred strains address'd the Deity,
And spoke a language worthy of the sky;
New themes succeeding bards began to choose,
And in a wider field engag'd the muse;
The common bulk of subjects to rehearse
In all the rich varieties of verse.

Yet none of all with equal honours shine
(But those which celebrate the power divine)
To those exalted measures, which declare
The deeds of heroes, and the sons of war.
From hence posterity the name bestow'd
On this rich present of the Delphic god;
Fame says, Phæmonoe in this measure gave
Apollo's answers from the Pythian cave.

But ere you write, consult your strength and
choose

A theme proportion'd justly to your muse.
For though in chief these precepts are bestow'd
On him who sings an hero or a god;
To other themes their general use extend
And serves in different views to different ends.
Whether the lofty muse with tragic rage
Would proudly stalk in buskins on the stage;
Or in soft elegies our pity move,
And show the youth in all the flames of love;
Or sing the shepherd's woes in humble strains,
And the low humours of contending swains:
These faithful rules shall guide the bard along
In every measure, argument, and song.

Be sure (whatever you propose to write)
Let the chief motive be your own delight,
And well-weigh'd choice;—a task enjoin'd refuse,
Unless a monarch should command your muse.
(If we may hope those golden times to see,
When bards become the care of majesty!)
Free and spontaneous the smooth numbers glide,
Where choice determines, and our wills preside;
But, at command, we toil with fruitless pain,
And drag th' involuntary load in vain.

Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm desire,
On the first glimmering of the sacred fire;
Defer the mighty task; and weigh your power
And every part in every view explore;
And let the theme in different prospects roll
Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the soul.

But ere with sails unfurl'd you fly away,
And cleave the bosom of the boundless sea;
A fund of words and images prepare,
And lay the bright materials up with care,
Which at due time, occasion may produce,
All rang'd in order for the poet's use.

Some happy objects by mere chance are brought
From hidden causes to the wandering thought;
Which if once lost, you labour long in vain
To catch th' ideal fugitives again.

Nor must I fail their conduct to extol,
Who, when they lay the basis of the whole,
Explore the ancients with a watchful eye,
Lay all their charms and elegancies by,
Then to their use the precious spoils apply.

At first without the least restraint compose,
And mould the future poem into prose;
A full and proper series to maintain,
And draw the just connection in a chain;
By stated bounds your progress to controul,
To join the parts, and regulate the whole.

And now 'tis time to spread the opening sails
Wide to the wanton winds and flattering gales;
'Tis time we now prescribe the genuine laws
To raise the beauteous fabric with applause;
But first some method requisite appears
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.
In vain the bard the sacred wreath pursues,
Unless train'd up and season'd to the muse.
Soon as the prattling innocent shall reach
To the first use and rudiments of speech,
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,
Ev'n then the tuneful nine should win his love
By just degrees.—But make his guide your choice
For his chaste phrase and elegance of voice;
That he at first successfully may teach
The methods, laws, and discipline of speech;
Lest the young charge, mistaking right and wrong,
With vicious habits prejudice his tongue.
Habits, whose subtle seeds may mock your art,
And spread their roots and poison through his
heart.

Whence none shall move me to approve the
Who wildly borne above the vulgar reach,
And big with vain pretences to impart
Vast shows of learning, and a depth of art,
For sense th' impertinence of terms affords;
An idle cant of formidable words;
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools;
The vile disgrace, and lumber of the schools:
In vain the circling youths, a blooming throng,
Dwell on th' eternal jargon of his tongue.
Deluded fools!—the same is their mistake,
Who at the limpid stream their thirst may slake,
Yet choose the tainted waters of the lake.
Let no such pest approach the blooming care,
Deprave his style, and violate his ear;
But far, oh far, to some remoter place.
Drive the vile wretch to teach a barbarous race.

Now to the muse's stream the pupil bring,
To drink large draughts of the Pierian spring;
And from his birth the sacred bard adore,
Nurst by the nine, on Mincio's flowery shore;
And ask the gods his numbers to inspire,
With like invention, majesty, and fire.
He reads Ascanius' deeds with equal flame,
And longs with him to run at nobler game.
For youths of ages past he makes his moan,
And learns to pity years so like his own;
Which with too swift, and too severe a doom,
The fate of war had hurried to the tomb.

His eyes, for Pallas, and for Lausus, flow,
Mourn with their fires, and weep another's woe.
But when Uryalus, in all his charms,
Is snatch'd by fate from his dear mother's arms,
And as he rolls in death, the purple flood
Streams out, and stains his snowy limbs with
blood,

His soul the pangs of generous sorrow pierce,
And a new tear steals out at every verse.
Meantime with bolder steps the youth proceeds,
And the Greek poets in succession reads;
Seasons to either tongue his tender ears;
Compares the heroes glorious characters;
Sees, how Æneas is himself alone,
The draught of Peleus' and Laertes' son;
How, by the poet's art, in one, conspire
Ulysses' conduct, and Achilles' fire.

But now, young bard, with strict attention hear,
And drink my precepts in at either ear;
Since mighty crowds of poets you may find,
Crowds of the Grecian and Ausonian kind,
Learn hence what bards to quit or to pursue,
To shun the false, and to embrace the true;
Nor is it hard to cull each noble piece,
And point out every glorious son of Greece;
Above whose numbers Homer sits on high,
And shines supreme in distant majesty;
Whom with a reverend eye the rest regard,
And owe their raptures to the sovereign bard;
Through him the god their panting souls inspires,
Swells every breast, and warms with all his fires,
Blest were the poets with the hollow'd rage,
Train'd up in that and the succeeding age:
As to his time each poet nearer drew,
His spreading fame in just proportion grew,
By like degrees the next degenerate race
Sunk from the height of honour to disgrace.
And now the fame of Greece extinguish'd lies,
Her ancient language with her glory dies.
Her banish'd princes mourn their ravish'd crowns,
Driven from their old hereditary thrones;
Her drooping natives rove o'er worlds unknown,
And weep their woes in regions not their own;
She feels through all her states the dreadful blow,
And mourns the fury of a barbarous foe. [maids

But when our bards brought o'er th' Aonian
From their own Helicon to Tyber's shades;
When first they settled on Hesperia's plains,
Their numbers ran in rough unpolish'd strains,
Void of the Grecian art their measures flow'd;
Pleas'd the wild satyrs, and the sylvan crowd.
Low shrubs and lofty forests whilom rung,
With uncouth verse, and antiquated song;
Nor yet old Ennius sung in artless strains,
Fights, arms, and hosts embattel'd on the plains,
Who first aspir'd to pluck the verdant crown
From Grecian heads and fix it on his own.
New wonders the succeeding bards explore,
Which slept conceal'd in nature's womb before;
Her awful secrets the bold poet sings,
And sets to view the principles of things;
Each part was fair, and beautiful the whole,
And every line was nectar to the soul.
By such degrees the verse, as ages roll'd,
Was stamp'd to form, and took the beautiful
mould,

Ausonia's bards drew off from every part
The barbarous dregs, and civiliz'd the art.
Till, like the day, all shining and serene,
That drives the clouds, and clears the gloomy
scene,

Refines the air, and brightens up the skies,
See the majestic head of Virgil rise;
Phœbus' undoubted son!—who clears the rust
Of the rough ancients, and shakes off their dust.
He on each line a nobler grace bestow'd;
He thought, and spoke in every word a god.
To grace this mighty bard, ye muses, bring
Your choicest flowers, and rifle all the spring;
See! how the Grecian bards, at distance thrown,
With reverence bow to this distinguish'd son;
Immortal sounds his golden lines impart,
And nought can match his genius but his art.
Ev'n Greece turns pale, and trembles at his fame,
Which shades the lustre of her Homer's name.
'Twas then Ausonia saw her language rise
In all its strength and glory to the skies;
Such glory never could she boast before,
Nor could succeeding poets make it more.
From that blest period the poetic state
Ran down the precipice of time and fate;
Degenerate souls succeed, a wretched train,
And her old fame at once drew back again.
One, to his genius trusts, in every part,
And scorns the rules and discipline of art.
While this, an empty tide of sound affords,
And roars and thunders in a storm of words.
Some, musically dull, all methods try
To win the ear with sweet stupidity;
Unruffled strains for solid wit dispense,
And give us numbers, when we call for sense.
Till from th' Hesperian plains and Tyber chas'd,
From Rome the banish'd sisters fled at last;
Driven by the barbarous nations, who from far
Burst into Latium with a tide of war.
Hence a vast change of their old manners sprung;
The slaves were forc'd to speak their masters
tongue;

No honours now were paid the sacred muse,
But all were bent on mercenary views;
Till Latium saw with joy th' Aonian train
By the great Medici restor'd again;
Th' illustrious Medici, of Tuscan race,
Were born to cherish learning in disgrace,
New life on every science to bestow,
And lull the cries of Europe in her woe.
With pity they beheld those turns of fate,
And propp'd the ruins of the Grecian state;
For lest her wit should perish with her fame,
Their care supported still the Argive name;
They call'd the aspiring youths from distant parts,
To plant Ausonia with the Grecian arts;
To bask in ease, and science to diffuse,
And to restore the empire of the muse;
They sent to ravag'd provinces with care,
And cities wasted by the rage of war,
To buy the ancients works of deathless fame,
And snatch th' immortal labours from the flame;
To which the foes had doom'd each glorious piece,
Who reign and lord it in the realms of Greece.
But we, ye gods, would raise a foreign lord,
As yet untaught to sheath the civil sword!)

Through many a period this has been the fate,
And this the list of the poetic state.

Hence sacred Virgil from thy soul adore
Above the rest, and to thy utmost power
Pursue the glorious paths he struck before.
If he supplies not all your wants, peruse
Th' immortal strains of each Augustan muse.
There stop—nor rashly seek to know the rest,
But drive the dire ambition from thy breast,
Till riper years and judgment form thy thoughts
To mark their beauties, and avoid their faults.
Meantime, ye parents, with attention hear,
And thus advis'd exert your utmost care;
The blameless tutor from a thousand choose,
One from his soul devoted to the muse;
Who, pleas'd the tender pupil to improve,
Regards and loves him with a father's love.
Youth, of itself to numerous ills betray'd,
Requires a prop, and wants a foreign aid;
Unless a master's rules his mind incline
To love and cultivate the sacred nine,
His thoughts a thousand objects will employ,
And from Parnassus lead the wandering boy.
So trusts the swain the saplings to the earth;
So hopes in time to see the sprouting birth;
Against the winds defensive props he forms,
To shield the future forest from the storms,
That each embolden'd plant at length may rise
In verdant pride, and shoot into the skies.

But let the guide, if e'er he would improve
His charge, avoid his hate, and win his love;
Lest in his rage wrong measures he may take,
And lothe the muses for the teacher's sake.
His soul then slacken'd from her native force,
Flags at the barrier, and forgets the course.
Nor by your anger be the youth o'er-aw'd,
But scorn th' ungenerous province of the rod;
Th' offended muses never can sustain
To hear the shriekings of the tender train,
But stung with grief and anguish hang behind;
Damp'd is the sprightly vigour of the mind.
The boy no daring images inspire,
No bright ideas set his thoughts on fire:
He drags on heavily th' ungrateful load,
Grown obstinately dull, and season'd to the rod.

I know a pedant, who to penance brought
His trembling pupils for the lightest fault;
His soul transported with a storm of ire,
And all the rage that malice could inspire:
By turns the torturing scourges we might hear,
By turns the shrieks of wretches stunn'd the ear.
Still to my mind the dire ideas rise,
When rage unusual sparkled in his eyes;
When with the dreadful scourge insulting loud,
The tyrant terrify'd the blooming crowd;
A boy the fairest of the frighted train,
Who yet scarce gave the promise of a man,
Ah! dismal object! idly past the day
In all the thoughtless innocence of play;
When lo! th' imperious wretch inflam'd with rage,
Fierce, and regardless of his tender age,
With fury storms; the fault his clamours urge:
His hand high-waving brandishes the scourge.
Tears, vows, and prayers, the tyrant's ears assail;
In vain;—nor tears, nor vows, nor prayers prevail.

The trembling innocent from deep despair
Sicken'd, and breath'd his little soul in air.
For him, beneath his poplar, mourns the Po;
For him the tears of hoary Serious flow;
For him their tears the watery sisters shed,
Who lov'd him living, and deplor'd him dead.
The furious pedant, to restrain his rage,
Should mark th' example of a former age;
How fierce Alcides, warm'd with youthful ire,
Dash'd on his master's front his vocal lyre.
But yet, ye youths, confess your masters sway,
And their commands implicitly obey.

Whoever then this arduous task pursues,
To form the bard, and cultivate the muse,
Let him by softer means, and milder ways,
Warm his ambition with the love of praise;
Soon as his precepts shall engage his heart,
And fan the rising fire in every part,
Light is the task;—for then the eager boy
Pursues the voluntary toil with joy;
Disdains th' inglorious indolence of rest,
And feeds th' immortal ardour in his breast.

And here the common practice of the schools
By known experience justifies my rules,
The youths in social studies to engage;
For then the rivals burn with generous rage,
Each soul the stings of emulation raise,
And every little bosom beats for praise.
But gifts propos'd will urge them best to rise;
Fir'd at the glorious prospect of a prize,
With noble jealousy the blooming bard
Reads, labours, glows, and strains for the reward.
Fears lest his happy rival win the race,
And raise a triumph on his own disgrace.

But when once season'd to the rage divine,
He loves and courts the raptures of the nine;
The sense of glory, and the love of fame,
Serve but as second motives to the flame;
The thrilling pleasure all the bard subdues,
Lock'd in the strict embraces of the muse.
See! when harsh parents force the youth to quit
For meaner arts the dear delights of wit,
If e'er the wonted warmth his thoughts inspire,
And with past pleasures set his mind on fire,
How from his soul he longs, but longs in vain,
To haunt the groves and purling streams again!
No stern commands of parents can controul,
No force can check the fallies of his soul.
So burns the courser season'd to the rein,
That spies his females on a distant plain,
And longs to act his pleasures o'er again.
Fir'd with remembrance of his joys, he bounds,
He foams and strives to reach the well-known
grounds;

The goring spurs his furious flames improve,
And rouse within him all the rage of love;
Ply'd with the scourge he still neglects his haste,
And moves reluctant when he moves at last;
Reverts his eye, regrets the distant mare,
And neighs impatient for the dappled fair.

How oft the youth would long to change his
fate,
Who, high advanc'd to all the pomp of state,
With grief his gaudy load of grandeur views,
Lost at too high a distance from the muse!

How oft he sighs by warbling streams to rove,
 And quit the palace for the shady grove !
 How oft in Tybur's cold retreats to lye,
 And gladly stoop to cheerful poverty,
 Beneath the rigour of the wintery sky !
 But yet how many curse their fruitless toil,
 Who turn and cultivate a barren soil ?
 'This, ere too late, the master may divine
 By a sure omen and a certain sign ;
 The hopeful youth, determin'd by his choice,
 Works without precept, and prevents advice,
 Consults his teacher, plies his task with joy,
 And a quick sense of glory fires the boy.
 He challenges the crowd ;—the conquest o'er,
 He struts away the victor of an hour. [care,
 Then vanquish'd in his turn ; o'erwhelm'd with
 He weeps, he pines, he sickens with despair ;
 Nor looks his little rivals in the face,
 But flies for shelter to some lonely place,
 To mourn his shame, and cover his disgrace. }
 His master's frowns impatient to sustain,
 Streight he returns, and wins the day again.
 'This is the boy his better fates design
 To rise the future darling of the nine ;
 For him the muses weave the sacred crown,
 And bright Apollo claims him for his own.
 Not the least hope th' unactive youth can raise,
 Dead to the prospect and the sense of praise ;
 Who your just rules with dull attention hears,
 Nor lends his understanding, but his ears,
 Resolv'd his parts in indolence to keep,
 He lulls his drowsy faculties asleep ;
 The wretch your best endeavours will betray,
 And the superfluous care is thrown away.

I fear for him who ripens ere his prime ;
 For all productions there's a proper time.
 Oh ! may no apples in the spring appear,
 Out-grow the seasons, and prevent the year,
 Nor mellow yet till autumn stains the vine,
 And the full presses foam with floods of wine.
 Torn from the parent-tree too soon, they lie
 Trod down by every swain who passes by.

Nor should the youth too strictly be confin'd,
 'Tis sometimes proper to unbend his mind ;
 When tir'd with study, let him seek the plains,
 And mark the homely humours of the swains ;
 Or pleas'd the toils to spread, or horns to wind,
 Hunt the fleet mountain-goat or forest-hind.
 Meantime the youth, impatient that the day
 Should pass in pleasures unimprov'd away,
 Steals from the shouting crowd, and quits the
 plains,

To sing the sylvan gods in rural strains ;
 Or calls the muses to Albuca's shades,
 Courts and enjoys the visionary maids.
 So labour'd fields, with crops alternate blest,
 By turns lie fallow, and indulge their rest ;
 The swain contented bids the hungry soil
 Enjoy a sweet vicissitude from toil,
 Till earth renews her genial powers to bear,
 And pays his prudence with a bounteous year.

On a strict view your solid judgment frame,
 Nor think that genius is in all the same :
 How oft the youth, who wants the sacred fire,
 Fondly mistakes for genius his desire !

Courts the coy muses, though rejected still,
 Nor nature seconds his misguided will :
 He strives, he toils with unavailing care ;
 Nor heaven relents, nor Phœbus hears his prayer.
 He with success perhaps may plead a cause,
 Shine at the bar, and flourish by the laws ;
 Perhaps discover Nature's secret springs,
 And bring to light th' originals of things.
 But sometimes precept will such force impart,
 That nature bends beneath the power of art.

Besides, 'tis no light province to remove
 From the rash boy the fiery pangs of love ;
 Till, ripe in years, and more confirm'd in age,
 He learns to bear the flames of Cupid's rage ;
 Oft hidden fires on all his vitals prey,
 Devour the youth, and melt his soul away.
 By slow degrees ;—blot out his golden dreams,
 The tuneful poets, and Castalian streams ;
 Struck with a secret wound, he weeps and sighs ;
 In every thought the darling phantoms rise ;
 The fancy'd charmer swims before his sight,
 His theme all day, his vision all the night :
 The wandering object takes up all his care,
 Nor can he quit th' imaginary fair.
 Meantime his fire, unconscious of his pain,
 Applies the temper'd medicines in vain ;
 The plague, so deeply rooted in his heart,
 Mocks every slight attempt of Pæan's art ;
 The flames of Cupid all his breast inspire,
 And in the lover's quench the poet's fire.

When in his riper years, without controul,
 The nine have took possession of his soul ;
 When, sacred to their god, the crown he wears,
 To other authors let him bend his cares ;
 Consult their styles, examine every part,
 And a new tincture take from every art.
 First study Tully's language and his sense,
 And range that boundless field of eloquence.
 Tully, Rome's other glory, still affords
 The best expressions and the richest words ;
 As high o'er all in eloquence he stood,
 As Rome o'er all the nations she subdu'd.
 Let him read men and manners, and explore
 The site and distances from shore to shore ;
 Then let him travel, or to maps repair,
 And see imagin'd cities rising there ;
 Range with his eyes the earth's fictitious ball,
 And pass o'er figur'd worlds that grace the wall.
 Some in the bloody shock of arms appear,
 To paint the native horrors of the war ;
 Through charging hosts they rush before they write,
 And plunge in all the tumult of the fight.
 But since our lives, contracted in their date
 By scanty bounds and circumscrib'd by fate,
 Can never launch through all the depths of arts,
 Ye youths, touch only the material parts ;
 There stop your labour, there your search controul,
 And draw from thence a notion of the whole.
 From distant climes when the rich merchants
 come,

To bring the wealth of foreign regions home ;
 Content the friendly harbours to explore,
 They only touch upon the winding shore ;
 Nor with vain labour wander up and down
 To view the land, and visit every town ;

That would but call them from their former road,
To spend an age in banishment abroad;
Too late returning from the dangerous main,
To see their countries and their friends again.

Still be the sacred poets your delight;
Read them by day, consult them in the night;
From those clear fountains all your raptures
bring,

And draw for ever from the muses' spring.
But let your subject in your bosom roll,
Claim every thought, and draw in all the soul.
That constant object to your mind display,
Your toil all night, your labour all the day.

I need not all the rules of verse disclose,
Nor how their various measures to dispose;
The tutor here with ease his charge may guide
To join the parts and numbers, or divide.
Now let him words to stated laws submit,
Or yoke to measures, or reduce to feet;
Now let him softly to himself rehearse
His first attempts and rudiments of verse;
Fix on those rich expressions his regard,
To use made sacred by some ancient bard;
Tost by a different gust of hopes and fears,
He begs of heaven an hundred eyes and ears.
Now here, now there, coy nature he pursues,
And takes one image in a thousand views.
He waits the happy moment that affords
The noblest thoughts, and most expressive words;
He brooks no dull delay; admits no rest;
A tide of passion struggles in his breast;
Round his dark soul no clear ideas play,
The most familiar objects glide away.
All fix'd in thought, astonish'd he appears,
His soul examines, and consults his ears;
And racks his faithless memory, to find
Some traces faintly sketch'd upon his mind.
There he unlocks the glorious magazine,
And opens every faculty within;
Brings out with pride their intellectual spoils,
And with the noble treasure crowns his toils;
And oft mere chance shall images display,
That strike his mind engag'd a different way.
Still he persists; regrets no toil or pain,
And still the task, he tried before in vain,
Plies with unweary'd diligence again.
For oft unmanageable thoughts appear,
That mock his labour, and elude his care;
Th' impatient bard, with all his nerves apply'd,
Tries all the avenues on every side;
Resolv'd and bent the precipice to gain;
Though yet he labours at the rock in vain;
By his own strength and heaven, with conquest
grac'd,

He wins th' important victory at last;
Stretch'd by his hands the vanquish'd monster lies,
And the proud triumph lifts him to the skies.
But when ev'n chance and all his efforts fail,
Nor toils, nor vigilance, nor cares prevail;
His past attempts in vain the boy renews,
And waits the softer seasons of the muse;
He quits his work; throws by his fond desires:
And from his task reluctantly retires.

Thus o'er the fields the swain pursues his road,
Till stopt at length by some impervious flood,

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That from a mountain's brow, o'ercharg'd with
rains, [plains;
Bursts in a thundering tide, and foams along the
With horror chill'd, he traverses the shore,
Sees the waves rise, and hears the torrent roar;
Then griev'd returns; or waits with vain delay,
Till the tumultuous deluge rolls away.

But in no Iliad let the youth engage
His tender years, and unexperienc'd age;
Let him by just degrees and steps proceed,
Sing with the swains, and tune the tender reed:
He with success an humbler theme may ply,
And, Virgil-like, immortalize a fly:
Or sing the mice, their battles and attacks,
Against the croaking natives of the lakes:
Or with what art her toils the spider sets,
And spins her filmy entrails into nets.

And here embrace, ye teachers, this advice;
Not to be too inquisitively nice,
But, till the soul enlarg'd in strength appears,
Indulge the boy, and spare his tender years;
Till, to ripe judgment and experience brought,
Himself discerns and blushes at a fault;
For if the critic's eyes too strictly pierce,
To point each blemish out in every verse,
Void of all hope the stripling may depart,
And turn his studies to another art.

But if resolv'd his darling faults to see,
A youth of genius should apply to me,
And court my elder judgment to peruse
Th' imperfect labours of his infant muse;
I should not scruple, with a candid eye,
To read and praise his poem to the sky;
With seeming rapture on each line to pause,
And dwell on each expression with applause.
But when my praises had inflam'd his mind,
If some lame verse limp'd slowly up behind;
One, that himself, unconscious, had not found,
By numbers charm'd, and led away by sound,
I should not fear to minister a prop,
And give him stronger feet to keep it up;
Teach it to run along more firm and sure;
Nor would I show the wound before the cure.

For what remains; the poet I enjoin
To form no glorious scheme, no great design,
Till free from business he retires alone,
And flies the giddy tumult of the town;
Seeks rural pleasures, and enjoys the glades,
And courts the thoughtful silence of the shades,
Where the fair Dryads haunt their native
woods,

With all the orders of the Sylvan gods.
Here in their soft retreats the poets lie,
Serene, and blest with cheerful poverty;
No guilty schemes of wealth their souls molest,
No cares, no prospects, discompose their rest;
No schemes of grandeur glitter in their view;
Here they the joys of innocence pursue,
And taste the pleasures of the happy few.
From a rock's entrails the barbarian sprung,
Who dares to violate the sacred throng
By deeds or words—The wretch by fury driven,
Assaults the darling colony of heaven! [eyes
Some have look'd down, we know, with scornful
On the bright muse who taught them how to rise,

And paid, when rais'd to grandeur, no regard
 From that high station to the sacred bard.
 Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lie,
 Or dread th' impending vengeance of the sky;
 The gods still listen'd to their constant prayer,
 And made the poets their peculiar care.
 They, with contempt, on fortune's gift look down,
 And laugh at kings who wear an envy'd crown.
 Rais'd and transported by their soaring mind,
 From their proud eminence they view mankind
 Lost in a cloud; they see them toil below,
 All busy to promote their common woe;
 Of guilt unconscious, with a steady soul,
 They see the lightnings flash, and hear the thunders roll.

When, girt with terrors, heaven's Almighty Sire
 Launches his triple bolts and forked fire,
 When o'er high towers the red destroyer plays,
 And strikes the mountains with the pointed blaze;
 Safe in their innocence, like gods, they rise,
 And lift their souls serenely to the skies.

Fly, ye profane;—the sacred nine were given
 To bless these lower worlds by bounteous heaven:
 Of old, Prometheus, from the realms above,
 Brought down these daughters of all-mighty Jove,
 When to his native earth the robber came,
 Charg'd with the plunder of ethereal flame.
 As due compassion touch'd his generous mind,
 To see the savage state of human kind;
 When, led to range at large the bright abodes,
 And share th' ambrosial banquets of the gods;
 In many a whirl he saw Olympus driven,
 And heard th' eternal harmony of heaven. [ears
 Turn'd round and round the concert charm'd his
 With all the music of the dancing spheres;
 The sacred nine his wondering eyes behold,
 As each her orb in just divisions roll'd;
 The thief beholds them with ambitious eyes,
 And, bent on fraud, he meditates the prize;
 A prize! the noblest gift he could bestow
 (Next to the fire) on human race below;
 At length th' immortals reconcil'd resign'd
 The fair celestial sisters to mankind;
 Though bound to Caucasus with solid chains,
 Th' aspiring robber groan'd in endless pains;
 By which deterr'd, for ages lay supine
 The race of mortals, nor invok'd the nine:
 Till heaven in verse show'd man his future state,
 And open'd every distant scene of fate.
 First, the great father of the gods above
 Sung in Dedona and the Libyan grove;
 Next, to th' inquiring nations Themis gave,
 Her sacred answers from the Phocian cave;
 Then Phœbus warn'd them from the Delphic dome
 Of future time, and ages yet to come;
 And reverend Faunus utter'd truths divine
 To the first founders of the Latian line.
 Next the great race of hallow'd prophets came,
 With them the Sibylls of immortal fame,
 Inspir'd with all the god; who rapt on high
 With more than mortal rage unbounded fly,
 And range the dark recesses of the sky.
 Next, at their feasts, the people sung their lays
 (The same their prophets sung in former days);
 Their theme an hero, and his deathless praise.

What has to man of nobler worth been given,
 Than this the best and greatest boon of heaven?
 Whatever power the glorious gift bestow'd,
 We trace the certain footsteps of a God;
 By thee inspir'd, the daring poet flies,
 His soul mounts up, and towers above the skies;
 Thou art the source of pleasure, and we see
 No joy, no transport, when debarr'd of thee;
 Thy tuneful deity the feather'd throng
 Confess in all the measures of their song.
 Thy great commands the savages obey,
 And every silent native of the sea:
 Led by thy voice, the starting rocks advance,
 And listening forests mingle in the dance.
 On thy sweet notes the damn'd rejoice to dwell,
 Thy strains suspended all the din of hell;
 Lull'd by the sound, the furies rag'd no more,
 And hell's infernal porter ceas'd to roar.
 Thy powers exalt us to the realms above,
 To feast with gods, and sit the guests of Jove:
 Thy presence softens anguish, woe, and strife,
 And reconciles us to the load of life;
 Hail, thou bright comfort of these low abodes,
 Thou joy of men, and darling of the gods.
 As priest and poet, in these humble lays,
 I boldly labour to resound thy praise;
 To hang thy shrines, this gift I bring along,
 And to thy altars guide the tender throng.

BOOK II.

PROCEED, ye Nine, descended from above,
 Ye tuneful daughters of almighty Jove;
 To teach the future age, I hasten on,
 And open every source of Helicon.
 Your priest and bard with rage divine inspire,
 While to your shrine I lead the blooming choir.
 Hard was the way, and dubious, which we trod,
 Now show, ye goddesses, a surer road;
 Point out those paths, which you can find alone,
 To all the world but to yourselves unknown;
 Lo! all th' Hesperian youths with me implore
 Your softer influence, and propitious power,
 Who, rang'd beneath my banners, boldly tread
 Those arduous tracks to reach your mountain's
 head.

New rules 'tis now my province to impart;
 First to invent, and then dispose with art;
 Each a laborious task: but they who share
 Heaven's kinder bounty, and peculiar care,
 A glorious train of images may find,
 Preventing hope, and crowding on the mind.
 The other task, to settle every part,
 Depends on judgment, and the powers of art;
 From whence in chief the poet hopes to raise
 His future glory, and immortal praise.

This as a rule the noblest bards esteem,
 To touch at first in general on the theme;
 To hint at all the subject in a line;
 And draw in miniature the whole design.
 Nor in themselves confide; but next implore
 The timely aid of some celestial power;
 To guide your labours, and point out your road,
 Choose, as you please, your tutelary god;
 But still invoke some guardian deity,
 Some power, to look auspicious from the sky:

To nothing great should mortals bend their care,
Till Jove be solemnly address'd in prayer.
'Tis not enough to call for aid divine,
And court but once the favour of the Nine;
When objects rise, that mock your toil and pain,
Above the labour and the reach of man;
Then you may supplicate the blest abodes,
And ask the friendly succour of the gods.
Shock not your reader, nor begin too fierce;
Nor swell and bluster in a pomp of verse;
At first all needless ornament remove,
To shun his prejudice, and win his love.
At first, you find most favour and success
In plain expression, and a modest dress.
For if too arrogant you vaunt your might,
You fall with greater scandal in the sight,
When on the nicest point your fortune stands,
And all your courage all your strength demands.
With gradual flights surprise us as we read;
And let more glorious images succeed
To wake our souls; to kindle our desire
Still to read on, and fan the rising fire.
But ne'er the subject of your work proclaim
In its own colours, and its genuine name;
Let it by distant tokens be convey'd,
And wrapt in other words, and cover'd in their
shade.

At last the subject from the friendly shroud
Bursts out, and shines the brighter from the cloud;
Then the dissolving darkness breaks away,
And every object glares in open day.
Thus great *Ulysses' toils were I to choose,
For the main theme that should employ my muse;
By his long labours of immortal fame,
Should shine my hero, but conceal his name;
As one, who lost at sea, had nations seen, [men,
And mark'd their towns, their manners, and their
Since Troy was levell'd to the dust by Greece;
Till a few lines epitomiz'd the piece.

But study now what order to maintain,
To link the work in one continued chain,
That, when the muse displays her artful scheme,
And at the proper time unfolds the theme;
Each part may find its own determin'd place,
Laid out with method, and dispos'd with grace;
That to the destin'd scope the piece may tend,
And keep one constant tenor to the end.
First to surprising novelties inclin'd,
The bards some unexpected objects find,
To wake attention, and suspend the mind. }
A cold, dull order bravely they forsake; }
Fix'd and resolv'd the winding way to take, }
They nobly deviate from the beaten track. }
The poet marks th' occasion, as he sings,
To launch out boldly from the midst of things,
Where some distinguish'd incident he views,
Some shining action that deserves a muse.
Thence by degrees the wondering reader brings
To trace the subject backward to its springs,
Left at his entrance he should idly stay,
Shock'd at his toil, and dubious of his way;
For when set down so near the promis'd goal,
The flattering prospect tempts and fires his soul;

* Vid. Hom. Odyss. Lib. I.

Already past the treacherous bounds appear,
Then most at distance, when they seem so near;
Far from his grasp the fleeting harbour flies,
Courts his pursuit, but mocks his dazzled eyes;
The promis'd region he with joy had spy'd,
Vast tracts of oceans from his reach divide;
Still must he backward steer his lengthen'd way,
And plough a wide interminable sea.
No skilful poet would his muse employ,
From Paris' vote to trace the fall of Troy,
Nor every deed of Hector to relate,
While his strong arm suspended Ilion's fate;
'Work for some annalist! some heavy fool,
Correctly dry, and regularly dull.
Best near the † end those dreadful scenes appear;
Wake then, and rouse the furies of the war.
But for his ravish'd fair at first engage
Peleides' soul in unrelenting rage.
Be this the cause that every Phrygian flood
Swell with red waves, and rolls a tide of blood;
That Xanthus' urns a purple deluge pour,
And the deep trenches float with human gore.
Nor former deeds in silence must we lose, }
The league at Aulis, and the mutual vows, }
The Spartan raging for his ravish'd spouse; }
The thousand ships; the woes which Ilion bore }
From Greece, for nine revolving years before. }
This ‡ rule with judgment should the bard main- }
tain, }
Who brings Laertes' wandering son again,
From burning Ilion to his native reign.
Let him not launch from Ida's strand his ships,
With his attendant friends into the deeps;
Nor stay to vanquish the Ciconian host; }
But let him first appear (his comrades lost) }
With fair Calypso on th' Ogygian coast. }
From thence, a world of toils and dangers past,
Waft him to rich Phæacia's realms at last,
There at the feast his wanderings to relate,
His friends dire change; his own relentless fate.
But if the bard of former actions sings, }
He wisely draws from those remoter springs }
The present order, and the course of things. }
As yet unfold th' event on no pretence,
'Tis your chief task to keep us in suspense.
Nor tell what § presents Atreus' son prepares,
To reconcile Achilles to the wars;
Or || by what god's auspicious conduct led,
From Polyphemus' den Ulysses fled.
Pleas'd with the toil, and on the prospect bent,
Our souls leap forward to the wish'd event.
No call of nature can our search restrain,
And sleep, and thirst, and hunger, plead in vain.
Glad we pursue the labour we embrac'd,
And leave reluctant, when we leave at last.
See! how the bard triumphant in his art,
Sports with our passions, and commands the
heart;
Now here, now there, he turns the varying song;
And draws at will the captive soul along;

† See Homer's Iliad.

‡ See the Odyssey.

§ See the Iliad. Lib. XIX.

|| Odyss. IX.

Rack'd with uncertain hints, in every sense
 We feel the lengthen'd anguish of suspense.
 When * Homer once has promis'd to rehearse
 Bold Paris' fight, in many a sounding verse,
 He soon perceives his reader's warm desire
 Wrapt in the event, and all his soul on fire;
 The poet then contrives some specious stay,
 Before he tells the fortune of the day.
 Till Helen to the king and elders show,
 From some tall tower, the leaders of the foe,
 And name the heroes in the fields below.
 † When chaste Penelope, to gain her end,
 Invites her suitors the tough bow to bend;
 (Her nuptial bed the victor's promis'd prize)
 With what address her various arts she plies!
 Skill'd in delays, and politically slow
 To search her treasures for her hero's bow.
 None lead the reader in the dark along,
 To the last goal that terminates the song;
 Sometimes th' event must glance upon the fight,
 Not glare in day, nor wholly sink in night.
 'Tis thus Anchises to his son relates
 The various series of his future fates;
 For this the ‡ prophets see, on Tyber's shore,
 Wars, horrid wars, and Latium red with gore,
 A new Achilles rising to destroy
 With boundless rage the poor remains of Troy;
 But raise his mind with prospects of success,
 And give the promise of a lasting peace.
 This knew the hero when he fought the plains,
 Sprung § from his ships, and charg'd the embattled
 swains,
 Hew'd down the Latian troops with matchless
 might;
 (The first, auspicious omen of the fight)
 And at one blow gigantic Theron kill'd,
 Bold, but in vain, and foremost of the field;
 Thus too || Patroclus with his latest breath
 Foretold his unregarding victor's death:
 His parting soul anticipates the blow,
 That waits brave Hector from a greater foe.
 Thou too, poor Turnus, just before thy doom,
 Could'st read thy end, and antedate a tomb,
 When o'er thy head the baleful fury flew,
 And in dire omens set thy fate to view:
 A bird obscene, she flutter'd o'er the field,
 And scream'd thy death, and beat thy sounding
 shield.
 For lo! the time, the fatal time is come,
 Charg'd with thy death, and heavy with thy doom,
 When Turnus, though in vain, shall rue the day;
 Shall curse the golden belt he bore away;
 Shall wish too late young Pallas' spoils unfought,
 And mourn the conquest he so dearly bought.
 Th' event should glimmer through its gloomy
 throwd,
 Though yet confus'd, and struggling in the cloud.
 So, to the traveller, as he journeys on
 To reach the walls of some far distant town,
 If, high in air, the dubious turrets rise,
 Peep o'er the hills, and dance before his eyes;

* See *Hom. Iliad* III. † *Odyss.* XXI.

‡ See *Virg. Æneid*, Lib. VI. v. 890.

§ *Ibid.* Lib. III. v. 458. || *Ibid.* Lib. V. v. 531.

Pleas'd the refreshing prospect to survey,
 Each stride he lengthens, and beguiles the way.
 More pleas'd (the tempting scene in view) to go,
 Than pensively to walk the gloomy vales below.

Unless the theme within your bosom roll,
 Work in each thought, and run through all the
 soul;

Unless you alter with incessant pain,
 Pull down, and build the fabric o'er again;
 In vain, when rival-wits your wonder raise,
 You'll strive to match those beauties which you
 praise.

To one just scope with fixt design go on!
 Let sovereign reason dictate from her throne,
 By what determin'd methods to advance,
 But never trust to arbitrary chance.
 Where chance presides, all objects wildly join'd,
 Crowd on the reader, and distract his mind;
 From theme to theme unwilling is he tost,
 And in the dark variety is lost.
 You see some bards, who bold excursions make
 In long digressions from the beaten track;
 And paint a wild unnecessary throng
 Of things and objects foreign to the song;
 For new descriptions from the road depart,
 Devoid of order, discipline, and art.
 So, many an anxious toil and danger past,
 Some wretch returns from banishment at last;
 With fond delay to range the shady wood,
 Now here, now there, he wanders from the road,
 From field to field, from stream to stream he
 roves,

And courts the cooling shelter of the groves.
 For why should Homer * deck the gorgeous car,
 When our rais'd souls are eager for the war:
 Or dwell on every wheel, when loud alarms,
 And Mars in thunder calls the hosts to arms?
 When with his heroes we some dastard † find,
 Of a vile aspect, and malignant mind;
 His awkward figure is not worth our care;
 His monstrous length of head, or want of hair,
 Not, though he goes with mountain shoulders by,
 Short of a foot, or blinking in an eye.
 Such trivial objects call us off too long
 From the main drift and tenor of the song.

Drances ‡ appears a juster character,
 In council bold, but cautious in the war;
 Factious and loud the listening throng he draws,
 And swells with wealth and popular applause;
 But, what in our's would never find a place,
 The bold Greek language may admit with grace.

Why should I here the stratagems recite,
 And the low tricks of every little wit?
 Some out of time their stock of knowledge boast,
 Till in the pedant all the bard is lost.
 Such without care their useless lumber place;
 One black, confus'd, and undigested mass,
 With a wild heap encumbers every part,
 Nor rang'd with grace, nor methodis'd with art.
 But then in chief, when things abstruse they teach,
 Themes too abstracted for the vulgar reach;

* *Vid. Hom. Iliad*, Lib. V. v. 722.

† *Ibid.* Lib. II. v. 212.

‡ *Virg. Æneid* Lib. XI. v. 33

The hidden nature of the deities;
 The secret laws and motions of the skies;
 Or from what dark original began
 The fiery soul, and kindled up the man;
 Oft they in odious instances engage,
 And for examples ranfack every age,
 With every realm; no hero will they pass,
 But act against the rules of time and place.
 Avoid, ye youths, these practices; nor raise
 Your swelling souls to such a thirst of praise.
 Some bards of eminence there are, we own,
 Who sing sometimes the journies of the sun,
 The rising stars, and labours of the moon:
 What impulse bids the ocean rise and fall;
 What motions shake and rock the trembling ball.
 Though foreign subjects had engag'd their care,
 The rage, the din and thunder of the war,
 Through the loud field; the genius of the earth;
 Or rules to raise the vegetable birth:
 Yet 'tis but seldom, and when time and place
 Require the thing, and reconcile to grace.
 Those foreign objects necessary seem,
 And flow, to all appearance, from the theme;
 With so much art so well conceal'd they please,
 When wrought with skill, and introduc'd with
 ease.

Should not * Anchises, such occasion shown,
 Resolve the questions of his godlike son?
 If souls depriv'd of heaven's fair light repair
 Once more to day, and breathe the vital air?
 Or if from high Olympus first they came,
 Inspir'd with portions of ethereal flame,
 Though here encumber'd with the mortal frame?
 Tire not too long one subject when you write,
 For 'tis variety that gives delight;
 But when to that variety inclin'd,
 You seek new objects to relieve the mind,
 Be sure let nothing forc'd or labour'd seem,
 But watch your time, and steal from off your
 theme.

Conceal with care your longing to depart,
 For art's chief pride is still to cover art.
 So † Mulciber, in future ages skill'd,
 Engrav'd Rome's glories on Æneas' shield,
 On the bright orb her future fame enroll'd,
 And with her triumphs charg'd the rising gold;
 Here figur'd fights the blazing round adorn,
 There his long line of heroes yet unborn.
 But if a ‡ poet of Ausonian birth
 Describes the various kingdoms of the earth,
 Wide intersperst; the Medes, or swarthy Moors;
 The different natures of their soils explores,
 And paints the trees that bloom on India's
 shores:
 On his own land he looks with partial eyes,
 And lifts the fair Hesperia to the skies;
 To all the fair Hesperia he prefers,
 And makes the woods of Bactria yield to her's,
 With proud Panchaia; though her groves she
 boasts,
 And breathes a cloud of incense from her coasts.

* *Vid. Virg. Æneid, Lib. VI.*

† *Ibid. Lib. VII. v. 626.*

‡ *Georgic. Lib. II. v. 136.*

Hear then, ye generous youths, on this regard
 I should not blame the conduct of the bard,
 Who in soft numbers, and a flowing strain,
 Relieves and reconciles our ears again.
 When I the various implements had sung
 That to the fields, and rural trade belong,
 In sweet harmonious measures would I tell
 How * nature mourn'd when the great Cæsar fell.
 When Bacchus' curling vines had grac'd my lays,
 The rural pleasures † next should share my praise.
 The labour ended, and complete the whole,
 Some bards with pleasure wander round the goal,
 The flights and fallies of the muse prolong,
 And add new beauties to the finish'd song;
 Pleas'd with th' excursion of the charming strain,
 We strive to quit the work, but strive in vain.
 Thus, were the bees the subject of my muse,
 Their laws, their natures, and celestial dews;
 Poor ‡ Aristæus should his fate disclose,
 His mother's counsel should assuage his woes;
 Old Proteus here should struggle in his chain,
 There in soft verse the Thracian bard complain
 As Philomela on a popular bough
 Bewails her young, melodious in her woe).
 Pangæan steep his sorrows should return,
 And vocal Thrace with Rhodope should mourn;
 Hebrus should roll low-murmuring to the deep,
 And barbarous nations wonder why they weep.
 Thus too the poets, who the names declare
 Of kings and nations gathering to the war,
 Sometimes diversify the strain, and sing
 The wondrous change of the § Ligurian king.
 While for his Phaëton his sorrows flow,
 And his harmonious strains beguile his woe,
 O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
 And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies.
 Thus too || Hippolitus, by Dian's care
 And Pæan's art, returns to upper air.
 The bards now paint the arms their heroes wield,
 And each bold figure on the glittering shield.
 Great ¶ Aventinus, great Alcides' son,
 Wore the proud trophy which his father won;
 An hundred serpents o'er the buckler roll'd,
 And Hydra hiss'd from all her heads in gold.
 Now blooming Tempe's cool retreats they sing,
 And now with flowery beauties paint the spring.
 Now with a sylvan scene the floods they hide;
 Or teach the fam'd Eridanus to glide,
 Or sport on fabled Achelous' side.
 Or hoary Nereus' numerous race display,
 The hundred azure sisters of the sea.
 With them the nymphs that haunt their native
 woods,

And the long orders of the Sylvan gods.

With gay descriptions sprinkle here and there
 Some grave instructive sentences with care,
 That touch on life, some moral good pursue,
 And give us virtue in a transient view;

* *Virg. Georg. Lib. I. v. 46.*

† *Ibid. Lib. II. v. 458.*

‡ *Ibid. Lib. XI. v. 317.*

§ *Æneid, Lib. X. v. 185.*

|| *Ibid. Lib. VII. v. 756.*

¶ *Ibid. v. 656.*

Rules, which the future fire may make his own,
And point the golden precepts to his son.

Sometimes on little images to fall,
And thus illustrate mighty things by small;
With due success the licens'd poet dares,
When to the * ants the Phrygians he compares,
Who leaving Carthage, gather to the seas;
Or the laborious Tyrians to the † bees.
But swarming ‡ flies, offensive animals,
That buz incessant o'er the smoking pails,
Are images too low, to paint the hosts
That roll and blacken o'er Ausonia's coasts.
The lofty muse who sung the Latian war,
Would think such trivial things beneath her care.
How from his majesty would Virgil fall,
If Turnus, scarce repell'd from Ilion's wall,
Retiring grimly with a tardy pace,
Had e'er been figur'd by the patient § ass!
Whom unregarded troops of boys surround,
While o'er his sides their rattling strokes resound;
Slow he gives way, and crops the springing grain,
Turns on each side, and stops to graze again.
In every point the thing is just, we know,
But then the image is itself too low:
For Turnus, sprung from such a glorious strain,
The vile resemblance would with scorn disdain.
With better grace the || lion may appear,
Who, singly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel, or stand their whole embody'd war,
Looks grimly back, and rolls his glaring eye,
Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly.

Since fictions are allow'd, be sure, ye youths,
Your fictions wear at least the air of truths.
When ¶ Glaucus meets Tydides on the plain,
Inflam'd with rage, and reeking from the slain;
Some think they could not pass the time away,
In such long narratives, and cool delay,
Amidst the raging tumult of the day.
But yet we hear fierce Diomed relate
The crime of bold Lycurgus, and his fate;
And Glaucus talks of brave Bellerophon,
Doom'd for a lawless passion not his own;
Sets forth the hero's great exploits to view,
How the bold chief the dire Chimæra slew,
The Solymæan host, and Amazonian crew.
For those surprising fictions are design'd
With their sweet falsehoods to delight the mind;
The bards expect no credit should be given
To the bare lie, though authoriz'd by heaven,
Which oft with confidence they vent abroad,
Beneath the needful sanction of a god.
'Twas thus the ** roasted heifers of the sun
Spoke o'er the fire with accents not their own;
'Twas thus †† Achilles' steed his silence broke,
And ‡‡ Trojan ships in human voices spoke;

* *Virg. Æneid. Lib. IX. v. 402.*

† *Ibid. Lib. I. v. 434.*

‡ *Hom. Iliad, Lib. II. v. 469.*

§ *Ibid. Lib. XI. v. 557.*

|| *Virg. Æneid, Lib. IX. v. 792.*

¶ *Homer's Iliad, Lib. VI. v. 119.*

** *Homer. Odyss. Lib. XII. v. 395.*

†† *Iliad. Lib. XVII. v. 426.*

‡‡ *Virgil. Æneid. Lib. X. v. 228.*

As wrought by heaven these wonders they relate,
All airy visions of the ivory gate!

Speak things but once, if order be your care,
For more the cloy'd attention will not bear,
And tedious repetitions tire the ear.
In this we differ from the Grecian train,
Who tell * Atrides' visions o'er again.
'Tis not enough with them we know the cause
Why great Achilles from the war withdraws,
Unless the † weeping hero, on the shore,
Tells his blue mother all we heard before.
So much on punctual niceties they stand,
That, when their kings dispatch some high com-
mand,

All word for word, th' ambassadors ‡ rehearse
In the same tenor of unvaried verse.
Not so did § Venulus from Arpi bring
The final answer of th' Ætolian king.

Let others labour on a vast design,
A less, but polish'd with due care, be thine.
To change its structure, be your last delight;
Thus spend the day, and exercise the night,
Incessant in your toil. But if you choose
A larger field and subject for your muse;
If scanty limits should the theme confine,
Learn with just art to lengthen the design
Beyond its native bounds; the roving mind
A thousand methods to this end may find;
Unnumber'd fictions may with truths be join'd.
Nature supplies a fund of matter still;
Then cull th' rich variety at will.
See! how the bard calls down th' embattled gods,
All rang'd in factions, from their bright abodes;
Who, fir'd with mutual hate, their arms employ,
And in the field declare for Greece or Troy;
Till Jove convenes a council to assuage
Their rising fury, and suspend their rage;
Though the blest gods, remov'd from human eyes,
Live in immortal ease within the distant skies.
And now th' infernal realm his theme he makes,
The reign of Pluto, the Tartarean lakes,
The furies dreadful with their curling snakes.
He gathers omens from each bird that flies,
And signs from every wing that beats the skies.
He now describes a banquet, where the guest
Prolongs with narratives the royal feast.
Or at the glorious hero's tomb we read
Of games ordain'd in honour of the dead.
And oft for mercies in old times display'd,
To their own gods their annual rites are paid.
For monstrous Python slain, their praises rise,
And lift the fame of Phœbus to the skies.
In hymns Alcides' labours they resound.
While Cacus lies extended on the ground,
Alternate sing the labours of his hands,
Enjoin'd by fierce Eurystheus' stern commands;
The den of Cacus crowns the grateful strain,
Where the grim monster breathes his flames in vain.

* *Vid. Hom. Iliad. Lib. II.*

† *Ibid. Lib. I. v. 370.*

‡ *Ibid. Lib. IX. v. 264.*

§ *Virg. Æneid. Lib. XI. v. 243.*

|| All these particulars, to the end of this paragraph,
are taken from Homer and Virgil.

Mark how sometimes the bard without control
 Exerts his fire, and pours forth all his soul;
 His lines so daring, and his words so strong;
 We see the subject figur'd in the song:
 When with the winds old * Ocean he deforms,
 Or paints the rage and horrors of the storms;
 Or drives on pointed rocks the bursting ships,
 Tost on the Euxine, or Sicilian deeps.
 Or sings the † plagues that blast the livid sky,
 When beasts by herds, and men by nations die;
 Or the fierce flames ‡ that Ætna's jaws expire,
 Her melted rocks, and deluges of fire,
 When from her mouth the bursting vapour flies,
 And, charg'd with ruin, thunders to the skies;
 While drifts of smoke in sooty whirlwinds play,
 And clouds of cinders stain the golden day.
 See! as the poet sounds the dire alarms,
 Calls on the war, and sets the hosts in arms;
 Squadrons on squadrons driven, confus'dly die;
 Grim Mars in all his terrors strikes the eye;
 More than description rising to the sight,
 Presents the real horrors of the fight;
 A new creation seems our praise to claim;
 (Hence Greece derives the sacred § poet's name;) }
 The dreadful clang of clashing arms we hear;
 The agonizing groan, the fruitless prayer,
 And shrieks of suppliants thicken on the ear. }
 Who, when he reads a || city storm'd, forbears
 To feel her woes, and sympathize in tears?
 When o'er the palaces the flames aspire
 From wall to wall, and wrap the domes in fire?
 The fire, with years and hostile rage oppress!
 The starting infant, clinging to the breast!
 The tender mother runs, with piercing cries,
 Through friends and foes, and shrieking rends the
 skies.

Dragg'd from the altar, the distracted fair
 Beats her white breast, and tears her golden hair.
 Here in thick crowds the vanquish'd fly away,
 There the proud victors heap the wealthy prey;
 With rage relentless ravage their abodes,
 Nor spare the sacred temples of the gods.
 O'er the whole town they run with wild affright,
 Tumultuous haste, and violence of flight.

Why should I mention how our souls aspire,
 Lost in the raptures of the sacred fire?
 For ev'n the soul not always holds the same,
 But knows at different times a different frame.
 Whether with rolling seasons she complies,
 Turns with the sun, or changes with the skies;
 Or through long toil, remissive of her fires,
 Droops with the mortal frame her force inspires;
 Or that our minds alternately appear
 Now bright with joy, and now o'ercast with care.
 No!—but the gods, th' immortal gods, supply
 The glorious fires; they speak the deity.
 Then blest is he who waits th' auspicious nod,
 The warmth divine, and presence of the god;
 Who his suspended labours can restrain,
 Till heaven's serene indulgence smiles again.
 But strive, on no pretence, against your power,
 Till time brings back the voluntary hour.

* *Æneid. Lib. I.* † *Ibid. Lib. III. v. 137.*

‡ *Ibid. Lib. III. v. 571.* § *A τὸ ποιεῖν.*

|| *Vid. Æneid. Lib. II.*

Sometimes their verdant honours leave the woods,
 And their dry urns defraud the thirsty floods;
 Nor still the rivers a full channel yield,
 Nor spring with flowery beauties paints the field:
 The bards no less such fickle changes find,
 Damp't is the noble ardour of the mind;
 Their wonted toil her wearied powers refuse;
 Their souls grow slack and languid to the muse,
 Deaf to their call; their efforts are withstood;
 Round their cold hearts congeals the freezing blood.
 You'd think the muses fled; the god no more
 Would fire the bosom where he dwelt before,
 No more return!—how often, though in vain,
 The poet would renew the wonted strain!
 Nor sees the gods who thwart his fruitless care,
 Nor angry heaven relentless to his prayer.
 Some read the ancient bards, of deathless fame,
 And from their raptures catch the noble flame
 By just degrees; they feed the glowing vein,
 And all th' immortal ardour burns again
 In its full light and heat; the sun's bright ray
 Thus (when the clouds disperse) restores the day:
 Whence shoot this sudden flash that gilds the
 pole?

The god, the god comes rushing on his soul;
 Fires with ethereal vigour every part,
 Through every trembling limb he seems to dart, }
 Works in each vein, and swells his rising heart. }
 Deep in his breast the heavenly tumult plays,
 And sets his mounting spirits on a blaze.
 Nor can the raging flames themselves contain,
 For the whole god descends into the man.
 He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,
 But sings inspir'd in more than human sounds.
 Nor from his breast can shake th' immortal load,
 But pants and raves, impatient of the god;
 And rapt beyond himself, admires the force
 That drives him on reluctant to the course.
 He calls on Phœbus, by the god oppress,
 Who breathes excessive spirit in his breast;
 No force of thirst or hunger can controul
 The fierce, the ruling transport of his soul.
 Oft in their sleep, inspir'd with rage divine,
 Some bards enjoy the visions of the Nine:
 Visions! themselves with due applause may crown;
 Visions! that Phœbus or that Jove may own.
 To such an height the god exalts the flame,
 And so unbounded is their thirst of fame.
 But here, ye youths, exert your timely care,
 Nor trust th' ungovernable rage too far;
 Use not your fortune, nor unfurl your sails,
 Though softly courted by the flattering gales,
 Refuse them still, and call your judgment in,
 While the fierce god exults and reigns within;
 To reason's standard be your thoughts confin'd,
 Let judgment calm the tempest of the mind.
 Indulge your heat with conduct, and restrain;
 Learn when to draw, and when to give the rein.
 But always wait till the warm raptures cease,
 And lull the tumults of the soul to peace;
 Then, nor till then, examine strictly o'er
 What your wild fallies might suggest before.

Be sure, from nature never to depart;

To copy nature is the task of art.

The noblest poets own her sovereign sway,

And ever follow where she leads the way.

From her the different characters they trace,
 That mark the human, or the savage race,
 Each various and distinct; in every stage
 They paint mankind; their humours, sex, and age;
 They show what manners the slow sage become,
 What the brisk youth in all his sprightly bloom.
 In every word and sentiment explain,
 How the proud monarch differs from the swain.
 I nauseate all confounded characters,
 Where young Telemachus too grave appears,
 Or reverend Nestor acts beneath his years.
 The poet suits his speeches, when he sings,
 To proper persons, and the state of things;
 On each their just distinctions are bestow'd,
 To mark a male, a female, or a god.
 Thus when in * heaven seditious tumults rise,
 Amongst the radiant senate of the skies,
 The fire of gods, and sovereign of mankind,
 In a few words unfolds his sacred mind.
 Not so fair Venus; who at large replies,
 And pities Troy, and counts her miseries,
 Woes undeserv'd: but with contention fir'd,
 And with the spirit of revenge inspir'd,
 Fierce Juno storms amidst the blest abodes,
 And stuns with loud complaints the listening gods.
 When youthful † Turnus the stern combat claims,
 His rising heart is fill'd with martial flames;
 Impell'd by rage, and bent to prove his might,
 His soul springs forward, and prevents the fight;
 Rous'd to revenge, his kindling spirits glow,
 Confirm his challenge, and provoke the foe,
 The fugitive of Tr-y.—But while his rage
 And youthful courage prompts him to engage,
 On Latium's king incumbent it appears,
 Grown old in prudence, piety, and years,
 To weigh events, and youthful heat assuage,
 With the cold caution and the fears of age.
 In Dido's various character is seen,
 The furious lover and the gracious queen:
 When Troy's fam'd chief, commanded from above,
 Prepares to quit her kingdom, and her love;
 She raves, she storms with unavailing care,
 Grown wild with grief, and frantic with despair.
 Through every street she flies, with anguish hung,
 And broken accents flutter on her tongue;
 Her words confus'd and interrupted flow,
 Speak and express the hurry of her woe.
 How in this Dido is that Dido lost,
 Who late receiv'd the Trojans on her coast,
 And bade them banish grief, and share her throne,
 Dismiss their fears, and think her realms their own.

Next the great orators consult, and thence
 Draw all the moving turns of eloquence;
 That ‡ Sinon may his Phrygian foes betray,
 And lead the crowd, as fraud directs the way;
 That wise †† Ulysses may the Greeks detain,
 While Troy yet stood, from measuring back the main.

Need I name § Nestor, who could talk to peace,
 With melting words, the factious kings of Greece?

* *Vid. Æneid, Lib. X.*

† *Ibid. Lib. XII. v. 9.*

‡ *Ibid. Lib. II.*

†† *Hom. Iliad. Lib. II.*

§ *Æneid. Lib. VIII. v. 370.*

Whose soft address their fury could controul,
 Mould every passion, and subdue the soul!
 These soothing arts to * Venus sure were known,
 To beg immortal arms to grace her son;
 Her injur'd spouse each thrilling word inspires,
 With every pang of love to second her desires.
 With nicest art the fair adulteress draws
 Her fond addresses from a distant cause;
 And all her guileful accents are design'd
 To catch his passions, and ensnare his mind.
 'Tis hence the poet learns in every part
 To bend the soul, and give with wondrous art
 A thousand different motions to the heart.
 Hence, as his subject gay or sad appears,
 He claims our joy, or triumphs in our tears.
 Who, when he sees how † Orpheus' sorrows flow,
 Weeps not his tears, and answers woe for woe?
 When he his dear Eurydice deplores
 To the deaf rocks, and solitary shores;
 With the soft harp the bard relieves his pain,
 For thee, when morning dawns, prolongs the strain,

For thee, when Phœbus seeks the seas again.
 Or when the young ‡ Euryalus is kill'd,
 And rolls in death along the bloody field;
 Like some fair flower beneath the share he lies,
 His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies;
 The reader's soul is touch'd with generous woe,
 He longs to rush with Nisus on the foe;
 He burns with friendly pity to the dead,
 To raise the youth, and prop his sinking head;
 And strives in vain to stop the gushing blood,
 That stains his bosom with a purple flood.

But if the bard such images pursues,
 That raise the blushes of the virgin-muse;
 Let them be slightly touch'd, and ne'er express,
 Give but an hint, and let us guess the rest.
 If Jove commands the gathering storms to rise,
 And with deep thunders rends the vaulted skies,
 To the same cave together may repair
 To the Trojan § hero and the Tyrian fair.
 The poet's modesty must add no more;
 Enough, that earth had given the sign before;
 The conscious æther was with flames o'erspread,
 The nymphs ran shrieking round the mountain's head.

Nor let young Troilus, unhappy boy,
 Meet fierce Achilles in the plains of Troy;
 But show th' unequal youth's untimely fall,
 To great Æneas on the Tyrian wall;
 Supine and hanging from his empty car,
 Dragg'd by his panting coursers through the war.
 This, from our bright examples you may trace,
 To write with judgment, decency, and grace;
 From others learn invention to increase,
 And search in chief the glorious sons of Greece;
 For her bright treasures Argos' realms explore,
 Bring home triumphant all her gather'd store,
 And with her spoils enrich the Latian shore.
 Nor is the glory of translation less,
 To give the Grecian bards a Roman dress,

* *Iliad. Lib. I. v. 246.*

† *Virgil. Georgic. Lib. IV. v. 464.*

‡ *Æneid, Lib. IX. v. 433.*

§ *Ibid. Lib. IV. v. 165.*

If Phœbus' gracious smiles the labour crown,
Than if some new invention were your own.
Mincio's and Manto's glorious son behold,
Th' immortal Virgil, sheath'd in foreign gold,
Shines out unsham'd, and towers above the rest,
In the rich spoils of godlike Homer drest.
Let Greece in triumph boast that she imparts
To Latium's conquering realms her glorious arts:
While Latium's sons improve her best designs,
Till by degrees each polish'd labour shines,
While Rome advances now in arts, as far
Above all cities, as of old in war.

Ye gods of Rome, ye guardian deities,
Who lift our nation's glory to the skies;
And thou, Apollo, the great source of Troy,
Let Rome at least this single palm enjoy,
To shine in arts supreme, as once in power,
And teach the nations she subdued before;
Since discord all Ausonia's kings alarms,
And clouds the ancient glories of her arms.
In our own breasts we sheath the civil sword,
Our country naked to a foreign lord;
Which lately, prostrate, started from despair, [war;
Burn'd with new hopes, and arm'd her hands for
But arm'd in vain;—th' inexorable hate
Of envious fortune call'd her to her fate,
Insatiate in her rage; her frowns oppose
The Latian fame, and woes are heap'd on woes.
Our dread alarms each foreign monarch took,
Through all their tribes the distant nations shook;
To earth's last bounds the fame of Leo runs,
Nile heard, and Indus trembled for his sons.
Arabia heard the Medicean line,
The first of men, and sprung from race divine.
The sovereign priest, and mitred king, appears
With his lov'd Julius join'd, who kindly shares
The reins of empire, and the public cares. }
To break their country's chains, the generous pair
Concert their schemes, and meditate the war.
On Leo Europe's monarchs turn their eyes,
On him alone the western world relies;
And each bold chief attends his dread alarms,
While the proud crescent fades before his arms.
High on his splendid car, immortal Rome,
Thine eyes had seen the holy warrior come, }
Lord of the vanquish'd world, in triumph home. }
Thy streams, old Tyber, swell'd with conscious
pride,

Had borne thy kindred warrior down thy tide;
While, crowded up in heaps, thy waves admire
The captive nations, and their strange attire;
Behind his wheels should march a numerous
train }
Of scepter'd slaves, reluctant to the chain,
Forget their haughty threats, and boast in vain. }
Though the proud foe, of Jury's realm possesst,
Has spread his wide dominion through the east;
Sees his dread standard there at large unfurl'd,
And grasps in thought the empire of the world;
And now (ye gods) increas'd in barbarous power,
His armies hover o'er th' Hesperian shore.
To see the passing pomp, the ravish'd throng
Through every street should flow in tides along;
The sacred father, as the numbers roll'd, }
Should his dear citizens again behold, }
High o'er the shouting crowds enthron'd in gold; }

Should show the trophies of his glorious toils,
And hang the shrines with consecrated spoils.
Piles of barbaric gold should glitter there,
The wealth of kingdoms, and the pomp of war:
But, by your crime, ye gods, our hopes are cross'd,
And those imaginary triumphs lost;
Interr'd with Leo, in one fatal hour,
Our prospects perish'd, as they liv'd before.

BOOK III.

WHAT style, what language, suits the poet's
lays,

To claim Apollo's and the muses' praise,
I now unfold; to this last bound I tend,
And see my promis'd labours at an end.

First then with care a just expression choose,
Led by the kind indulgence of the muse,
To dress up every subject when you write,
And set all objects in a proper light.
But lest the distant prospect of the goal
Should damp your vigour, and your strength
controul,

Rouse every power, and call forth all the soul. }
See! how the nine the panting youth invite,
With one loud voice to reach Parnassus' height;
See! how they hold aloft th' immortal crown,
To urge the course, and call the victor on;
See! from the clouds each lavish goddess pours
Full o'er thy head a sudden spring of flowers, }
And roses fall in odoriferous showers;
Celestial scents in balmy breezes fly,
And shed ambrosial spirits from the sky.

In chief avoid obscurity, nor shroud
Your thoughts and dark conceptions in a cloud;
For * some, we know, affect to shun the light,
Lost in forc'd figures, and involv'd in night,
Studious and bent to leave the common way,
They skulk in darkness, and abhor the day.
Oh! may the sacred nine inspire my lays
To shine with pride in their own native rays;
For this we need not importune the skies,
In our own power and will the blessing lies.
Expression, boundless in extent, displays
A thousand forms, a thousand several ways;
In different garbs from different quarters brought,
It makes unnumber'd dresses for a thought;
Such vast varieties of hues we find
To paint conception, and unfold the mind!
If e'er you toil, but toil without success,
To give your images a shining dress,
Quit your pursuit, and choose a different way, }
Till, breaking forth, the voluntary ray
Cuts the thick darkness, and lets down the day. }

Since then a thousand forms you may pursue,
A thousand figures rising to the view,
Unless confin'd and strengthen'd in your scheme,
With the short limits of a scanty theme,
From these to those with boundless freedom pass,
And to each image give a different face.
The readers hence a wond'rous pleasure find,
That charms the ear, and captivates the mind;
In this the laws of nature we obey,
And act as her example points the way,

* *Persius and Lycophron.*

Which has on every different species thrown
A shape distinct and figure of its own;
Man differs from the beast that haunts the woods,
The bird from every native of the floods.

See how the poet banishes with grace
A native term to give a * stranger place!
From different images with just success
He clothes his matter in the borrow'd dress:
The borrow'd dress the things themselves admire,
And wonder whence they drew the strange attire;
Proud of their ravish'd spoils, they now disclaim
Their former colour, and their genuine name,
And, in another garb more beauteous grown,
Prefer the foreign habit to their own.
Oft, as he paints a battle on the plain,
The battle's imagin'd by the roaring main;
Now he the fight a fiery deluge names,
That pours along the fields a flood of flames;
In airy conflict now the winds appear,
Alarm the deeps, and wage the stormy war;
To the fierce shock th' embattl'd tempests pour,
Waves charge on waves, th' encountering billows
Thus in a vary'd dress the subject shines, [roar.
By turns the objects shift their proper signs;
From shape to shape alternately they run,
To borrow others charms, and lend their own;
Pleas'd with the borrow'd charms, the readers
find

A crowd of different images combin'd,
Rise from a single object to the mind.
So the pleas'd traveller, from a mountain's brow,
Views the calm surface of the seas below;
Though wide beneath the floating ocean lies
The first immediate object of his eyes,
He sees the forests tremble from within,
And gliding meadows paint the deeps with green;
While to his eyes the fair delusions pass
In gay succession through the watery glass.
'Tis thus the bard diversifies his song,
Now here, now there, he calls the soul along.
The rich variety he sets to fight,
Cloys not the mind, but adds to our delight.
Now with a frugal choice the bard affords
The strongest light and energy of words;
While humble subjects he contrives to raise
With borrow'd splendours, and a foreign blaze.
This, if on old tradition we rely,
Was once the current language of the sky;
Which first the muses brought to these abodes,
Who taught mankind the secrets of the gods.
For in the court of Jove their choirs advance,
And sing alternate, as they lead the dance,
Mix'd with the gods; they hear Apollo's lyre,
And from high heaven the panting bard inspire.
Nor bards alone, but other writers, reach
This bold, this daring privilege of speech;
In chief the orators, to raise their sense,
In this strong figure dress their eloquence,
When with persuasive strokes they plead a cause,
And bridle vice, and vindicate the laws;
Or on the dreadful verge of death defend,
And snatch from fate a poor devoted friend,

* The Metaphor.

Ev'n the rough hinds delight in such a strain,
When the glad harvest waves with golden grain,
And thirsty meadows drink the pearly rain;
On the proud vine her purple gems appear;
The smiling fields rejoice, and hail the pregnant
year.

First from necessity the figure sprung
For things, that would not suit our scanty tongue,
When no true names were offer'd to the view,
Those they transferr'd that border'd on the true;
Thence by degrees the noble licence grew.
The bards those daring liberties embrac'd,
Through want at first, through luxury at last:
They now to alien things, at will, confirm
The borrow'd honours of a foreign term.
So man, at first, the rattling storm to fly,
And the bleak horrors of the wintery sky,
Rais'd up a roof of osiers o'er his head,
And clos'd with homely clay the slender shed:
Now regal palaces, of wond'rous size,
With brazen beams on Parian columns rise,
That heave the pompous fabric to the skies.
But other writers sprinkle here and there
These bolder beauties with a frugal care;
So vast a freedom is allow'd to none,
But suits the labours of the bard alone,
Who in the laws of verse himself restrains,
Ty'd up to time in voluntary chains.
Others, by no restraint or stop withheld,
May range the compass of a wider field;
The sacred poets, who their labours fill
With pleasing fictions, or with truths at will,
Their thoughts in bolder liberties express,
Which look more beauteous in a foreign dress,
To all unusual colours they impart,
Nor blush, if e'er detected in their art.

* Sometimes beyond the bounds of truth they fly,
And boldly lift their subject to the sky;
When with tumultuous shouts the heavens re-
bound,

And all Olympus trembles with the sound;
Or with repeated accents they relate
The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate;
† Oh fire! oh country, once with glory crown'd!
Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!
Oh Jove! see Ilion smoking on the ground!

They now name Ceres for the golden grain,
Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main:
Or from the father's name point out the son;
Or for her people introduce a town:
So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,
Pale Afric shakes, and trembles through her states:
And some, by Achelous' streams alone,
Comprise the floods of all the world in one.

‡ Lo! now they start aside, and change the strain
To fancy'd converse with an absent swain;
To grotts and caverns all their cares disclose,
Or tell the solitary rocks their woes;
To scenes inanimate proclaim their love,
Talk with an hill, or whisper to a grove.

* The Hyperbole.

† Hæc verba ex incerti nominis Poetâ citat Cicero.

‡ The Apostrophe.

On you they call, ye unattentive woods,
And wait an answer from your bordering floods.

† Sometimes they speak one thing, but leave
behind

Another secret meaning in the mind :

A fair expression artfully dispense,
But use a word that clashes with the sense.

‡ Thus pious Helen stole the faithful sword,
While Troy was flaming, from her sleeping lord.

§ So glorious Drances tower'd amid the plain,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the
slain;

Immortal trophies rais'd from squadrons kill'd,
And with vast spoils ennobled all the field.

|| But now to mention farther I forbear,
With what strong charms they captivate the ear ;
When the same terms they happily repeat,
The same repeated seem more soft and sweet.
This, ** were Arcadia judge, if Pan withstood,
Pan's judge, Arcadia, would condemn her god.

But though our fond indulgence grants the
muse

A thousand liberties in different views,
Whene'er you choose an image to express
In foreign terms, and scorn the native dress ;
Yet be discreet, nor strain the point too far,
Let the transition still unforc'd appear,

Nor e'er discover an excess of care :

For some, we know, with awkward violence
Distort the subject, and disjoint the sense ;

Quite change the genuine figure, and deface
The native shape with every living grace ;

And force unwilling objects to put on
An alien face, and features not their own.

A low conceit in disproportion'd terms,
Looks like a boy dress'd up in giants arms ;

Blind to the truth, all reason they exceed,
†† Who name a stall the palace of the steed,

Or grafs the tresses of great Rhæa's head.
'Tis best sometimes an image to express
In its own colours, and its native dress ;

The genuine words with happy care to use,
If nicely cull'd, and worthy of the muse.

Some things alternately compar'd are shown,
Both names still true, and mutually their own ;
But here the least redundance you must shun ;
Tell us, in short, from whence the hint you drew,
And set the whole comparison to view ;
Lest, mindless of your first design, you seem
To lead the mind away, and rove from theme to
theme.

But now pursue the method, that affords
The fittest terms, and wisest choice of words.
Not all deserve alike the same regard,
Nor suit the godlike labours of the bard ;
For words as much may differ in degree,
As the most various kinds of poetry.
Though many a common term and word we find
Dispers'd promiscuously through every kind,
Those that will never suit th' heroic rage,
Might grace the buskin, and become the stage.

† The Irony.

‡ See *Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.* § *Ibid. Lib. XI.*

|| The Anaphora. ** See *Virg. Eccl. IV.*

†† The Catastrophes.

Their large, their vast variety explore
With piercing eyes, and range the mighty store.

From their deep fund the richest words unfold,

With nicest care be rich expression cull'd,

To deck your numbers in the purest gold,

The vile, the dark degenerate crowd refuse,

And scorn a dress that would disgrace the muse :

Then, to succeed your search, pursue the road,

And beat the track the glorious ancients trod.

To those eternal monuments repair,

There read, and meditate for ever there.

If o'er the rest some mighty genius shines,

Mark the sweet charms and vigour of his lines.

As far as Phœbus and the heavenly powers

Smile on your labours, make his diction your's :

Your style by his authentic standard frame,

Your voice, your habit, and address, the same.

With him proceed to cull the rest ; for there

A full reward will justify your care.

Examine all ; and bring from all away

Their various treasures as a lawful prey.

Nor would I scruple, with a due regard,

To read sometimes a rude unpolish'd bard ;

Among whose labours I may find a line,

Which from unsightly rust I may refine,

And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.

How often may we see a troubled flood

Stain'd with unsettled ooze and rising mud !

Which (if a well the bordering natives sink)

Supplies the thirsty multitude with drink.

The trickling stream by just degrees refines,

Till in its course the limpid current shines ;

And taught through secret labyrinths to flow,

Works itself clear among the sands below.

For nothing looks so gloomy, but will shine

From proper care, and timely discipline ;

If, with due vigilance and conduct, wrought

Deep in the soul, it labours in the thought.

Hence on the ancients we must rest alone,

And make their golden sentences our own.

To cull their best expressions claims our cares,

To form our notions, and our styles on their's.

See ! how we bear away their precious spoils,

And with the glorious dress enrich our styles ;

Their bright inventions for our use convey,

Bring all the spirit of their words away,

And make their words themselves our lawful
prey !

Unasham'd in other colours to be shown,

We speak our thoughts in accents not our own.

But your design with modest caution weigh,

Steal with due care, and meditate the prey.

Invert the order of the words with art,

And change their former site in every part.

Thus win your readers, thus deceive with grace,

And let th' expression wear a different face ;

Yourself at last, the glorious labour done,

Will scarce discern his diction from your own.

Some, to appear of diffidence bereft,

Steal in broad day, and glory in the theft ;

When with just art, design and confidence,

On the same words they graft a different sense ;

Preserve th' unvary'd terms and order too,

But change their former spirit for a new :

Or, with the sense of emulation bold,

With ancient bards a glorious contest hold ;

Their richest spoils triumphant they explore,
Which, rang'd with better grace, they varnish
o'er,

And give them charms they never knew before.
So trees, that change their soils, more proudly rise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies;
And, when transplanted, nobler fruits produce,
Exalt their nature, and ferment their juice.
So Troy's fam'd chief the Asian empire bore,
With better omens, to the Latian shore;
Though from thy realm, O Dido, to the sea
Call'd by the gods reluctantly away;
Nor the first nuptial pleasures could controul
The fix'd, the stubborn purpose of his soul.
Unhappy queen! thy woes suppress thy breath;
Thy cares pursue thee, and surviv'd in death.
Had not the Dardan fleet thy kingdom sought,
Thy life had shone unfully'd with a fault. [toils;

Come then, ye youths, and urge your generous
Come strip the ancients, and divide the spoils
Your hands have won—but shun the fault of such,
Who with fond rashness trust themselves too much.
For some we know, who, by their pride betray'd,
With vain contempt reject a foreign aid;
Who scorn those great examples to obey,
Nor follow where the ancients point the way.
While from the theft their cautious hands refrain,
Vain are their fears, their superstition vain.
Nor Phœbus' smiles th' unhappy poet crown;
The fate of all his works prevents his own.
Himself his mould'ring monument survives,
And sees his labours perish while he lives:
His fame is more contracted than his span,
And the frail author dies before the man.
How would he wish the labour to forbear,
And follow other arts with more successful care.

I like a fair allusion nicely wrought;
When the same words express a different thought.
And such a theft true critics dare not blame,
Which late posterity shall crown with fame.
Void of all fear, of every doubt bereft,
I would not blush, but triumph in the theft.
Nor on the ancients for the whole rely,
The whole is more than all their works supply;
Some things your own invention must explore,
Some virgin images untouch'd before.

New terms no laws forbid us to induce,
To coin a word, and sanctify to use;
But yet admit no words into the song,
Unless they prove the stock from whence they
sprung;

Point out their family, their kindred trace,
And set to view the series of their race.
But where you find your native tongue too
poor

Transport the riches of the Grecian store;
Inform the lump, and work it into grace,
And with new life inspire th' unwieldy mass;
Till, chang'd by discipline, the word puts on
A foreign nature, and forgets its own.
So Latium's language found a rich increase,
And grew and flourish'd from the wealth of
Greece;

Till use, in time, had rifled Argos' stores,
And brought all Athens to th' Hesperian shores.

How many words from rich Mycenæ come,
Of Greek extraction, in the dress of Rome?
That live with ours, our rights and freedom claim,
Their nature different, but their looks the same;
Through Latium's realms, in Latium's garb they
go,

At once her strangers, and her natives too.
Long has her poverty been fled, and long
With native riches has she grac'd her tongue.
Nor search the poets only, but explore
Immortal Tully's inexhausted store;
And other authors, born in happier days, [lays.
Shall answer all your wants, and beautify your

Oft, in old bards, a verse above the rest
Shines, in barbaric spoils and trophies dress'd;
Thus Gaul, her victor's triumph to complete,
Supplies those words that paint her own defeat;
And vanquish'd Macedon, to tell her doom,
Gives up her language with her arms to Rome.
Then can we fear with groundless diffidence
A want of words that shall express our sense?

But, if compell'd by want, you may produce
And bring an antiquated word in use;
A word erst well receiv'd in days of yore,
A word our old forefathers us'd before:
Well-pleas'd the reader's wonder to engage,
He brings our grandfire's habit on the stage,
And garbs that whilom grac'd an uncouth age. }
Yet must not such appear in every place;
When rang'd too thick, the poem they disgrace.
Since of new words such numbers you command,
Deal out the old ones with a sparing hand.
* Whene'er your images can lay no claim
To a fix'd term, and want a certain name;
To paint one thing, the licens'd bard affords
A pompous circle, and a crowd of words.

Two plighted words in one with grace appear;
When they with ease glide smoothly o'er the ear.
Two may embrace at once, but seldom more, }
Nor verse can bear the mingled shape of four;
No triple monsters dwell on Latium's shore.
When mix'd with smooth, these harsher strains
are found,

We start with horror at the frightful sound;
The Grecian Bards, in whom such freedoms please,
May match with more success such words as
these;

Heap hills on hills, and bid the structure rise,
Till the vast pile of mountains prop the skies.
What words soever of vast bulk we view,
One of less size may sometimes split in two;
Sometimes we separate from the whole a part,
And prune the more luxuriant limbs with art.
Thus when the names of heroes we declare,
Names whose unpolish'd sounds offend the ear;
We add, or lop some branches which abound, }
Till the harsh accents are with smoothness
crown'd. [sound.

That mellows every word, and softens every
By such an happy change, Sicharbas came,
To sink his roughness in Sichæus' name.
Hence would I rather choose those dire alarms
Of vast Enecladus, and heaven in arms.

And the bold Titan's battles to rehearse,
 Harmonious names, that glide into the verse;
 Than count the rough, the barbarous nations o'er,
 Which Rome subdued of old from shore to shore.

Let things submit to words on no pretence,
 But make your words subservient to your sense;
 Nor for their sake admit a single line,
 But what contributes to the main design.
 Through every part most diligently pierce,
 And weigh the sound and sense of every verse.
 Unless your strictest caution you display,
 Some words may lead the heedless bard away;
 Steal from their duty, and desert their post,
 And sculk in darkness, indolently lost;
 Or, while their proper parts their fellows ply,
 Contribute nought but sound and harmony.
 This to prevent, consult your words; and know
 How far their strength, extent, and nature go.
 To all their charges, and their labours fit;
 To all, their several provinces of wit.
 Without this care, the poem will abound
 With empty noise, and impotence of sound;
 Unmeaning terms will crowd in every part,
 Play round the ears, but never reach the heart.
 Yet would I sometimes venture to disperse
 Some words, whose splendor should adorn my
 verse;

(Words, that to wit and thought have no pretence,
 And rather vehicles of sound than sense;) }
 Till in the gorgeous dress the lines appear,
 And court with gentle harmony the ear.
 Nor with too fond a care such words pursue,
 They meet your sight, and rise in every view.
 Oft, from its chains the shackled verse unloose,
 And give it liberty to walk in prose;
 Then be the work renew'd with endless pain,
 And join with care the shatter'd parts again;
 The lurking faults and errors you may see,
 When the words run unmanacled and free.

Attend, young bard, and listen while I sing;
 Lo! I unlock the muses' sacred spring;
 Lo! Phœbus calls thee to his inmost shrine;
 Hark! in one common voice, the tuneful nine }
 Invite and court thee to the rites divine.
 When first to man the privilege was given,
 To hold by verse an intercourse with heaven,
 Unwilling that th' immortal art should lie
 Cheap and expos'd to every vulgar eye,
 Great Jove, to drive away the groveling crowd,
 To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,
 Which more exalted spirits may pursue,
 And left it open to the sacred few.

For many a painful task, in every part,
 Claims all the poet's vigilance and art.
 'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
 In measure, numbers, or determin'd feet;
 Or render things, by clear expression bright,
 And set each object in a proper light:
 To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
 And make the sound a picture of the sense;
 The correspondent words exactly frame,
 The look, the features, and the mien the same.
 His thoughts the bard must suitably express,
 Each in a different face, and different dress;
 Lest in unvary'd looks the crowd be shown,
 And the whole multitude appear as one,

With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
 This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
 That, vast of size, his limbs huge, broad, and strong,
 Moves ponderous, and scarce drags his bulk along.
 This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
 And Venus breathes on every limb a grace:
 That, of rude form, his uncouth numbers shows,
 Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows,
 His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
 Voluminous and vast, curls up behind:
 At once the image and the lines appear
 Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
 Nor are those figures given without a cause,
 But fixt and settled by determin'd laws;
 All claim and wear, as their deserts are known,
 A voice, a face, and habit of their own.
 * Lo! when the sailors steer the ponderous ships,
 And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
 Incumbent on the main that roars around;
 Beneath their labouring oars the waves resound, }
 The prows wide-echoing through the dark pro-
 found:

To the loud call each distant rock replies,
 Tost by the storm the frothy surges rise;
 While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
 Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar,
 Flash at the shock, and gathering in an heap,
 The liquid mountains rise, and overhang the deep.
 See through her shores Trinacria's realms rebound,
 Starting and trembling at the bellowing sound;
 High-towering o'er the waves the mountains ride,
 And clash with floating mountains on the tide.
 But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,
 And calms at one regard the raging seas;
 Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
 And o'er the level light the galley glides.
 The poet's art and conduct we admire,
 When angry Vulcan rolls a flood of fire;
 When on the groves and fields the deluge preys,
 And wraps the crackling stubble in the blaze.
 Nor less our pleasure, when the flame divides,
 And climbs aspiring round the cauldron's sides;
 From the dark bottom work the waters up,
 Swell, boil, and hiss, and bubble to the top.
 Thus in smooth lines, smooth subjects we rehearse,
 But the † rough rock roars in as rough a verse.
 If gay the subject, gay must be the song;
 And the brisk numbers quickly glide along:
 When the fields flourish; or the skies unfold
 Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold.
 If sad the theme, then each grave line moves slow,
 The mournful numbers languishingly flow,
 And drag, and labour, with a weight of woe:
 If e'er the boding bird of night, who mourns
 O'er ruins, desolation, graves, and urns,
 With piercing screams the darkness should invade,
 And break the silence of the dismal shade.
 When things are small, the terms should still be so:
 For low words please us, when the theme is low.
 But when some giant, horrible and grim,
 Enormous in his gait, and vast in every limb,

* Most of these examples are drawn word for word from Virgil.

† ——— "Sonat hæc de nære capinâ

Littera."

Vid. Persium,

Stalks towering on; the swelling words must rise
In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
The verse too labours; the throng'd words scarce
move

When each stiff clod beneath the ponderous plough,
Crumbles and breaks; th' encumber'd lines march
flow.

Nor less; when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd
sails.

But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away.

And when the viper issues from the brake;
Be quick; with stones, and brands, and fire, attack
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.

When night descends: or, stunn'd by numerous
strokes,

And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.

When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
And hush their roarings and their rage to peace;
So oft we see the interrupted strain

Stopp'd in the midst,—and with the silent main,
Pause for a space—at last it glides again.

When Priam strains his aged arm, to throw
His unavailing javelin at the foe;

(His blood congeal'd, and every nerve unstrung,)

Then with the theme compiles the artful song;
Like him the solitary numbers flow

Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and flow.

Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his course;

The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls;

Provokes his flying courser to his speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed;

He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain.

In this the poet's justest conduct lies;

When with the various subjects he complies,

To sink with judgment, and with judgment rise.

We see him now, remissive of his force,

Glide with a low, and inoffensive course;

Stript of the gaudy dress of words he goes,

And scarcely lifts the poem up from prose:

And now he brings with loosen'd reins along

All in a full career the boundless song;

In wide array luxuriantly he pours

A crowd of words, and opens all his stores.

The lavish eloquence redundant flows,

Thick as the fleeces of the winter-snows,

When Jove invests the naked Alps, and sheds

The silent tempest on their hoary heads.

Sometimes the godlike fury he restrains,

Checks his impetuous speed, and draws the reins;

Balance'd and pois'd, he neither sinks nor soars,

Ploughs the mid space, and steers between the

shores,

And shaves the confines;—till all dangers past,

He shoots with joy into the port at last.

For what remains unsung; I now declare

What claims the poet's last and strictest care.

When all adventures past, his labours tend

In one continued order to their end;

When the proud victor on his conquest smiles,
And sate enjoys the triumph of his toils;
Let him by timely diffidence be aw'd,
Nor trust too soon th' unpolish'd piece abroad.

Oh! may his rash ambition ne'er enflame
His breast, with such a dangerous thirst of fame!

But let the terror of disgrace controul

The warm, the partial fondness of his soul;

And force the bard to throw his passion by,

Nor view his offspring with a parent's eye:

Till his affections are by justice cross'd,

And all the father in the judge is lost.

He seeks his friends, nor trusts himself alone;

But asks their judgment, and resigns his own;

Begs them, with urgent prayers, to be sincere,

Just and exact, and rigidly severe;

Due verdict to pronounce on every thought,

Nor spare the slightest shadow of a fault;

But, bent against himself, and strictly nice;

He thanks each critic that detects a vice;

Though charg'd with what his judgment can de-

fend,

He joins the partial sentence of his friend.

The piece thrown by; the careful bard reviews

The long-forgotten labours of his muse:

Lo! on all sides far different objects rise,

And a new prospect strikes his wondering eyes,

Warm from the brain, the lines his love engross,

Now in themselves their former selves are lost.

Now his own labours he begins to blame,

And blushing reads them with regret and shame.

He lothes the piece; condemns it; nor can find

The genuine stamp, and image of his mind.

This thought and that, indignant he rejects;

When most secure, some danger he suspects;

Anxious he adds, and trembling he corrects.

With kind severities, and timely art,

Lops the luxuriant growth of every part;

Prunes the superfluous boughs, that wildly stray;

And cuts the rank redundancies away.

Thus arm'd with proper discipline he stands,

By day, by night, applies his healing hands,

From every line to wipe out every blot,

Till the whole piece is guiltless of a fault.

Hard is the task, but needful, if your aim

Tends to the prospect of immortal fame.

If some unfinish'd numbers limp behind,

When the warm'd poet rages unconfin'd,

Then when his swift invention scorns to stay,

By a full tide of genius whirl'd away;

He brings the sovereign cure their failings claim,

Confirms the sickly, and supports the lame.

Oft as the seasons roll, renew thy pain,

And bring the poem to the test again.

In different lights th' expression must be rang'd,

The garb and colours of the words be chang'd.

With endless care thy watchful eyes must pierce,

And mark the parts distinct of every verse.

In this persist; for oft one day denies

The kind assistance which the next supplies;

As oft, without your vigilance and care,

Some faults detected by themselves appear.

And now a thousand errors you explore,

That lay involv'd in mantling clouds before.

Oft, to improve his muse, the bard should try,

By turns, the temper of a different sky.

For thus his genius takes a different face
From every different genius of a place.
The soul too changes, and the bard may find
A thousand various motions in his mind.
New gleams of light will every moment rise,
While from each part the scattering darkness flies.
And, as he alters what appears amiss,
He adds new flowers to beautify the piece.
But here, ev'n here, avoid th' extreme of such,
Who with excess of care correct too much :
Whose barbarous hands no calls of pity bound,
While with th' infected parts they cut the sound,
And make the cure more dangerous than the wound.

Till, all the blood and spirits drain'd away,
The body sickens, and the parts decay ;
The native beauties die, the limbs appear
Rough and deform'd with one continued scar.
No fix'd determin'd number I enjoin,
But when some years shall perfect the design ;
Reflect on life ; and, mindful of thy span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man,
Wide o'er the spacious world, without delay,
Permit the finish'd piece to take its way ;
Till all mankind admires the heavenly song,
The theme of every hand and every tongue.
See ! thy pleas'd friends thy spreading glory draws,
Each with his voice to swell the vast applause ;
The vast applause shall reach the starry frame,
No years, no ages, shall obscure thy fame,
And earth's last ends shall hear thy darling name.
Shall we then doubt to scorn all worldly views,
And not prefer the raptures of the muse ?

Thrice happy bards ! who taught by heaven,
obey

These rules, and follow where they lead the way ;
And hear the faithful precepts I bestow'd,
Inspir'd with rage divine, and labouring with the
god.

But art alone, and human means must fail,
Nor these instructive precepts will prevail,
Unless the gods their present aid supply,
And look with kind indulgence from the sky.
I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head ;
And show'd the tuneful muses from afar,
Mix'd in a solemn choir, and dancing there.
Thither forbidden by the fates to go,
I sink and grovel in the world below.
Deterr'd by them, in vain I labour up,
And stretch these hands to grasp the distant top.
Enough for me, at distance if I view
Some bard, some happier bard, the path pursue ;
Who, taught by me to reach Parnassus' crown,
Mounts up, and calls his slow companions on.
But yet these rules, perhaps, these humble lays,
May claim a title to a share of praise ;
When, in a crowd the gathering youths shall hear
My voice and precepts with a willing ear ;
Close in a ring shall press the listening throng,
And learn from me to regulate their song.
Then, if the pitying fates prolong my breath,
And from my youth avert the dart of death ;
Whene'er I sink in life's declining stage,

Trembling and fainting on the verge of age,
To help their wearied master shall they run,
And lend their friendly hands to guide him on ;
Through blooming groves his tardy progress wait,
And set him gently down at Phœbus' gate,
The while he sings, before the hallow'd shrine,
The sacred poets, and the tuneful nine.
Here then in Roman numbers will we rise,
And lift the fame of Virgil to the skies ;
Ausonia's pride and boast ; who brings along
Strength to my lines, and spirit to my song :
First how the mighty bard transported o'er
The sacred muses from th' Aonian shore ;
Led the fair sisters to th' Hesperian plains,
And sung in Roman towns the Grecian strains ;
How in his youth to woods and groves he fled,
And sweetly tun'd the soft Sicilian reed ;
Next, how, in pity to th' Ausonian swains,
He rais'd to heaven the honours of the plains ;
Rapt in Triptolemus's car on high,
He scatter'd peace and plenty from the sky ;
Fir'd with his country's fame, with loud alarms,
At last he rous'd all Latium up to arms ;
In just array the Phrygian troops bestow'd,
And spoke the voice and language of a god.
Father of verse ! from whom our honours spring ;
See ! from all parts, our bards attend their king ;
Beneath thy banners rang'd, thy fame increase,
And rear proud trophies from the spoils of Greece.
Low, in Elysian vales, her tuneful throng
Bow to thy laurels, and adore thy song :
On thee alone thy country turns her eyes ;
On thee her poets future fame relies.
See ! how in crowds they court thy aid divine
(For all their honours but depend on thine) ;
Taught from the womb thy numbers to rehearse,
And sip the balmy sweets of every verse.
Unrival'd bard ! all ages shall decree
The first unenvy'd palm of fame to thee ;
Thrice happy bard ! thy boundless glory flies,
Where never mortal must attempt to rise ;
Such heavenly numbers in thy song we hear,
And more than human accents charm the ear !
To thee, his darling, Phœbus' hands impart
His soul, his genius, and immortal art.
What help or merit in these rules are shown,
The youth must owe to thy support alone.
The youth, whose wandering feet with care I led
Aloft, o'er steep Parnassus' sacred head ;
Taught from thy great example to explore [fore.
Those arduous paths which thou hast trod be-
Hail, pride of Italy ! thy country's grace !
Hail, glorious light of all the tuneful race !
For whom we weave the crown, and altars raise ;
And with rich incense bid the temples blaze ;
Our solemn hymns shall still resound thy praise.
Hail, holy bard, and boundless in renown !
Thy fame, dependent on thyself alone,
Requires no song, no numbers but thy own.
Look down propitious, and my thoughts in-
spire ;
Warm my chaste bosom with thy sacred fire !
Let all thy flames with all their raptures roll,
Deep in my breast, and kindle all my soul !

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BLAIR,

Containing
THE GRAVE,
and
A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF MR. LAW.

To which is prefixed
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

— The task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the Tomb.
GRAVE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

OF ROBERT BLAIR

Edited by

THE CLAY

and

A TOWN TO THE MEMORY OF MR. BAY

By the same

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

The life of the

To the memory of the

CLAY

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY ANDREW MILLAR AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE

THE LIFE OF BLAIR.

OF the personal history of BLAIR, few particulars are known; and those few are such as give little scope for amplification and embellishment.

The life of a country clergyman, constantly engaged in the duties of his profession, the practice of the domestic virtues, and the occupations of literature, however respectable such a character may be, can afford but slender materials for biography.

The facts stated in the present account, were communicated to the compiler of this collection, in conversation with his son, Robert Blair, Esq., Solicitor General to his Majesty for Scotland, and his cousin, the learned and amiable Dr. Blair, one of the ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, in the University of Edinburgh.

These authorities are produced by the present writer with much pleasure; as it gives him, at once, an opportunity of reflecting on the hereditary love of literature and distinguished politeness of Mr. Solicitor General; and of recording his obligations to the venerable director of his youthful studies; whose well-established reputation can suffer no diminution from the testimony of a grateful pupil, to the merit of his "Academical prelections," which constitute an æra in the history of Scottish literature; nor easily receive addition from the highest praise he can bestow on his "productions for the pulpit," which display the powers of a wise, and the acquisitions of a cultivated mind, in recommending the spirit of a pure and enlightened religion to every order of mankind; and exhibit to the literary world, a model of sound and elegant instruction, and of simple and persuasive eloquence, unprecedented in the history of that species of composition in our country.

Robert Blair was the eldest son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and Chaplain to the King. His mother was ——— Nisbet, daughter of ——— Nisbet, Esq., of Carfin. His grandfather was the Rev. Robert Blair, one of the most distinguished Scottish clergyman in the time of the civil wars; a descendent of the ancient and respectable family of Blair of Blair in Ayrshire.

He was born about the beginning of this century; had the most liberal education in the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards was sent abroad by his father for his improvement, and spent some time on the continent. After undergoing the usual trials appointed by the church, he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, Jan. 5, 1731, where he past the remainder of his life.

As his fortune was easy, he lived very much in the style of a gentleman, and was greatly respected by Sir Francis Kinloch, Baronet, of Gilmerton, patron of the parish, and by all the gentlemen in that neighbourhood. He was a man both of learning, and of elegant taste and manners. He was a botanist and florist, which he showed in the cultivation of his garden; and was also conversant in optical and microscopical knowledge, on which subjects he carried on correspondence with some learned men in England. He was a man of sincere piety, and very assiduous in discharging the duties of his clerical function. As a preacher, he was serious and warm, and discovered the imagination of a poet.

He married Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingston, and sister to the present sheriff-depute of East-Lothian, a lady of uncommon beauty and amiable manners. With her father, who had been professor of moral philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh, who was his relation, and had been left one of his tutors, he had been long and intimately connected; and, upon occasion of

his death, which happened several years before his marriage with his daughter, he wrote and printed a funeral *Poem to his Memory*, which is thought worthy of being preserved; and is accordingly inserted in this collection.

By his lady, who survived him several years, he had five sons and one daughter; of these sons, Robert Blair, Esq., of Avington, Solicitor General to his Majesty for Scotland, is the fourth. His brother, Mr. Archibald Blair, was also a clergyman, and was settled in a parish near him in East Lothian. One of his sons, nephew to the poet, Robert Blair, M. D., is one of the Commissioners of the Sick and Wounded in London, and well known for his skill in optics and astronomy.

He died of a fever, on the 4th of February, 1746, in the 47th year of his age; and was succeeded in his living at Athelstaneford, by another poet, Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of "Douglas."

This is all that is known of Blair; an accomplished scholar, and an elegant poet, whose genius and virtue, though celebrated by some of the most eminent of his poetical contemporaries, have suffered such unmerited neglect, that his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography.

Had the interesting correspondence of Watts been given to the world by his friend and biographer Dr. Jennings, it would probably have furnished many particulars relating to Blair, which might have gratified curiosity; though they could hardly have added to the honour which his talents and virtues have received from the esteem of a man, who has left behind him such purity of character, and such monuments of laborious piety.

The friends of Blair were the friends of science and of virtue; his love of poetry and polite literature, procured him the friendship of Watts, a polite scholar, and devout poet; no less remarkable for his genius and learning, than the mildness and fervency of his piety: And his passion for natural history, obtained him the correspondence of the famous naturalist, Henry Baker, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Society, an intelligent, upright, and benevolent man, who was particularly attentive to all the improvements which were made in natural science, and very solicitous for the prosecution of useful discoveries. Besides the papers written by himself in the "Philosophical Transactions," he was the means, by his extensive correspondence, of conveying to the Society, the intelligence and observations of other inquisitive and philosophical men. Like Blair, he was both a poet and a naturalist; and printed a volume of "Original Poems, serious and humorous," 8vo, 1725. He was the author likewise of "The Universe, a poem," which has been several times reprinted. But his principal publications are, "The Microscope made easy," 1742; and "Employment for the Microscope," which have gone through many editions, and are generally known. Having led a very useful and honourable life, he died Nov. 25, 1774, being then above seventy years of age. By his wife Sophia, youngest daughter of the celebrated De Foe, he had a son, David Erskine Baker, Esq., author of the "Muse of Ossian;" a dramatic poem, of three acts, performed at Edinburgh, 1763; and "The Companion to the Play Muse, 2 vols., 12mo, 1764, a work that has since been considerably improved by Mr. Reed, under the title of the "Biographica Dramatica," 2 vols. 8vo, 1781. His letters to Blair, are in the possession of Mr. Solicitor General.

With Dr. Doddridge, a man whose learning was respected by Warburton and Newton, and whose piety was venerated by Lyttleton and West, he also cultivated a correspondence; probably through the kindness of Watts, or the good offices of their common friend, Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain at the battle of Prestonpans, Sept. 21, 1745; and affectionately commemorated by Dr. Doddridge, in "Some remarkable passages in his life," published in 1747.

The following letter, dated Athelstaneford, Feb. 25, 1741-2, and inserted in the "Epistolary Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge," published by the Rev. Mr. Stedman of Shrewsbury, 1790, exhibits an advantageous specimen of his temper and disposition, and contains some interesting information relating to the composition and publication of *The Grave*.

"You will be justly surpris'd with a letter from one whose name is not so much as known to you: nor shall I offer to make an apology. Though I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no stranger to your merit as an author; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel Gardiner, and Lady Frances. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the

favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have sometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that I may show how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit to you a manuscript poem of mine, intituled *The Grave*, written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed several years before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I showed it, to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the Doctor, signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But at the same time he mentions to me that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarce think (considering how critical an age we live in, with respect to such kind of writings) that a person living three hundred miles from London, could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so; though, at the same time I must say, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclination, well knowing, that whatever poem is written upon a serious argument, must, upon that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of those things. I beg pardon for breaking in upon moments precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

The difficulties stated by Watts in the above letter, probably prevented the publication of *The Grave* during its author's lifetime. The earliest edition of it, which the present writer has seen, is that printed at Edinburgh, in 8vo, 1747. At the end is a translation of a pious ode of Volusenus; but of no value. The subsequent editions are too numerous to be specified. To the edition in 8vo, 1786, is added Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," with "notes moral, critical and explanatory." The notes are in general trifling and insipid. It is now, with the *Poem to the memory of Mr. Law*, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The variations from the common editions, are printed from the original MS., 1741-2, in the possession of Mr. Solicitor General, communicated for the use of this edition. The reading in the printed copies has in general so much the appearance of improvement, and so consonant to the style of the poem, that it is probable it might be the result of a revision, subsequent to the date of the MS. Some verbal transpositions, of little importance, are not copied.

If Blair had written nothing else but this single poem, it is alone sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our country. But the *poem to the memory of Mr. Law*, inserted in this collection by the favour of Dr. Blair, is no inconsiderable addition to his fame. It is evidently a juvenile performance, the tribute of affection and esteem to the merits of a friend; and justly chargeable, in some instances, with incorrectness of language, and incongruity of imagery: but the style is simple and beautiful; and the sentiments, though sometimes trite, are expressed with a tenderness and energy not unworthy of the author of *The Grave*. The apostrophe to Mrs. Law, in particular, is pathetic and pleasing; and the abrupt transition to the final conflagration of the universe, approaches to sublimity.

The Grave, his greatest work, amply establishes his fame. It is a production of real genius, and possesses a merit superior to many pieces of the very first celebrity. It is composed of a succession of unconnected descriptions, and of reflections that seem independent of one another, interwoven with striking allusions, and digressive sallies of imagination. It is a series of pathetic representations, without unity of design, variegated with imagery and allusion; which exhibit a wide display of original poetry. The poet's eye is awake on the objects of creation, and on the scenes of human misery; and he is alive to every feeling of compassion and benevolence. Through a shade of melancholy, which peculiar impressions of religion throw over the scenes he describes, we always perceive an amiable and generous principle struggling to overcome the degeneracy which it deplores. Whatever subject is either discussed or aimed at, he always endeavours to melt the heart, and alarm the conscience, by pathetic description and serious remonstrances; and his sentiments are always

delivered in a novel and energetic manner, that impresses them strongly on the mind. He is always moral, yet never dull; and though he often expands an image, yet he never weakens its force. If the same thought occurs, he gives it a new form; and is copious without being tiresome. He writes under the strong impression of Christian and moral truths. Conviction gives force to imagination; and he dips his pen in the stream that religion has opened in his own bosom.

His imagination, excursive and vigorous, sometimes exceeds the bounds that criticism prescribes. Possessing strong powers of ridicule as well as fancy, he passes too suddenly from grave and serious description, to irony and satire. Instances of this improper association too frequently occur, and the grave and ludicrous destroy one another.

But the defects of *The Grave* bear a very small proportion to its beauties; and its beauties are of no common account. They are happily conceived and forcibly expressed. His language is the natural and unforced result of his conceptions. Anxious only to give each image its due prominence and relief, he has wasted no unnecessary attention on grace or embellishment; the diction, therefore, though seldom splendid, is always vigorous and animated, and carries the thought home to the heart with inexpressible energy. His versification is almost as singular as the materials upon which it is employed; sometimes careless and prosaic, and sometimes strikingly elegant and harmonious; resembling sometimes the best manner of Shakspeare and Rowe, and sometimes that of Milton and Young; but without any marks of servile imitation. Amidst such a profusion of beautiful and striking passages that are to be found in this singular poem, it is difficult to confirm these general remarks by particular quotations.

After a solemn introduction, the following striking passage appears.

The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy ailes
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

The following picture is very fine and natural:

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)—
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanesces at crowing of the cock.

This pleasing picture is finely contrasted by the affecting one, which immediately follows it:

The new-made widow——
Sad sight! flow moving o'er the prostrate dead,
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,

Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf;
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

In the above description there are many minute strokes, *her now untasted cheek—busy meddling memory*, &c., which mark the superior poet.

From the apostrophe to *Friendship*, which immediately follows, the heart catches sympathetic feelings; and the amiable poet leaves on it the impression of all that is tender, generous, and endearing. There is beautiful description, and much poetical enthusiasm in the following lines.

————— Oh! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,
 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
 Mended his song of love; the looty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
 Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
 Of drefs.—Oh! then, the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last.—————

The following passage strongly reminds us of Shakspeare, and is equal to any of the most admired moral parts of that wonderful dramatist.

Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the jesters now? the men of health
 Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
 And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! fullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

The description of a funeral, beginning, *But see the well-plum'd berse*, &c. has the beauties and defects of the same admirable writer. The apostrophe to *Beauty* is a masterly passage; as are those on the death of the *Strong Man*, the *Philosopher*, and the *Physician*. This expression in the last reminds us of Milton.

————— From stubborn shrubs
 Thou wring'st their shy retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire—————

The *Sexton* will be readily recognised as a relation of the grave-digger in *Hamlet*.

————— hoary-headed chronicle,
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand

THE LIFE OF BLAIR.

Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—

The following comparison, applied to time, is happily imagined.

Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
Who slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize—

The hand of Shakspeare could not possibly have gone higher, or have touched a situation with greater nicety.

Few similes can exceed the following for elegant simplicity. Among the various tenants of the grave, he enumerates

—The long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd, like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Another simile, near the end of the poem, where he mentions the aversion even of the good to death, beginning, *So have I seen upon a summer's eve*, is natural and striking.

In Blair, it is difficult to discover any material traces of imitation, or even to conjecture who were his favourites among the poets of his country. His style of composition is his own, and his versification peculiar to himself. He undoubtedly, however, possessed a taste for our elder poets, the *ancient wells of English undefiled*, from whom he probably learned the energy, character, and truth of composition, and the genuine language of verse; particularly the frequent use of compound epithets, which are the life of a language, and in which our own is far from being deficient.

Blair, describing the death of a good man, says:

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away,
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting.

The last line is evidently borrowed from Quarles; a writer of true poetical genius, and of exemplary virtue, unjustly neglected.

Brave minds oppress'd, should (in dispirit of fate)
Looke greatest (like the sunne) in lowest state.—*Job. Milt.*

The testimonies to the merits of Blair are few, when compared with his deserts. *The Grave*, though it is written in a style that might well delight the learned, and deserve the attention of the writers of verse, yet has never been mentioned, till very lately, in any critical work, nor imitated in any poetical composition. "The Task" of Cowper, an ingenious and truly original performance, resembles it only in the singular combination of pathetic description, comic humour, and serious remonstrance. Its popularity, however, must be allowed as an unquestionable authority in its favour; for by the judgment of the common, unprejudiced, unpedantic reader, the merit of every poetical composition must be ultimately decided.

Mr. Pinkerton, the learned and ingenious editor of the "Ancient Scottish Poems, &c." was the first who celebrated the merits of Blair, and subjected *The Grave* to the examination of criticism; which, though somewhat too general and indiscriminate, merits attention.

"I know not, says Mr. Pinkerton," that he wrote any thing else; but *The Grave* is worth a thousand common poems. The language is such as Shakspeare would have used; yet he no where imitates Shakspeare, or uses any expression of his. It is frugal and chaste; yet, upon occasion, highly poetical, without any appearance of research. It is unquestionably the best piece of blank verse we have, save those of Milton."

P O E M S.

THE GRAVE.

The House appointed for all Living.—JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The grave, dread
thing!

Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty
vaults,

(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,

And only serves to make thy night more irksome.

Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant; that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs, and worms:

Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary: [bird,
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy ailes
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their
slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately fullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 22. Methinks I know thee, &c.
30. Of those that liv'd some hundred years ago;
Where lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up, &c.

Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
here:

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the
trees,

The school-boy with his fatchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.

Sudden he starts; and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes 'spy'd,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetner of life, and folder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down

VARIATIONS.

69. Of horrid apparition, strait and tall.
86. Invidious grave! thou separat'st chief friends
That love has bound, &c.

Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood, 100
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd
thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of drefs.—Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed, 110
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing melancholy 120
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! fullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work? 130
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back, 140
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.

Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
Oh cruel irony! these come too late; 150
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
In the high-way, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state. on,

But see! the well-plum'd herse comes nodding
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead, 160

By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people [ments
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the case-
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste,
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase 170
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir.—'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man.
Honour, that meddling officious ill, 180
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short,
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-sam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain. 190
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight:
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins. 200
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing time: her cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, give up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth, 209
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable.—Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd, 220
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,

VARIATIONS.

179. Why hide the punished, for sake of which,
196. Dodder'd with age, &c.

Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And gripp'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery;
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord, 231
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind, [ry,
The grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flatt'-
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before, 240
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee ho-
mage?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glass? 247
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense. ^{his}
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swell'd heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down 260
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard?—deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders? 270

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that
groan?

It was his last.—See how the great Goliath,

Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest, 280
Lies still—What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster, [bull,

To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundless length of
space, 290

Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd
And cannot tell his ails to passers by. 300
Great man of language,—whence this mighty
change,

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase? 311
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing-art, 320
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate—Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand;—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their sky-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research. 331
But why this apparatus? why this cost?

Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not.—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift),
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer, 341
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay

VARIATIONS.

240. *Not in MS.*

To his own carcase; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed,
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh cursed lust of gold; when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds: 349
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer, 360
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul, 370
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge; 380
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might
the drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh [wretch
At the poor bugbear death:—Then might the
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life, 392
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel;
Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could
force

The ill pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able.—But if there's an hereafter;
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd 400

VARIATIONS.

342. ————now he lodgeth cheap.

350. Quite starv'd in this, and damn'd, &c.

And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man;
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it heaven.—Let not, upon disgust
The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage 411
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not:—this we
know,

Duty requires we calmly wait the summons, 420
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half so desperate as this. 431

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed, have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly
done

To knock, and give the alarm.—But what means
This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? do the strict laws 441
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village-
swain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by! 450
'Tis long since death had the majority;

VARIATIONS.

405. That makes her hooted at: shall the foul hand,
Acting the traitor's part, be crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord? Forbid it, heaven!
Shall nature, swerving from her first com-
mand,
Be her own butcher? shall we on disgust
Presume to set ourselves at liberty
Without once asking leave? Dreadful at-
tempt, &c.

Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and ac-
quaintance,

By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell 459
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
not,

That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers 470
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink

Unapprehensive; when, for ought we know,
The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on 480
With a resistless unremitting stream;

Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?

What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;

And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: In their turns 490
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,
The shiv'ring Icelanders, and sunburn'd Moor;

Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His soy'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd

The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts. 500
Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to
treat;

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the stern
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

VARIATIONS.

494. And of all creeds, Jew, Turk, and Christian.
500. Deep read in stratagem, and statesmen's wiles.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,) 510
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.

The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
E'er while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant:—Here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch. 520

Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets

Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medly here!

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale; 530
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry-day was made of melody, [shrew,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongu'd

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;

The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years. 541

Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.

Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;

For all was pure within: no fell remorse, 550
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern

winds
Just ready to expire—scarce importun'd,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.

Bless'd! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone. 560

VARIATIONS.

511. Fast by his mistress' side now lies him down.

520. Nor press'd the nipple, founder'd in life's porch.

521. Here is the joyful mother of sons and daughters.

526. Here are the prude, and frolicsome coquette.

550. to 554. *Not in MS.*

555. Whilst the rich gen'rous soil, scarce im-
portun'd,

Offer'd its various produce, &c.

Oh! slipp'ry state of things.—What sudden turns!
 What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
 How scant the space between these vast extremes!
 Thus far'd it with our fire:—Not long h' enjoy'd
 His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
 Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
 Or sum them up, when strait he must be gone,
 Ne'er to return again.—And must he go? 570
 Can nought compound for the first dire offence
 Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
 Not all the lavish odours of the place,
 Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
 Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel,
 With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell round.—At once he lost 580
 His glory, and his God.—If mortal now,
 And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he would needs try: nor try'd in vain.
 (Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
 Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
 Alas! too well he sped:—the good he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
 Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between: 590
 Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell scap'd train,
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
 Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
 An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein. 600
 What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
 Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
 Of woes of all dimensions!—But for thee
 Sorrow had never been.—All-noxious thing,
 Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
 Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
 The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
 Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench, 609
 Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
 And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
 Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
 But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
 More dreadful far than those! sin has laid waste,
 Not here and there a country, but a world:
 Dispatching at a wide extended blow
 Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands; 619
 Blasting the foodful grain and loaded branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin.

VARIATIONS.

588. Stalk'd like a discontented ghost away.
 677. At once dispatching wholesale at a blow.

Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!
 Of temper so transcendently malign,
 That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
 Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesse
 Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues, are thine.—See how the fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round! 630
 Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
 heels, [row
 Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-mor-
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.
 But hold, I've gone too far; too much discover'd
 My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
 Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,
 O'er all those ample deserts death hath spread,
 This chaos of mankind.—O great man-eater! 640
 Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!
 Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the appetite: Thou seekest none.
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
 But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals, 650
 On whom lank hunger lays her skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
 As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
 Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up the dead,
 And with high int'rest too.—They are not thine
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life, 661
 Day-light, and liberty.—
 Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire
 And inquisition of the forge.—We know
 Th' illustrious deliverer of mankind,
 The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power
 Thou could'st not hold:—self-vigorous he rose,
 And shaking off thy fetters, soon retok 672
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
 (Sure pledge of our releasment from thy thrall!)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting

VARIATIONS.

624. Of thy intrinsic filth! Big-bellied ill!
 649. But ah! 'tis otherwise; thou gap'st for more,
 Like one that is defrauded of his meals.
 642. And gives the keenest edge unto his cravings.
 663. Those spoils that were but thine by his tamely
 yielding.

Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
 He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I see him
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along 680
 Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
 Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold;
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
 Nor are his friends shut out: As a great prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission,
 But for his train.—It was his royal will,
 That where he is, there should his followers be.
 Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears: 690
 But nor untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
 Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no bye-road
 To bliss.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
 Start we at transient hardships in the way
 That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun?—Fools that we are!
 We wish to be, where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
 But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
 Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play: 700
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
 At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome
 death!

That after many a painful bleeding step
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe 709
 On the long-wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change!
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—Death, disarm'd,
 Loses its fellness quite.—All thanks to him
 Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
 A life well-spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away; 720

VARIATIONS.

680. ——— and with great steps
 Stride o'er the pillar'd clouds. But, &c.
 684. Heaven's gates are strait unbarr'd to let him in.
 686. Not only for himself procures admission,
 But for his train; so he. It was his will, &c.
 705. ——— unmindful more
 Of all the daisies on the further bank,
 Of late that smil'd so sweet. Thrice wel-
 come death! &c.

Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
 (High in his faith and hopes), look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest.—Then, oh then!
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd! 730
 'Tis done! and now he's happy!—The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more.
 Nor shall it hope in vain:—The time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long-committed dust
 Inviolat:—and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account; not the least atom 740
 Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
 And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!
 Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were.—Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
 Through length of days: And what he can, he will:
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done. 750
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
 Not unattentive to the call), shall wake:

And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
 That's new come home, and, having long been
 absent,

With haste runs over ev'ry different room, 760
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cows down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

VARIATIONS.

721. ——— seems larger as he sets.
 725. Whilst the glad gates of sight are stretched
 wide.
 767. On window-sole, or foot-stain'd chimney top.

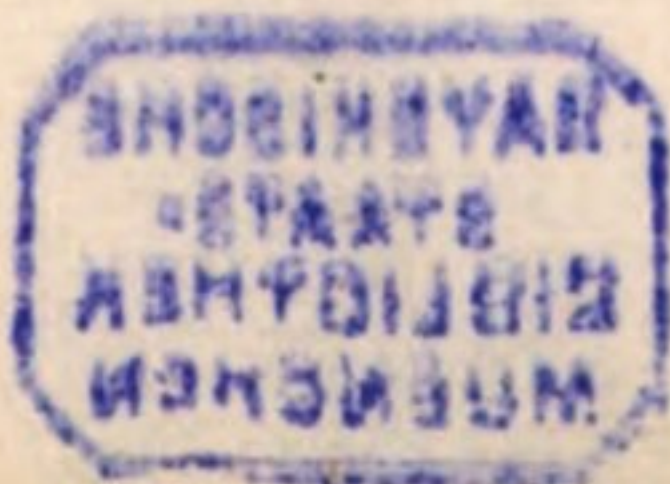
A POEM,

Dedicated to the Memory of the late Learned and Eminent
 MR. WILLIAM LAW,

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

In silence to suppress my griefs I've try'd,
 And keep within its banks the swelling tide;
 But all in vain: unbidden numbers flow;
 Spite of myself, my sorrows vocal grow.

This be my plea—Nor thou, dear shade, refuse
 The well-meant tribute of the willing muse,
 Who trembles at the greatness of its theme,
 And fain would say what suits so high a name.



Which, from the crowded journal of thy fame,
Which of thy many titles shall I name?
For, like a gallant prince, that wins a crown,
By undisputed right before his own,
Variety thou hast: our only care
Is what to single out, and what forbear.

Though scrupulously just, yet not severe;
Though cautious, open; courteous, yet sincere;
Though rev'rend, yet not magisterial;
Though intimate with few, yet lov'd by all;
Though deeply read, yet absolutely free
From all the stiffnesses of pedantry:
Though circumspectly good, yet never sour;
Pleasant with innocence, and never more.
Religion worn by thee, attractive show'd,
And with its own unborrow'd beauty glow'd:
Unlike the bigot, from whose watery eyes
Ne'er sunshine broke, nor smile was seen to rise;
Whose sickly goodness lives upon grimace,
And pleads a merit from a blubber'd face.
Thou kept thy raiment for the needy poor,
And taught the fatherless to know thy door;
From griping hunger set the needy free;
That they were needy was enough to thee.

Thy fame to please, whilst others restless be,
Fame laid her shyness by, and courted thee;
And though thou bade the flatt'ring thing give o'er,
Yet, in return, she only woo'd thee more.

How sweet thy accents! and how mild thy look!
What smiling mirth was heard in all thou spoke!
Manhood and grizzled age were fond of thee,
And youth itself sought thy society.
The ag'd thou taught, descended to the young,
Clear'd up th' irresolute, confirm'd the strong;
To the perplex'd thy friendly counsel lent,
And gently lifted up the diffident;
Sigh'd with the sorrowful, and bore a part
In all the anguish of a bleeding heart:
Reclaim'd the headstrong, and with sacred skill,
Committed hallow'd rapes upon the will;
Sooth'd our affections, and, with their delight,
To gain our actions, brib'd our appetite.

Now who shall, with a greatness like thy own,
Thy pulpit dignify, and grace thy gown?
Who with pathetic energy like thine,
The head enlighten, and the heart refine!
Learn'd were thy lectures, noble the design,
The language *Roman*, and the action fine;
The heads well rang'd, the inferences clear,
And strong and solid thy deductions were: [wrong,
Thou mark'd the bound'ries out 'twixt right and
And show'd the land-marks as thou went along.
Plain were thy reasonings, or if perplex'd
Thy life was the best comment on thy text;
For if in darker points we were deceiv'd,
'Twas only but observing how thou liv'd.

Bewilder'd in the greatness of thy fame,
What shall the muse, what next in order name?
Which of thy social qualities commend?
Whether of husband, father, or of friend!
A husband soft, beneficent and kind,
As ever virgin wish'd, or wife could find;
A father indefatigably true
To both a father's trust and tutor's too.
A friend affectionate and staunch to those
Thou wisely singled out; for few thou chose;

Few, did I say, that word we must recal,
A friend, a willing friend thou wast to all.
Those properties were thine, nor could we know
Which rose the uppermost, so all was thou.
So have I seen the many-colour'd mead,
Brush'd by the vernal breeze, its fragrance shed:
Though various sweets the various field exhal'd,
Yet could we not determine which prevail'd,
Nor this part *rose*, that *boney-suckle*, call,
But a rich bloomy aggregate of all.

And, thou, the once glad partner of his bed,
But now by sorrow's weeds distinguished,
Whose busy memory thy grief supplies,
And calls up all thy husband to thine eyes;
Thou must not be forgot. How alter'd now!
How thick thy tears! How fast thy sorrows flow!
The well known voice that cheer'd thee heretofore,
These soothing accents, thou must hear no more.
Untold by all the tender sighs thou drew,
When on thy cheek he fetch'd a long adieu.
Untold be all thy faithful agonies,
At the last anguish of his closing eyes:
For thou, and only such as thou, can tell
The killing anguish of a last farewell.

This earth, yon sun, and these blue-tinctur'd
skies,
Through which it rolls, must have their obsequies:
Pluck'd from their orbits, shall the planets fall,
And smoke and conflagration cover all:
What then is man? The creature of a day,
By moments spent, and minutes borne away.
Time, like a raging torrent, hurries on;
Scarce can we say *it is*, but that 'tis gone.

Whether, fair shade! with social spirits, tell
(Whose properties thou once describ'd so well),
Familiar now thou hearest them relate
The rites and methods of their happy state.
Or if, with forms more fleet, thou roams abroad,
And views the great magnificence of God,
Points out the courses of the orbs on high,
And counts the silver wonders of the sky;
Or if, with glowing seraphim, thou greets
Heav'n's King, and shoutest through the golden
streets,

That crowds of white-rob'd choristers display,
Marching in triumph through the pearly way?
Now art thou rais'd beyond this world of cares,
This weary wilderness, this vale of tears,
Forgetting all thy toils and labours past,
No gloom of sorrow stains thy peaceful breast.
Now 'midst seraphic splendours shalt thou dwell,
And be what only these pure forms can tell.
How cloudless now, and cheerful is thy day!
What joys, what raptures, in thy bosom play!
How bright the sunshine, and how pure the air!
I here's no difficulty of breathing there.

With willing steps, a pilgrim at thy shrine,
To dew it with my tears the task be mine;
In lonely dirge, to murmur o'er thy urn,
And with new gather'd flowers thy turf adorn:
Nor shall thy image from my bosom part,
No force shall rip thee from this bleeding heart:
Oft shall I think o'er all I've left in thee,
Nor shall oblivion blot thy memory:
But grateful love its energy express
(The father's gone) now to the fatherless,



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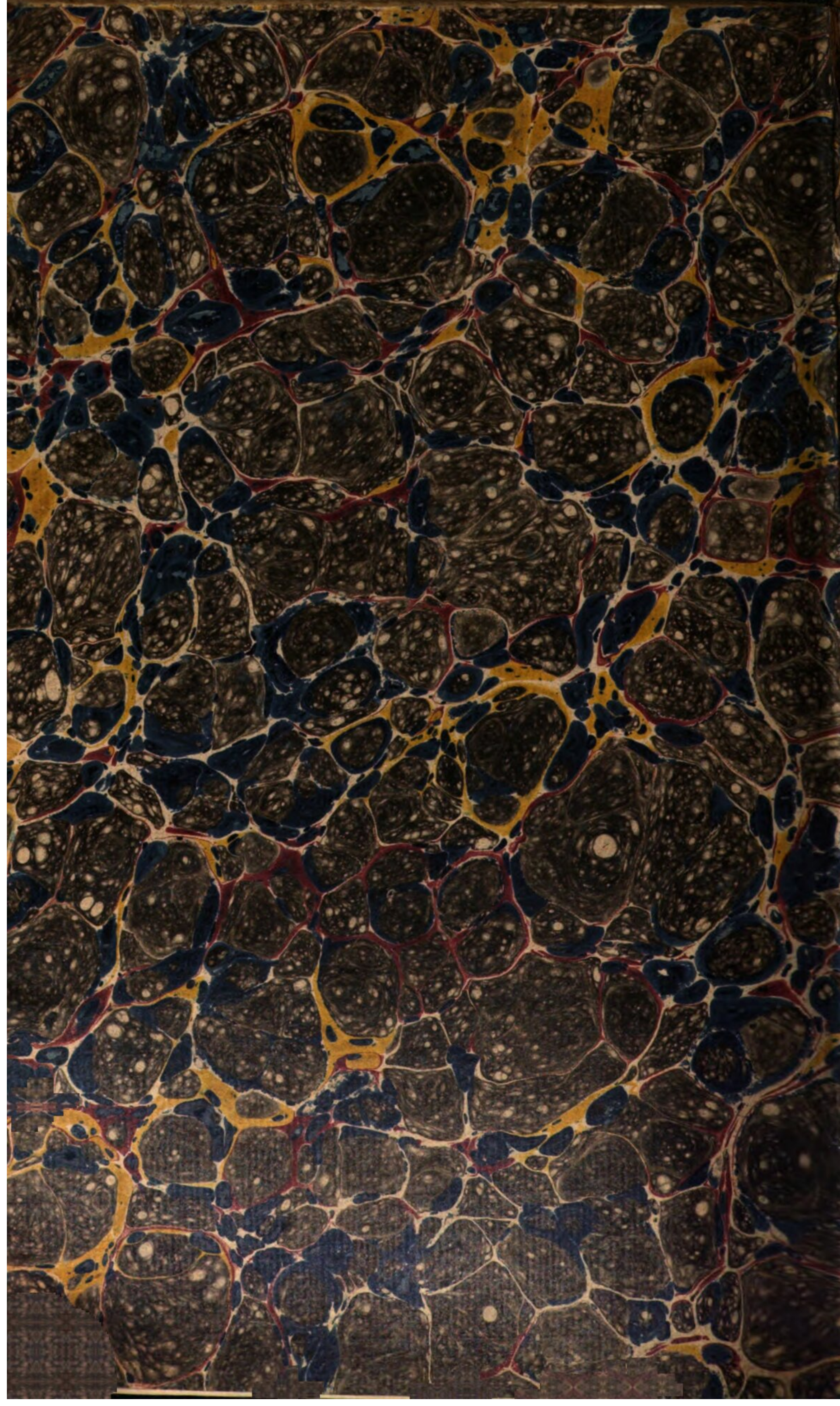
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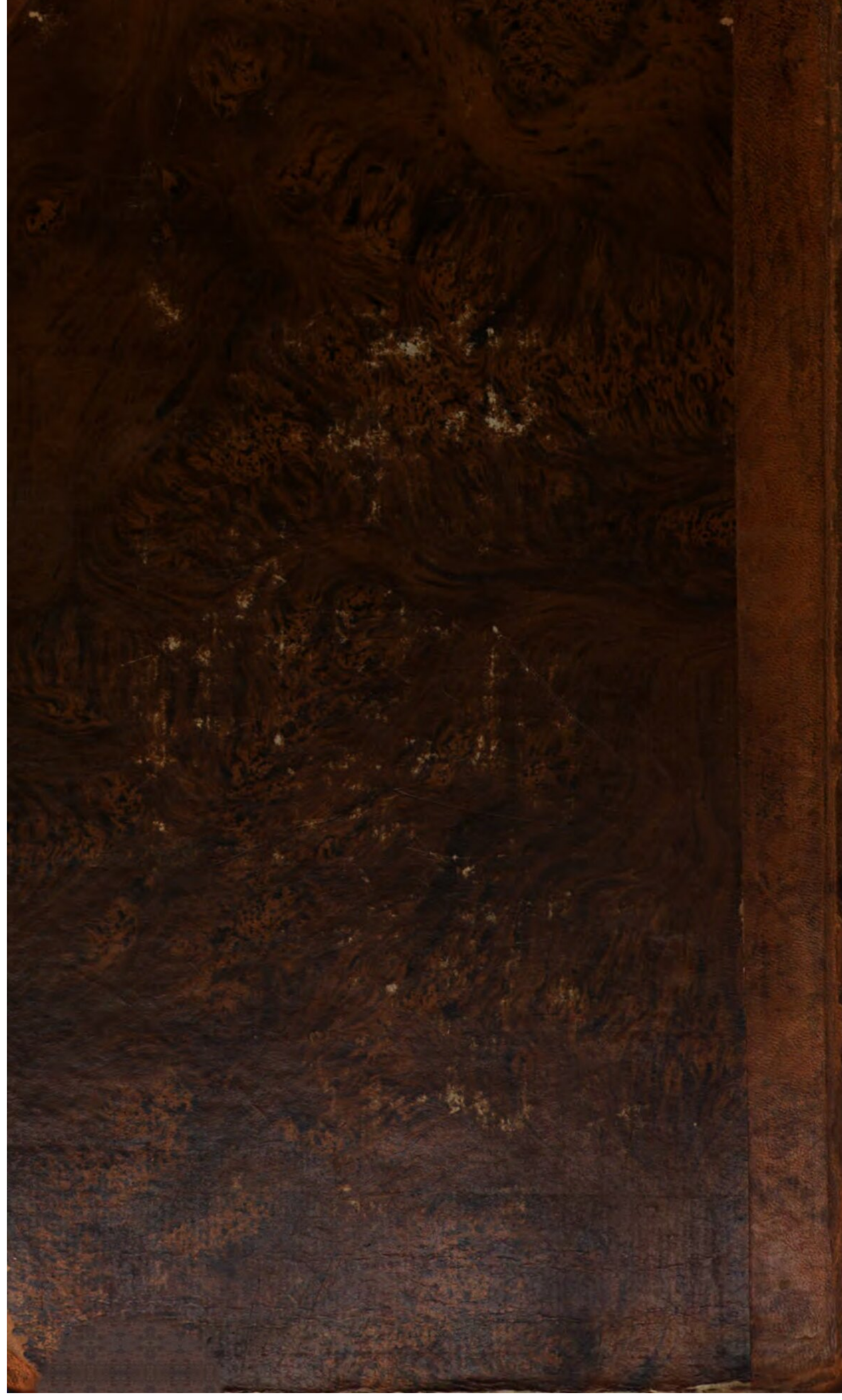
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